



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

KF 26202 (1)

Harvard College
Library



By Exchange

THE

0

BOWER OF TASTE.

EDITED BY

MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE.

VOL. I.

Boston :

PUBLISHED BY DUTTON & WENTWORTH,

Nos. 1 & 4 Exchange Street.

1828.

1863, Feb. 16.
By exchange
with Bryant.

A

~~P 132.4~~

KE 26202 (1)



CONTENTS

TO

VOLUME I.—FOR 1828.

Address to the Public,	1	Isidore,	129
The Magician's Visitor,	2	American Hermitess,	156
Character of Byron, (by Scott.)	5	First Painting of the Crucifixion,	157
Notice of Sketches, (by N. P. Willis.)	7	Miraculous flight of a Crimiminal,	159
The Clock and the Bell,	9	Dr. Franklin's Letter to Dr. Biles,	140
Chivalry,	11	Napoleon,	141
Legendary—Lyceum—Albums,	12	Claudius Mignot,	145
Fashion—The Myrtle and the Rose,	15	The Ball room,	148
Juvenile Souvenir,	16	Mag's attempt at High Life,	149
The Mysterious Bridal,	17	Power of Fashion,	151
Simon's Family History,	22	Female Character in Austria,	152
New Year's Thoughts,	24	Reply to a Love Letter,	153
On Genius,	25	Lord Byron,	157
A Rare Patrimony,	26	American Scenery,	157
Elegy—Humburg,	27	Foreign Literary Notices,	157
The Gambler's Fate,	28	Hanover Church, Boston, with a plate	161
Poetica Licentia—Literary—Anglicism,	29	A Sketch,	162, 489, 536, 551
The Queen of the Rose,	33	New way to obtain a Husband,	165
Marian,	36	Little Willie Bell,	166
The Burial,	38	Reminiscences of a Yankee,	168
Reminiscences of a Dandysette,	40	A strange story,	153, 170
Undine, story of	41	Charlotte's Daughter, by Mrs. Rowson,	173
A Touch of the Sublime,	42	Spirit of Contemporary Poetry,	173
New method of studying Geography,	43	Recollections of a Man of the World,	177
The Token,	44	The Witch,	181
An Infant's Tale,	49	A True Story—Chamber of Death,	193
The Infant's Funeral,	53	Napoli de Romania,	184
A Greek Funeral,	55	Essay on Female Influence,	186
The Brothers,	56, 69	Extract of a letter from a friend in Europe	187
Signorina Garcia,	58	Ladies' Greek Meeting,	189
On Poetry,	60	Literary Notices, 189, 205, 206, 219, 237, 253	278, 301, 344, 361, 366, 397, 461-2, 589
The Memorial,	61	733, 747, 758.	
Discrimination,	65	The Haunted House,	193
The Red Rover, notice of	77	An Adventure,	196
Ingratitude,	81	Native Sketches, 197, 211, 229, 246, 265, 278	297, 309, 338, 356, 363, 373, 391, 408, 420
Maturin,	87	470, 503.	
On Education,	88	Biographical sketch of the Dutchess of	
A Review,	89	New Castle,	200
Sir W. Scott, notice of	91	A character,	201
Montgomeryshire Ghost,	97	The Moralist,	202
The Fatal Promise,	99	Anecdotes of Byron,	204
The Sailor's Return,	103	The Contrast,	213
Rational Love,	104	The Fatalist,	213
James G. Brooks, notice of	108	Essays, 214, 231, 249, 260, 283, 294, 311, 336	351, 360, 371, 419, 427, 438, 469, 473
New York Mirror,	109, 343	487, 520, 567, 598, 612, 693, 605, 714	726, 775.
Original Anecdotes,	110, 174	Grave of Jefferson,	216
American Journal of Education,	110, 406	The Nun,	217
Antonio, or Three weeks happiness,	113	The Governess,	225
The Return,	117		
The Emigrant,	118		
The Editor,	121		
Mr. Cozway's Letter,	122		

The Lovers,	230	Providential escape,	472
A Lady Mason,	232	The Mysterious Fireman,	474
Spring,	237	Visit of an English Lady to the Imam	
The Felon's Son,	241	of Muscat,	481
Forget-me-not,	248	Love of Country,	484
Gentility—Confessions of an Old Maid,	250	Americans in Italy,	486
Flirtation,	251	West India Hurricane,	486
The Ice Ship,	257	Edward and Ellen,	491
Fashion,	263, 412, 478	Music on the Common,	493
Exile of the Alleghany,	273	Mahometan Sermon,	493
East India Manners,	280	Execution of Andre,	497
Female High School,	284	Richard Dash, Esq.	501
The Bachelors' Journal,	284	Scenery of Rhode Island,	506
Dreadful Accident,	285	Miseries,	506
Picture of a young Parson,	289	Effects of Fear,	507
Emigrants,	295	Travelling—Literary Crops,	509
Telling to some purpose,	296	The Athenæum,	510
Charlotte Temple,	301	The Ball,	512
Aunt Martha,	306	A Persian's visit to an English Church,	515
A Ghost,	307	Extracts from a Private Journal,	517
Another,	308	Not at Home,	522
Dialogue with a spirit,	309	The Weather—Commencements,	525
Sensibility,	312	De Lamet, a Tale of the French Revolution,	530, 545, 517, 593, 617
Servants,	313	Grace,	534
Maying in the Picture Gallery,	317	Happiness, a Dream,	535
The Sexton of Cologne,	321	Extract from an unpublished Novel,	537
Female Education,	337, 441	The Course of Time, review of	541
Ceremony of Taking the Veil,	340	The Maniac, or the effects of Jealousy,	548
The Grave;	342	The Rustic Lovers,	550
Legend of Bethel Rock,	347	Politeness,	552
A Scrap,	353	Physiognomy,	555
Painting,	358	Memoirs of Rev. Dr. Holley,	556
Burning of the Bowery Theatre,	459	Greifenstein Castle,	561
Travelling by Night,	363	Fancy and Perseverance,	564
Madame de Sevigne,	356	Eliza, a Sketch of Truth,	565
Catholic Superstition,	359	Hospitality,	570
Gaming in High Life,	361	Beauty,	572
Mary and Ellen,	362	View of Mexico,	572
A Teacher's Pleasures,	364	Tremont Theatre, address on opening of	573
The prize of Virtue,	369	Love in a Mist,	580
Precocious Talent,	376	The Awkward Man,	582
Maelzel's Exhibition,	381	Home,	584
Public Gratitude,	381	Pride,	588
History of a Genius,	385	Scraps from a Port Folio,	588, 605, 620, 637
Saturday Evening,	387, 419, 437, 455, 469	662, 669, 686, 699, 717, 733, 749, 764, 797	
485, 501, 516, 533, 547, 563, 580, 596		The Orphan Girl,	596
611, 629, 645, 661, 677, 691, 708, 723		Burning of an Amphitheatre,	599
739, 756, 772, 787, 821.		The Sapphire Gatherer,	602
Reward of Honesty,	389	Female Fashions,	603
Human Life,	390	Legend of the Catskill,	606
A Fragment,	392, 401	The Float,	609
Women, (by John Neal)	393	The Burial,	613
Dread of Death,	394	Fair hair'd Beauty,	615
Essay on Life,	404	The Editor,	618
A story of Lake Erie,	406	Notions of the Americans, by Cooper,	621
Nahant,	413	Edwin and Ophelia, a native Tale,	625
A Soldier's Faith,	417	A Bachelor's Resolutions,	630
Eating,	420	A Legend of Newburyport,	631
The Odd Family,	422	Improvement of Time,	634
The Cornish Miner,	423	Autumnal Thoughts,	634
Dreams,	425	An American Drawing Room,	636
Female Loveliness,	425	The Sisters, an Allegory,	637
Kaleb,	427	The Poor Artist,	642, 657
Prize Tale, with a plate,	430, 433	The Gardener, an affecting Story,	644
The Scribler,	440	A meeting of the Authors,	648
Life of an Editor,	442	Journal of Education, extract from	651
Adventures at the White Hart Inn,	442	The Yankee Ghost,	661
Happiness,	445	Naasson, a Tale of the Olden Time,	664, 678
Death's Doings, notice of	445	Romance of History, review of	668
A Legend of the White Mountains,	449	Eustace De Santerre,	673
An Apparition,	445	The Dream Fulfilled,	680
Gilbert Stuart, notice of	461	The Token for 1829, review of	683
The Fair Venetian,	465		

The Mournful Bridal,	689, 705	The Wandering Wean,	760
Maternal Revenge,	692	Fombs of Egypt,	761
Works of William Crafts, review of	697	Females in India,	762
The Indian Language, by John Neal,	701	Poetry, Music, and Painting,	765
Mary McCleod, or the Effects of Fear,	708	Revolutionary Tale,	769
Walking,	710	My Uncle,	773
The Pleasures of Autumn,	711	Time—The Poetess,	777
The Tea Party,	713	Keep out of the Kitchen,	777
The Fair Mamac,	721	The Legendary, review of	779, 796
True Enjoyment, a Tale,	724	The Fruits of Ambition,	785
Thanksgiving Day,	726, 743, 746	The Village Blue,	787
Anecdote of the French Revolution,	728	The Sepulchre,	789
American Antiquities,	729	Roman Antiquities,	791
Sand Storm in the Desert,	729	Essay on Pride,	792
The N. Y. Critic, notice of	732	The Murderer's Grave,	793
Ingratitude, a true story,	737, 753	Fine Arts,	798
The Spectre of the Shoals,	741	Love and Duty,	806
Fashions for Oct. 1823,	744	Essay on Friendship,	807
Fancy's Sketch,	745	Excentric Characters,	809
Corderius Americanus,	748	Characters Contrasted,	810
Tremendous Ghost Story,	757	My Uncle's Story,	817
The Ladye's Lowe, a Fragment,	758	Paul Peters,	822

POETRY.

Winter,	13	To a Lady—Lines,	272
Musings—The Bower,	14	Spring—To Happiness,	286
Invitation—Song,	31	The Lover's Serenade,	288
Polynesian Maid—Sonnet,	32	Friendship's Seal—The blasted tree,	303
Stanzas—Sonnet to Augusta,	47	Pleasure,	304
To Anna Maria—Address,	48, 238, 513	Evening thoughts—Maying,	319
The Hour I Love,	63	A Sketch—Epigram,	320
Stanzas for Music—Stanzas,	64	The Spring Bird,	346
The Serenaders,	79	To Constance—A Fragment,	362
Stanzas, 79, 223, 239, 344, 363, 400, 447, 495,	622, 639, 768, 799.	Coffee—Sonnetta,	367
To Ophelia,	80	Ballad,	368
Prize Address on opening the Salem Theatre,	93	Evening—All that's bright must fade,	383
There is a Voice—To a Stream,	94	The Miss Painter,	398
A Logograph,	95	To the Moon,	399
Love's Victim,	96	To Henry,	400
Charmant Ruisseau—To Ichabod,	111	Diamond Isle,	414
The Sisters,	112	Death of a Child,	415
To Mary—The Water Lilly,	127	The Wanderer's Farewell,	415
A Sketch,	128, 144, 432, 447	When will love cease?	416
Jean,	143	I'd be a Bachelor,	431
Anna Maria's Birth Day—A Dream,	158	The Mauiac Maid,	432
Friendship—Sighs,	160	The Invocation, by Mrs. Hemans,	448
Spring—Stanzas,	175	Wreaths,	463
Sonnet,	176, 398	A Queer Vision,	464
Greece,	191	Bright fleeting moments,	480
To Lucy,	192	Evening Clouds,	495
A Friend—To the Moon,	207	Young Dreams—Morning on the hills,	496
The last tear,	208	"Ora pro nobis Virgine,"	511
To Sarah,	221	My Mother,	527
Impromptu—My Æolian Harp,	222	Rain, Violet,	528, 545, 593
Slavery,	240	Thoughts of an Atheist,	543
The buried Love,	255	To Gabrielle, who asked What is Fancy,	544
Moonlight—Impromptu,	256	Paraphrase of the 2d Chapt. of Luke,	559
The Mauiac,	269	Prize Address on opening of the Bowery Theatre, N. Y.	558, 559
Our Dear Native Shore,	270	To Charlotte,	575
The Captive Indian Chief,	271	Evening Music,	575
Past and Future,	271	Grumbings of an Editor,	576
		Autumn—To the Rose of Autumn,	590

The Destiny,	591	Youthful Fancies—Over the sea,	704
Home sweet Home,	552	Stanzas to a Favourite River,	719
To Gordon,	607	Farewell,	719
Sonnet to Helen,	608	Sonnetta—Funeral Rites,	720
To Cleone,	622	The Fancy Ball,	735
Paraphrase of Psalm,	623	The Greek Exile's Lament,	736
The Sun beam—The Chippewa Girl,	624	Man's Decline,	750
Guilt and Despair,	639	Wanderings,	751
Song, 640, 703, 735, 736,	767	Mémoire—Lights and Shadows,	752
The Gray Nun,	652	To Valour—To Mary,	766
Lines—Time,	655	A Cherub,	767
Prize address on opening Arch St. Theatre, Philadelphia,	656	Glimpses of Shakspeare,	783
To Miss Lane,	671	To Helen,	783
Thoughts on sleep,	671	Burial at Sea,	784
To S ^{weet} —Lines to Mary on her marriage,	687	Lines by T. G. Fessenden,	800
The Rise of Genius,	688	Christ's Crucifixion,	815
To Mary,	702	A Winter Evening in the Country,	825
The Maniac's song to the Cloud,	703	Touch of the modern Sublime,	825
		The Spell,	826

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



'With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
'We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,'—*Paine*.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1828.

No. 1.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE subscriber is fully sensible of the numerous embarrassments that attend a *first introduction* to the PUBLIC, particularly, the *mauvais honte* of a self annunciation—but with reference to the task she has commenced,—something, explanatory of her views will be expected, and should therefore be offered to its consideration.

To conduct a periodical devoted to tasteful literature, that is to take its stand with the prints of the day, and be subjected to the argus of criticism, is a charge of no small responsibility, and involves many duties and obligations, of the first importance to its success. To perform these to the satisfaction of this intelligent community, *would* be her highest ambition, and most cheerfully does she commence her labors in the 'Bower of Taste,' with the hope of rendering her offering acceptable to those who may honor her with their patronage. It has

VOL. I.

been thought a work devoted to Belles-lettres literature conducted by a Lady, would meet with a welcome reception from her own, sex and also those disposed to encourage the efforts of female talent; although the flattering suggestions of a few private friends, should form no criterion whereby to judge of *public opinion*, or the extent of its patronage, yet these *have* operated as a partial inducement to this undertaking: she does not however presume that *her pen alone*, is to give a CHARACTER to this work—she has other resources—and confidently hopes *often* to present her readers with some of the *brightest gems of literature*, as she has the promised assistance of several of those 'gifted spirits,' whose emanations have graced our first journals, and which are highly creditable to the taste of the age.

To assume at once, the 'Editorial Chair,' which has been so gallantly ten-

1

dered by the former conductors of the *'Ladies Album,'* and which has been alternately filled by gentlemen of *known talent,* requires no small share of *courage.* She would not willingly incur the imputation of *vanity*—yet, should she express a diffidence of her powers in performing what her prospectus has *promised,* she fears it may be ascribed to affectation, or at best, estimated as apologies of this nature generally are; she will therefore only say—that should her deficiencies be *obvious* to the patrons of the *Ladies' Album,* she hopes they will extend their indulgence to her, until she is more thoroughly initiated into the *mysteries of her office,* when, it shall be her pride to deserve their approbation. To those *new friends,* who have so generously volunteered their sanction to this uncertain enterprize, her most grateful acknowledgments are due, and in the language of sincerity, she wishes them all as fellow travellers, a **HAPPY NEW YEAR!** What a variety of hopes, and bright anticipations are suggested by this simple wish! may the aged be happy in beholding their descendents profiting by their examples of usefulness, and virtue; may the bold aspirant of Fame, who hopes to obtain a niche in her Temple, either in defence of his country, or the walks of science, employ all his energies and powers to deserve it, and may the young and lovely possess whatever has a tendency to make them good and happy, or render them useful and ornamental to society.

KATHARINE A. WARE.

THE MAGICIAN'S VISITER.

IT was at the close of a fine autumnal day, and the shades of evening were beginning to gather over the city of Florence, when a low quick rap was heard at the door of Cornelius Agrippa, and shortly afterwards a stranger was introduced into the apartment in which the philosopher was sitting

at his studies. The stranger although finely formed, and of courteous demeanor, had a certain impregnable air of mystery about him which excited awe, if, indeed, it had not a repellant effect. His years it was difficult to guess, for the marks of youth and age were blended in his features in a most extraordinary manner. There was not a furrow in his cheek, or a wrinkle on his brow; and his large black eyes beamed with all the brilliancy and vivacity of youth; but his stately figure was bent, apparently beneath the weight of years; his hair although thick and clustering, was grey; and his voice was feeble and tremulous, yet its tones were of the most ravishing and soul searching melody. His costume was that of a Florentine gentleman; but he held a staff like that of a palmer in his hand, and a silken sash, inscribed with Oriental character, was bound around his waist. His face was deadly pale; but every feature of it was singularly beautiful, and its expression was that of profound wisdom, mingled with poignant sorrow. 'Pardon me, learned Sir,' said he, addressing the philosopher, 'but your fame has travelled into all lands and has reached all ears; and I could not leave the fair city of Florence without seeking an interview with one who is its greatest boast and ornament.' 'You are right welcome Sir,' returned Agrippa, 'but I fear that your trouble and curiosity will be but ill repaid. I am simply one, who instead of devoting my days as do the wise, to the acquirement of wealth and honor, have passed long years in painful and unprofitable study, in endeavoring to unravel the secrets of nature, and initiating myself in the mysteries of the occult sciences.' 'Talest thou of long years!' echoed the stranger, and a melancholy smile play-

ed over his features; 'thou, who hast scarcely seen four score since thou left'st thy cradle, and for whom the quiet grave is now waiting, eager to clasp thee in her sheltering arms! I was among the tombs to day—the still and solemn tombs; I saw them smiling on the last beams of the setting sun. When I was a boy I used to wish to be like the sun; his career was so long, so bright, so glorious. But to-night I thought it was better to slumber amongst those tombs than to be like him. To-night he sank behind the hill, apparently to repose; but to-morrow he must renew his course, and run the same dull and unvaried, but toilsome and unquiet race. There is no grave for him, and the night and morning dews are the tears he sheds over his tyrannous destiny.' Agrippa was a deep observer and admirer of external nature and of all her phenomena, and had often gazed upon the scene which the stranger described; but the feelings and ideas which it awakened in the mind of the latter were so different from any thing which he had himself experienced, that he could not help, for a season, gazing upon him in speechless wonder.

His guest, however, speedily resumed the discourse. 'But I trouble you, I trouble you; to my purpose in making you this visit. I have heard strange tales of a wondrous mirror, which your potent art has enabled you to construct in which, whosoever looks may see the distant or the dead on whom he is desirous again to fix his gaze. My eyes see nothing in this outward visible world which can be pleasing to their sight. The grave has closed over all I loved. Time has carried down the stream every thing that once contributed to my enjoyment. The world is a vale of tears; but among all the tears which water

that sad valley, not one is shed for me; the fountain in my own heart, too, is dried up. I would once more—again look upon the face which I loved. I would see that eye more bright, and that step more stately, than the antelope's; that brow, the broad smooth page on which God had inscribed his fairest characters, I would gaze on all I loved and all I lost. Such a gaze would be dearer to my heart than all that the world has to offer me, except the grave.' The passionate pleadings of the stranger had such an effect upon Agrippa (who was not used to exhibit his miracle of art to the eyes of all who desired to look in it, although he was often tempted by exorbitant presents and high honors to do so) that he readily consented to grant the request of his extraordinary visiter. 'Whom would'st thou see?' 'My child, my own sweet Miriam,' answered the stranger. Cornelius immediately caused every ray of the light of heaven to be excluded from the chamber, placed the stranger on his right hand, and commenced chanting, in a low soft tone, and in a strange language, some lyrical verses, to which the stranger thought he heard occasionally a response; but it was a sound so faint and indistinct, that he hardly knew whether it existed any where but in his own fancy. As Cornelius continued his chant, the room gradually became illuminated; but whence the light proceeded it was impossible to discover. At length the stranger plainly perceived a mirror which covered the whole of the extreme end of the apartment, and over the surface of which a dense haze or cloud seemed to be rapidly passing. 'Died she in wedlock's holy bands?' inquired Cornelius. 'She was a virgin as spotless as the snow.' 'How many years

have passed away since the grave closed her!' A cloud gathered on the stranger's brow, and he answered somewhat impatiently, 'Many, many, more than I now have time to number.' 'Nay,' said Agrippa, 'but I must know. For every ten years that have elapsed since her death once must I wave this wand; and when I have waved it for the last time, you will see her figure in your mirror.' 'Wave on then,' said the stranger, and groaned bitterly. 'Wave on, and take heed that thou be not weary.' Cornelius Agrippa gazed on his strange guest with something of anger, but he excused his want of courtesy on the ground of the probable extent of his calamities. He then waved his magic wand many times, but, to his consternation it seemed to have lost its virtue. Turning again to the stranger, he exclaimed, 'Who and what art thou, man? Thy presence troubles me. According to all the rules of my art, this wand has already described twice two hundred years—still has the surface of the mirror experienced no alteration. Say, dost thou mock me, and did no such person ever exist, as thou hast described to me?' 'Wave on, wave on!' was the stern and only reply which this interrogatory extracted from the stranger. The curiosity of Agrippa, although he was himself a dealer in wonders, began now to be excited, and a mysterious feeling of awe forbade him to desist from waving his wand, much as he doubted the sincerity of his visiter.

As his arm grew slack, he heard the deep solemn tones of the stranger, exclaiming, Wave on, wave on! and at length, after his wand, according to the calculations of his art had described a period of above twelve hundred years, the cloud cleared away from the sur-

face of the mirror, and the stranger, with an exclamation of delight, arose and gazed rapturously upon the scene which was there represented. An exquisitely rich and romantic prospect was before him. In the distance rose lofty mouptains, crowned with cedars; a rapid stream rolled in the middle, and in the fore-ground were seen camels, grazing, a rill trickling by, in which some sheep were quenching their thirst, and a lofty palm-tree, beneath whose shade a young female of exquisite beauty, and richly habited in the costume of the East, was sheltering herself from the rays of the noon-tide sun. 'Tis she! 'tis she!' shouted the stranger: and he was rushing towards the mirror, but was prevented by Cornelius, who said—'Forbear, rash man, to quit this spot! with each step that thou advancest towards the mirror, the image will become fainter; and shouldst thou approach too near, it will vanish away entirely.' Thus warned, he resumed his station, but his agitation was so excessive that he was obliged to lean on the arm of the philosopher for support, while from time to time, he uttered incoherent expressions of wonder, delight, and lamentation. 'Tis she! 'tis she! even as she looked while living! How beautiful she is! Miriam, my child, canst thou not speak to me! By heaven she moves, she smiles! oh, speak to me a single word! or breathe, or sigh! Alas! all is silent—dull and desolate as this heart! Again that smile, the remembrance of which a thousand winters have not been able to freeze up in my heart. Old man, it is in vain to hold me—I must clasp her.' As he uttered the last words he rushed frantically towards the mirror; the scene represented within it faded away, the cloud gathered again over its surface, and the

stranger sunk senseless to the earth.—When he recovered his consciousness, he found himself in the arms of Agrippi, who was chafing his temples and gazing on him with looks of wonder and fear. He immediately rose on his feet, with restored strength, and, pressing the hand of his host, he said: 'Thanks, thanks, for thy courtesy and thy kindness, and for the sweet but painful sight which thou hast presented to my eyes.' As he spake these words he put a purse into the hand of Cornelius, but the latter returned it, saying, 'Nay, nay, keep thy gold, friend. I know not, indeed, that a Christian man dare take it; but be that as it may, I shall esteem myself sufficiently repaid if thou wilt tell me who thou art.' 'Behold!' said the stranger pointing to a large historical picture which hung on the left hand of the room, 'I see,' said the philosopher, 'An exquisite work of art, the production of one of our best and earliest artists, representing our Saviour carrying his cross.' 'But look again!' said the stranger, fixing his keen dark eyes intently on him, and pointing to a figure on the left hand of the picture. Cornelius gazed, and saw with wonder what he had not observed before—the extraordinary resemblance which this figure bore to the stranger of whom indeed it might be said to be a portrait. 'That,' said Cornelius with an emotion of horror, 'is intended to represent the unhappy infidel who smote the divine sufferer for not walking faster, and was therefore condemned to walk the earth himself until the period of that sufferer's second coming.' 'Tis I, tis I,' exclaimed the stranger; and rushing out of the house, rapidly disappeared. Then did Cornelius Agrippi know that he had been conversing with the WANDERING JEW.

CHARACTER OF BYRON, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AMIDST the general calmness of the political atmosphere, we have been stunned from another quarter by one of those death-notes which are pealed at intervals as from an archangel's trumpet, to awaken the soul of a whole nation at once. Lord Byron, who has so long and so amply filled the highest place in the public eye, has shared the lot of humanity. His Lordship died at Missolonghi on the 19th April, [1824.] That mighty genius which walked amongst men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder, and something approaching to terror, as if we knew not whether they were good or evil, is laid as soundly to rest as the poor peasant whose ideas never were beyond his daily task. The voice of just blame and of malignant censure are at once silenced? and we feel almost as if the great luminary of heaven had suddenly disappeared from the sky, at the moment when every telescope was levelled for the examination of the spots which dimmed its brightness. It is not now the question what were Byron's faults, what his mistakes? but, how is the blank which he has left in British literature to be filled up? Not, we fear, in one generation, which, among many highly gifted persons, has produced none who approach Byron in originality, the first attribute of genius. Only thirty six years old: so much already done for immortality, so much time remaining, as it seems to us short-sighted mortals, to maintain and to extend his fame, and to atone for errors in conduct and levities in composition. Who will not grieve that such a race has been shortened, though not always keeping the straight path

—such a light extinguished, though sometimes flaming to dazzle and to bewilder? One word on this ungrateful subject ere we quit it for ever.

The errors of Lord Byron arose neither from depravity of heart,—for nature had not committed the anomaly of uniting to such extraordinary talents an imperfect moral sense,—nor from feelings dead to the admiration of virtue. No man had ever a kinder heart for sympathy, or a more open hand for the relief of distress; and no mind was ever more formed for the enthusiastic admiration of noble actions, provided he was convinced that the actors had proceeded upon disinterested principles. Lord Byron was totally free from the curse and degradation of literature,—its jealousies, we mean, and its envy. But his wonderful genius was of a nature which disdained restraint even when restraint was most wholesome. When at school, the tasks in which he excelled were those only which he undertook voluntarily; and his situation as a young man of rank, with strong passions, and in the uncontrolled enjoyment of a considerable fortune, added to that impatience of strictures or coercion which was natural to him. As an author, he refused to plead at the bar of criticism; as a man, he would not submit to be morally amenable to the tribunal of public opinion.—Remonstrances from a friend, of whose intention and kindness he was secure, had often great weight with him; but there were few who could venture on a task so difficult. Reproof he endured with impatience, and reproach hardened him in his error, so that he often resembled the gallant war-steed, who rushes forward on the steel that wounds him. In the most painful crisis of his private life he evinced this

irritability and impatience of censure in such a degree as almost to resemble the noble victim of the bull-fight, which is more maddened by the squibs, darts, and petty annoyances of the unworthy crowds beyond the lists, than by the lance of his nobler and more legitimate antagonist. In a word, much of that in which he erred was in bravado and scorn of his censors, and was done with the motive of Dryden's despot,

'To show his arbitrary power.'

It is needless to say that his was a false and prejudiced view of such a contest; and if the noble Bard gained a sort of triumph, by compelling the world to read his poetry, though mixed with baser matter, because it was *his*, he gave in return an unworthy triumph to the unworthy, besides deep sorrow to those whose applause, in his cooler moments, he most valued.

It was the same with his politics, which on several occasions assumed a tone menacing and contemptuous to the constitution of his country; while in fact, lord Byron was in his own heart sufficiently sensible, not only of his privileges as a Briton, but of the distinction attending his high birth and rank, and was peculiarly sensitive of those shades which constitute what is termed a gentleman. Indeed, notwithstanding his having employed epigrams and all the petty war of wit, when such would have been better abstained from, he would have been found, had a collision taken place between the aristocratic parties in the State, exerting all his energies in defence of that to which he naturally belonged. His own feeling on these subjects he has explained in the very last canto of *Don Juan*; and they are in entire harmony with the opinions which we have seen expressed in his correspondence, at a moment when

matters appeared to approach a serious struggle in his native country.

We are not, however, Byron's apologists, for now, alas! he needs none. His excellencies will now be universally acknowledged, and his faults (let us hope and believe) not remembered in his epitaph. It will be recollected what a part he has sustained in British literature since the first appearance of *Childe Harold*,—a space of nearly sixteen years. There has been no reposing under the shade of his laurels, no living upon the resource of past reputation, none of that *coddling* and petty precaution which little authors call 'taking care of their fame.' Byron let his fame take care of itself. His foot was always in the arena, his shield hung always in the lists; and though his own gigantic renown increased the difficulty of the struggle, since he produced nothing, however great, which exceeded the public estimates of his genius, yet he advanced to the honorable contest again, and again and again, and came always off with distinction, almost always with complete triumph. As various in composition as Shakespeare himself, (this will be admitted by all who are acquainted with his *Don Juan*) he embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string on the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astrounging tones. There is scarce a passion or a situation which has escaped his pen; and he might be drawn, like Garrick, between the weeping and the laughing muse, although his most powerful efforts have certainly been dedicated to Melpomene. His genius seemed as prolific as various. The most prodigal use did not exhaust his powers, nay, seemed rather to increase their vigor. Neither *Childe Harold*, nor any of the most beautiful of Byron's earlier tales, con-

tain more exquisite morsels of poetry than are scattered through the cantos of *Don Juan*, amidst verses which the author appears to have thrown off with an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leaves to the wind. But that noble tree will never more bear fruit or blossom! It has been cut down in its strength, and the poet is all that remains to us of Byron. We can scarce reconcile ourselves to the idea—scarce think that the voice is silent forever; which, bursting so often on our ear, was often heard with rapturous admiration, sometimes with regret, but always with the deepest interest:

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest.

With a strong feeling of awful sorrow we take leave of the subject. Death creeps upon our most serious as well as upon our most idle employments; and it is a reflection solemn and gratifying, that he found our Byron in no moment of levity, but contributing his fortune, and hazarding his life, in behalf of a people endeared to him by their past glories, and as fellow creatures suffering under the yoke of a heathen oppressor. To have fallen in a crusade for freedom and humanity, as in olden times, it would have been an atonement for the blackest crimes, may in the present be allowed to expatiate greater follies than ever exaggerated calumny has propagated against Byron.

LITERARY NOTICE.

Sketches by N. P. Willis, Boston, S. G. Goodrich, pp. 96.

WILLIS is one of our most gifted poets, one of the few amongst us, we believe, who are destined to live and labor for an after age, but he has commenced too early the art of book making. His early day dreams, which have broke forth in scriptural illustrations, and sonnets, through

the medium of our newspapers, are of remarkable promise, and beauty, yet they should have been permitted to repose, till time had matured more elaborate and lasting efforts of genius. Some of our writers imagine themselves to be great, only because they *seem* to be high, and halt at the very point where they should boldly go on. We do not pretend to say, that this is the case with our poet, but we fear he is surrounded by flatterers, who may tell him he has done enough, when in fact, he has hardly began his career; who may induce him to waste and exhaust his powers on trifles, when they should be devoted to some purpose whereby he may perpetuate a name. A portion of this volume may be new to the reader, but the whole lacks freshness; and the manner in which it is served up we fear conveys an impression, that the author had accomplished sufficient for himself, if not for posterity. It is on this account, we would urge our poet, neither to be consoled by success, nor to 'pall in resolution.' He has before him, the example of good models, and he lives in a land where the Muse is not the less cherished because she happens to be young. Let him remember, that, pure and holy themes are not exclusively confined to the *bible*, and that if he looks abroad, he may read the divinity and beauty of nature in every thing. Scorning the trammels of schools, and the discipline of zealots, he will reflect and write for mankind, and not for a *sect*; for we are not among those who think that poets should be limited to an atmosphere and an element of their own, that they are a race of merely etherial beings, who deserve to be banished the commonwealth of reason, and the realms of learning; but we believe they require only a right direction of their faculties, to become as useful as they are brilliant; to act as powerfully on the moral sense, as they do on the passions. The compositions of Wil-

lis are marked by uncommon grace and delicacy. He may lack force, but he never wants refinement. His imagination is full of beautiful forms, but they are never confused, and are always brought out with infinite taste and purity. The following sketch of '*Twilight*,' which we do not remember to have seen before, is one of the most finished emanations of the poet's muse.

O TWILIGHT hour! who art so very cool
And balmy in the summer eventide,
With thy rich breathing quieting the
winds,
And the uneasy waters; twilight hour!
Whose mantle is the drapery of dreams,
And who hast ever been in poetry
Life's holy time; thou who wert wont to
steal
Upon us, as thy sandals were of dew!
How sadly comes the rustle of thy step,
In the decaying season of the year!

My early fire is low, and hurrying feet
In the short pauses of the wind go by,
And the unquiet leaves, that sighingly
Obey its gusty summons and sweep on,
Seem mourning for the green and pleasant tree;
And the clouds wear sad colors, and I feel
As there were nothing in this fading
world,
That is not cold and sorrowful like this.
Thus is it with a spirit not at ease.
It turns no eye within; but, as it were
The mirror of the world's poor circumstance,
It takes its hue from nature, as if earth
With its discordant elements could tune
The delicate harmonies of human mind.
We have within us fountains, and the
flow
With fancy to create the beautiful,
And thought to search out knowledge,
and deep love
To link us to society; light mirth
To gladden, and kind sympathies to shade
The spirit; and yet many will go out
With a sealed bosom wandering the
world,
To satisfy a thirst for happiness.
How strange it is, that when the principle
Of light is living in us, we should shut
Its emanations in, and darkly stray
To catch a beam from nature, like a star
That should forget its glory and go out,
Because the moon was shining not in heaven!

THE CLOCK AND THE BELL.

In a certain ancient city, seated on the banks of the Witham about five miles from the German Ocean, stood an antique Gothic Church, whose lofty tower was garnished with a CLOCK. It maintained its solitary situation for many a year, indicating the gradual lapse of time to the passing traveller, and amusing itself only with its own ticking,—unheeding and unheeded, by the noisy world. At length the melancholy face of the Clock, and the faithful and constant waiving of its hands, attracted the sympathy of a neighboring BELL, who in the process of time, took lodgings in the same tower. A pleasant acquaintance was soon formed between them, through the introduction of the *carrillonneur*, who had the superintendence of the Bell.

At length discovering that they were made of similar materials, and had a common, though remote origin, the Bell, therefore claimed a collateral kindred with the Clock, and honored him with the appellation of cousin. One summer's evening, after ringing a merry peal, the Bell accosted the Clock with 'How now, cousin, why are you always so sad and silent?'

'Madam,' replied the Clock, 'silent, I may be, but does it therefore follow, that I must be sad? Is the music of our dreams less sweet, because it never thrills another's ear?—or the visions of sleep less beautiful, because they never bless another's eye? The shallow rivulet that rushes along with noisy impetuosity, discovers to the eye a rocky bed, without a gem; but when the ocean garners up its treasures, the blue deep glides in silence—no eye can fathom its sanctuary!'

'This is very odd philosophy, cousin,' said the Bell. 'Though I do not altogether comprehend it; yet do I not altogether dislike it. Can you instruct me in its elements?'

'I am apprehensive,' replied the Clock,

VOL. I.

'that you may be for teaching me, in turn, the elements of your philosophy, which might imperceptibly take place of my own;—principles which I have so long practised, that they have become a second nature. *But as I have made it a rule through life, never to deny, friend or foe, any favor in my power, I cannot find it in my heart to refuse you.*'

'You are very kind,' said the Bell; 'and I hope our acquaintance may ripen into friendship.'

'On one condition only,' replied the Clock,—namely: 'that you shall never ask me, under any circumstances whatever, to vary my time; or even expect me in the slightest degree, to change the principles that govern my actions:—right or wrong, they are mine,—mine to direct my movements, but not mine to barter away.'

The Bell signifying her assent to the terms of the treaty, the parties thereupon struck hands, and continued their friendship for many years.

On gala-days, at the signal of the Clock, the Bell sent forth her sonorous peals through the city, to assemble the gay and happy; but reserved her lower tones for the friendly ear of the Clock.—'Cousin,' said she one day, with all the blandishments of our primeval mother, 'why will you not partake of our revels?'

'Madam,' the Clock gravely replied, 'the reason why I will not is, I cannot—it is impossible; and any importunity on this key, I shall consider as an infraction of our treaty.—If we are happy with ourselves, why should we be so vain, as to throw away our happiness upon a graceless world? Who respects the fop for fluttering with his glittering finery amidst the vulgar herd? Who thanks the fool for unlocking his precious casket, to expose its pearls and jewels to the stupid gaze, but grasping hands, of the swinish multitude?'

'These sentiments,' rejoined the Bell,

2

'seem to be very just, cousin. But your philosophy,—pardon me,—is mere eccentricity; and I mean to laugh you out of it. You are as vain of it, as the fop of his finery.'

'But I do not make a *display* of it, like the fop,' replied the Clock: 'and the *vanity of concealing my faults*, madam, cannot be a very heinous crime.'

'Come—come, coz,' rejoined the Bell, 'let us be friends, and since I cannot correct your faults, I will overlook them.'

Year after year passed away in mutual friendship. The Clock listened to the merry music of the Bell; and in return would reach forth his *marteau*, and number the passing hours upon her pouting lips, which sent abroad upon the invisible pinions of the wind, their sweet but solitary notes,—warning alike, the sad and happy, of the flight of time.

At length, fortune rung some changes in the parish, the Bell was removed and the friends separated—but their friendship remained. After some dozen months the Bell returned, and was replaced in the same tower with her ancient friend, with whom she had numbered the pleasant hours, during four score moons. The intimacy was renewed: but there were so many holidays in the city, and the Bell was so often put in motion amidst the merry crowds and happy circles, that the *marteau* of the Clock seldom found an opportunity of paying a passing salutation to his old friend. He would frequently knock on moonlight nights, but was rarely blessed with a response from the lips of the Bell. Her tones too, seemed somewhat changed, as they vibrated on the ear. At length on a dull and drizzly evening after the Bell had rang out, an irregular, but annual *feast-day*, and had become lonely and silent—while all the rest of the parish were engaged in plays and revelry, the Clock groped about the turret for his old friend, and extended his *marteau* to sa-

lute her, by striking the passing hour. But she returned no response. At length, like the frozen sounds of the Magician's trumpet, a few faint notes were uttered, in a strange, unwonted tone,—indicating more surprise than satisfaction.——

'Sir,' said the Bell 'is it you?' 'Madam,' replied the Clock, 'it is—Good night!'

'What is your haste?' inquired the Bell. 'There can be no haste,' rejoined the Clock 'when there is no occasion to tarry.' The Bell seemed struck with surprise, and seized the Clock's hand to stop it—but it passed on in silence, and the mantle of night veiled its motions from her eye forever.

The Clock had for some moons previous to this, discovered that the Bell had a gold repeater, and suspected that his services would be unnecessary, if not superfluous, to note the flights of time. Indeed, when the Clock at some periods had struck the hours, the Bell seemed to insinuate, that she had more Clocks at her service, than she well knew how to entertain civilly; and hinted that she had already cut the acquaintance of some of them and should have to blink at a few more. The Clock at such times, would politely suggest to his friend, that an acquaintance, which was at sometimes useless, might possibly at others, be of advantage, and that any acquaintance was better than any enemy. Not so thought the Bell.—In short he at length left her to test the correctness of his doctrine by her own experience.

Scarcely four moons after his last knock; the Bell began to think it strange, that she had heard nothing from the Clock; and finally discovered that he might be of some use to her. She had indeed all kinds of Chronometers, except the one she now wanted—and which she had unceremoniously ejected,—*because she imagined she should never have occasion for it again.* But a 'new' holiday was.

approaching, on which she was to assemble her friends under her CANOPY;—and the marteau of the Clock was anxiously desired to entertain them with its music. She sent forth her wonted ‘notes’ to the Clock, who heard them in silence. She began to rally him, for not calling to repeat the hours, saying, ‘How you act, (as the girls say)—when you get over your pouts, I suppose you will call again on your old friend.’

The Clock meant to have returned this brief response, ‘*Madam, our friendship is wound up—forever!*’ but pausing, said in a mild tone—‘We may have no occasion for our eyes while sleeping; but it is hardly necessary for this reason to part with them.—Friendship is the eye of the soul;—once plucked out, it can never be restored—its light is extinguished forever!’

CLITUS.

The clock has since struck one more monitory note, which is a favorable omen.

CHIVALRY.

THE spirit of chivalry, which was perverted in past time, into a most wild, injurious love of adventurous romance, is now quite lost; and with it, society has lost a charm, that is unatoned for, by any modern fashion or feeling. The high-toned disinterestedness of ancient knighthood, the lofty courtesy, the untarnishable honor, which secured every one from degradation, or insult, however far it might have wandered from domestic duty, or true humility, exhibited some lovely features, and only wanted the training hand of civilization to be the brightest ornament of human nature. Its best features were, an undying aspiration, after purity of name and fame, and an inextinguishable thirst to do good, whenever an opportunity could be found. In obedience to these rules, all human passions were modelled; and though aspirants strove after distinction in fields of strife,

or in the no less bloody sports of the tilt-yard; though they wandered in disguise, from land to land, sacrificing the duties and affections of home, to a passion for adventure, and mistaken ambition; though it must be confessed, their unsettled life was spent in useless toil, or perhaps, sometimes in crime, yet, after all, the better traits of their order should not have been so thoroughly swept away with its follies, leaving mankind without motive, or example, to lead them on to true nobility.

We do not lament over the extinction of chivalry, because we have lost the imposing array of tilts and tournaments, and helmets crowned with the glove of a fair damsel to be defended, even in death, and garters and spurs, and sounding epithets; but because we have lost a charm of social intercourse, with them;—dignified, but gentle courtesy, a lofty sense of honor, an order, whose purity knows not and tolerates not disgrace, whose profession and practice it is to elevate, and still more, to adorn social life. Our domestic enjoyments, are too stiff, without refinement; we are glum and sullen, among equals and superiors, as though dignity consisted in abstraction and pride; we do not reserve our *hauteur* for actual vice and degradation, but wear it on all occasions, and in all places, at the public assembly among strangers, and at the fireside among friends, as though goodness existed not, and suspicion were a virtue. Good name and welcome in the world depends not now, upon purity of heart, or talents, or good actions; but vice is in every society, if it is brazen with impudence, or gilded with wealth, and character is estimated by family or station. The dissipated, the mean and the vulgar, are even more courted and praised among pretenders and friends to beauty and innocence, than true worth, which retires from arrogating its own rights, and shrinks from a competition with worthlessness. If a general sense of honor, or even a moderately strict virtue existed in the community,

such things could not be. Shame would rest upon depravity, and the purifying fire of chivalry would pass over mankind.

We may laugh at knightly wanderings, affected mysteries, and romantic curiosity; but we have little reason to laugh, when we compare the days of chivalric glory with our own. Then, generous hospitality was not a strange virtue; now, it sinks into an annual entertainment. Then, a needy stranger, was a welcome friend; now, if we harbor a stranger, he may prove a brute, or a villain, and our doors are closed against all, to prevent their unwelcome intrusion. This is right, as society exists; but the whole order of things should be changed; for when a man appears with the shape and bearing of humanity, we should be assured, that he practices its virtues; and if he has not the motives to purity in his breast, he should have a terrible fear of proscription and degradation from the human race. Then, it was hardly a duty, it was a common thing, to seek out and relieve misery; now, men pursue their own selfish ends, regardless of the wants and sufferings of others, without taking the trouble to inquire after what is hidden, or bestowing a thought upon what is thrown in their way; a stated charity, or an occasional contribution, is all of benevolence, that is now a burthen to the majority of the world.

We acknowledge these remarks to be cynical, but we know, that they are honest, because we believe them to be true. We regret the extinction of the entire glory of chivalry; for it inculcated virtues, which redeemed a very bad age, and might greatly improve ours.

ALARIC.

Mr. S. G. Goodrich, one of the most spirited of the fraternity of Booksellers, proposes to publish a periodical work to be called the *Legendary*, to consist of original pieces in poetry and verse, principally illustrative of our history, scene-

ry, and manners. The work will be under the editorial direction of N. P. Willis, one of our best poets, and will be issued quarterly in a duodecimo volume. As an incentive to genius, the publisher of the *Legendary* agrees to pay the contributors at the rate of one dollar for every printed page inserted in the work of prose, and at a higher rate for poetry. He could scarcely have selected as an editor one of more pure or delicate taste, or whose personal resources and contributions, would be more highly estimated. Under such auspices, there seems to be no doubt of the success and permanency of the undertaking.

J.

Boston of late is becoming singularly prolific in literary enterprises, however frail or uncertain their existence. With the publication of the twelfth number, we regret to learn that the 'Lyceum' will cease to be conducted by the present editor, whose taste and talents peculiarly fitted time for the task, although we have hopes that it will not be suspended altogether. Should it happily fall into the hands of a lady of literary pursuits, and acquirements whom we have heard mentioned, we trust it may be destined to a longer life.

J.

Albums.—A young country gentleman requested a poetic writer to address some lines to a young lady of his acquaintance, and write them in her album. The poet replied, that not having the pleasure of being acquainted with the lady, not even knowing her by sight, (which was particularly important,) he could say nothing of course of her mental or personal accomplishments. Oh! if *that* is all, cried the young man, I can tell you all about it! Black eyes and red cheeks, paints *beautifully!* plays on the piano! and dances the best that ever you saw!—You shall have the whole inventory, said the poet.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



WINTER.

Fierce, from the Boreal caverns of the north,
Where gelid nature lies in endless sleep—
The furious spirits of the storm rush forth
And o'er the wave their ghastly vigils keep.

With fiendish yell—that mocks at human wo,
They shriek and gibber o'er the mastless deck,
Now, roaring wild—now, murmuring dirges low,
As *sinks* the *Sea boy* 'neath the heaving wreck!

O'er all of nature with despotic sway
Pale WINTER, like a ruthless tyrant reigns—
Shrouds in deep gloom the genial orb of day,
And scatters desolation o'er the plains.

The night breeze sighs amid the rifled bower,
While crystal wreaths are bright on every spray,
When erst the vernal leaf and glowing flower
Bloom'd in gay loveliness—but 'where are they?'

Nought, but the fair Exotic's tender bloom,
From cheerless scenes relieves the wandering eye,
While these, like blossoms scattered o'er a tomb
Seem but the cherish'd flowers of memory.

The houseless wretch whom want has forc'd to roam,
Wraps in a tatter'd garb his shivering form,
And humbly begs a temporary home,
To shield him from the fury of the storm!

Perhaps a treacherous friend, or faithless wife,
Has laid the deep foundation of his wo—
And urg'd to these, the lesser ills of life
Have struck, alas! too sure, the fatal blow.

Perhaps an Exile from his native land,
He wanders destitute of home and friends—
'Till press'd by Poverty's relentless hand,
At length beneath the mighty weight he bends;

Then—oh ye *Sons of wealth* reserve an hour
From the resplendent circles of the gay,
And know tis ye whom heaven has arm'd with power
To chase the haggard fiend of want away.

Too oft, alas! does pomp and vain parade,
 Usurp Humanity's superior claim
 The lofty schemes of human pride to aid;
 These are the tribute *Avarice* pays to *fame*!

Oh ye—whom bounteous Heaven has deigned to bless,
 On you a greater, nobler task depends—
 'T is yours to pity and relieve *distress*,
 On deeds like these, prosperity attends!

AUGUSTA.

MUSINGS.

In the following beautiful effusion of fancy, our readers will recognize one of our most devoted worshippers of the muse.

It is a quiet night,—afar,
 (Sweeping across the river,
 O'er which the star beams quiver,)
 I hear the fainting notes of the guitar,
 And the low breathings of the flute,
 Like echoings of a fairy lute.

Since the first sighing of the breeze of even,
 Along the ocean-marge's silver sands,
 (A lonely place, meet
 For young spirits when they all join hands,
 And the blue ether rings
 To their mysterious revellings,)
 I have been treading with my naked feet,
 The dew upon my hair,
 And my cool forehead bare
 To the all-glorious Heaven.

The spot is deck'd with many a rose-lipp'd shell,—
 The zephyrs know them well,
 And murmur o'er them oft,
 With voices clear and soft,
 Until the very soul of melody awakes,
 And from each spiral chamber breaks.

Dearest; at hours like this, the memory
 Of blessed moments I have known with thee,
 Comes o'er me like the gentle influence
 Of some new risen sense.
 Thoughts of thy love,
 Like twilight o'er the earth, the wave, the sky above;
 Steal to my inmost heart,
 Shadows of grief depart,
 And with them fades each trace that care
 With busy finger has been writing there.

F. S. H.

THE BOWER.

There's a bower of roses, where beauty shall dwell,
 'Mid the purest of perfume, the sweetest of song;
 Bright sunlight shall play o'er it all the day long,
 And the muses by moonlight shall gather and tell,
 Of the joys, that to genius and fancy belong.

Cool zephyrs shall fan it, and fountains shall lave,
 And the bright smiling stars shall impearl it with dew;
 And blooming with verdure and flowers ever new
 Its branches and garlands shall gracefully wave—
 Oh! come, lady fair, let me set there with you.

HENRY.

Bower of Taste.

FASHION.

THE fashions of the present day, with regard to either sex, are certainly conceived upon a more rational principle than formerly—in the 'olden time,' the artificial *tower*, upon the female head, was any thing but an evidence of an expansion of brains, while the closely compressed waist, and the redundant flow of drapery therefrom, gave a woman the appearance of an hour glass.

Thanks to our *fashionable stars*, the present mode of dress has little, or no tendency to disguise the human form, it is more in conformity with the ancient Grecian costume than has ever before been adopted—the flowing robe and broad *cestus* of our modern belles assimilate with some of the finest models of grace and beauty in the gallery of the arts—and the simple arrangement of the hair, ornamented only by a wreath of rose or myrtle, is truly classical.

The stiff coat of the ancient beau, with its enormous buttons, and unwieldy cuffs, has yielded to a close fitness of this article, to the form of the wearer: this *must* be an improvement, for whatever garment is calculated to display the proportions of the figure, is so. Our best artists refuse to paint a portrait in all the paraphernalia of the toilet, for this reason; they wish to preserve the outline of nature as distinctly as possible with due reference to delicacy—this is good taste. The snug *surtouts* of our beaux we perceive are positively laid aside for the graceful *Italian cloak*—this, gives the wearer a clerical, or rather professional appearance, and from its being readily assumed upon all occasions, it is a most convenient, as well as becoming article.

THE MYRTLE AND ROSE.

THE ancient poets of Rome and Greece, have devoted the *Myrtle* to *love*; was it because it is a *perennial*, or for its fra-

grance, polish and grace, that they have placed it on the brow of the Ocean Goddess? It has a sweet though unpretending blossom—this is sometimes emblematic of love. A writer on the subject says, although the myrtle was a symbol of affection and peace, yet it covered of old the vengeful sword of Harmodius; thus revenge and wrath are often veiled under the semblance of love! Horace tells us that the myrtle is exceedingly *brittle* does this quality make it an emblem of love?

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle,
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
'Tis the clime of the East, 'tis the land
of the sun,'—there they still continue to
talk in the language of flowers—a little
wreath placed in the boudoir of his mis-
tress will tell the history of a lover's
hopes and fears, and even a scion be
made to express a famous achievement.

Emblematic shrubs are placed round the dwellings of their *Savans* and *Heroes*, as complimentary tributes.

In the more modern pages of Romance, and Poetry, the *Rose* is recognized as the '*flower of love*,' and, with all its beautiful variety, its attractive, and repulsive character, its brief loveliness, though undying fragrance—it is certainly the most expressive type of the *belle passion*.

An agreeable writer on retirement says there is in the history of most of our lives, some particular period to which we delight to recur, in which we imagine most of our happiest moments have been passed. This may occur in different stages of our existence, but in general we find it among our youthful days: if we look into the nature of the pursuits and pleasures of our youth the recollection of which still spreads such a charm over our lives, we shall find in most instances that we owe our happiest moments to a seclusion from the cares, the bustle, and the fashion of the world. In surveying the beauties of creation—many of those hour,

which we review with pleasure, were passed in a ramble through the wood, a walk on the beach, or a morning ride through a luxuriant country. These are *simple* enjoyments in the estimation of the *world*, but they are more rational than those founded on the artificial luxuries of life. Friendships also that were perhaps formed in the closet, are often nourished and strengthened in the field, while reciprocating in rural pleasures.

This is undoubtedly true—there is a luxury in participating with those whom we love and esteem in *all* our pleasures, and the more intellectual they are, the higher is our enjoyment. A contemplation of the sublime and beautiful of nature, is the purest gratification of which we are susceptible, what a *charm* then does the communion of an intelligent spirit impart to a moonlight ramble—a stroll through the solitudes of the forest—or, while listening to the roar of the mountain cataract. It is true the eye is feasted, but there is a delight in the mutual interchange of thought on the scene before us, when in the society of our friends, which the solitary wanderer cannot enjoy.

JUVENILE SOUVENIER.

AMONG the many splendid transatlantic, and native annuaries, that are daily making their debut in court dress, or neat republican simplicity—no one has excited more interest or has been perhaps so *joyously* received, as the beautiful little Souvenir of Miss Francis. The children are delighted to possess a work written expressly for themselves, on subjects so congenial to their fancies; and it is amusing to see when one of these books are displayed, with what avidity the happy little beings cluster round to view its embellishments and listen to its pages.

There is no composition so difficult as that where it is necessary to unite dignity with simplicity and instruction with

amusement. This work presents a pleasing specimen of that art, both in its prose and poetry, and there are few who have examined it, but have felt the best affections of the heart engaged in its perusal.

Tremont Theatre.—The appearance of Mr Horn and Mrs Knight, has been greeted by the most flattering rounds of applause at this theatre; for some reasons unconnected with the merits of these charming vocalists, they have not received so full a harvest of golden opinions as we could have wished them. Mr Horn's voice is not very *powerful*, but its subdued tones are remarkably sweet; he is perhaps, a less finished actor than Philipps, but conceives his part with ability, and treads the stage well.

Nothing that we can say would add to the fame of Mrs Knight. Last year we admired her touching style in ballad singing, but in this visit she has given decided proofs of her advancement in the science of music, and she has most ample aid from a superior orchestra.

New Saloon.—We learn that the New Saloon of the Tremont Theatre is fitted up with all the conveniences and splendor of a private drawing room. This is a most important improvement to the establishment, the ladies will now have a comfortable retreat while taking refreshment, or awaiting their carriages.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is not our intention to notice *particularly*, all those who may honor us with their contributions; we hope the publication of the article will prove its acceptability; to deal out the meed of approbation due on these occasions, is a task which we must generally decline; but with respect to several who have favored us with their notice—the lateness of their communications will preclude the possibility of their appearance in our first number; their worth will be duly appreciated hereafter.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



'With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
'We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,'—*Paine*.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1828.

No. 2.

THE MYSTERIOUS BRIDAL.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

It was on a wet evening, in the month of September, 17—, that an elderly man, respectably dressed, stopped at the little inn of the village of Rubeland. On dismounting, he gave particular directions to the ostler to be careful of his nag, (a stont little roadster,) and proceeded straight to the kitchen fire, where he disencumbered himself of his outer coat and boots, and ordered the private room to be prepared for his reception. The landlady bustled about to do his bidding, while the stranger sat down quietly among the boors who crowded around the kitchen fire, some of whom offered him the civility of the better seats, but he rejected all with a silent shake of the head, and in fact appeared to be occupied with any thing but what was going on around him. At last, his valise having been unstrapped and brought in, some idea

or other occurred to his recollection, and he opened one of the ends of the 'leathern convenience,' and took thereout a bulky object, containing a variety of curious instruments. These he examined, wiping some and breathing on others, and displaying all to the wondering eyes of the peasants, who were not long in coming to the conclusion that he was a conjurer of no common acquirements. The stranger, however, did not observe their astonishment. Indeed it is very doubtful whether he remembered that any one was near him; for he quoted once or twice a Latin sentence, pressed a concealed spring or two in some of the instruments, which shot out their steel talons at his touch, and in a word, performed such other marvels, as occasioned a considerable sensation among his spectators. If the truth must be told, they all

huddled together more closely than before, and avoided coming in contact even with the tail of his coat.

All this could not last long, the more especially as the little busy landlady had done her best in the mean time to get the stranger's room in order, and which she announced as being ready at the very moment that he was in the midst of a Latin soliloquy. This he cut short without ceremony on hearing the news, took up his valise, instruments, &c. and quitted the kitchen for the parlor.

And now came the time for conjecture. 'What could the stranger be?—a magician? an ogre? a —' but they waited to see whether or not he would order two or three little children to be roasted for supper, before they resolved upon their conclusions. In the course of a minute or two he rang his bell, and to their great disappointment, ordered a fowl and a bottle of wine to be got ready;—absolutely nothing more. This perplexed the Rubelanders almost as much as the curious instruments he had exhibited. On consideration, however, they thought that the stranger's caution had probably put a rein upon his appetite, and that he had contented himself, for once, with vulgar fare.

But it is not my intention to speculate on all the speculations which entered into the heads of the villagers of Rubeland. It is sufficient for my present purpose to state, that by a natural turn of conversation the villagers began to consider how they might best turn the visit of the stranger to account. Some proposed that he should sow the great common with florins; another that he should disclose where the great pots of money lay that were hid by the elves, when a band of those malicious wretches was dispersed by

Saint *Somebody* during the time of Henry the Fowler. At last, old Schwartz, the only man who had a glimmering of common sense in the room, suggested that he should be requested to visit the cottage of young Rudolph, who lay tormented with visions and spirits, about a mile off the village. And the reason why Schwartz proposed this was, as he said, 'because he observed the old gentleman put his hand upon the pulse of the landlady's daughter, and keep it there as though he were in count, at the time he left the kitchen.' Although this was a sad descent from the florins and pots of gold, the influence of Schwartz was considerable among his fellows, and he finally prevailed. The stranger was petitioned to visit the pillow of Rudolph, and the sick man's state described to him. He immediately, and almost joyfully consented. He only stipulated for the two wings and breast of the chicken, and half a dozen glasses of Grafenburg, and then he said, 'he should be ready.'

I must now transport the reader from the little inn of Rubeland, to the cottage of Rudolph, the patient. We will imagine the stranger recruited by a good supper, and some excellent Grafenburg wine, and see him seated by the bedside of the young peasant, holding his wrist gently in one hand, and inquiring cheerfully into the nature of his ailment. Although he could get no definite answer on this point, Rudolph was ready enough to tell his story, and the stranger very wisely let him proceed. If the reader can summon up as much patience as the stranger did, he may listen to the following narrative. These were the very words—(for the stranger, being a plain spoken man, thought it well to note down the particular words of the sufferer, in order

to show the strength of the impressions which had been made upon his brain.)

'It was a stormy night on which I married Elfrid, the widow's child. We had been made one by the priest at the neighbouring church, just before twilight; and during the ceremony my bride shivered, and turned aside from the holy water, and her eyes glistened like the lights of the glow worm, and when it was ended, she laughed aloud. The priest crossed himself, and I, while my heart sank within me, took home the beauty of the village.

'No one knew how the mother of Elfrid had lived. She dwelt in a fair cottage, round which wild flowers blossomed, and the grapevines ran curling like green serpents. She was waited on by an old Spanish woman, but never went abroad. She paid regularly for every article which she bought, and spent freely, though not prodigally. Some said that she received a pension from the Elector of —; others, that strange noises were heard on the quarter days in the house, and that her money was paid at midnight.

'She had only one child, Elfrid, a pale and melancholy girl, whose eyes were terribly lustrous, and whose hair was dark, as the plumage of the raven. She walked with a slow and majestic pace, she seldom spoke; but when she did, it was sweetly though gravely; and she sang sometimes when the tempest was loudest, in strange tones which seemed almost to belong to the winds. Yet she was gentle, charitable, and, had she frequented the village church, would have been universally beloved. I became the lover of the widow's child. I loved her first one stormy autumn—I forget how many moons ago—but it was soon after I received this wound in the

forehead by a fall in the Hartz. I was dissuaded from marrying her; for I had deserted a tender girl for her; but my mad passion prevailed, and I took my young wife, Elfrid, home to a cottage on the banks of the solitary Lake of Erlech.

'Come near me my sweet bride,' I said, but she sat with her hands clasped upon her knees, and looked upward, yet half aside, as though she were trying to distinguish some voice amidst the storm. 'Tis only the raging of the wind, my love,' said I. 'Hush!' answered she, 'this is my wedding song. Why is my brother's voice not amongst them?' And she sat still, like a shape of alabaster, and the black hair streamed over her shoulders; and methought she looked like that famous Sybil who offered to the proud Tarquin her terrible books. And I began to fear lest I had married a daemon of the air; and sometimes I expected to see her dissolve in smoke, or be borne off on the wings of the loud blast.

'And so she sat for a long time, pale and speechless; but still she seemed to listen, and sometimes turned a quick ear round, as though she recognized a human voice. At last the wind came sighing, and moaning, and whining through the door and casements, and she cried, 'Ho! ho! are you there, brother? It was well done, indeed, to leave my husband here without a song at his wedding.' And she smiled, and clapped her hands, and sang—oh! it was like a dirge—low, humming, indistinct noises, seemed to proceed from her closed lips; and her cheeks brightened, and her eyes dilated, and she waved her white hand up and down, and mimicked the rising and falling of the wind.

'We were alone in our lonely cottage. I know not how it was,

but we were alone. My brothers had not come to me, and my sister lay at home ill. 'Tis a wild night, my lovely Elfrid,' said I, and she smiled and nodded, and I ran my fingers through her dark hair; and while I held up a massy ringlet, the wind came and kissed it till it trembled. 'Oh! are you there?' said my bride; and I told her I had lifted up the black lock; but she said that it was not I, but another.

'Then we heard the sobbing and swelling of the lake, and the rushing of the great waves into the creeks; and the collecting and breaking up of the billows upon the loose pebbly shore. And sometimes they seemed to spit their scorn upon the winds, and to lash the large trunks of the forest trees. And I said, 'I almost fear for thee, my Elfrid, for the lake sounds as though it would force its banks,'—and she smiled. 'The spirits of the waters are rebellious to night,' exclaimed she: 'their mistress, the moon, is away, and they know not where to stop.— Shall we blow them back to their quiet places?' I replied that it would be well, were it possible: and she lifted up her hand and cried, 'Do ye hear?'—and the wind seemed to answer submissively; and then suddenly it grew loud, and turned round and round like a hurricane, and we heard the billows go back—and back—and the lake seemed to recede—and the waters to grow gentle—and then quiet; and at last there was a deep and dark silence all around me and my bride.

'And then it was that I lighted a torch, and our supper was spread. The cold meats and dainties were laid upon a snow white cloth, and the bright wines sparkled like the eyes of Elfrid. I took her hand and kissed her, but her lips felt like the cold air. 'Herman, my

fond husband,' said she, 'I am not wholly thine; thou hast not welcomed me hither with a song. It is the custom where I was born, and I must not be wholly thine without it.' 'What shall I sing?' inquired I. 'Oh!' said she, 'the matter may be what you please, but the manner must be mine. Let it be free, thus; thus; (and she sang a strange burial chaunt,) thus, rising, and falling like the unquiet tempest.' I essayed a few words, but they were troubled and spiritless:

'My love, my love, so beautiful, so wise!
I'll sing to thee, beneath the dawning moon,

And blow my pastoral reed
In the cold twilight, till thine eyes shine out

Like blue stars sparkling in thy forehead white;

I'll sing to thee, until thy cloudy hair
Dissolve before my kisses pure and warm.
Oh! as the rose-fed bee doth sing in May,
To thee, my January flower, I'll sing
Many a winter melody,
Such as comes sighing through the shaking pines,

Mournfully—mournfully,
And through the pillar'd beeches stripped of leaves

Make music, till the shuddering waters speak

In ripples on the forest shores—'

'Away!' said my bride interrupting my song—'away!

Thou hast wed the wind, thou hast wed the air—

Thy bride is as false as fair:

As the dew of the dawn

Beneath the sun,

Is her life, which beginneth afresh

When day is done.

I am fashion'd of water and night,

Of the vapor that haunts the brain—

I die at the dawn of light,

But at eve—I revive again.

Like a spirit that comes from the rolling river,

Changing for ever—for ever—for ever!'

And she muttered again, and again, 'for ever,' and 'for ever!' And even as she sang, methought her long arms grew colder, and longer, and clasped me round and

round, like the twining of the snake or the lizard. I shrank from terror, when she laughed once more in her unearthly way, and showed her white teeth in anger. 'Dost thou not love me Elfrid?' said I; and she laughed again, and a thousand voices which then seemed to invest our cottage on every side, laughed fiercely and loudly, till our dwelling shook to its centre. 'Ah, ha! doest thou hear them?' said she; 'Love thee! Can the wind love thee?—or the air—or the water—Can fire delight in thee?—But, ay *that* with its flickering voice and curling tongue may embrace thee, as it clasps the heretic martyrs; but no further. The elements are above thee, thou youth of clay! Why wouldst thou tempt them, fond thing, by linking thy short life to their immortality?' And as she spoke, she kissed me for the first time with her chilling lips, and whispered over me, and I sank shivering into *another life*.

'And in this state I have seen more than ever met the eye of man. I have seen the rock stoop down, and the whirlwind pause, and the stars come about me, by hundreds and thousands, hurrying and glancing. Dumb nature has spoken before me, and the strange language of animals has become clear. I have looked, (as the Dervise did) into the hollow earth, and there beheld dull metals and flaming minerals, gold and rubies, silver and chrysolites, and amethysts all congregated in blazing heaps. I have seen the earthquake struggling in his cavern like a beast. I have communed with unknown natures, and sate by the dropsy and the awful plague. And once methought we went out, I and my bride, into some forest which had no end, and walked among multitudes, millions of trees. The broad great oak was

there, with his rugged trunk and ponderous arms, which he stretched out over us: the witch elms waved and whispered, and the willow fawned upon us and shook its dishevelled hair: we heard the snake rustling in the grass, and saw his glittering eyes and leper's coat; and he writhed and curled before us on our path, as though some unseen dominion were upon him; and the owl laughed at us from his hole; and the nightingale sang in the pine; and some birds there were which gave us welcome, and hundreds chattered in the abundance of their joy. All this while my bride was silent, and paced slowly beside me, upon the greensward. And she never lifted her pallid face from the ground, though I asked earnestly, again and again, how it was that the brute creatures had awakened from their dumb trance and stood up before us with the intelligence of man!

—'Sometimes I think that all this may be—a dream. I am here, (*where* am I?) wasting like half-sunned snow. My flesh shrinks, my spirit quails, and my imagination is always restless, night and day. All my left side seems palsy-struck, and my heart is as cold as stone. My limbs are useless, and over my very brain the chilling winter seems to have blown.

—'Yet, no; it cannot be a dream; for once, in every month, when the white moon grows round, and casts down her flood of cold light upon the fields and rivers, until the waters dance and the branches quiver with intense delight, *she* comes to my bed side, and still bends over me. Then, while I lie motionless, though awake, she kisses my lips with so cold a kiss that methinks I am frozen inwards to the heart. And my head; my head is a burning ball; ha, ha! you should come to me

when the moon is ripe. *Then* you shall see the gambols of the waterelves; and the spirits who ride upon the storm-winds; and the mer men; and the unnatural sights of the deep black ocean; and the hell that is always about me! Will you come; and look at the wonders which I will show you? Will you come?—

—‘Let me look upon your forehead,’ said the stranger, when the faintness which here seized Rudolph had put an end to his tale. ‘Methinks the error is *here* rather than in the *moon*.’

‘Is there any hope that I shall be disenchantèd?’ inquired the youth faintly.

‘We will see,’ replied the stranger: ‘you must have patience and water-diet. You must be obedient too, to those whom I shall bid attend you; and, but at present we will tie a string round your arm, and see of what color is the blood of an elf.’

The blood ran freely at the puncture of the lancet, and the youth fell into a refreshing sleep. When he awoke, the Nymph of the air, and all the fiends of the elements had vanished! and he found the tender girl whom he had formerly loved, was bending o’er his couch with fond solicitude. In short, he was restored to REASON and soon to health; the lovers were united, and departed amid the blessings of their kindred, for their beautiful cottage on the bank of Lake Erlech.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

MRS. EDITOR:—I am a sober honest lad from the country, and have lately arrived in your city, where it is my wish to engage in some profession agreeable to my taste, or if not, at least to my interest. I do not expect to associate with the *learned* of the Literary Emporium, but it is my

wish to enjoy the benefits of ‘good society,’ to which I can substantiate my claims by the following account of my ‘parentage and education.’

My father is an honest farmer, and deacon of a church, (no inconsiderable title in the country, as it puts him upon par with the minister, the doctor, the lawyer, the tavern keeper, and the school-master,)—these you know compose our *first circle*;—not that my father ever thinks about *circles*, except round the moon in *haying time*, and then every mother’s son has to scamper into the field and work for his life. No! honest man, he is no aristocrat (although that principle is creeping into the *bush* as fast as possible;) he loves to drink heartily from a good *mug* of cider presented in the homely style, and will sit down to a dinner of pork and beans in the kitchen, with any of his neighbors; who, in return, are always welcome to the same, or better, at ‘our house.’ He was never *prouder* than when he exhibited the *greatest calf* at the Brighton Cattle Show. I was with him, and as my passport to *fame*, carried a big *winter squash* somewhat longer than myself, being then about eight years old. As I am an only son, it was the opinion of my mother and eldest sister that I ought to be educated as a *gentleman*, to support the honor of the family; accordingly I had six winter’s schooling in ‘*our town*,’ where I learnt the *rudiments* that go towards making a *great man*, and received my *finishing*, in four or five academy ‘*quarters*’ in Connecticut and New Hampshire, where I was placed, in order to give me a view of the ‘customs and manners’ of civil society; and with no small share of confidence in my new acquirements, did I, Simon, return to the old homestead, with all my ‘blushing honors thick

about me.' My family, considering me competent to *any thing*, Law, Physic, or Divinity, wished me to *settle* in my native village; but this fact I have ascertained from experience,—a man's *birth place* is no theatre for a display of his talents or acquirements. 'I remember him' says one, 'a little yellow haired fellow dropping corn after his father's plough—don't you?' 'Lord, yes,' says old dame, pushing up her spectacles, 'I guess I do—he used to water our horse, and go *arter* our *kaows* for a handful of *reasons* any time.'—And so for all these, and other reasons combined, I determined not to *settle down* at home; therefore here am I, like a feather whirling about on the tide of fortune, ready to take whatever direction fate may choose.

My mother and sister, as hath been shewn, are rather ambitious with regard to gentility, and my father, although he had rather see his daughters weaving blankets for Brighton fair, at last yielded to their proposal that my youngest sister Nancy should go to the Academy in ****** one quarter*, in order to complete *her education*. In this *time*, she was to study arithmetic, grammar, geography, rhetoric, logic, music, dancing, and painting!

When the time had expired, home she came in the stage coach, with some half dozen band boxes, and all the paraphernalia of lady learning, consisting of maps, embroidering frames, screens, and fillagree baskets.

As soon as the coach stopped, the whole family rushed out to meet her with the most unaffected manifestations of joy—'and how do you do my *Dear Nancy*,' was the general cry, while all were eager to assist in conveying her 'valuables' to the house. After our first salutations were over,

father, glancing his eye at her hat of Bolivarian dimensions, exclaimed, 'why Nancy, how fine and *flanty* you have grown! its my belief I should not have known ye, if I had met ye in Boston streets.'—'My dear papa' cried the boarding school lady, 'don't pray call me *Nancy* any more! every body calls me *Anna*, at the Academy,'—'every body don't know that I told the priest to baptize you Nancy, I suppose,' said father rather gruffly.

Miss Anna was soon called upon to exhibit her accomplishments. We were willing, for the first evening, to pass over her progress in grammar, geography, arithmetic, astronomy, rhetoric and logic, with her assurance that we should see her exercises on *paper* the next day; but the *passing*—we could not resist our curiosity to see. The port folio was therefore produced—the first piece we examined was a very *fine* landscape. In the fore ground, was a lady sitting under a most umbrageous tree, whose bright and twisted trunk resembled a stick of molasses candy. In her lap lay a shepherd's pipe, and confined by a string which was attached to her girdle, was a thing with fierce eyes, and sharp ears, that looked marvelously like a young wolf. In the perspective was a beautiful little village, of *pink* and *yellow* houses relieved by a chain of bright *sky blue* mountains (which appear to be the taste of the times) and certainly look much better than those of *nature*; some handsome letters in German text at the bottom, told us this was '*Stern's Maria*.'—The next piece flash'd upon us with all the splendor of Aunt Judy's patchwork bed quilt, in which there are '60,000 different pieces.' This was a flower pot, which from having but one handle, had the appearance of a tea-pot without

a nose; and was filled with things of every shape and hue, presenting many beautiful botanic originals, that Dr Mitchell's philosophy never dreamt of.

The last that we examined was the chef d'œuvre of little Nancy; this was a mourning piece, in memory of uncle Hiram Stubbins, and his nine sons and daughters, whose names and ages, were all registered in due order upon a white monument of a conical form; over which bent a female of most colossal proportions, holding a white handkerchief to her face, whose expression certainly *did* bespeak the utmost extremity of *distress*. These were surmounted by a green willow whose long feathery branches form'd a canopy over the whole. All our family were in *raptures* at this display, and father proposed they should be framed as soon as possible to hang up in our *best room*.

Miss Nancy is now considered the most accomplished belle of the village, and fit in every respect to be married, when she gets a chance;—of this there appears to be some prospect—for the young doctor has been observed to wear his *Sunday waistcoat* every day since she arrived, and the other evening left his glove—(an article which he was not much in the habit of wearing until lately.) Now madam, since I have had the pleasure of paying my respects to you and introducing my family, I shall take the liberty, occasionally of communicating the opinions of a green country boy upon the wonders of this fashionable metropolis. Yours to command, SIMON.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS.

'Maturer life with smiling eye, will view
The imperfect scenes, which youthful
fancy drew.'

As we have now entered upon another year, it may not be im-

proper to pause while giving each other the customary congratulations, and inquire, 'What of good or evil have we done during the past, to entitle us to a prosperous journey through the present?'

We began the year which has just passed away, with prospects full as flattering, with friends as kind, with health as good, and mind as free as now. We made resolutions at the commencement of the last year, which have, many of them, been long since forgotten. We complained then, that the year had been too short for the consummation of all our wishes, and formed plans which would, if carried into execution, have essentially bettered our condition; but we forgot that the next was to be as short as the one we had just passed, and that our resolutions were now no better than before.

Very few of us can say there has not been a day in our whole existence which we would not wish to recal, and very few of us would wish to remain and hesitate to go forward for fear of a worse lot than that which we now experience. The love of life is inherent in the human bosom, and however miserable we are, there are few who would willingly resign it—we all look forward with anxiety to the future, which, when it arrives, we pass over before we have had an opportunity of noticing that the hour we have looked forward to with such impatience, is gone, and we wonder how it could have employed so much of our thoughts, yet we immediately anticipate new gratification with the same impatience as before.

The past year has been fraught with many pleasures which we cannot recal if we would, and many troubles which are painful to remember. Let us, then, at the commencement of this year, on

reviewing the various cares, perplexities, and enjoyments of the past, endeavor to reap some good. There is a tear to be shed for the memory of lost friends, and a prayer to be uttered for the welfare of those who now surround us. There is a joy to be thankful for, and a grief to receive a lesson from, which should not be lightly entered upon the tablet of our memory.

We are now sailing easily and calmly down the stream of time, with plenty and content attending us, but do not let us, in the day of our sunshine and prosperity, forget that the time is coming when grief must overshadow our features, and that it may arrive when we least expect it. Let us then enjoy our blessings with temperance, that our sorrows may be less bitter. May we then reflect that although life is too brief for the maturity of every little plan—too short for the realization of all our fond hopes and anticipations, yet it is long enough to contract imprudent habits, or form indiscreet friendships; and experience daily shows us, how slight a credence should be given to the flattery and illusions of the world. The thread of our existence is brittle; how necessary then to ponder upon these important *truths*.

We see those whom we have loved, those whom we have cherished as our best friends, forming new alliances, and transferring that confidence so lately ours to another.—We pause—we wonder that the heart which has so long been wont to call on us for sympathy, for consolation, for pleasure and for praise, could leave us and be at once a stranger. But, on referring to ourselves, we find similar sentiments towards others. We know of former friends, whom we do not feel so ready to unburthen our hearts to as formerly.

VOL. I.

'Our scene is altered.'

We are ourselves changed as well as they, and we can no longer wonder at the transient love of man to man. *Hope* is perhaps, the only friend which has not, during the year, at one time or another deserted us. We have attained one object of our wishes, and *Hope* bids us look forward to another, which imagination says is more to be desired than the first. We have lost the gratification of some fancied pleasure, have been deprived of some enjoyment we had just learned to appreciate, but *Hope* tells us that at a proper time we shall be compensated for it, with a joy which shall be the greater for being so long withheld.

If we should build up imaginary superstructures that have no foundation in *truth* to be thrown down by the arguments of *reason*, may no vice or folly be found lurking amid the ruins.

E. B.

ON GENIUS.

GENIUS is a term applied frequently to premature talents, which shew themselves at a very early age, but seldom equal the expectations they excite; or to a marked predilection for any particular branch of art or science, which, if united to industry and perseverance, seldom fails to obtain pre-eminence. Genius without industry can be of little avail, for industry will improve the meanest capacity, and kindle every latent spark of genius, which would otherwise have remained in obscurity. In no instance where early talents have been followed by success in maturer age, has there been any lack of application. And, on the other hand, no indolent genius ever turned out an accomplished character; but many who, in their earlier years,

promised nothing but stupidity, have, by making good use of the opportunities afforded them, acquired talents that nature had not originally bestowed on them, which, though they may not rival the united efforts of genius and application, will always command respect; and though they may not aspire to the highest objects of ambition, may still be superior to the generality of mankind. We rarely meet with a man who has talents for more than one art; those whose minds are indifferently turned towards several professions, are not likely to excel in any. We must turn our mind exclusively towards one object, without allowing any minor considerations to divert our attention from the pursuit we have chosen; if we do not depart from this rule, but steadily adhere to our purpose, we may be pretty sure of success: but no genius can obtain pre-eminence without exertion; no one can expect to arrive at the height of his ambition without passing every progressive stage of improvement, however tedious he may find the necessary delay. 'Rome was not built in a day,' is an old but good proverb. In most cases of early genius the mind is not capable of receiving any later improvement; it is already formed and mature, and is not susceptible of new impressions; and those talents which were astonishing in a child, lose all their wonders, and sink into humble mediocrity when the possessor of them is no longer young; and we are surprised at the pleasure we receive from an individual, who no longer can afford new enjoyments, nor revive those sentiments of admiration which he formerly inspired. Such a genius is rather a misfortune than a means of happiness: nothing can be so disheartening as to have outlived

one's talents; it would be better to remain in obscurity for the whole of a long life, than to emerge from it merely to make the return more mortifying.—*Lon. Mirror.*

The following is said to be written by a pupil of the Deaf and Dumb establishment in London. What renders it doubly interesting, is the fact that it was recited in a clear and *audible voice* with much feeling and propriety, by one of the children, to a crowded audience who were astonished at their progress in this wonderful science.

'Had we the fond-controlling ear,
Our speech might be more strong and clear,
Tho' not our hearts more ardent glow,
Our joy and gratitude to shew.

'The deaf and dumb, from age to age,
Forlorn and useless trod life's stage,
'Till you with pity Heaven inspir'd,
To grant that aid their case requir'd.

'To us tho' hearing be deny'd,
This want you have so well supply'd,
That social converse now can find
Another channel to the mind.

'And we, who else no art had gain'd,
To useful industry are train'd;
Taught our immortal part to prize,
And raise our hearts beyond the skies.

'Releas'd from more than dungeon's
gloom,
Restor'd—as from the silent tomb,
We would proclaim the timely aid,
Your bounteous kindness has display'd.'

A Rare Patrimony.—A young man of Nuremberg, says the Journal of that city, who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family, where he was a daily visiter, and where was a handsome daughter, who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer agreed; but the father of the young lady, who loved money, immediately asked what property the young man had. The lawyer said he did not exactly know, but he would inquire.—The next time he saw his young friend, he asked him if he had any property at all. No, replied he.—

Well, said the lawyer, would you suffer any one to cut off your nose, if he would give you 20,000 dollars for it? [What an idea?] Not for all the world! 'Tis well, replied the lawyer; I had a reason for asking. The next time he saw the girl's father, he said, I have inquired about this young man's circumstances; he has indeed no ready money; but he has a jewel, for which, to my knowledge, he has been offered, and he refused 20,000 dollars. This induced the old father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place: though, it is said, that in the sequel he often shook his head when he thought of the jewel.

The construction of English verse has met with a great change since the reign of Henry the first. The following eulogy by the Laureate Bard of his court, is an amusing specimen of the taste of the times.

King Henry is dead—the bewty of the
Worlde!

Wherefore is great dola
Goddess—make room for your kind brother
For he was sole

King he was of right and man of moste
might

Moste glorious in raynings
And when he left his crown, then fell
honor down—

For the miss of such a King!

Normandy 'gins to lower for the loss of
her flower,

England dothe moane
And Scotland dothe groane

All for to see the day.

Humbug.—An intelligent female witness having been perplexed by a barrister in a long *cross-examination*, happened in replying, to use the term *humbug*. 'Madam,' said the man of law, 'you must not speak unintelligibly: what is the court and jury to understand by the term *humbug*?' The lady hesitated.—'I must insist, Madam,' said the barrister, anticipating victory,

'that you proceed no farther, until you state plainly and openly, what you mean by a *humbug*.'—'Why then, sir,' replied the lady, 'I don't know how better to explain my meaning, than by saying, if I met a company of persons who were *strangers to you*, and should tell them that when they saw you they might prepare to meet a remarkably handsome, genteel, agreeable looking man—that would be a *humbug*.'

A beggar man, apparently very old, and in great distress, with a child in his arms, came into a public house in the Bridgewater on Friday evening, and begged alms with great earnestness. A young man in the house at the time, suspecting that he was an imposter took hold of the child, when immediately the head came off, and discovered it to be made of Plaster of Paris. After shaking the old man a little, an old red wig fell off, and discovered him to be a young man about thirty. He begged very hard to get off without asking damages for the loss of his child and wig, and was turned out of the house. *Glasgow Chron.*

Wednesday afternoon, as a boat, freighted with two elegantly dressed females, was passing near Cumberland Gardens, the boatman ran foul of a barge, when the boat immediately upset, and its fair inmates were precipitated into the water, and carried some distance by the rapidity of the tide. There were, luckily, several boats passing at the time, and every assistance was rendered. The ladies were rescued from a watery grave with no other injury than their silk dresses had sustained. They walked to their habitations, which fortunately were in the neighborhood.

London Paper.

Bower of Taste.

'By you supported, shall our native *Stage*
'Portray, adorn, and regulate the age.'

It is our intention as we proceed in our diversified labors, to introduce occasional remarks appertaining to the stage; and briefly to review the progress of the scenic art among us. Though such animadversions come not within our immediate province, still, as opportunities occur, we shall employ our pen that way, and, either in our editorial capacity, or in that of some qualified correspondent, publish opinions touching the player and his profession. We solicit the criticisms of those whose studies or pursuits have led them to contemplate the drama;—convinced, that no small portion of our community feel interested in the topic, and look, among other matters of taste, to have something said relating to the Theatre and its concerns.—Subjects of this sort, are, in some shape or other, more or less connected with the morals and literature of society. Consequently, we offer no apology when we introduce the *Buskin* to the acquaintance of our readers; believing his company will find a welcome from those whose opinions we value, and whose approbation we feel it to be a duty to endeavor to merit.

THE GAMBLER'S FATE.

DURING the last week, this interesting melo-drama was brought out at both houses, and judging from the unbroken attention which it commanded throughout, we should say it bids fair to become a profitable and popular stock piece. In some particulars, the translation as given at the Federal street, claims a preference; the text, as gathered from the players, seems to have been rendered with more reference to the poetry of the original, besides, its being marked into *three acts*, a division is felt more in conformity with the incidents of

the piece, and better calculated to preserve its continuity. On the second night of its representation at the Tremont, it was done with increased effect;—and were we to particularize, mention could be made of one or two performers, who did themselves much credit, and won, as they justly merited, the applause of the audience. The *Gambler's Fate*, is well calculated to keep curiosity alive; it takes strong hold of the sympathies; nor has any similar thing been produced, since the establishment of our Theatricals, better calculated to answer the moral purpose of stage representation. During the progress of the scenes, events deeply pathetic, naturally grow out of each other, until a consequence tremendous in itself, closes the story of horrors. By the lapse of twenty years, the critic will perceive the licence taken with the unities, but to him who is led on by the moving incidents of the fable, such discrepancies will pass unnoticed, while the lesson inculcated, will go home to the heart, and fix the memorable image there. This is the legitimate end of the drama; effecting this, the noble purposes of scenic exhibitions are attained.—Notwithstanding the author of the *Gambler's Fate* has borrowed somewhat largely from characters and situations in the tragedy of the *Gamester*, yet, in this tale of domestic wo, he has imparted an air of freshness to his personages, and given them an intensity not found in those of the original. The execrable vice here portrayed is made to appear with all its attendant infatuation, and all its consequent misery; nor can we imagine a more forcible warning than that spoken in the fate of *young Germaine*; a promising youth of family and fortune, united to an amiable and accomplished wife; a youth who began life in splendor, but who, from a fatal passion for play, passes from crime to crime, closes it, at length in rage, infamy and guilt. The picture,

though highly colored, is not out of nature; and the tremendous example here set forth ought not be lost, from the conviction of its being the mere dreaming of romance, and wrought up, like other fictions, for stage effect. On the contrary, let the fate of *young Germaine*, be viewed as the true portrait of one, whose career, commencing at the gaming table, is hurried on from vice to vice, 'till ruin overtakes him, and one great mischief swallows up the whole.

Poetica Licentia.—The unbounded indulgence of hyperbole in oriental poetry, is its greatest fault, although by many it is considered as a peculiar beauty.

Solomon's songs are highly poetical, notwithstanding he compares his mistress's eyes to fish pools, her nose to a tower, and her teeth to a flock of sheep. What would the modern fair one say if the panegyrist of her charms should address her thus—Madam, your eyes are brighter than the frog pond of the common—your nose is more lofty than the Park Street steeple, and your form is as splendid as the State House!

Literary.—We are indebted to a friend for the loan of the latest foreign periodicals. From these we learn that several works were on the eve of publication, in London and Edinburgh, which were expected to excite uncommon interest.

Lady Morgan's new Irish tale, entitled 'The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys,' was just issuing from the press. Lady Morgan is acknowledged to be a vivid delineator of national manners and character; and the epoch she has now chosen for illustration, has, in the present state of exhausted combinations, one great recommendation to the novelist; it is untouched. It is said also to have a deep interest in a historical point of view; it embraces events which preceded the rebellion, and finally accomplished the union.

The noble author of 'Matilda,' which a season or two since attracted so much attention, and to whom one or two other works have been falsely attributed, is about to publish another tale of the day, entitled 'Yes and No,' which, according to the gossip of the literary circles, will establish the author's reputation as a novelist.

The well known and admired author of 'Granby,' has also ready for publication, a new novel, to be called 'Herbert Lacy.'

Mr Robert Montgomery announces a poem, to be entitled 'The Omnipresence of the Deity.'

A work is also in preparation, called 'Observations and Illustrations of Gray's Poetry.'

Allan Cunningham's new romance, 'Sir Michael Scott,' was expected to appear in a few days.

Mr Bowring, whose translations from the least known of the European languages have justly acquired him so much celebrity, was about to publish 'Hungarian Popular Songs,' with critical and historical notices of the Maggar literature and language, as spoken in Hungary and Transylvania. He has also nearly completed a history of the literature, and especially the poetical literature of Bohemia, with specimens of the popular songs of the Moravians, Slavonians, Bulgarians, and other Slavonic races.

Anglicism.—We perceive in page 16 of our first number, the word *Souvenir* is spelt thus, *Souvenier*, and several other trifling errors, which whether they proceeded from our own carelessness, or the *lapsus typus* of the printer, we hope will be forgiven in consideration of the lateness of the hour it was put to press.

We most sincerely hope never to have cause to present so extensive an errata as the following:

'Resolved by the House of Representatives, (Maine) that the shanks of this house be presented to —, Esq. for his

impartial conduct as Speaker, during the present session.

Mr T., teacher of dancing, *hops* for the patronage of his friends and the public.

Fire.—A large mouse was destroyed by fire in — street last night.

Old colts (*a*) dressed by steam, so as to look as good as new at the scouring establishment.

There was much farce (*o*) in the speech of Mr— on the amendment of the constitution.'

We do not entirely agree in opinion with our correspondent Alaric, that the days of chivalry are *past!* in fact we are almost induced to believe they are about to be revived, with all the spirit, 'pomp and circumstance,' that marked the age of the renowned, Knight De la Mancha!— the whole *corps editorial* have paid their respects to the Mistress of 'the Bower,' each with a grace and dignity peculiar to himself. But the gallant Editor of the Traveller, has advanced with all the elegance of a carpet Knight in a court drawing room; and presented us with his 'gloved right hand,' which we accept with pleasure with this friendly suggestion, (*apart*) that he will carefully preserve those same '*delicate kids*,' as we understand they may soon be necessary on another occasion of more importance, where the 'gloved right hand' of the courteous Traveller will again be in requisition to seal a more *lasting* compact.

Our *Brother* of the '*Times*,' appears to be willing to admit the possibility, that women *may* have souls; ('Mahomet to the contrary notwithstanding,') this is allowing us a most *essential privilege*. With the very 'spirit of chivalry,' hath he thrown down his *gauntlet* in our behalf, and as in duty bound, professes to be 'willing to fight Knight, Demon, or Ostrich, in our defence,' (to say nothing of *wind mills*;) now this is *very* gallant, but heaven preserve us from encountering the above mentioned enemies,

either in *propria persona*, or by proxy. Sir, we accept you as our champion, (with this proviso, however,) that we be not always called upon to witness the combat.

To our Readers and Correspondents.

We would respectfully suggest to those who may favor us with their communications, that if they are designed for the ensuing number, they must be sent *on*, or before, the Wednesday previous. We solicit from our friends generally, such contributions as may be congenial to their taste and fancy, in order that we may illustrate our pages with a pleasing *variety*.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr Asa B. W. Hamilton to Miss Eliza Rand, of Charlestown; Dr Henry P. Wade to Miss Charlotte S. Brown; Theodore R. Jenks, Esq. to Miss Mary E. Mann, formerly of Newcastle, Me; Mr L. F. A. Jarrot, to Miss Mary G. Thatcher; Mr Peter Francis to Miss Susan Davis; Mr John McDuffee, to Miss Mary Ann Varnum, of Newburyport; Mr Charles S. Hunt to Miss Mary Ann H. Vose; In Waltham, Mr Charles Hill, of Salem, to Miss Sarah W. Page of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs Margaret Whalen, aged 82; Mr David Fisk, aged 81; Mrs Sally, wife of Mr Benjamin Brigham, aged 44; Mrs Mary M. Jackson, aged 98; Mr Jacob P. Rust, aged 63; very suddenly, Isaac Rand, youngest son of John Parkman, Esq.; George Duncan, aged 2 years and 11 months, youngest child of Wm. B. and Elizabeth Reynolds; On Tuesday, Henry Walter, son of Asa and Cordelia Ames, aged 14 months; In Roxbury, on Monday morning, Ward Nicholas Boylston, Esq. aged 78; of small pox, Miss Julia Crehore, aged 20, youngest daughter of widow Catharine Crehore.

At Brooklyn, N. Y. Dr Alexander M. Montgomery, of the navy.

At New York, Capt. Benjamin True, aged 30; Mrs Sophia Stimpson, eldest daughter of the late Wm. Andrews, Esq. of this city.

At Halifax, N. S. Mrs Sarah Deblois, aged 75.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



L'INVITATION.

(Translated from *Le Diable Boiteux*, a Paris paper.)

Sweet Elouise—my lovely fair
Wreathe in thy locks of sunny hair,
This chaplet of the blushing rose
Which, like thy cheek of beauty glows!

Come— twine thy snowy arms with mine,
Like tendrils of the curling vine—
And let us hasten to the dance
Where pleasure's joyous groups advance.

Young Love is there with blush of light,
To smile on *Hymen's* sacred rite!
The nymphs have twin'd our bridal wreath,
Of all the brightest flowers that breathe

Those blooming shades among—
Hark! 't is music's dulcet song,
Calls us to yon blissful grove—
Come—go with me and be my love!

AUGUSTA.

—
SONG.

Said Cupid one day to a rose,
Thine odour's enchantingly sweet,
And I'll pluck the young bud as it blows,
And throw it at Venus's feet.

The goddess reposed in her bower,
All sparkling and bright with the dew;
When he stole on the delicate hour,
And gave her a kiss warm and true.

Poor Venus awoke with affright,
And bade the young urchin be gone;
But Cupid still quaff'd with delight,
From that rosy lipp'd fount of the morn.

'Only one little minute, dear ward,
And I swear, I'll no longer remain,'
Said the youth, 'if I kiss'd thee before,
Take it back'—then he kiss'd her again.

J.

MADAM—The following lines were written while on a tour of the Sandwich Islands, in which I was accompanied by a friend, whom it was my misfortune to lose there, in a wasting decline; during our stay, he became much interested with the daughter of one of the chiefs—a beautiful Polynesian maid, who watched over his couch until the last moment, with the most devoted tenderness, but 'reason fled with him she loved,' and she is now a frenzied wanderer among the mountains, a wreck of former loveliness.

THE POLYNESIAN MAID.

I came to shed the sorrowing tear,
 At the grave of my early friend—
 To breathe a sigh o'er his funeral bier,
 And his last sad rites attend.

I sought the cot, where with bounding tread
 He had flown in his joyous hours,
 To catch a smile from his dark eyed maid—
 Or to bind her brow with flowers.

I entered—what a scene of wo!
 I gazed, but I could not weep—
 My friend, all pale as the mountain snow,
 Lay stretched in Death's cold sleep!

There was a pure and holy calm
 Diffused o'er his youthful face—
 And the white shroud round his manly form,
 Was wrapt with a mournful grace.

She, too, was there! fair *Ammilu*,
 But her eyes were wildly beaming!
 Her cheek was blanched to its palest hue,
 And her long dark locks were streaming.

The faded flowers that had bound her hair,
 Were strewn o'er her lover's bier—
 Her hands were clasped with wild despair,
 But her dark eye shed no tear.

At twilight hour, they bore him away,
 Where the aloe and palm trees wave—
 There we paused, the Christian rites to pay,
 Ere we laid him in his grave.

* * * * *

What form is that, that roves so wild—
 Or weeps in yon silent glade?
 'Tis *she*—'tis sorrow's frenzied child!—
 The lovely, dark eyed maid.

M*****.

No comment is perhaps necessary in presenting our readers with the following Sonnet, their taste will appreciate its worth.

Oh! who hath not, in melancholy mood,
 Musing at eve in some sequestered wood,
 Or where the torrent's foaming waters pour,
 Or ocean's billows murmur on the shore—
 Oh! who hath not, in such a moment gazed,
 As heaven's bright hosts in cloudless glory blazed,
 And felt a sadness steal upon his heart,
 To think that he with this fair scene must part!
 That while those billows heave, those waters flow,
 Those garnished skies refulgent still shall glow—
 He that once watch'd them shall have passed away,
 His name forgot, his ashes blent with clay:
 Unlike those glittering orbs, those quenchless fires,
 Ordained to roll till time itself expires!



'With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
 'We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,'—*Paine*.
 The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
 From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1828.

No. 3.

THE QUEEN OF THE ROSE.

THERE is still a part of the world where simple genuine virtue receives public honors. It is in a village of Picardy, where an affecting ceremony, which draws tears from the spectators, a solemnity, awful from its venerable antiquity, and salutary influence, has been preserved notwithstanding the revolutions of twelve centuries; there the simple lustre of the flowers, with which innocence is annually crowned, is at once the reward, the encouragement, the emblem. Here, indeed, ambition preys upon the young heart, but it is a gentle ambition; the prize is a hat, decorated with roses. The preparations for a public decision, the pomp of the festival, the concourse of people which it assembles, their attention fixed upon modesty, which does itself honor by its blushes, the simplicity of the reward, an emblem of

those virtues by which it is obtained, the affectionate friendship of the rivals, who, in heightening the triumph of their queen, conceal in the bottom of their worthy hearts, the timid hope of reigning in their turn; all these circumstances united, give a pleasing and affecting pomp to this singular ceremony, which makes every heart to palpitate, every eye to sparkle with tears of true delight, and makes wisdom the object of passion. To be irreproachable is not sufficient, there is a kind of nobleness, of which proofs are required; a nobleness not of rank and dignity, but of worth and innocence. These proofs must include several generations, both on the father and mother's side; so that a whole family is crowned upon the head of one; the triumph of one is the glory of the whole; and the old man in grey hairs,

who sheds the tears of sensibility on the victory gained by the daughter of his son, placed by her side, receives, in effect, the reward of sixty years, spent in a life of virtue.

By this means, emulation becomes general, for the honor of the whole; every one dreads, by an indelicate action, to dethrone either his sister or his daughter. The crown of roses, promised to the most prudent, is expected with emotion, distributed with justice, and establishes goodness, rectitude, and morality, in every family; it attaches the best people to the most peaceful residence.

Example, powerful example, acts even at a distance; there, the bud of worthy actions is unfolded; and the traveller, in approaching this territory, perceives, before he enters it, that he is not far from Salency. In the course of so many successive ages, all around them has changed; they alone, will hand down to their children, the pure inheritance they received from their fathers: an institution truly great, from its simplicity: powerful under an appearance of weakness; such is the almost unknown influence of honors; such is the strength of that easy spring, by which all men may be governed: sow honor, and you will reap virtue.

If we reflect upon the time the Silencians have celebrated the festival, we find it is the most ancient ceremony existing. If we attend to its object, it is, perhaps, the only one which is dedicated to the service of virtue. If virtue is the most useful and estimable advantage to society in general, this establishment, by which it is encouraged, is a public national benefit, and belongs to France.

Madam De Genlis says, according to a tradition, handed down

from age to age, Saint Medard, born at Salency, was the institutor of that charming festival, which has made virtue flourish for so many ages. He had himself the pleasing consolation of enjoying the fruit of his wisdom, and his family was honored with the prize which he had instituted, for his sister obtained the crown of roses.

This affecting, and valuable festival, has been handed down from the fifth century to the present day. To this rose is attached a purity of morals, which from time immemorial, has never suffered the slightest blemish; to this rose are attached the happiness, peace, and glory of the Salencians.

This rose is the portion, frequently the only portion which virtue brings with it; this rose forms the amiable and pleasing tie of a happy marriage. Even fortune is anxious to obtain it, and comes with respect to receive it from the hand of honorable indigence. A possession of twelve hundred years, and such splendid advantages, is the finest title that exists in the world.

An important period for the festival of the rose, was when Louis XIII. sent the Marquis de Gordes, the captain of his guards, from the castle of Varennes to Salency, with a blue ribbon, and a silver ring, to be presented from him, to the queen of the rose. It is from that honorable epoch that a blue ribbon, flowing in streamers, surrounds the crown of roses, that a ring is fastened to it, and the young girls of her train, wear over their white robes a blue ribbon, in the manner of a scarf.

In 1766, Mr. Morfontaine settled a yearly income of 120 livres upon the girl then elected queen. This income to be enjoyed by her during life, and, after her death, each succeeding girl, who should

be crowned queen, to have one year's income on the day of her election. This noble generosity can only be rewarded by the homage of the public, and honor alone is the worthy recompense.

Some days before the feast of St. Medard, the inhabitants assemble in presence of the officers of justice, where this worthy company deliberate upon the important business of making a choice; in doing which, they have no object in view but equity. They know all the merits that give a title to the crown; they are acquainted with all the domestic details of their peaceful village; they have not, and cannot have, any other intention, but to be just: enthusiasm, and respect for the memory of the holy institutor and the excellence of the institution, are still in full force among them. They name three girls, three virtuous Salencians, of the most esteemed and respectable families.

The nomination is immediately carried to the Lord of Salency, or to the person appointed to represent him, who is free to decide between the three girls, but obliged to choose one of them, whom he proclaims queen of the year.

Eight days before the ceremony, the name of the successful candidate is declared in church.

When the great day of the festival arrives, which is always the 8th of June, the Lord of Salency may claim the honor of conducting the queen to be crowned. On that grand day, she is greater than all by whom she is surrounded; and that greatness is of a nature which has nothing in common with the usual distinctions of rank.

The Lord of Salency has the privilege of going to take virtue from her cottage, and lead it in triumph. Leaning upon his arm, or the arm of the person he has substituted in

his place, the queen of the Rose steps forth from her dwelling, escorted by twelve young girls dressed in white, with blue scarfs, and twelve youths who wear the livery of the queen; she is preceded by music and drums, which announce the beginning of the procession!—She passes along the streets of the village, between rows of spectators, whom the festival has drawn to Salency, from the distance of four leagues. The public admire and applaud her; the mothers shed tears of joy; the old men renew their strength to follow their beloved queen, and compare her with those whom they have seen in their youth. The Salencians are proud of the merits of her to whom they give the crown; she is one of themselves, she belongs to them, she reigns by their choice, she reigns alone, and is the only object of attention.

The queen being arrived at the church, the place appointed for her is always in the midst of the people, the only situation that could do her honor; where she is, there is no longer any distinction of rank, it all vanishes in the presence of virtue. A pew, placed in the middle of the choir, in sight of all the people, is prepared to receive her: her train range themselves in two lines by her side, she is the only object of the day, all eyes remain fixed upon her, and her triumph continues.

After vespers the procession begins again; the clergy lead the way, the Lord of Salency receives her hand, her train join, the people follow, and line the streets, while some of the inhabitants, under arms, support the two rows, offering their homage by the loudest acclamations, until she arrives at the chapel of Saint Medard, where the gates are kept open: the goodly Salencians do not forsake their queen at the instant

when the reward of virtue is going to be delivered; it is at that moment in particular, that it is pleasing to see her, and honourable for her to be seen.

The officiating clergyman blesses the hat decorated with roses, and other ornaments; then turning towards the assembly, he pronounces a discourse on the subject of the festival. What an affecting gravity, what an awful impression does the language of the priest (who in such a moment celebrates the praises of wisdom) make upon the minds of his hearers; he holds the crown in his hand while virtue waits kneeling at his feet; all the spectators are affected, tears in every eye, persuasion in every heart; then is the moment of lasting impressions; and at that instant he places the crown upon her head.

After this begins a *Te Deum*, during which the procession is resumed.

The queen with her crown upon her head, and attended in the same manner as she was when going to receive it, returns the way she came; her triumph still increasing as she passes along till she again enters the church, and occupies the same place in the middle of the choir, till the end of the service.

She has new homage to receive, and, going forth, is attended to a particular piece of ground, where crowned innocence finds expecting vassals prepared to offer her presents. They are simple gifts, but their singularity proves the antiquity of the custom; a nosegay of flowers, a dart, two balls, &c. &c.

From thence she is conducted, with the same pomp, and led back to her relations, and, in her own house, if she thinks proper, gives a rural collection to her conductor and her retinue.

This festival is of a singular kind, of which there is no model else-

where. It is intended to encourage virtue, by bestowing public honors, and for such a purpose they ought to be boundless. Where virtue reigns there is no rival; and whoever wishes for distinction in her presence, cannot be sufficiently sensible of what is due to her triumph.

The distinguished characteristic of this festival is, that every part of it is referable to the queen, that every thing is eclipsed by her presence; her splendor is direct, not reflected: her glory borrows nothing from distinction of rank; she has no need of any one to make her great and respectable; in one word, it is the image of virtue which shines, and every thing disappears before her.—*Lon. Mir.*

MARIAN.

How transient and worthless are all those feelings which look not in the first instance for the mental perfections of its object! it is only in virtue we desire no variety; in contemplating it, we can trace the hand of the Creator, and at every glance discover some new perfection; but personal beauty, what is it?—a thing of mere opinion, and loses all its loveliness, when separated from those noble qualities which elevate the soul, and endear it to the observer: but when we can see mental and material beauty united, when we can look on a fair face merely as an index to a fine heart, oh! this is perfection! to adore it is natural, and we honor the Creator, in cherishing the being, thus formed by his hands; and there was one whom I fondly thought was all this, and I chose her from all the rest, to live in my bosom, to share my pleasures, and to administer consolation in the hour of adversity.

The village of D——, in the county of K——, has been my place of residence for nearly thirty

years; it was there the ties of husband and father were formed, and it was there those ties were broken. I am alone in the world, my peace of mind, and all the energy of character necessary for the success of my worldly speculations, destroyed, and deserted by her whom I imagined as fond and virtuous as she was beautiful,—whose smiles should have cheered me, when all else was gloomy, and who should have sustained my drooping heart, when all beside had forsaken me. Enough of this,—the smile of an all-gracious God will efface the remembrance of all earthly sorrows, and console a heart which, sometimes unguided by the dictates of religion, still clings around the sepulchre of happiness.

Returning to my solitary home, I paid my usual visit to one of my poorest neighbors: I entered the neat dwelling; my old friend, dame Langdon, sat industriously knitting near the door, and her daughter Marian, as usual, with her pale cheek resting on her hand, and her child on her knees, whose little fingers entwined her dark glossy curls, and sometimes his attention was caught by the glitter of the wedding-ring which decorated the hand which supported him; but as the lip of the mother pressed the rosy cheek of her boy, I observed her eyes looked beyond it with the fixed gaze of vacancy, or filled with tears, which she had but too much reason to shed. Poor Marian! four years since she became the wife of an amiable young man, whose love for her overcame his obedience to his father, and, quitting the haunts of comparative luxury, was contented to work for the means to support a wife, amply rewarded for all his exertions by her smiles and affection, and only anxious to see her happy; yet they had a lurking cause of unea-

business, the blessing of a father on their marriage was still withheld. At length, to complete their felicity, which on this account they had always thought imperfect, a letter arrived, dated from the adjoining village, requesting an affectionate son to hasten to a father, who would not hesitate now to pronounce his forgiveness. 'I have met with an accident,' he said, 'and I may never recover from the illness it has occasioned; should I die, it will console me to breathe my last in the arms of a son whose worth I never properly valued, and from whom I have been so long estranged, come alone, to-day William, for I have much to say, but to-morrow you shall introduce your Marian, whom I am prepared to love as a daughter, and cherish as the wife of my son.'

'I must be gone instantly, Marian,' said William, as he threw down the letter and walked to the door of their cottage. 'I think,' continued he, as he looked around him, 'my shortest way will be along the cliff.' 'Do not come home that way,' said Marian, catching his arm, 'consider William, there is no moon to light you on your return, and if your foot should slip—oh! I can't bear to think of it.'

'And is it Marian, my Marian,' interrupted William, as he looked tenderly on her, and thought her face never had appeared to him so beautiful, as when anxiety for his safety was so eloquently expressed there, 'and is it my wife,' he said, 'who, by infecting me with these idle fears, would keep me from my dear little home an hour longer than necessary? nay, why so pale Marian? late and dark has it been sometimes when I have been far from you, and you would beguile the hour of my absence with a song, and think of nothing but my return; and to-

night I shall return, my love enriched with a father's blessing, and then we shall be perfectly happy.'

'But for me' said Marian, sorrowfully, 'you would never have forfeited his blessing, nor have had his forgiveness to ask.' The tone of tender reproach in which her name was uttered, checked her; he kissed off the tears which glittered on her pale cheek, and, whispering a parting benediction on his sleeping boy, he gaily bent his way towards the steep and rugged cliff leading to R—y. Marian tearfully looked after him, and hastened to the gate of her little garden, that she might catch one more glance of his retreating figure. She saw him standing on a narrow elevated part of the cliff overhanging the beach, apparently anxious to take a last view of a spot which contained all that was most dear to him; he perceived her, and waved his handkerchief towards her; she returned the signal, implored heaven to watch over him, and wished he was already at the end of his journey, that he might think of soon returning to her. At this moment a gun suddenly fired, caused the object of her affectionate anxiety to start, she saw him turn hastily round, and oh, horror! saw him vainly endeavoring to recover the footing he had lost! but the earth gave way beneath his feet, the wretched wife heard one piercing shriek of despair, and beheld her husband dashed from the tremendous height! She pressed her hand on her heart and attempted to rush towards the cliff, 'We perish together!' she cried, but her strength failed, and for a moment she lost the recollection of that scene in temporary insensibility.

Since that dreadful hour, it is only the endeared little word 'father,' pronounced by the soft voice of her child, which has the power

of rousing her from the state of melancholy apathy into which she has fallen—it is then confused recollections of what she once was, when affection realized every fairy dream of her youth, rushes on her memory; tears will come to her relief, and as she looks towards the fatal cliff, or watching the waves dashing unconsciously near the spot where all her happiness was destroyed, she sinks on her knees, and in an unconnected prayer, entreats the father of mercy to protect her child, and prays, earnestly prays, that in his own good time her spirit 'may enter into its rest!' [Lon. Mir.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

THE BURIAL.

It is many years since it happened; the church yard gate which opens into its wide field of dead, has become as mossy as the tombstones of those, who once like this, were in the newness of youth. The church, which stood in storm and shine, a seeming guardian of the departed, has fallen, and its foundations are stones of speaking desolation. The trim dress and young happiness of those who visited it in boyish days, are no longer upon that hill, where the Sabbath bell rang out for the service of God;—alas! there is a change. The turf over the bosoms of those we loved, once fed by the rank nourishment of forms dear even to memory, have become as close, as matted, as unfruitful, as the remains of those who sleep beneath it.

It is many years since it happened; a young one was cut off, her tiny fingers played oft with the locks of that youth whom in former days she deemed as a brother, forgetful of the progress of time, in early womanhood she still thought of him as a brother— but

her brother, as she miscalled him, went away to death, and that churchyard, enlisted him among its 'habitants. She watched over him in sickness as a brother, she marked his slow departure as that of a brother—she prayed the prayer for his recovery as for a brother—she went day by day, and step by step to the tomb as her brother—but after the last sad hour, the delusion which she had concealed, even from herself, vanished, and she awoke and found that she had not lost a brother, but a lover. He was not of kin, but the marriage of soul had passed, and she was not a bereaved sister, but doomed to a real widowhood of soul.

The days went sadly onward. The cottage of Mary, gradually became less beautiful in her eyes. The sun sat not beneath the golden cloud as when Henry pointed out the beauties of its sinking. The prayer of her grey haired father fell in a pathetic, yet withering tone, when she named the vacancy of that spot once occupied by him, now departed, deserted. Then came the consumption of the heart, and one by one passed its vital energies. The tear came, and the step tottered as the duties of a Sabbath called her to pass the simple monument, raised to the memory of Henry—words once spoken—the half expressed breathings of affection, all, all came, and Mary remembered them alas too well. She was the favorite of our village, and the faint smile of despondency which gave the twilight gleam over her marble face, would cheer with a kind of moonlight ray,—there was within it coldness and pleasure. But the oil of life was wasting in the lamp; from the bright flame it decreased to fleakings, to dimness, and, finally, went out, and the burial came. There

was the aged father in the funeral train—creeping mid the incumbrances of years and grief to the grave of his daughter,—her village lovers, who had admired in awe, and who had witnessed in sorrow her progress to a spirit were there, and the train advanced and the cemetery was opened,—oh God,—what more disastrous hour is there than that opening of the tomb, for that one dear to us in youth, and its grating close as it shuts one loved object from our sight forever.—Mary, I remember that hour when the grave claimed its victim, the hearse as it stopped as it were but for a moment, at that old gate,—the look of that grey haired parent, as his pale face quivered, and his blood shot eye witnessed the inhuming of his last earthly hope; aye well do I remember thy favorite song, ere thy coffin was placed beside that of Henry.

The dead, of peace alone have hope
 Witin their stilly home,
 The sun looks kindly in its slope
 Athwart the dead one's tomb.

Amid the moonbeams chilly glare
 Spirits, their revels keep,
 And round their dreamy temples bear
 The ethereal crowns of sleep.

The earthy care, the grasp of wrong,
 Blight not the sever'd soul;
 But all the tide of hope, of song,
 O'er all their revels roll.

The lov'd are there, aye, purified
 From all of mortal ill,
 And o'er sweet bowers of pleasure glide
 Like fairies o'er yon rill.

The dew drops in their airy hair
 Are diamonds rich in hue,
 Their lovers, smile upon them there,
 And mist-wreath'd flowrets strew.

I greet ye dead! your holiness,
 No bigotry e'er owns;
 For each, will each forever bless,
 With raptures thrilling tones.

Oh give me death; this world of woe
 Cannot my sorrows heal:
 It's blandishment can never know,
 The joys that o'er it steal.

Then come, that dreaded, blissful hour,
So strange and yet so dear;
Oh lead me to the spirits bower
Of him, who lov'd me here.

It is many years since it happened; the tomb of Mary is upon the hill, and the church has fallen, the letters upon the marble are filled with the moss of time, and I remember well the day of her burial; yet the song above written is the only tangible legacy which she bequeathed me, save that of a reverence for her sorrow, for her virtues, for her young departure. The tear comes in my eye, as that tombstone peers out beneath a summer moon, and when winter clothes it in its winding sheet of snow, I sigh to think that the form beneath it is cold, and chilled forever. BORTHE.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

REMINISCENCES OF A
DANDYZETTE.

On board the *Lady Clinton*, up the North River, addressed to her cousin and correspondent in Boston.

DEAR COZ:—Writing, you know, in warm weather, is a most insufferable 'bore;' but as I promised to send you a journal of my tour to Saratoga, I shall do *ma possible* to collect my thoughts and sentiments from the desultory pencilings in my '*porte feuille*.'

August 2-th, 4 o'clock, P. M., thermometer 95, arrived on board the *Lady Clinton*, with brother George and his '*bride*,' and CLARENCE, (you know) *mon chevalier en attendance*, dressed in my superb grey, made by Whitmarsh, with the cuffs embroidered, *a' la Paris*, to the elbows, *Minerva 'corsage*,' and collar up to my ears. 'Tis *elegant* to travel in this costume—what is the difference between August and January? [*Mem.* Quizzed a lady in a green Berrage dress, through my new *Garcia* opera glass, in my most

expressive style—wonder people can be so vulgar as to be comfortable, when it is not the fashion!

Five o'clock.—Waiting for passengers. Promenaded the deck with Clarence to wave *adieu* to a crowd of fashionables who were waiting on the slip to see us off. I protest it was quite *affecting*!—called for the '*cologne*,' and felt *renovated*! By the way, the deck of this same *Lady Clinton* is a most *divine* lounge! Such a capital place for the display of a graceful figure!—the *point* of the toe—the *twirl* of the opera glass,—in short, all that elegant *nonchalance* that distinguishes high life. [*Mem.* '*Ennu'd to death*' by the gaze of '*les plebians*.'

Half past five.—Glided majestically from the shore, with a very tolerable band of music, playing '*wreaths for the chieftian*.' In reconnoitering my travelling conveniences, missed my beautiful *petite livre*, that I always take with me, *pour passer le temps*. Clarence, said I, how could you be so *shocking*! as to make me forget my *heavenly Byron*?—you saw me lay it upon the piano, and *knew* I intended to take it with me. *True*, madam, replied he, and I have now the honor of presenting it to you. And—would you think it?—out the wretch flourished a pocket edition of Johnson's *Dictionary*! I was petrified to immobility!—He, however, endeavored to apologize for his *mistake*, by saying there were several books on the piano, and he did not know which I *needed most*,—what a fool! Began to think Clary was stupid!

Six o'clock.—Called for my *porte feuille*, and commenced my '*journal* on board the *Lady Clinton*.' Took an attitude *a' la Sapho*—raised my eyes with an air of graceful abstraction—and *had* an inspiration! Heard *somebody* whisper about *contour*, and classical

outline—dare say it was some nobleman disguised as a travelling artist, in search of fine *originals*. Began to pencil my thoughts—sighed and looked, and sighed again! Mon ami bent over my shoulder—gave him a most withering look, and—closed the page.

Nine o'clock.—Walked round, arm in arm, *between* Clarence and George, and surveyed the company. Plenty of *natural* and *artificial* curiosities, from every part of the globe! [*Mem.* What a pity that they did not call the Lady Clinton *Noah's Ark!* There was Madam Iturbide, and the ex-king, and the ex-queen, and ex-Murat, *couchant*, and the Russian Bear, and his cubs, *rampant*; and there were some little northern beauties, full of grace and dimples—but so *American* in their manners, it was really *distressing!* (Women should get rid of all nationalisms, as fast as possible.) There were whiskered Dons, Yankee Generals, and spruce citizens, all going to drink congress water, at the fountain head of fashion. *There*, also, was the man of *marble* memory—and all *these* were to be congregated, and placed down at one extensive board—and at the chiming of the tea bell, *so they were*. Oh! it was a withering sight to the ethereal sentimentalist, to see men and women devouring ham and eggs, and pigs and poultry, as if their very *lives* were at stake, and cramming was the redemption. I inhaled a cup of hyson and went on deck.

Nine o'clock.—A glorious evening! Moonlight and shadows. The palisades of the Hudson look like the castles and towers of enchantment—thought I saw a ghost, but believe it was only a sheep.

Twelve o'clock.—Time to retire—but *where?* To the 'state room,' to be packed up with a hundred and fifty women in double rows,

(like mummies in an Egyptian pyramid) or accommodated with a *settee*. I chose a mattress with the *privilege* of the floor.

Oh! Babel, thy *tower* was a Paradise of silence, compared to this sanctorum of retirement.

Hour unknown.—Pressed my repeater, and found it was two o'clock. Fell asleep and dreamt I was in a hornet's nest.

Nine o'clock, A. M.—Glad it was morning!—heard the Hudson bells chiming for church—dressed and went below to breakfast—was introduced to a '*bas bleu*,' and '*ennui'd to death*' with her learning! Asked me if I had ever heard of 'the female character vindicated.' Not often, said I, (supposing *she* might be the author,) and *cut* the subject. Hate blue stockings excessively! Our party went on deck in high spirits—laughed at Clarence for sentimentalizing upon the scenery—arrived at Albany in time to get a good dinner, with plenty of elbow room.

Four o'clock, P. M.—Took stage for Saratoga, and arrived at Congress Hall late at night. All full—were accommodated with bed at a neighboring *cottage*, with the *privilege* of taking our meals at the '*Hall!*'

Dear Cox, when I have recovered from the fatigue of this communication, I shall send you a bird's eye view of Congress Hall.

Eternally yours,

CELESTIA.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

MRS. WARE:—The beautiful story of *UNDINE*, upon which the drama of that name is founded, is no doubt well remembered by most of your readers. It was reserved for the high-toned fancy of the German school to depict a race of elementary beings, beautiful, but without souls—and who were not only hap-

pier than those of the spiritual world, in that they were fairer than they—but also more wretched than these last, in that their existence terminated with their life of mortal light and earthly joy. They were represented as 'Spirits of the Water,' and those only received immortality who could, soulless though they were, captivate a mortal of the earth. This decree was fulfilled in the story of which we spoke, and upon it as we before hinted was the melo drama founded lately performed on our stage. I have prefaced the following lines, (which were written after a perusal of this little story,) with a sufficient outline of the tale to render their point perceptible. They were written by a lady, who put them into my hand upon laying down the narration of 'Undine.'

Yours, &c. —TI—.

A—y.

'How blest were many of the train
Inscribed on Cupid's rolls;
To find, (what else they'd sought in vain,)
That Love could furnish souls!

But Love, a little artful knave!
Free gifts will ne'er impart;
For though a heavenly soul he gave,
He stole the Syren's heart!

The following parody upon the foregoing was written *impromptu* upon receiving them.

How blest were many of the train
Inscribed on Friendship's rolls!
To find, (what else they'd sought in vain,)
That she united souls.

Her's is more fair than Cupid's art,
Her 'gifts' are ever free,—
'Give me'—she fondly asks—'a heart—
And—I'll give one to thee!'

A—y. —TI—.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.

THE resplendent orb of day had just reclined her blushing face in

the bosom of the western horizon, but still a parting beam lingered on the ancient railings of a—*pigsty*, whose bristled inhabitants hailed the approach of her whose bounteous hand poured forth the remnant of a plenteous meal.—What an interesting scene to the heart of *sensibility!* the affectionate mother viewed her benefactress with eyes expressive of her *appetite*, while the *spotted* objects of her maternal care, stood mute beside her, (for their tongues were employed in sipping the salubrious draught! What a subject for the pencil of a Raphael!

* * * * *

And now o'er nature's face, pale vesper draws her sombre veil—the white robed queen of night mounts her light chariot and ascends her throne!—far—far beyond those rocks and hills, that rise in grand perspective, kissing the *blue* face of heaven!—stands an ancient edifice, now *tumbling* to decay. Year after year hath seen it lift its *peaked* roof full ten feet from the ground—'tis now a *mighty ruin!*—the hand of time hath 'reft it of its—*shingles!*

Beware unguarded traveller—beware! nor tempt the 'dangerous gloom'—for *here* such sounds are heard, such sights are seen—'t would make your blood to freeze with horror—your hair to stand erect!' Here* *pumpkin shells* borne high in ghostly guise, take their nocturnal round with flashing eyes that 'mock the lustre of the moon, making night hideous,' grinning, like Milton's *Death*, a 'ghastly smile.' Here, rooks and owls, in awful concert join, while the low wheeling of the dusky bat gives sign of utter desolation! void and drear.

CICERO.

* Alluding probably to the Yankee custom of excavating pumpkins or water-melons, and carving on them a human face.

A NEW METHOD OF
STUDYING GEOGRAPHY.

A NOVEL proposition has been made to the American Congress, in a memorial of Ira Hill, of Baltimore, for a grant of ten acres of land and ten thousand dollars capital, to enable him to construct in the city of Washington a geographical garden.

The proposition of Mr. Hill promises to be of great utility.

This plan literally makes the paths of science to be strewed with flowers, and while it will serve to attract the young to the useful studies of geography and topography, it is admirably adapted to imprint strongly on their memories, as well as those of riper years, the important facts which it conveys, by the principles of association and location, which are the foundation of the Mnemonic Art.

The following extracts from the memorial will give the reader an idea of the intended garden:—

‘The memorialist proposes to form near the capital a geographical garden. In this, all the known parts of the world shall be accurately delineated. The beds of oceans, seas, gulfs, bays, and lakes, shall be depressed, and the continents, peninsulas, and isthmuses, mountains, islands, &c. shall be raised in proportion to their respective elevations on this terraqueous sphere.

‘The beds of the oceans, &c. shall be covered with gravel, and the lands shall be adorned with verdure; and the mountains may rest on the same kind of stone as compose them in their natural state.

‘The channels of rivers shall be described as in their natural courses, and lowered in proportion to the heights of their respective banks. If required, the beds of oceans, seas, &c. shall be so constructed, that they can be filled

with water at any time, so that the whole world, in its native elements, will be completely represented in miniature.

‘If the proposed topographical delineation should be constructed on ten acres of ground, and described according to Mercator’s projection, the lakes Erie and Ontario would be each more than eight feet in length, and the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, will be 160 feet; and every country, kingdom, state and province, will be clearly delineated: the situations of all the important cities shall be so described as to convey a complete idea of them. The parallels of latitude and the meridians, shall be correctly laid down, as shall likewise the Equator, Ecliptic, the Tropics, and other circles.

‘Such a topographical delineation of the world would possess many advantages over any map or chart that was ever described. It will be made on so large a scale, that the countries will be laid down in more exact proportion, and their relative positions would be more clearly seen.

‘The various elevations of lands on which the temperature of climate and the productions greatly depend, could here be clearly ascertained. The proper situations for roads, canals, and other improvements, may be seen at one view, so that a far more useful knowledge of the science of geography can be obtained by walking a few hours in this garden, than by reading in as many years.’

[This, though rather a romantic, is by no means an unpleasant theory—to comprise at one glance the whole face of the globe—to make the tour of *Creation* in a ‘few hours’ upon *Terra Firma*, is certainly an improvement upon the ancient method of acquiring geographical knowledge.—Ed.]

Shenstone was one day walking through his romantic retreat, in company with his Delia (whose real name was Wilmot,) when a person rushed out of a thicket, and presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. Shenstone was surprised, and Delia fainted. 'Money,' says he, 'is not worth struggling for. You cannot be poorer than I am; therefore, unhappy man, take it (throwing him his purse,) and fly as quickly as possible.' The man did so: he threw his pistol into the water, and in a moment disappeared. Shenstone ordered the footboy who followed behind them, to pursue the robber at a distance, and observe whither he went. In a short time the boy returned, and informed his master that he followed the man to Hales Owen, where he lived; that he went to the very door of his house, and peeped through the key-hole; that as soon as the man entered, he threw the purse on the ground, and addressing himself to his wife, 'take (says he) the dear-bought price of my honesty:' then taking two of his children, one on each knee, he said to them, 'I have ruined my soul, to keep you from starving;' and immediately burst into a flood of tears. Shenstone inquired after the man's character, and found that he was a laborer, who was reputed honest and industrious, but oppressed by want and a numerous family. He went to his house, when the man knelt down at his feet, and implored mercy. Shenstone not only forgave him, but gave him employment as long as he lived.—*London Mirror*.

A gentleman happened, to strike his foot against a pail which had been carelessly left on the side walk by a servant who was cleaning windows; a passing friend ob-

served, sir I shall write your epitaph, for I perceive you have '*kicked the bucket.*' Oh! no, replied he I have only turn'd a *little pale.*

Bower of Taste.

THE TOKEN,

(*A New Year's Present.*)

WE acknowledge with pleasure the reception of Mr. Goodrich's elegant little volume, the '*Token.*' With regard to its typographical execution and embellishments, it suffers very little in comparison with any European production of the same character that we have ever seen. The engravings are of the highest order, and of the most exquisite finish, particularly the first, called the '*TWINS;*' the mild and benignant expression of the mother's face, is beautifully contrasted with the sparkling eye, and joyous smile of the infant, who is peeping from beneath her veil; it is a lovely picture!

The *Token*, has been so generally handed round in the circles of fashion and taste, and its merits and beauties, so universally discussed by critical judges, that it would seem superfluous for us to particularise its contents, we would, however, remark, that in some of its prose articles we recognise much of the grace and spirit of Washington Irving, and in others the same tenderness and purity of style, that distinguishes Austin's *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*.

The two most important poems, (from their being pronounced the best in the book,) are '*the Soldier's Widow and Connecticut River,*' these were written by Mr. Willis and Mrs. Sigourney, joint competitors and (we believe) *sharers* of the prize of one hundred dollars, which was awarded to the best poetical production, that was offered for the *Token*. We may not be correct in this statement,

perhaps the spirit of gallantry may have induced our

Young 'Timotheus to yield the prize,
And not divide the crown' (*with a lady.*)
'He, raised a mortal to the skies,
She, drew an angel down.'

No *comparison* can exist between these compositions; each has its peculiar beauties but they are as unlike, as the sparkling fountain of a Parisian garden is to a smooth river, that winds its way through a luxuriant landscape, reflecting the placid hues of a summer sky. We think both authors are entitled to the civic honors they have won, and each, to an *undivided* wreath of fame. There are several other poems of much merit in the book; among these 'Childhood,' and the 'Vision of the Alps' are conspicuous. We select the following for its poetic beauty.

WHY, when the sun withdraws his light,
And sinks in some far western wave,
Leaving the vale, lawn, landscape, height,
Mantled in evening's shadows grave,
Why is no sadness at the heart
To see that warm, fond friend depart?
'T is that he comes again tomorrow,
To light the eye, and laugh at sorrow.
Why do we part with spring—its flowers,
Its bloom, its sunshine, and its showers,
And see its verdant honors die,
With scarce one tribute, tear or sigh?
'T is that another year will bring,
These beauties back with speedy wing.
Why do we see the forest shed
Its willing leaves, now dim and dead,
And sigh not? 't is that vernal rain
Will bid the forest bloom again.
But oh! 't were hard to look our last
On fading spring, or setting sun;
To see the forest foliage cast,
And know these scenes, for us, are *done*.
But more than sun, or spring, or bloom
Of forest, there is one to me:
Yet from her lips I take my doom—
And say, a last farewell to thee!

Tremont Theatre.—The attraction at this Theatre during the past week has (according to the taste of the times,) been of the most powerful kind,—the grand melo drama, the Cataract of the

Ganges, was presented for the first time, on Monday evening to an overflowing house, which it still continues to draw. This superb equestrian spectacle is brought out with great expense to the manager, and with all the splendor of Oriental magnificence. They have spared no pains to produce that scenic effect, which their ample stage is constructed to display in the most imposing manner.

This play, notwithstanding its unnatural plot, and improbable incidents, has many scenes calculated to elicit the powers of the actor. The cast of characters however, was not perhaps altogether judicious; we wished to see Mr. Blake in the 'young Hindoo warrior,' Mr. Hyatt in 'Jack Robinson,' and the pretty little Miss Riddle in Ubra. Mr. Webb was dignified in the Rajah of Guzerat, and Mr. Brown enacted the imperious Bramin with great effect. Mrs. Blake is always interesting and elegant as a woman, but she has never yet assumed a masculine costume without suffering in her professional character. The harmony of her voice, and the feminine graces of her person can not be disguised by male attire. Mr. Isherwood never appeared so well as in the character of the English officer; he evinced much grace and spirit in his defence of the princess. As a whole, this is the most splendid spectacle we have ever beheld. The perfect submission of those beautiful horses to the will of their masters, was admirable! but during the evolutions of the triumphal car, we trembled for the sons of Apollo *below*, fearing they might have unwelcome visitors. The substitution of real *water* for *paint* is certainly a very great improvement to the scene. On the first evening of representation, the noble animal seemed most unwilling to *wet* his coat, but on the second he ascended the cataract to the admiration of the spectators, and amid the most deafening thunder of applause.

The love of fame is inherent in our nature, it develops itself in every walk of life, it is obvious in all our pursuits, whether public or private: and is *laudable*, when not indulged beyond the bounds of reason, as it imparts that elasticity to the mind, and energy to the character, that can be produced only by mental excitement.

But the love of fame, is not *always* the desire of obtaining a high literary reputation, of securing an eminent station in society, of gaining the plaudits of the world, by a display of real, or imaginary talents; the hero, the statesman, and the poet, are not alone ambitious of *praise*. The honest farmer looks forth upon his highly cultivated fields and exulting in the success of his own labor, and that of his household, presents with triumph his annual offerings of agricultural and domestic industry. This is a laudable pride, for it furnishes examples of usefulness worthy of imitation. The spirit of emulation is the secret spring that actuates us in all our pursuits, manual and intellectual. We have generally some object in view, worthy of exciting our ambition. This is the magnet towards which all our powers and energies tend; whatever then may induce the cultivation of talent, or make us wiser, and better than we were before, must be equally beneficial to ourselves, and society.

The introduction of the *Italian troupe* at the Park Theatre in New York, has certainly effected many important improvements in the style of dress usually worn at theatrical exhibitions. We believe it was publicly suggested by the managers, that it was the wish of those accomplished foreigners, that no gentleman should appear in the dress circle, with those huge plaid cloaks and wide caped garments, called '*box coats*;' and that the ladies would discard their *flats*, and dismiss those head-castles of ribbons, and feathers that were formerly worn.—

However this may be, a change was immediately perceptible. The lower row of boxes at the Opera, soon exhibited all the elegance and fashion of the city, in a style of costume appropriate to the tasteful character of the entertainment. Mantles and shawls were adopted instead of the clumsy '*manderins*,' or snug habit; and the graceful cap, turban, or wreath, took place of the overshadowing hat with its towering plumage. This is certainly a much more becoming, as well as *comfortable* dress, in a crowded house. Too much cannot be said against the custom (which a few still retain,) of wearing hats and bonnets at the Theatre. To those who are so unfortunate as to be placed in their *rear*, they operate as a 'total eclipse' to the *stage*.

We are sorry to learn that several of our patrons have not received their numbers in due order, and have suggested to our Publishers to procure other or more carriers. Should there be any omissions this week, they will please to send their names and places of residence to the office and the work shall be sent to their address.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr Stephen Clark to Miss Harriet H. Newmarch; Mr Hubbard C. Currier, of this city, to Miss Joanna Keyes, daughter of Deacon Silas Keyes, of Temple, N. H. Mr James Leman to Miss Marcy Hunting; Mr David Leahay to Miss Betsey Thompson.

In Salem, Mr Joshua T. Frost to Miss Rachael Burke; Mr Thos. Murphy to Miss Abigail Blood; Mr Wm. Churchill to Miss Sarah L. Curtis.

DEATHS.

In this city, widow Anna Jones, aged 40; Mrs Lucy Tobie, aged 33; Abraham Bazin, Esq. aged 68; Mrs Caroline Augusta Andrews, aged 28; Lucinda Wise, aged 10; Mrs Catharine Lorthy, aged 84; Maria Buckman Gabriel, aged 7; Mrs Betsey Pepper, aged 80; Mr Joseph C. Metcalfe, aged 23, formerly of Orange, Mass—death occasioned by the bite of a centipede, while at work in removing hides.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



STANZAS.

I saw him *once* in the bloom of youth,
When his brow was as fair as the page of truth,
And o'er it was curling his light brown hair—
No passion had mark'd its progress there.
When the spirit that burned in his deep blue eye,
Gave to his cheek that glowing dye
Which comes amid spring's ethereal showers,
To brighten a world of shade and flowers!
The line of his features was free and bold—
'T was a face that memory long might hold.

* * * *

I saw him *again*—his brow was fair—
But it was mark'd with deep *despair*!
His *smile* was fled—yet the spirit was high,
That flash'd from his darkly rolling eye!
His cheek was *pale*—but his lip was curl'd
With a proud contempt for that heartless world—
Where, with the hopes of sanguine youth,
His heart all confidence and truth,
With bosom alive to pleasure's glow,
Yet heaving with sorrow for human *wo*—
He *came*—he trusted—and he believed—
He loved—and in *all*, he was deceived!

The friends who knew him in joy and health,
Who drank of his cup, and shared his wealth—
All *these*, with fortune's smile have flown—
And left him wretched and *alone*!

Now, with feelings wreck'd and bosom torn,
On life's rough sea he is rudely borne,
To stem the blast, or buffet the wave—
'Till he sinks unwept to his peaceful grave!

AUGUSTA.

SONNET...TO AUGUSTA.

'THERE'S A BOWER.'

'There's a Bower' where myrtle and ivy entwined
With perfume of sweets fill the air;
Where the wild-rose, and wall-flow'r luxuriant wind
O'er the soft, verdant lawn within it enshrined,
And mirth and contentment are there.

'There's a Bower' beside yon meandering stream—
 Each ripple its turf gently laves;
 'Tis sweet to recline there, while memory's dream
 Revives in our breast recollections that seem
 As bright as its clear sunny waves.

But ah! 'There's a Bower' more lastingly sweet
 By beauty and wit ever graced;
 Where the bright flash of fancy with genius shall meet;
 'T is the nurçry of science; the muses' retreat:—
 'T is thy blooming '*Bower of Taste.*'

A—y.

—TI—

TO ANNA MARIA.

[The following pretty lines from the pen of a youthful votary of the muses, are written in that style of graceful simplicity and tenderness that is peculiar to the character of their author, and discover the germ of future excellence.]

I do not ask that pleasure's beam
 Will ever light that sunny eye;
 But I do ask when every gleam
 Of youth, and joy, shall fade and die,
 That faith, with purer, holier power,
 May lend her aid in sorrow's hour.

I cannot pray that roseate glow,
 Upon thy cheek will always play,
 Because, alas! this truth I know,
 That care must chase that 'glow' away!
 But I do pray, when fades its bloom,
 That hope may light it to the tomb!

I may not hope that happy heart,
 Will never know affliction's blight—
 But when its visions sweet depart,
 And joy's bright orb is set in night—
 When all life's tenderest ties are riven,
 Oh! give that heart still pure to Heaven!

ROSALIE.

Among the many poetic communications that have been handed us, we extract the two following verses out of sixteen, that were designed for our pages, (as being the most unique in point of sentiment, rhyme and grammatical construction,) we hope the author, and presume the reader, will be satisfied with this abridgement.

ADDRESS,

TO THE LADIES' ALBUM, AND BOWER OF TASTE.

Album! why art thou transform'd,
 Didst thou fear a coming storm?
 For what reason art thou changed,
 Didst thou not enjoy thy reign?

* * * * *

Bower of *tast!* hast thou come at last?
 To unfold thy beauties to thy new year friends—
 Who joyful seek thee, and with pleasure cast
 Aside the Album, and o'er thy pages sends
 Our anxious looks thy virtues for to seek,
 And may you stand unrivall'd every week!

N. B. Original, AUTHOR.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



'With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
'We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,'—*Pease*.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1828.

No. 4.

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

FROM THE MEMORIAL.

It was in the commencement of the year 1792, that in a corner of the common room of an inn at Gesele, sat a man of commanding stature, but whose dress denoted him to be a peasant. His light red hair hung in straight locks half way down his shoulders, and thick masses covered his forehead and almost his eyes. He wore a fur cap, the long lappets of which, tied over his chin, entirely concealed the lower part of his face. A peasant's jacket, of sheep-skin, with frieze small clothes and woollen stockings, completed his dress. He seemed to shun observation, but was an attentive listener to three other peasants who sat at a table a little distant, and whose appearance did not materially differ from his, excepting that their caps were thrown aside, and that their free and jovial manners courted, rather than

avoided notice. Their conversation turned upon the Diet which was to commence its sitting in a few days.

'I think,' said one, 'our nobles will feel more than ever their loss of power, and Gustavus will make them acknowledge him king, with heavy hearts.'

'Bless him!' said another, 'he has made the peasant as secure in his cottage, as though he were lord of a castle. We are no longer the oppressed beings we were, but can now claim and receive justice as well as the highest noble in the land.'

The third looked round him cautiously and then spoke. 'Did you hear that there had been dark whisperings among these nobles, and that they have even named a deed which it were sin to speak of? Some say they have leagued with evil spirits, and with

them hold converse in the cave of Fria. Some aver that they have seen the unearthly beings flit before the entrance, and it was only a few nights since that a boat, rowed by no mortal hand, landed its passengers within a few rods of where I stood. The boat, as it glided over the water left no wake, and the oars fell noiseless. I had been fishing and was drawing my nets on shore, but when I saw this boat and the dark forms it contained, I thought myself a lost man, but collecting all my strength for a last effort, I fled with what speed I could to my hut.'

They drew closer together as he spoke, and were so intent upon his story, that they did not perceive the entrance of another, who listened to their discourse for a moment, and then with a smile of doubtful meaning turned to the peasant, who still remained separated from his companions. The dress of the new comer was unlike that of the others. It was plain and bore no marks of rank, yet his air and manner belonged to one of the '*privileged order*.' He was young, and his locks of gold, straying from beneath his cloth cap, did not conceal his face, which was one of beauty, but was now shadowed by a sad expression, and as he glanced at the peasant in the corner, he involuntarily shuddered as he said, 'We wait for thee,'—as though he were doing an unwelcome errand. The other rose and followed him from the room. They directed their steps to the cave of Fria. Neither of them spoke, but the youth turned often, as if to watch the movements of his companion.

In the cave they found about forty persons assembled. Amongst them were seen several of the most distinguished nobles of Sweden, who from their age and rank, seemed to sanction the proceed-

ings of the others. Many young men were there, and some who had been exiled from the court which their disorderly conduct had disgraced. They hailed the two that entered with acclamations, and the peasant, throwing off his cap and the false locks he wore under it, stood amongst them in his native form. His hair was dark as the raven, and his eyebrows, thick, bushy and closely met, gave a dark and sinister expression to his countenance.

'Anckarstrom,' said one, 'we feared you would not come.'

He smiled grimly.

'And did you think I would be away from spirits like yours, who were planning the revenge for which I have panted for years? My hate towards *him* is deadly, and may the fates ordain that mine be the hand to rid this land of the tyrant.' One of the elder nobles now approached him, and said,

'We have decided that the lot shall be cast by three. You, Anckarstrom, are one.'

The other two now came forward, and deep silence pervaded the cave. All eyes were fixed on the three. In the faces of some, was horror mingled with fear; others bore a triumphant look, but the young man who had entered with Anckarstrom, turned from them and passed his hand across his forehead to wipe away the drops of agony that stood there.

In the three who occupied the fore-ground, there was seen deep resolve unmixed with remorse, and the torches, as they flashed over their grim visages, gave them such deathly paleness, that they seemed beings called forth from the grave rather than mortal men. With one accord they thrust their hands into the fatal vase which was to terminate their doubts, and when they drew them forth,

disappointment was silently expressed by all but Anckarstrom. With a shout of victory he exclaimed, 'I have it; death to Gustavus!' and rushed from the cave. The youth turned slowly round, his eye rested on the figure of a man of commanding aspect, but in whom might be seen some slight convulsion. He rushed forward and caught his hand.

'You cannot, my father, sanction this!'

The elder looked on him for a moment and seemed to recall his sterner feelings; with a frown he said,

'Adolphus, remember your oath!' With a groan that burst from his heart, the younger one closed his eyes, as if to shut out forever, the recollection of all that surrounded him.

* * * * *

In a splendid chamber in one of the noblest houses in Stockholm sat Adolphus Leuvenheim. His head rested on his hands, and he seemed buried deep in thought. At last he started from his reverie and exclaimed, 'I cannot see him die! But if I disclose the dreadful secret, my father, my friends, will be the victims—and then my fearful oath forbids it. Why was I led on to join them? With specious reasoning they almost made me believe him a tyrant. They told me of the power they had lost, of the rights which belonged to me by birth, but which he had wrested from me. And it was only to oblige him to give back that which was justly our's that the dark league was formed. But now that their fearful purpose is known, all his bright and glorious qualities rise before me. Throughout the land, the peasant blesses him; by surrounding nations he is feared and respected, and on me he has showered innumerable benefits,—yet have I

basely joined his murderers! But it must not be,—there are surely means for me to warn him of his fate without betraying others. Now I will meet Clara—yet I dread a glance from her mild eye. It seems as if lately she had looked upon me as though she thought there were something to discover, and that she would read my soul. How suspicious is a guilty conscience! I dread the sight of her, who was to me the bright star that shed light and gladness over my path. But I will make one effort to regain my former self, and then, Clara, I can return thy smile as in the first days of our love.'

* * * * *

'Why will you not tell me good Ulrica,' said Clara Rosen to a tall and strange looking woman who stood near her, 'Why will you not tell me what is to be my fate? Men say you have the power to look into the secrets of futurity, and I would know all that will befall me. I feel sadder to-day than usual, and there seems a weight on my heart that I never felt before; tell me if it portends evil.'

The spae woman looked earnestly at the fair being who addressed her and replied,

'When a child, I bore thee in these arms. I often wished that to me had not been given the power to read the stars of destiny, and that the dark line which crosses thy path in life, had existed only in my imagination. When I have looked upon thy fair beauty, I have doubted whether sorrow could come near thee, and I have vainly refused to spell thy fortune, as if that could avert it. But it, may not be.—The cloud that hangs over thee will soon burst, but the lightning will not blast thee alone. Wild will be the desolation around thee, but the

heaviest stroke will not fall on thy head. Poverty will be thine, and yet those nearest thy heart will be with thee to soften its stings. I can read no further, my vision is clouded by intervening mist, and I may not seek to pierce it.'

'But I would know,' said Clara trembling, 'why the brow of Adolphus is darkened—the brow that used to be bright with love and hope?'

'The fairest works in nature would be belied, could treason smile serenely,' said Ulrica.

'Now may heaven forgive thee, Ulrica Arvidson, for joining that word to the noblest name and the most loyal heart that Sweden boasts—I cannot. Leave me. Thy presence is loathsome, and I would fain cheer my thoughts with dwelling on him whose sight brings joy to my heart.'

Ulrica looked at her sadly and left the room. Adolphus came, and the charm he shed around him, chased all gloom from her mind, and she wondered she should have thought for a moment that aught could mar her fair prospects. Adolphus was standing near a window, talking gaily with her, when casting his eyes towards the street, his countenance changed, he forgot what he was saying, and overcome by his feelings, he sank into a seat near him.

'Why did that dark figure cross my sight even now? Nought good can be where he is, and seeing him seems to destroy all my hopes of counteracting the evil he intends.'

He spoke low and unmindful of Clara's presence, but she listened with a fearful interest. All that Ulrica had said crossed her mind, and in the change of her lover's countenance, she imagined that some fearful purpose could be read. She took his hand.

'Will you not tell me what moves you thus?' she said; 'I

have thought there was some dread secret which you would not reveal to me, but when I looked on you to-day, your brow was clear and then I regarded my fears as the mere whims of fancy; now, you are unlike what I have ever seen you before; can you not trust the heart that loves you?'

'Do not torture me thus, Clara, I am not worthy of thee,' replied Adolphus, 'I cannot tell thee now, but soon all will be known,' and with a look of despair; he fled from her.

* * * * *

Gustavus III stood in the recess of a window in the palace of Drottningholm. The Melur with its calm waters lay before him, and he seemed to watch the swans that proudly sailed on its bosom. In his hand he held a letter which he had been reading. In a distant part of the room were two or three nobles apparently in deep discourse. They cast their looks towards him from time to time, as though he was the subject of their conversation.

'Well my lords,' said he, at length to them, 'what would ye counsel us to do? Now I warrant me, ye would advise us to abide by the wild warning of this letter, and not pursue our intended pleasure at the masquerade. But I say it were cowardice to heed the anonymous ravings of some mad person, for what can harm us amid our loyal subjects? Were evil intended, it would be in some more obscure place than a lighted ball room.'

'But your Majesty forgets that a mask may conceal some who would not otherwise venture in such a presence, and I have heard that there be such abroad.'

'Does not your majesty remember,' said another noble, 'that the witch woman, Ulrica Arvidson, predicted danger to your royal

person when you least expected it, and warned your majesty against attending masked festivals for one year? The time is not yet expired, and I pray you sire to remain this night in Drottningholm.'

'Brake, Guildenstern, I thank ye both for your well meant advice, but it must not be. It shall not be said Gustavus feared aught when surrounded by such loving friends as ye are. I will that we proceed immediately to Stockholm.'

The gay cavalcade set out;—some of the conspirators formed a part of it, amongst whom was Adolphus. His heart was heavy, but still he hoped something would occur to prevent the horrid deed. He rode by the carriage of the king, who looked at him and said, 'Methinks Count Leuvenheim thou hast seen a ghost, who has warned thee also, to beware of masquerades; cannot the smile that will soon greet thee from the lips of the lady Clara, dispel the gloom that overshadows thy brow?'

'Your majesty will please excuse me, but I am ill to-night.'

'I thought so,' said Gustavus, 'for surely there never was a more woful visage than thine. Methinks I feel an unwonted heaviness myself, to-night, and it seemed as I looked on the fair towers of Drottningholm just now, that I saw them for the last time, nay, I could almost fancy a branch of the willow that marks the fate of our family, was decaying as I gazed on it. But away with such thoughts, and may we dwell only on the smiles that beauty will beam on us to-night.'

The ill-fated monarch rode on, but the recollection of his sovereign's confidence haunted Adolphus for many a year. All know the death of the gallant Gustavus, and the fate of his assassin An-

skarstrom. Many of the conspirators were exiled and among them were Adolphus and his father.

Clara mourned over the dimmed brightness of her lover's reputation, but forsook all to follow him in banishment. Her smile could soothe him, and for years after they wandered from their native land, she was his ministering angel who shed peace around him.—At length he was recalled; and Clara placed once more amidst the court she was formed to adorn, became its brightest ornament.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

THE INFANT'S FUNERAL.

It is sometimes as great a luxury to the mind as to the eye to visit a country village; there is a sort of freshness of character, a primitive simplicity, obvious every where—their resources are within themselves, and like the members of one family, they are mutually dependant upon each other for all their blessings, moral and social. In these little communities a wedding is a jubilee! all are ready to assist in the necessary preparations and lend their aid to promote the festivities of the occasion. In sickness and sorrow, all their tenderest sympathies are called forth, and the young and lovely learn their first lessons of humanity at the couch of suffering, in administering comfort to the distressed. The death of a neighbor is an event of melancholy interest in their little circle—a link is broken in the social chain that binds them together, and with the pure and honest feelings of nature, they go to the house of mourning and proffer their assistance and consolations to the bereaved, in the language of sincerity. All those little jealousies that are too apt to interrupt the peace of society, are forgotten, and ma-

ny reconciliations take place at these meetings, between persons worthy of each other's confidence and friendship, who have been formerly estranged through prejudice.

Three of the happiest months of my existence were passed in a country village. I was about fifteen, an age when the impressions we receive are the most vivid and lasting; every object I saw, and all I witnessed, wore the charm of novelty and excited an interest that I shall never feel again. I attended the funeral of a beautiful child who had fallen a victim to one of those sudden attacks incidental to infancy—it was the mother's first hope—I shall never forget the scene: there it lay in its little pure white robe, like a sleeping cherub, with its bright sunny hair curling around its snowy brow; the slight tint of life was still visible upon its cheeks and lips—the young mother bent over it with a countenance of the deepest sorrow—her comb had fallen from her dark hair, and it fell like a mourning veil over the dead, as she bent to take a parting kiss; the father exhibited more calmness, although it was evident from the suppressed sigh when gazing on his lost child, that his feelings were not less intense than hers,—[these are the *real* tragedies of life! *here* there is no study for *effect*]—the coffin was brought in, and with an affectionate dignity that would have graced a higher sphere, he led her away while the child was placed in its last repository. Their minister, a reverend, grey haired man, then called their attention by an affectionate, though rather a long prayer, in which he addressed all that were related to the deceased with the consolatory doctrines of christianity—he expatiated largely upon the hopes and promises of

this life, and moralized on the probability of disappointment and the certainty of death, with an energy that would not have disgraced a higher calling.

There is much solemnity in a country funeral. Here we behold unsophisticated nature in her simple garb, but the strong hold that she has upon our sympathies is a convincing proof of the power and truth of her arguments. K.

There is much truth and point in the following article which we extract from the Baltimore Chronicle.

LORD BYRON prophesied that Sir Walter could open to himself a new department of literature, whenever his novels began to tire; but his present attempt at historical composition is no great proof of his Lordship's powers of vaticination. The truth is, that the author of *Waverly* has, of late years, shewn a much greater anxiety for the *good things* of this life than for his true glory, and he has exhibited the humiliating spectacle of genius, bowing its plumes to the shrines of avarice and power. His servile adulation of his Majesty, on his visit to Scotland, and his hasty production of half conceited, but well paid works for the press, are abundant proofs of these assertions. Several of the British periodicals have pointed out the most flagrant errors in the life of Napoleon. One of the last Nos. of the *London Monthly Review*, (a copy of which is in the Baltimore Library,) contains a very elaborate critique on the subject. But the following inaccuracies (to use the mildest phrase) though sufficiently glaring, appear to have escaped the notice of the different periodicals which I have examined. In vol. 1st (American edition, the author says that Libon kept an

aristocrat, whom he sent to the guillotine, 'lying in the usual posture on his back, with his eyes turned up to the axe, which was suspended above his throat.' Now every body is aware that the 'usual posture of a person to be guillotined, is with the face downwards, so that the vertebrae of the neck, are the first parts severed by the axe.' In p. 259, vol. 2d, we find—'one evening at Fontainebleau, as the Empress was returning from mass.' Sir Walter should have known that mass was always said in the morning:—for the priest never performs the august ceremony without taking the sacrament, which is always done *fasting!* In vol. 3d, p. 210, the Dutchess of Angouleme is called the only remaining daughter of Louis XVI! I should be happy to learn what other daughter he ever had! The errors in French would disgrace a school boy in the 3d form, such as *compte* for *comle*; *cheri* translated *spoiled*—a debate sword in hand, he Frenchifies into 'par voie du fait,' p. 260, &c. He persists during two thirds of the work on misnaming, Las Cases, Las Casas, which recalls to mind, Sir Roger de Coverley's obstinacy in calling Prince Eugene, Prince Eugenio. A fault still more blameable than any of the above, is one which has often been reprehended in the Author's works of fiction, viz. his frequent application of the language of scripture to the most profane and frivolous topics. Thus, in speaking of the energies of Spain, unwasted by the conflagration of war, he observes, 'the bush, though burning,'—alluding, of course, to the burning bush of Moses! In v. 3d, p. 219, he says, 'in politics as in morals, it will be well to pray against being led into temptation!' &c. &c.

There is no doubt that had Scott taken the trouble to digest

properly the abundant materials before him, he would have produced a work in every respect worthy of the fame of his hero, 'the idol of the soldiers soul.' But he was so anxious to receive the stipulated quantum of guineas (which were only to be paid on the completion of the task) that he has entirely merged his literary reputation in the character of a book-maker at *tant par feille*.

A GREEK FUNERAL.

A recent traveller gives the following account of a Greek funeral:—'A low bier, standing near the centre of the church floor, bore the corpse, the remains of a female. On her head was a white turban, in which was gracefully entwined a large braid of hair. She was dressed in a long light brown silk mantle, with edges trimmed with sable. Her head was resting on a pillow of yellow silk, beautifully figured with gold, and a small coverlet of the same was spread over the lower part of the body, and hung down from the foot of the bier. She seemed like a person who had thrown herself on a couch, to rest from the fatigues of a journey. No coffin, no shroud, none of the wonted habiliments of the dead were seen. On each side of the bier stood large waxen candles, and around were standing hundreds of friends, each bearing a lighted taper in his hand. Half an hour or more, the priests alternately chaunted and recited the funeral service, and at short intervals numbers recited a sacred song. The Scriptures were open, and from the ancient Greek was read, *the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth.* An aged priest, with a long hoary beard, standing by the side of the dead, in their own native dialect, then addressed the people.

He stood there, he said, to speak for her who could no longer speak for herself, and for her to forgive any, who might ever in any way have injured her. If she had herself injured any, he hoped that they would freely forgive her. The assembly with united voice, responded, 'we forgive, and may she also be forgiven of her God,' crossed themselves and bowed. The crowd then parted, and the relatives themselves drew near. The eye of the husband was now, for the last time, fixed on the object of his affections. Thrice he crossed himself, then bowed and kissed the cheek now cold in death; and so feeling, so affectionate was this last farewell, that no one could pronounce it a ceremony merely. The deceased was then borne to the depository of the dead, and, when laid in the tomb, the priest poured oil on her head, repeating from one of the Psalms of David, *the earth is the Lord's and the fulness; the world, and they that dwell therein.*—*Christian Observer.*

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

THE BROTHERS.

WHEN we recover from the first overpowering, deadening shock occasioned by the death of those beloved by our hearts, we prize the dear ones that are left, and love them, with more devotion than before; our affections are less divided, and, consequently, are fixed with more intense interest, upon our few remaining friends; we insensibly allow ourselves to place more dependance upon them, we give our hearts more entirely to them than if we had never known the pangs of disappointment and bereavement; it was so with the parents of Waldo and Edward Morton. These brothers

were a family who had all withered and fallen, beneath the stroke of that slow but sure conqueror, consumption! who consigns to the grave so many of the beautiful and intelligent. The hectic cheek, the faltering step, had early shown that death had marked them for his own, and one by one, the young, the beautiful, and the brave, had dropt into the devouring grave. But two were left, and these were the pride, the comfort and solace of their parents, whose hearts had been so often wounded by sorrow and suffering. It seemed as if these only remaining objects of their affection were more dear to them than ever; all their hopes were now centered in these two boys; and it is no wonder that they were beloved most tenderly, most deeply, by them; for no one could look upon them without interest; they were indeed lovely boys, and every succeeding year as they advanced towards manhood, their expressive features grew more noble and intelligent.

The brothers loved each other with an affection so strong, so ardent, that the life and happiness of the one, seemed to depend upon the life and happiness of the other. Scarcely ever separated a moment from infancy, always pursuing the same studies, enjoying the same pleasures, their views, wishes and affections were ever alike; but their character, and their persons, were strikingly different. The ardent, impetuous, enthusiastic Edward always full of life and gaiety, formed a striking contrast to the mild, pensive, high souled Waldo, who was two years older than his brother. He could remember more distinctly the dying words of his last beautiful sister, and what was then said by all, that none of the family would be spared by that cruel

disease; no doubt the impression that he *then* received of being doomed to an early death contributed to make his character of a more thoughtful and melancholy cast than it would otherwise have been. Their external appearance was also very different; they were both very handsome, but who ever had seen the black, expressive, soul-beaming eyes, pale face and sad smile of Waldo, and the laughing deep blue eyes, dark brown curls and glowing face of Edward, from which smiles were seldom banished, would never have thought them brothers. They were both equally beloved, equally welcome wherever they went; there was always pleasure whenever the glad, joyous voice of Edward was heard, and none could listen to the deep, sweet tones of Waldo without heartfelt interest. They were universal favorites in the little village where they lived; admired and flattered by the rich and fashionable, loved and revered by the poorer classes as benefactors and protectors, so that when they left home for a distant university, there was sorrow in almost every house; they had been educated entirely at home, and knew not what it was to be amongst strangers. To go where they should meet no well-known face, hear no familiar voice, receive no parental blessing, was a sorrowful anticipation. They had always been guided by the hand of parental affection, had been accustomed to a kind-father's admonitions, a tender mother's affectionate advice, to direct their conduct at all times; but now they were to be left in a great degree to their own guidance, they were about to leave the home of their childhood perhaps forever, and to their affectionate hearts it was a moment of agony. The big tear stood in the eye of Waldo,

and Edward wept passionately, as their parents gave them the last kiss; but these feelings of despondency and misery cannot last long in the youthful bosom. It is impossible for the pure and innocent always to be unhappy, even although separated from those they most love; the wicked alone are doomed to be perpetually miserable. They were soon engaged in study, which to them was always a source of pleasure; and were soon known and beloved by their class-mates almost as well as they had been by the little circle of friends they had left. They did not forget *home*, nor cease to love its inmates, ~~they~~ knew it was necessary and therefore were contented to be separated from them. It was soon perceived that they had few superiors in point of talent and application, but it was seen without envy, for their gentleness, kindness and affability made them favorites with all. There was another circumstance which contributed more than any other to their happiness; change of air and the long journey had evidently improved Waldo's health, which had always been delicate; his step grew firmer, his cheek less pale, and health began gradually to impart a glow to his face and a vigor to his frame.

Time glided by almost unperceived, and the four years which had at first appeared like an age were almost gone; the brothers had found many sincere friends in the families they had visited, who now looked forward with pleasure and pride to *commencement day*. Several acquaintances also, from their own distant home, were to be present at that time. But within the last few days Waldo had appeared less cheerful than usual, and it was remarked by many of his classmates, that his cheek was

again assuming its pale hue.—Walking had always been a favorite recreation with the brothers, and their rambles were now longer and more frequent than ever, as they were about to leave scenes which had become dear to them. An uncommonly fine afternoon in June had induced them to extend their walk much farther than usual, so that sunset found them several miles from home. 'O, how beautiful are those clouds,' exclaimed Edward; 'this scene reminds me of home, and soon we shall see that sun sinking behind our own hills. O, Waldo, how happy we shall be then!' and away he bounded, humming the tune of 'Home, sweet home.' The words of Edward awakened a long train of melancholy reflections in Waldo's mind. He leaned pensively against a tree, and gazed intently at the western sky, glowing with all the beauties of a summer sunset. He thought of that home he might never see, or see but to bid adieu to; he thought of the agony of his beloved parents, if they should be called upon to watch his faded, wasting form, sinking into the grave as the many loved ones before him had done—of their misery when they should see him laid beneath the cold sod—and of the time when *that* sun would be throwing its departing rays upon the ground that covered him—and also upon the christian's home in heaven, where all might meet again; and he felt something like pleasure, when he reflected that Edward,—strong, youthful, and healthy—would be left to support his aged, grief worn parents. At that moment, he was roused from his reverie by faint screams of distress, and loud shouts for assistance, in a voice which he knew to be that of his brother. Terrified lest some fearful accident had befallen him, he rushed to the river,

towards which he had seen him bend his steps; but before he was at the water's edge, Edward had reached the shore with the apparently lifeless body of a child in his arms. It was long before they could discover signs of returning animation, and longer before they found a house to which they might convey their charge. ANN.

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE SIGNORINA GARCIA.

ALAS! for thee, poor Signorina.—I fear thou hast trusted thy fortunes in a frail barque! but if thy happiness and peace of mind survive the wreck, thou shouldst not despair. We copy the following from a Philadelphia paper.

I was in New-York last winter, and had occasion to see a gentleman of the name of Milibran, a merchant in that city. I called at his house one morning, and was shown into an apartment where there was a magnificent harp, about five feet high, and beautifully ornamented with gold and sculpture. Just as I had finished my business with Mr M., the door opened, and a human being looked into the room, of so interesting and singular an appearance, as completely to engage my attention. At first I thought it was a puny boy, debilitated by consumption, who stood modestly hesitating—whether to advance or retire. Then she seemed a simple young chambermaid, who had something to say to her master, and feared to speak in presence of a stranger. Her black hair was cut short, and her dress consisted of a plain gown of coarse black flannel, with a belt of the same. Her complexion was fair and delicate, with a little broken red upon her cheek. The expression of her eye was mildness, but I cannot tell the color;—a sunny sky is mild, and snow is of a modest

hue, yet we are unable to look steadily at either. She walked across the room like a spirit of air, and the recollection flashed upon my mind, that the gentleman with whom I had been conversing was husband to the celebrated Italian actress and singer, Signorina Garcia. I wished the gentleman a good morning, and went away with a determination to see the lady's performance that evening.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

'We are but the venders of other men's goods.'

An English writer remarks that there is a foolish question agitated among moralists, whether talents are desirable, whether a parent should wish his child to be a genius? This question, if it merits an answer, is easily resolved. Inequality in the intellectual and voluntary faculties is not desirable, even though it be to purchase an increase of power; and any intellectual endowment, which places its owner in a false position in society, must become the source of unhappiness. Speaking, however, abstractedly, of such accidental contingencies, intellectual power in all its modifications must be good; because it is a means, which other men do not possess, of scrutinizing the value of externals, and therefore of converting them to happiness. To virtue and to vice, to wisdom and to folly, indeed, talent is indifferent, except in as far as the character of the will determines the result; but when the volition is well regulated, intellectual power renders it more effective, and in so far is obviously desirable. There is, however, some truth in the notion that great intellectual power, and more especially excellence in the imitative arts, affects a man's relations with

society in a way not always favorable to happiness, by placing him under circumstances of difficulty and delicacy. With the mental, as with the bodily functions, whatever is gained in extent of mobility, is lost in security and precision of action; and susceptible temperaments are exposed to a risk of going astray, where coarser minds are safe. But then, on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that they have chances of success far beyond those of ordinary characters.

The celebrated Carlini, a French actor of great merit, and in high reputation with the public, for the life, whim and vivacity, with which he nightly entertained the Parisian audience, applied to a physician to whom he was not personally known, for advice, and represented to him that he was subject to attacks of the deepest melancholy. The physician advised him to amuse his mind by scenes of pleasure, and particularly directed him to attend the Italian comedy, 'For,' continued he, 'your distemper must be rooted indeed if the acting of the lively Carlini, does not remove it.' 'Alas!' exclaimed the unhappy patient, 'I am the very Carlini, whom you recommend me to see, and while I am capable of filling Paris with mirth and laughter, I am myself, the dejected victim of melancholy and chagrin.'

Most Miraculous Escape.—A scene of as great personal danger as any on record, and one which has since been the subject of general conversation, occurred on Thursday night. The Waterford Coach, which for goodness of cattle and expedition, is not surpassed in Ireland, arrived as usual at seven o'clock, at Carrigtowhill, the last stage to this city, about eight miles distant, and there exchanged horses, during which the

coachman and guard alighted. On their being about to resume their places, an exclamation was made by some person present, which the horses took for the well-known, and to them familiar signal of 'all's right,' on which they went off at full speed, with three inside (a gentleman and two ladies,) and one outside passengers. In vain did the coachman and guard endeavor to overtake them, the more they ran the quicker did the horses go, and all this time the inside passengers were unconscious of what had occurred; but the individual outside succeeded in making his escape. They drove on rapidly for a distance of four miles, during which several persons on the road had 'hair-breadth 'scapes,' until a gentleman observed the absence of the coachman and guard, and fearing some accident had occurred, and that further was inevitable, he despatched his servant on horseback to give his assistance; this the man did with promptness, but he could not restrain the spirited animals until they came to New Glanmire Bridge, where imminent danger was to be apprehended, and there he succeeded in directing their heads in such a manner by his action and speaking, so as to prevent their contact with the iron railing, which would have been certain destruction to all! They still bounded on, and notwithstanding the windings on the road, they reached the entrance to the city, where for the first time the inside passengers became acquainted with their danger, on which, we are informed, the ladies screamed aloud for assistance, and waved their handkerchiefs in distress, which excited such a lively feeling among the crowd, that just as the horses had arrived in Patrick-street, and were making for the

vice, a man rushed forward and

seized the reins of one of the leaders, and his example being quickly followed by others, the horses were stopped, without any other injury having been done than the fright occasioned to the passengers! The servant who came in at the same moment from the many escapes witnessed by him on the road, and the fatigue he underwent in his efforts, fainted; and the coachman and guard drove in about a half an hour after, in a state bordering on phrensy—which was only relieved, when they heard of the providential results. We hope this will be a caution to all coachmen and guards and hostlers throughout the kingdom, to be more careful in future of the great responsibility that devolves on them—as it is certainly one of the most miraculous circumstances we have had to record for many years!—*Lon. pa.*

As the vine which has long twined its foliage around the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its scattered boughs; so it is bountifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament to man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace, when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

Bower of Taste.

POETRY.

POETRY has been the subject of animadversion from the earliest dawn of literature; from the Cadmean to the present age. Critics and hypercritics of all classes have exhausted their powers in exposing its defects, and expatiating upon

its beauties. They have labored to show what is essential to sublimity, elegance, and simplicity; but whether the spirit of Poetry can be chemically analysed is a doubtful question.

To us, it would seem as difficult as to separate the tints of the rainbow, or pourtray the hues and changes of the undulating clouds.

There are many beautiful forms seen through the dim obscurity of twilight, that cannot bear the test of sunshine. Byron's greatest beauty, consists in that mystic association of splendid figures and sublime conceptions that may be seen and felt, but cannot be defined—this is the soul of Poetry.

Longinus, although an excellent general critic, appears to have erred in his definition of the '*fise springs*,' that he deems essential to poetry, and also in describing its component parts; which shows us that the greatest philosophers are not always the best judges where the fancy is concerned. The same images and figures that would be ridiculous in prose, may be beautiful and interesting in poetry. Like the spirits of Oasian, they glide before us in all their 'dreamy loveliness!' and often derive their greatest charm from the distance in which they are viewed. There are also many extravagancies, or what may be more politely termed licenses, that are admissable in poetry, which would be insufferable in prose. In regard to the former, we yield the reins to fancy and are willing to follow the poet in all his eccentric flights, and imaginary excursions. But with respect to the latter, we look for the clear demonstrations of truth, and the solid arguments of reason. Tropes and figures are secondary considerations, though they are often as ornamental to prose as poetry, when employed with judgment and discretion.

Frigidity and bombast, are the Scilla and Charybdis that infest the sea of literature. These should be carefully avoided by the poetic adventurer. To degrade a

sublime idea by expressing it in weak, puerile language, is generally more insufferable than to employ high epithets in describing common incidents. The first case we promptly ascribe to a bankruptcy of brains, but there is mere hope in the latter. Errors that proceed from a luxuriant fancy may be pruned by the exercise of the judgment in all our delineations, whether of the pen or the pencil. *Nature* should be our model, and the more closely we adhere to her rules and principles the more beneficial will it be to ourselves.

THE MEMORIAL.

THIS annual visitant has at length made its appearance among the literary fashionables of the day in a silken costume of perennial green, emblematic of its worth. In external beauty and apparent durability, it is superior to any one we have seen, and for its matter in general, it will prove a valuable acquisition to the library of the belles lettres scholar. Some of our most 'gifted spirits' have offered at its shrine, whose favors will ensure its success.

We were sorry to perceive both in its prose and poetry, several typographical errors which entirely pervert the meaning of the author. It is true, to revise critically, the works of others, is a difficult and often thankless task, but where the writer has no means of reviewing his own work he must trust to the judgment of the editor. In a poem entitled '*Greece*,' (see page 382 3d line,) there is one error that converts two lines into the most egregious nonsense.—It reads thus—

Where wreathing joy shrouds in its dark
array
The desolating progress of decay.

The author probably would have said thus—

Where wreathing joy shrouds in dark
array
The desolating progress of decay.'

We think there is much beauty and sweetness in the following stanzas:

ST. CECILIA.

Behold this proud uplifted brow,
These orient eyes of liquid light,—
Pure, thoughtful, calm,—gaze on, till thou
Art gladden'd with the glorious sight.

The chasten'd soul, that melts serene
From fervent eyes thus heaven-ward
cast,

May tell that passion here hath been,
But, O! 'tis passion over-past.

Thus to refine her soul from dross,
Divine Cecilia long had striven,—
At last, she kiss'd the blessed cross,
And gave her youth,—her life to
heaven.

Still was her deep devoted soul
Rapt with the love of sacred song;—
And first she bade the organ roll
Its awful melody along.

She join'd the pealing organ's note
Majestic to the holy hymn,
And taught the swelling tones to float
Around the echoing cloisters dim;

Till once, 'tis said, a seraph came,—
So sweetly swell'd the notes of love,—
Wreath'd round her brows the glory-
flame,

And caught her to the realms above.
Since, though an angel now she sings,
When spirit, fain would mount on high,
The sainted votress lends her wings,
And melts the soul in harmony.

Tremont Theatre.—Timour the Tartar was performed on Monday evening for the first time at this Theatre, with several new and beautiful scenes, designed and painted by Mr Isherwood. This gentleman's work is all of a bold and striking character; some of his perspectives are remarkably fine. Much of the strength of the corps dramatique was put forth in this representation, and all the characters were well supported. Mrs Pelby was at home in the haughty, but high soul'd princess. The grace with which she managed her beautiful pony was admirable. Messrs. Blythe, and Dineford's fencing was a most splendid exhibition of skill, and completely answerless of a chivalric combat. En-

couraged by the flattering reception that the Cataract of the Ganges has met with from the public, the manager was induced to present it again, this week. We learn there are many essential improvements in it since the first night of its performance. This is probably true. It is a superb spectacle, which is evident from the crowds it has drawn.

To Correspondents.—We regret being obliged to exclude several valuable communications, on account their having been received too late for this number. We shall have the pleasure of presenting them next week.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr Benjamin Mien to Miss Jane McDougall; Mr William Larder, Jr. of New-York, to Miss Charlotte McLellan Holden, second daughter of the late Edward Holden, Esq; Mr James Smith to Miss Eliza Masters; Mr Eben. Leman to Miss Abigail C. Norcross; Mr Silas P. Meriam, to Miss Harriet B. daughter of John Sullivan, Esq.

In Providence, Mr. John S. Hammond to Miss Mary Ann Sweetland, both of P.; Mr. Samuel B. Eastman, of Boston, to Miss Nancy Mooers, of Providence.

In New-York, Mr Henry D. Wardell, of Boston, to Miss Charlotte Sophia, daughter of Mr John Dodge.

DEATHS.

In New-York, on Monday last, Mrs Grace Webster, wife of the Hon. Daniel Webster, a Senator in Congress from this city; in this city, Thomas Williams, Esq. aged 59; Mrs Lucy Reed, aged 60; Charles, only son of Mr. Jonathan Heath, aged 8; Lucy Ann, only child of Darius and Lucy Haggar, 18 months; Mrs Judith Hill, aged 49; Mrs Jane Williams, aged 62; Mr John Bears, aged 82; Mr William Meldric, aged 22; Harriet Louisa, aged 10 years, youngest daughter of Mr William Tileston; Deborah, wife of Mr Stephen Page, aged 54; Miss Elizabeth B. Thomas, aged 15, eldest daughter of the late Mr Spencer T.; Mr Joseph Fox, of the firm of Fox & Bixby, aged 29; Mr Philip Phillips, aged 34; Miss Ann, wife of Mr Samuel Hitchborn, aged 64; Mrs Mary Kelley; Mrs Jane, wife of Mr Thomas Manning, aged 32.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



THE HOUR I LOVE.

Know ye the hour I love? 't is not when dawn,
Throws from her vestal brow the veil of night—
To usher in the rosy blushing morn,
Throned in her car of oriental light!

'T is not the splendor of meridian day,
When flowers are bright, and music fills the grove,
When all that glows beneath the genial ray,
Is animate with song, and joy, and love;

'T is not when vesper breathes her evening hymn,
And listening spheres in holy concert join!
When nature's blush through twilight's veil is dim,
Though not less lovely, in her soft recline.

But 't is that hour,—oh, 't is that mystic hour!—
The *last*, that circles round the brow of night,
Imagination then with wakened power,
Through fields of bloom—o'er seas of fluid light—
With wing excursive soars through boundless space
The glorious pageantry of *heaven* to trace!
Mounts where cold reason never rais'd her eye—
And treads the threshold of eternity! .

Though hers, the glory of celestial birth,
She loves to hover round the forms of earth—
Haunt's the gay bower where youth and beauty rove,
And twines the first bright wreath for blushing love,
Bends o'er the couch where innocence reposes,
Lights his young dream, and strews his path with roses!
Waves her creative wand, and o'er the waste
Of dark oblivion, spring the flowers of taste.

Where trophy'd glory 'neath the marble sleeps,
And patriot gratitude recumbent weeps,
Imagination hovers o'er his urn,
And bids again the votive incense burn—
From earth's cold shrine she bears the hero's name,
To live forever on the page of fame!

Where Learning's temple braves the blasts of time,
Whose apex proudly points to truths sublime,
From which bold science with exploring eye,
Looks forth to scan the pages of the sky!
When reason pauses,—dubious of her way—
Imagination—like the flood of day!

Bursts, with electric flash upon the soul—
 And pours her splendors o'er th' expansive scroll!
 But like the ignis fatuus, in youth—
 She swerves too often from the paths of truth;
 Yet oh! whate'er thou art—still smile on me!
 For I have loved thee from mine infancy—
 Thou, who hast beam'd o'er many a shadowy hour,
 And strewn my thorny path with many a flower,
 Thou who didst smile when fate and fortune frown'd—
 Till life's last pulse shalt in my heart be throned!
 Recess'd from all the world—I'd heave no sigh—
 If thou to bless the '*hour I love*' wert nigh!

AUGUSTA.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Hark! 't was the trumpet's blast!
 Thousands to battle are hurrying past.
 With banners flashing,
 And sabres clashing,
 Mercy and fear to the winds are cast.
 Hush! 't is the organ's peal!
 Thousands have come in the dust to kneel.
 Its deep notes swelling
 To heaven, are telling
 That man 'mid his erring and crime can feel.
 List! 't is the lover's strain!
 Gently sighing o'er hill and plain.
 Its soft notes stealing,
 Sweetly revealing
 How parted hearts bleed till they meet again.

W. G. C.

STANZAS.

Is there no bright and blooming isle—
 Embosom'd in the sea,
 Far from false friendship's treacherous smile,
 And love's inconstancy?
 Is there no land where friends may meet,
 Without the guise of art?
 And interchange communion sweet,
 The incense of the heart?
 Oh! if there is I fain would go
 And build my cabin *there*,
 To be exempt from human wo,
 And every earth-born care.

OPHELIA.

It was not all a dream. [Byron.

I *woke*, and she was *there*—a moment there,
 Distinctly visible by that soft light
 Which, beaming from herself, suffused her quite.
 Ne'er yet had I beheld her half so fair:—
 No mournful trace, no shade of earthly care,
 Darken'd her countenance, so lovely bright:
 Her vestment fell in folds, and it was white
 As purest cloud, floating in summer air!
 Too soon that vision faded from my view;
 Yet did the vision smile, e'en as it faded:
 But still I gazed through night's invidious hue,
 For the loved face, and angel form it shaded:
 I only saw the moonbeams glimmer through
 The quivering vine, which my dim lattice braided! [Lon. Pa.



‘With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
 ‘We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,’—*Paine.*
 The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
 From the dark bosom of oblivion’s wave.

Vol. I.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1828.

No. 5.

DISCRIMINATION.

MANY years since, a young sportsman in an ordinary hunting-dress, with a single dog by his side, was stopped in his stroll through an obscure glen by a very singular object. The sides of this glen were so steep and lofty, that they hardly admitted light enough to discover the course of a stream, more noisy than deep, which ran among broken rocks under natural arches. A narrow unfrequented road led into the depths of the valley, where a grey horse was quietly grazing, and at a little distance a man in black sat on one of the stones in the middle of the brook in a composed and meditative attitude. A position so extraordinary attracted the sportsman’s attention, and he inquired, in a courteous accent, if the place afforded good sport for an angler. The solitary student raised his hat, and replied, in a peculiar tone

of gravity, ‘Sir, I am discriminating.’ His observer hazarded a remark on the inconvenience of his seat, for the water was now flowing rather above the stones, but the man in black answered, ‘You are mistaken, sir!—any place is fit for discrimination. If you were a lawyer, sir, you would know, that on all occasions it is fitting and necessary to discriminate.—If you are a trustee, and the estate is charged with debts—let the creditors wait:—if you have an executorship and the legatees are clamorous, keep the funds while you discriminate—for a few years. Now the business in question is an assignment. Certain heritors in this country have assigned, granted, deponed, and made over sundry lands, teinds, tenements, and annual rents, to a certain person for the benefit of certain aforesaid: and now, sir,

old Mahoun is in it if this person cannot keep this estate himself all his life, provided he takes a man of business into keeping too, and *discriminates* properly.' 'Pardon me,' said the young sportsman, laughing: 'if I think the most interesting point just now is how to discriminate between a *wet coat* and a *dry one*—and I have not the honor of knowing the person you call old Mahoun.' 'If that bag you carry was a bag of briefs,' replied the gentleman in the brook, 'I think myself you should be very well acquainted with him. In South Britain, sir, his usual cognomen is Nicholas or Harry senior, and, as old Bishop Latimer truly said, he is the best lawyer of us all, for he never misses his business.'

Though the young stranger could not determine whether his new acquaintance was influenced by wine or insanity, there was something so ridiculously contrasted in the gravity of his discourse, and the *seat* he had chosen, that he thought the sport of shooting well exchanged for this scene. Perceiving his attentive air, the black gentleman resumed his oration: 'In the church of St. Benignas, at Dijon, there is the statue of a queen with one foot resembling a goose's; and one of my merry clients, sir, wrote under it—'this is the law'—but as three such statues may be found in France, the jest might be extended to other professions.' 'Sir,' answered the youth, bowing, 'when a client jests, his lawyer must be an honorable one.'—'Very true, young gentleman, a merry client is a rarity: but heirs and executors never joke so well with lawyers as with physicians, because our mistakes are above ground, and a physician's are under it—Sir, you look as if you thought mine were likely to be

under water; but before he could articulate the word, he fell from his seat into the brook and remained motionless!

The stranger stood aghast at this tragical conclusion of the farce, and made fruitless attempts to raise the body, which cramp or spasms had distorted. He succeeded, however, in drawing it out of the stream whose chillness had probably occasioned the disaster; and perceiving the grey horse saddled and bridled as if it had belonged to this unfortunate man, he mounted him, and leaving his dog to guard the body, rode to the town of K—, about two miles distant, to seek assistance. It was still a very early hour in the morning, and the master of an obscure inn, with two or three laborers, rose to accompany him back. Much time was lost by their hesitation, and when they reached the glen the stranger's body was *gone*, and the dog lay dead beside the brook. Grief and astonishment were the young man's only feelings, but his companions viewed and questioned him with evident suspicion. One of them discovered a pocket-book floating in the brook and not yet entirely moistened. Its contents had probably been rifled, as it now contained only the rough draft of an assignment, in which blanks were left for dates and the names of persons and places. There was much agitation in the youth's features when he saw this document, and his seeming anxiety to keep it in his own possession increased the wary Scotch inn keeper's suspicions. He conveyed him instantly to a magistrate, whose questions were answered with most obvious confusion and incoherence. His name, he said, was Evan M'Querie, and his place of abode a small farm on the neighboring coast, which he had tenanted a few weeks. He

could not, or would not, give any references for his character: and the steward of the gentleman whose land he held, only knew that he came from England, and had paid a half-year's rent in advance. If he was acquainted with more, he did not venture to communicate it, and a most suspicious obscurity gathered around Evan. The ambiguity and reserve of his statements respecting his family and former life, his sullenness and ill-concealed anxiety, justified the prejudice which rose against him. He imputed the stains on his apparel to the *sport* he had pursued on that fatal morning, but bills of large amount on the bank of Scotland were found upon him, and the lost stranger's pocket-book had in its inner recess a pencilled list of bills, whose dates and value appeared to have been hastily effaced, and a silver penknife which tallied with the dog's mortal wound, was found in the glen with the initials E. M.—Evan professed that his house had been robbed a few nights before by two of the privileged mendicants still frequent in Scotland, and begged the magistrate to observe that the collar of his dog had been stolen since he left it near the brook. But this excuse would have availed little, had not the most rigorous search been insufficient to recover the body; and the stranger's death being thus rendered uncertain, the suspected prisoner was released after a long delay, but not without whispered hints of bribery, which pursued him to the obscure dwelling where he lived with only one servant in abhorred solitude. * * * *

I returned, about the close of the eighteenth century, from a long absence in the West Indies, and found myself charged with some professional duties which required my presence in Scotland.

One of these duties was to ascertain the truth of some mysterious rumors respecting a wreck said to have happened on the western coast; and my visit to a gentleman in that neighborhood enabled me to make inquiries. He informed me, that Evan M'Querie had purchased from him the land he formerly tenanted, and was considered wealthy, though his mode of life was sordid and laborious. Part of his wealth was generally ascribed to the mysterious affair of the glen, and part to the wreck of a small trading vessel on the coast which his estate bordered. Advertisements had offered large rewards for a certain trunk supposed to contain the jewels and purse of a young English heiress, who had sailed in that unfortunate vessel to join the unknown adventurer she had married clandestinely. The crew and passengers had perished; but Evan M'Querie, who was supposed to visit the coast nightly at that period in expectation of contraband consignments, had probably found the chest among less valuable articles which the waves had thrown on shore. Very soon after, he became proprietor instead of farmer; and strange rumors were whispered of the cautious and deep solitude he seemed to seek. The event of the wreck had long since ceased to be a subject of conversation, and no inquiries had been pursued: therefore the elder neighbors surmised that the Laird M'Querie had begun to relax in his precautions, as his female servant had been seen at kirk and market in remnants of yellow lace and silk gloves, which were deemed a part of the spoils found in the lost bridal chest. My curiosity was excited by these details, and my friendly host supplied me with a pretext to visit the suspected man in his own

coachman and guard alighted. On their being about to resume their places, an exclamation was made by some person present, which the horses took for the well-known, and to them familiar signal of 'all's right,' on which they went off at full speed, with three inside (a gentleman and two ladies,) and one outside passengers. In vain did the coachman and guard endeavor to overtake them, the more they ran the quicker did the horses go, and all this time the inside passengers were unconscious of what had occurred; but the individual outside succeeded in making his escape. They drove on rapidly for a distance of four miles, during which several persons on the road had 'hair-breadth 'scapes,' until a gentleman observed the absence of the coachman and guard, and fearing some accident had occurred, and that further was inevitable, he despatched his servant on horseback to give his assistance; this the man did with promptness, but he could not restrain the spirited animals until they came to New Glanmire Bridge, where imminent danger was to be apprehended, and there he succeeded in directing their heads in such a manner by his action and speaking, so as to prevent their contact with the iron railing, which would have been certain destruction to all! They still bounded on, and notwithstanding the windings on the road, they reached the entrance to the city, where for the first time the inside passengers became acquainted with their danger, on which, we are informed, the ladies screamed aloud for assistance, and waved their handkerchiefs in distress, which excited such a lively feeling among the crowd, that just as the horses had arrived in Patrickstreet, and were making for the office, a man rushed forward and

seized the reins of one of the leaders, and his example being quickly followed by others, the horses were stopped, without any other injury having been done than the fright occasioned to the passengers! The servant who came in at the same moment from the many escapes witnessed by him on the road, and the fatigue he underwent in his efforts, fainted; and the coachman and guard drove in about a half an hour after, in a state bordering on phrensy—which was only relieved, when they heard of the providential results. We hope this will be a caution to all coachmen and guards and hostlers throughout the kingdom, to be more careful in future of the great responsibility that devolves on them—as it is certainly one of the most miraculous circumstances we have had to record for many years!—*Lon. pa.*

As the vine which has long twined its foliage around the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its scattered boughs; so it is bountifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament to man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace, when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

Bower of Taste.

POETRY.

POETRY has been the subject of animadversion from the earliest dawn of literature; from the Cadmean to the present age. Critics and hypercritics of all classes have exhausted their powers in exposing its defects, and expatiating upon

its beauties. They have labored to show what is essential to sublimity, elegance, and simplicity; but whether the spirit of Poetry can be chemically analysed is a doubtful question.

To us, it would seem as difficult as to separate the tints of the rainbow, or pourtray the hues and changes of the undulating clouds.

There are many beautiful forms seen through the dim obscurity of twilight, that cannot bear the test of sunshine. Byron's greatest beauty, consists in that mystic association of splendid figures and sublime conceptions that may be seen and felt, but cannot be defined—this is the soul of Poetry.

Longinus, although an excellent general critic, appears to have erred in his definition of the '*five springs*,' that he deems essential to poetry, and also in describing its component parts; which shows us that the greatest philosophers are not always the best judges where the fancy is concerned. The same images and figures that would be ridiculous in prose, may be beautiful and interesting in poetry. Like the spirits of Ossian, they glide before us in all their 'dreamy loveliness!' and often derive their greatest charm from the distance in which they are viewed. There are also many extravagancies, or what may be more politely termed licenses, that are admissible in poetry, which would be insufferable in prose. In regard to the former, we yield the reins to fancy and are willing to follow the poet in all his eccentric flights, and imaginary excursions. But with respect to the latter, we look for the clear demonstrations of truth, and the solid arguments of reason. Tropes and figures are secondary considerations, though they are often as ornamental to prose as poetry, when employed with judgment and discretion.

Frigidity and bombast, are the Scylla and Charybdis that infest the sea of literature. These should be carefully avoided by the poetic adventurer. To degrade a

sublime idea by expressing it in weak, puerile language, is generally more insufferable than to employ high epithets in describing common incidents. The first case we promptly ascribe to a bankruptcy of brains, but there is more hope in the latter. Errors that proceed from a luxuriant fancy may be pruned by the exercise of the judgment in all our delineations, whether of the pen or the pencil. *Nature* should be our model, and the more closely we adhere to her rules and principles the more beneficial will it be to ourselves.

THE MEMORIAL.

THIS annual visitant has at length made its appearance among the literary fashionables of the day in a silken costume of perennial green, emblematic of its worth. In external beauty and apparent durability, it is superior to any one we have seen, and for its matter in general, it will prove a valuable acquisition to the library of the belles lettres scholar. Some of our most 'gifted spirits' have offered at its shrine, whose favors will ensure its success.

We were sorry to perceive both in its prose and poetry, several typographical errors which entirely pervert the meaning of the author. It is true, to revise critically, the works of others, is a difficult and often thankless task, but where the writer has no means of reviewing his own work he must trust to the judgment of the editor. In a poem entitled '*Greece*,' (see page 382 3d line,) there is one error that converts two lines into the most egregious nonsense.—It reads thus—

Where wreathing joy shrouds in its dark array

The desolating progress of decay.

The author probably would have said thus—

'Where wreathing joy shrouds in dark array

The desolating progress of decay.'

coachman and guard alighted. On their being about to resume their places, an exclamation was made by some person present, which the horses took for the well-known, and to them familiar signal of 'all's right,' on which they went off at full speed, with three inside (a gentleman and two ladies,) and one outside passengers. In vain did the coachman and guard endeavor to overtake them, the more they ran the quicker did the horses go, and all this time the inside passengers were unconscious of what had occurred; but the individual outside succeeded in making his escape. They drove on rapidly for a distance of four miles, during which several persons on the road had 'hair-breadth 'scapes,' until a gentleman observed the absence of the coachman and guard, and fearing some accident had occurred, and that further was inevitable, he despatched his servant on horseback to give his assistance; this the man did with promptness, but he could not restrain the spirited animals until they came to New Glanmire Bridge, where imminent danger was to be apprehended, and there he succeeded in directing their heads in such a manner by his action and speaking, so as to prevent their contact with the iron railing, which would have been certain destruction to all! They still bounded on, and notwithstanding the windings on the road, they reached the entrance to the city, where for the first time the inside passengers became acquainted with their danger, on which, we are informed, the ladies screamed aloud for assistance, and waved their handkerchiefs in distress, which excited such a lively feeling among the crowd, that just as the horses had arrived in Patrickstreet, and were making for the office, a man rushed forward and

seized the reins of one of the leaders, and his example being quickly followed by others, the horses were stopped, without any other injury having been done than the fright occasioned to the passengers! The servant who came in at the same moment from the many escapes witnessed by him on the road, and the fatigue he underwent in his efforts, fainted; and the coachman and guard drove in about a half an hour after, in a state bordering on phrensy—which was only relieved, when they heard of the providential results. We hope this will be a caution to all coachmen and guards and hostlers throughout the kingdom, to be more careful in future of the great responsibility that devolves on them—as it is certainly one of the most miraculous circumstances we have had to record for many years!—*Lon. pa.*

As the vine which has long twined its foliage around the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its scattered boughs; so it is bountifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament to man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace, when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

Bower of Taste.

POETRY.

POETRY has been the subject of animadversion from the earliest dawn of literature; from the Cadmean to the present age. Critics and hypercritics of all classes have exhausted their powers in exposing its defects, and expatiating upon

its beauties. They have labored to show what is essential to sublimity, elegance, and simplicity; but whether the spirit of Poetry can be chemically analysed is a doubtful question.

To us, it would seem as difficult as to separate the tints of the rainbow, or pourtray the hues and changes of the undulating clouds.

There are many beautiful forms seen through the dim obscurity of twilight, that cannot bear the test of sunshine. Byron's greatest beauty, consists in that myotic association of splendid figures and sublime conceptions that may be seen and felt, but cannot be defined—this is the soul of Poetry.

Longinus, although an excellent general critic, appears to have erred in his definition of the '*five springs*,' that he deems essential to poetry, and also in describing its component parts; which shows us that the greatest philosophers are not always the best judges where the fancy is concerned. The same images and figures that would be ridiculous in prose, may be beautiful and interesting in poetry. Like the spirits of Ossian, they glide before us in all their 'dreamy loveliness!' and often derive their greatest charm from the distance in which they are viewed. There are also many extravagancies, or what may be more politely termed licenses, that are admissible in poetry, which would be insufferable in prose. In regard to the former, we yield the reins to fancy and are willing to follow the poet in all his eccentric flights, and imaginary excursions. But with respect to the latter, we look for the clear demonstrations of truth, and the solid arguments of reason. Tropes and figures are secondary considerations, though they are often as ornamental to prose as poetry, when employed with judgment and discretion.

Frigidity and bombast, are the Scylla and Charybdis that infest the sea of literature. These should be carefully avoided by the poetic adventurer. To degrade a

sublime idea by expressing it in weak, puerile language, is generally more insufferable than to employ high epithets in describing common incidents. The first case we promptly ascribe to a bankruptcy of brains, but there is mere hope in the latter. Errors that proceed from a luxuriant fancy may be pruned by the exercise of the judgment in all our definitions, whether of the pen or the pencil. *Nature* should be our model, and the more closely we adhere to her rules and principles the more beneficial will it be to ourselves.

THE MEMORIAL.

THIS annual visitant has at length made its appearance among the literary fashionables of the day in a silken costume of perennial green, emblematic of its worth. In external beauty and apparent durability, it is superior to any one we have seen, and for its matter in general, it will prove a valuable acquisition to the library of the belles lettres scholar. Some of our most 'gifted spirits' have offered at its shrine, whose favors will ensure its success.

We were sorry to perceive both in its prose and poetry, several typographical errors which entirely pervert the meaning of the author. It is true, to revise critically, the works of others, is a difficult and often thankless task, but where the writer has no means of reviewing his own work he must trust to the judgment of the editor. In a poem entitled '*Greece*,' (see page 382 3d line,) there is one error that converts two lines into the most egregious nonsense.—It reads thus—

Where wreathing joy shrouds in its dark
array
The desolating progress of decay.

The author probably would have said thus—

'Where wreathing joy shrouds in dark
array
The desolating progress of decay.'

age what it may. There are very few females, of any class, who have not had (at some period of their lives) an opportunity of changing their condition, as it is termed. If, therefore, their matrimonial offers have not been such as to promise them happiness by the change, who shall reprobate them for preferring 'single blessedness' to *double misery*? I should rather lead every ape, (described by M. Buffon) in all their horrid variety, through purgatory, 'after I had shuffled off this mortal coil,' than be obliged to lead, coax, or drive one of their human representatives on earth, who might perhaps possess all their vices, without any of their cunning.

It is the fashion, in these days, to advocate old bachelors, those platonic curiosities, who profess to set their 'face and front' against matrimony; who, 'perched in garret high,' whiff off life's cares with a seroot, write philippics on the fair, and darn their own stockings. Out upon ye all!—I'll hold no converse with ye. Ye are a set of amphibious animals, that can exist in any element, but are *at home* in neither. With all your mendings, it is a pity you do not mend your manners, and go forth among the venerable spinsters and blooming maidens of the land, and select your like, if you can, and be *somebody* in the world. You may flourish awhile in your pride, and boast your independence of woman, but remember the time may come, when you may not be *able* to mend your own night caps and stockings!—when you may be visited by a fit of the gout, or what is more often in your case, a fit of the *blues*. Who then, (if you are wifeless) is to place a pillow for your head, a bench for your muffled foot, or make your *catnip tea*? These things ought to be considered by your heedless fraternity.—I have

long noticed the censures to which old women in general are exposed, particularly the unwedded, and I am determined henceforth, on all occasions, to vindicate them, come what will. x.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

'We are but the venders of other men's goods.'

The Generous Mask.—A beautiful woman of Bordeaux, mourned for her husband, who had embarked in a vessel that was said to be shipwrecked. Many lovers, attracted by her youth and beauty, waited on her, to make her the offer of their hands, so soon as the news was confirmed that her husband had perished. The lady observed a great deal of circumspection in her conduct; however wishing to give an answer to the offers of her lovers, she invited them to an entertainment at her house on one of the last days of the carnival. They were at play when an unknown mask, disguised as a genius, presented himself and sat down to play with the lady. He lost; he insisted on playing more, and he lost again;—fortune went against him ten or twelve times in succession, for he seemed to shake the dice so that they might turn up against him. Others of the players tried their fortune with him, but they did not find their account in it. The lady sat down again, and gained an immense sum of money which the mask seemed to lose with an air of gaiety and apparent pleasure, that astonished the spectators. Some said loud enough to be heard, that he gave way with prodigality and did not play. The mask, raising his voice, said—that he was the—was the—was the genius of riches; that he cared not for them, unless he could share them with the lady; and that he *professed* nothing that he was not willing to fulfil. As he spoke,

he pulled out several purses, some filled with gold, and others with diamonds, which he placed before the lady, proposing to stake them against the most trifling sum she would choose to hazard. The lady, embarrassed by this declaration, refused to play. They did not know what to think of this adventure—when an old lady of the company, whispered to her neighbor, that the mask was the devil,—and that his riches, dress, discourse, and abilities at play, made it evident enough.

The generous player heard it, and profitted by it. He assumed the voice and manners of a magician—he spoke of several things that were known but to the lady herself; he spoke several unknown languages, performed many slight of hand tricks, and concluded by saying that he came to demand one of the company that had been given to him;—protested that she belonged to him, and that he was going to take possession of her, never more to quit her. Each one regarded the lady, who was quite at a loss what to think of the affair. The women trembled, the men smiled—and the *genius* continued to amuse himself. However, the scene continued long enough to give them time to send for persons, who began to interrogate the *spirit*, and were ready to exorcise him;—when the mask turned the whole into ridicule, with so much spirit, that the laugh was entirely on his side. At last he threw off the mask, and the scene was concluded by a cry of joy from the lady of the house. It was none else but her husband, who having gone to Spain, from thence to Peru,—where he became enriched, had returned to Bourdeaux, loaded with an immense treasure. He had learned, on his arrival, that his wife intended giving an entertainment without be-

ing known. He had assumed for that purpose the most fantastical appearance he could be present with. The assembly composed of his relations and friends, congratulated his happy return, and left him with his happy and loving wife.

The White Lady.—Late English papers furnish an account of some singular and rather mysterious circumstances respecting the melancholy fate of a young lady, named Sophia Hyatt, and who in consequence of extreme deafness, was accidentally run over by a cart at the entrance of an inn yard and killed. She had been for the last three or four years, a lodger in a farm-house belonging to Col. Wildman at Newstead Abby. No one knew whence she came, nor who were her connexions. Her days were passed in rambling about the gardens of the Abby to which she had free access; her dress was invariably the same, and she was distinguished by the servant as the 'White Lady.' She had ingratiated herself with the Newfoundland dog that came from Greece with the body of Lord Byron; and on the evening before the accident that closed her life, she was seen to cut off a lock of the dog's hair and carefully place it in her handkerchief. On the same evening, too, she delivered to Mrs. Wildman a sealed packet, with a request that it might not be opened till the next morning. The contents of the packet consisted of various poems, written during her walks, and all of them referring to the bard to whom Newstead once belonged. A letter was also inclosed, written with much elegance and feeling, describing her friendless situation, and her pecuniary difficulties, and stating the necessity she was under of removing a short time from Newstead. She stated that

she had connexions in America, and that her brother died there, leaving a widow and children. She concluded with declaring that her only happiness consisted in the privilege of being permitted to trace the various spots which had been consecrated by the genius of Lord Byron. The sequel of her story is told above. Col. Wildman took care of her interment, and buried her in the church-yard of Hucknall, as near as possible to the vault which contains the body of Lord Byron.

A Ball-Room.—I was once in a ball-room—many, many years ago; it was crowded to overflowing, with gallantry and beauty: health sat on every cheek, and every eye sparkled with pleasure. The guests were all young, all gay, all happy; and sorrow and care seemed to have flown far away. I leaned against the painted wall, and mused upon the scene before me till my mind was lost in the dreams of imagination. Then I thought I saw a pale and ghastly figure, wrapped in thin, loose drapery, leaning against a distant pillar of the hall, half hid by its reflected shade, and alternately eyeing with piercing scrutiny the moving groups, and making minutes on a scroll he held in his left hand. A shudder ran through me, I shrunk back and gathered my breath, and raised my finger to point out this mysterious guest, just as my arm was seized by a companion. I started—the delusion vanished—I mingled amid the giddy maze around me, but the recollection of that singular fancy returned and burned upon my heart a hundred times that evening. A year ago these juvenile scenes were brought again to mind. I passed by the old hall. It had now been a church for near a half century; a large and filled

burial ground was walled in around it. I dismounted and wandered an hour among the graves—almost every step I took brought me before some tomb-stone sacred to the memory of one or another who was with me in youth at that crowded ball-room, and some of these stones bore the marks of dim and dusty age. Suddenly the mysterious guest my fancy had so strangely pictured, came to mind, and a voice seemed to say to me—‘That was death; he has been faithful to his record.’ Who ever thought of death in a ball-room?

Perfection.—A French preacher was once descanting from the pulpit with great eloquence on the beauties of creation; ‘whatever,’ said he, ‘comes from the hands of nature, is complete. She forms every thing perfect.’ One of his congregation very much deformed, and having a very large hump, went up to him at the close of his discourse, and asked, ‘What think ye of me, Holy Father, am I perfect?’ To which the preacher replied very coolly, ‘yes, for a hump-backed man, quite perfect.’

Dandies of the Reign of Henry I. The dress of the fashionable young men of this time approached to that of women. They wore tunics with deep sleeves, and mantles with long trains. The peaks of their shoes (pigaciæ) were stuffed with tow, of enormous length, and twisted to imitate the horn of a ram or the coil of a serpent;—an *improvement* lately introduced by Faulk, Earl of Anjou, to conceal the deformity of his feet. Their hair was divided in front, and combined on the shoulders, whence it fell in ringlets down the back, and was often lengthened most preposterously by the addition of false

curls. This mode of dressing was opposed by the most rigid among the clergy; particularly the manner of wearing the hair, which was said to have been prohibited by St. Paul; 'if a man nourish his hair it is a shame for him.' 1 Cor. xi. 14.—*Lingard's Hist. of Eng.*

Queer Town.—A letter from the 'Upper Country,' says the Baltimore Patriot, states, that Martinsville contains a court house, an office, a few other houses, and some individual inhabitants, 'but there is not a single woman upon the premises!' The writer says, 'you may depend I will not stay here long, for I have no fellowship for my species, where there are no women.' We know a gentleman who passed a week in the above town; he says that during the whole time he never saw a female of any description, except on a court day, when a few were seen coming in from the country. On his return from this tour, he was particularly careful to shun this nest of *male factors*.

Manner.—There are some who refuse a favor so graciously, as to please us even by the refusal; and there are others who confer an obligation so clumsily, that they please us less by the measure, than they disgust us by the manner of a kindness, as puzzling to our feelings, as the politeness of one, who if we had dropped our handkerchief, should present it to us with a pair of tongs!

Learning.—A young gentleman whose capacity for learning is not proverbial, having seen a young lady, and wishing to introduce himself to her, wrote a flaming letter, filling it with the most extravagant professions of love. Upon showing it to a friend, 'there my boy,' said he, 'what do you

think of that?' His friend on looking over it observed, 'there are not three words in it spelt right.' The other exclaimed, 'how do you think a man can spell with such a horrid pen.'

We perceive that a society has been formed in Maine 'for the purpose of improving the manners of the gentlemen.' How different are our associations in New York. We are about establishing a society of gentlemen here for the purpose of improving the *morals* of the ladies. The founders are actuated by the most rigid spirit of reform; in habits, *anchorites*; in morals, *Josephs*. An edict is to issue every month from the society, and the ladies are to be forbidden from promenading in Broadway; from wearing feathers; from looking upright or *askance*, or from exercising any influence with their dear fatal eyes. The principal officer will be Mordecai, an editor; an 'Israelite *without guile*.' The next in command will be Col. S****, a Gentleman, but a romantic youth, of strict behavior and heavenly disposition.—Then will stand forth Charles, the pink of fashions, the apostle of severe morals, and the Beau Nash of 'good society.' And the most practical officer in the institution will be Mr. ***** a learned scribe who indites in the Statesman; one of those organs of supernatural wisdom, with which this city abounds. Indeed the ladies are in a fair way of reform, as the above mentioned worthies will exert all their powers in this channel.—*N. Y. paper.*

A society of *ladies* has been formed in Maine 'for the purpose of improving the manners of the gentlemen. Well done ladies! you have a hard task on hand, and we must request an equal attention to *morals* as well as manners. If

your experiment succeeds, we advise the establishment of *branches* in our different cities, especially at Washington; much improvement is wanted there, but you will have a barren soil to commence operations with. We should like to hear the nomenclature of the association.—*N. Y. En.*

A French paper relates that some sailors have been taken from a desert island on the South American coast, where they had lived three years. The place is not mentioned, nor the vessel in which they suffered shipwreck. They lived on game and fish, and built a tower about eighty feet in height to look out for passing ships.—They were relieved by a Swedish vessel, towards the close of last year. Before leaving the island, they took care to repair their tower, and to supply it with some provisions, obtained from their deliverers, for the benefit of any unfortunate sailors who may suffer a similar misfortune.

Man, says an elegant writer, can enjoy nothing to effect alone. Some one must lean upon his arm; listen to his observations; point out secret beauties; and become, as it were, a partner in his feelings, or his impressions are comparatively dull and spiritless.—Pleasures are increased in proportion as they are participated; as roses when engrafted on roses, grow double by the process.

A young lady having purchased an assortment of music, on returning to her carriage recollected a piece which she neglected to purchase. 'Sir,' she said, on entering the shop, 'there is yet one thing which I have forgot, and which I must now request you to let me have.' 'And what is that?' asked the young music seller. 'It is Sir,'

replied she hesitating, and running over the titles of music she held in her hand, it is 'one kind kiss before we part.' The gay youth vaulted instantaneously over the table, and saluted the fair stranger! It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, who will recollect the song, 'One kind kiss before we part' that it was an air of a less touching nature than the one given by our hero, that the lady expected to receive.

A famous craniologist strolling through a church yard near town, perceived a grave digger tossing up the earth, amongst which were two or three skulls. The craniologist took up one, and after considering it a little time, said, 'Ah, this was the skull of a *Philosopher*.'—'Very like, your honor,' said the grave digger, 'for I see it is somewhat cracked.'

When Kemble retired from the stage, he distributed his costume of Coriolanus amongst his brethren. To Mathews he gave his sandals, upon which the comedian exclaimed, 'I'm glad I've got his sandals, though I am sure I could never tread in his shoes.'

Nothing by Nobody.—This is the title of a little volume which a few weeks since was issued from the press of Mr. Little of this city.—The Circulating Library people tell us that it has had an excellent run, and attribute the circumstance rather to the pretensions held out concerning the book previous to its publication, than to its actual merits. It has been rumored among the picknicks in literature, that it is the production of the unfortunate Mr. Graham, late of New York. This however, we are inclined to think a fable, as that talented young gentleman could have written a much better

work. The mistake has probably arisen from the circumstance of Mr. Graham's having written many pithy and satirical articles, ridiculing the participants in good society, whereas this book attempts to treat of a similar subject in an equally satirical vein. The author we are inclined to believe is a young man, and an inexperienced writer, yet one who possesses talents that may with care and application place him beyond the pales of mediocrity as an author. *Nothing* in itself contains very little indeed to license so favorable an opinion of its writer's abilities, yet the work has evidently been written with great haste, and does occasionally exhibit a facility for description and an ingenuity in invention of a highly respectable character. It commences with an account of a fashionable party of loungers at Long Branch; many of their conversations are extremely insipid, but whenever the author takes upon himself the relation of circumstances and feelings, he succeeds infinitely better. It contains an account of a duel, and a sketchy sort of story is embodied in its pages, the most of which are dull and unamusing. If Nobody should make a second attempt at fictitious rhodomontade, we would advise him to throw aside all affectation, and take more time in tacking together his sketches. As to authorship of the present work, he had better remain incog. for we have discovered *nobody* to tally with us in the opinion that he is possessed of the faintest evidences of genius.

[*Phil. Album.*]

Bower of Taste.

The Red Rover.—Mr. Cooper, as a novelist, is one of the most bold and powerful writers that our country has ever produced—we should perhaps except Charles

Brockden Brown. This author but for his devotion to the German and Italian schools of Romance, and his consequent passion for the visionary and terrific, might perhaps have disputed the laurel with the 'American Waverly.' His paths are all eccentric, and his general aim seems to be to reconcile apparent impossibilities with truth. But his fancy is more luxuriant—his delineations of character stronger, and his appeals to the sympathies of nature are always more powerful than those of Mr. Cooper. There is a fearlessness in this gentleman's writing, which, whether real or affected, seems to bid defiance to criticism. This however his language does not always authorise. In his first novels there appeared much originality and freshness in his characters: but these personages have figured in all the rest of his subsequent productions, with only a change of garb and different cognomen. One of his faults is, laboring to produce a great effect by continually exhibiting the eccentricities of his most prominent characters, and intimating the power they exercise over the others: the latter perhaps should be the result of the reader's own observation.

The Red Rover, though by no means an original, is a boldly sketched, and well supported character throughout; but it partakes of the same incongruous assemblage of virtues and vices, that have always distinguished the brave, though licentious outlaw; and is calculated alternately to excite our admiration and disgust. Madam de Lacy is something new in his dramatis personæ, and so also is the African. Gertrude is more graceful and interesting than some of his former heroines, (if heroine she may be called,) and it is really a relief when she is allowed to make her appearance. We predict that the Red Rover will not be so favorably received by the ladies, as were some of the first productions of Mr. Cooper; they are not sufficiently initiated into the mys-

teries of ship building, and ship manning, to enjoy all its scenes—and not enough acquainted with the technicals of the ocean to be much interested in the long colloquies between the officers and seamen; although to those who are, these will probably be a powerful attraction.—Mr. Cooper seldom descends to trite or weak language, on the contrary he often rises above his subject, although he sometimes adopts figures and expressions that are obscure even to the most classical reader.

The works of this author will always challenge the regards of criticism, where inferior productions would not be noticed; this, he must expect, and submit to, whether his reviewers are capable of discriminating between his beauties and defects or not. He has attained an enviable eminence in the world of letters, which his works will sustain for him long after his critics have 'ceased from troubling.'

Mr. Keene.—This accomplished vocalist will give a concert this evening assisted by Miss Rock, Mr Hanna, and several other musical professors and amateurs of eminence; there is a peculiar pathos and expression in the style of Mr Keene's singing that is always adapted to the sentiment of his song and which adds a charm to the harmonious tones of his fine voice—his bill of fare for this evening is replete with taste and variety and presents a treat to the musical which no doubt will be realized by attending his concert.

Tremont Theatre.—The principal attraction at this Theatre during the past week has been the grand melo drama of El Hyder. This piece in point of interest and brilliant effect in decidedly inferior to Timour the Tartar, or the Cataract of the Ganges; it was, however, well received; which induced the manager to repeat it. They have in rehearsal the grand pantomime of action called Adelina or the Rob-

bers of the Pyrennees, which is highly spoken of as an interesting display of the powers of gesticulation.

The Publishers of the Bower feel it a duty to apologize to its Editor for overlooking her correction of an error in a Poem entitled Greece. See her notice of the *Memorial* last week. In the *first* instance, the error was in the word Joy—which should have been *Ivy*. Her correction stands thus:—

Where wreathing ivy shrouds in dark
array,
The desolating progress of decay.—

To Correspondents.—A few of our correspondents have requested that we would give notice whether their communications are acceptable or not, this (as we expressed in our first number) we must generally decline. We shall never print any articles that we do not approve, but to give our reasons for rejecting them publicly, might only wound the feelings of those who meant us a kindness. The greatest compliment which we can pay to our contributors is to present their favors to our readers. We thank those who have already graced our columns, and we welcome with pleasure an old favorite of the nine who will appear next week.

There is a π (e) in the Bower of Taste fondly cherished by the Muses, which we hope will continue.

We trust Ann will forgive the trifling liberties we have taken with her communication, and would respectfully suggest that articles designed for the circumscribed pages of a weekly publication should be as condense as the subject or sentiment will admit.

Arrangements are making to present once a month a lithographic print of some interesting scene or celebrated character, to which will be attached an article descriptive thereof.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



THE SERENADERS.

Ye came to my dream, like the forms of the blest
On pinions of light descending—
Hymning the chaunt of their hallowed rest,
Where heaven's own strains were blending !
Ye came like the moon, when unclouded and bright
She steals o'er the silent ocean,
Waking its waves with her tremulous light—
Till they sparkle with fond emotion !
Ye seem'd like beings of seraph birth
In that lone and stilly hour—
Yet there breath'd around ye a 'charm of earth !'
And I yielded to its power.
For I thought of the eve when first *that strain*,*
Came soft as *Æolia's* lyre—
And it brightened on memory's page again,
All—all that lay can inspire.
But ye pass'd away, like yon orbs of light,
To gladden another 'sphere,'
And I sigh'd, as 'along the lapse of night,'
Your *last* notes met mine ear.
Yet long did ye hover amid my dreams,
With your fairy minstrelsy ;
Soft as the sun's retiring beams
That melt in an evening sky.

AUGUSTA.

STANZAS.

'Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the *weary* are at rest;'
'Where the *brave* lie down in glory,
With the *faithful*, ever blest.'

Rest of the weary ! Is it where
Breathes only summer's soothing air,
So mild and blest ?
Where angel troops in roseate numbers,
Watch while the tired one gently slumbers,
Is this heaven's rest ?

* The meeting of the waters.

Home of the valiant and the brave!
 Who nobly to your country gave
 Your last strong grasp,
 Are silken banners waving there?
 Do blooming laurels wait ye, where
 Ye come at last?

Place of the faithful! Is it there
 That lover's hearts united are—
 No more to rove?
 Are thine the oft-sung fields Elysian?
 The theme of many a charming vision
 Of dreaming love?

Where is this world of lasting peace—
 That realm where every woe shall cease?
 What land is given
 To be man's happy, blest abode?
Where is this thornless flowery road
 That leads to heaven?

It lies along life's vale of woe
 Amidst the storms of earth below—
 But oh! 't is bright
 As yon ethereal galaxy
 Stretching along the midnight sky
 In starry light!

—11—

A—y.

TO OPHELIA.

'Is there no bright and blooming isle?'

Follow yon bird, away, away,
 Over yon troubled booming sea,
 Where round yon coral crag-rocks play
 Mermaids in sportive revelry.

Follow with me yon driving cloud,
 Shading the sea as it drives along,
 To the spot where trilleth long and loud
 The laughing notes of the spirit of song.

Away, beyond yon sunny spot
 Lighting the ocean's distant verge,
 There's an isle with many a gem-lit grot
 Which echoes the tone of the laughing surge.

Here never would come mad Envy's might,
 To fright the young loves which nestled there;
 But around their pinions a holy light
 Enchants one's soul, with its star-like glare.

A shallop's light sail, fair one, is spread;
 Its helm, bright one, thy hand shall guide;
 By the pilot of hope our bark shall be led,
 While sweetly along yon waters we glide.

And then thou wilt sing the song, once dear,
 To the star which shone on thy garden bower;
 Ne'er again shall it light that sorrow's tear
 Which sprung from thine eye in a darksome hour.

Thy friend, shall be the wild gazelle,
 The grot and cross, thy worshipped love,
 Thy hope, religion's deep wrought spell,
 Thy soul, the care of spirits above.

Then haste—fair lady—haste to this isle
 Which peers from the deep—a gem from the sea—
 Oh! brighten thy lip with a seraph smile—
 And grant in its prayer one prayer for me.

ICHABOD.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



'With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
'We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,'—*Paine*.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1828.

No. 6.

INGRATITUDE.

AN AMERICAN STORY.

'How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds, make deeds ill done.' *Shaks.*

THE day was retreating to the west, and evening was preparing to cast her gloom around, for as yet it was scarce possible to say that the brightness had diminished; the hour appeared as though a thin cloud had mellowed the light which hung in the valley, yet the glowing appearance of the forest on the western hills, showed where the sun was sinking—a few clouds that had been floating to and fro in the heavens during some hours past, were gradually melting away and leaving the wide blue arch pure and unobscured; throughout the valley all was silent and calm; a mill was there, but its noise which had echoed amongst the rocks during the fore part of the day, was now hushed and still, and the slight murmur of the water from the dam alone could be heard; this was a beautiful sheet of water, on which the dark shadows from

the neighboring hills were fast gathering. A solitary urchin stood on a rock projecting into it, and was winding up his fishing line and preparing to depart. Built in a fine situation, on the slope of the mountain, was a comfortable looking stone house, o'ertopped by many aged sycamore trees, under one of which was a bench, and here reclined a man who constituted with the fisher, the only animated objects of the scene. The appearance of this person did not at all coincide with the beauty and calmness of the spot; he was of short stature, but the stoutness of his person compensated for his want of height; strength was indicated in every limb, and his expanded chest and broad shoulders, made it too evident to escape observation; his round face was pitted deeply with the small pox, and was destitute of those marks by which we are

innately taught to expect talent, worth or honor; although their opposites were not portrayed, yet the expression of his features seemed to bid us not to be astonished at finding them. He was habited in a suit of dark grey clothes, and wore a black handkerchief around his neck. Ever and anon he cast his piercing grey eyes with anxious look towards the road which wound down the hill at the north end of the valley.— When evening had a little more advanced, and the uneasiness of the person just described apparently increased, a chair was seen descending into the valley, along the narrow road. It was not long before the steady pace of the sturdy horse had brought it and its passengers close to the mill: these were a middle aged man of meagre habit, and of no very pleasing appearance, and a beautiful girl, who seemed now to be about twenty, resplendent in charms; her beautiful chesnut hair was crossed over her fine white forehead, and a pair of lively blue eyes beneath, bespoke a pure and cultivated mind; the person we first mentioned, and who was called Magoffin, seemed much pleased with the arrival of his visitors, or at least his stern features seemed to express as much satisfaction and joy, as was compatible with their peculiar cast.— ‘You are welcome, Pattison,’ said he, ‘and you too, Miss Ellen. I rejoice to see you in my lonely valley.’ ‘Lonely indeed, sir,’ was the answer, ‘though absence of company is sometimes an advantage.’ ‘Sometimes,’ said Magoffin, with an angry look, and turned on his heel to address Mr. Pattison and assist him to alight, for a severe lameness rendered this somewhat difficult. As Ellen entered the dwelling, a feeling of grief to which her young heart was not a stranger, pervaded her bosom;

the only female she found in the house was its keeper, an old woman, whose son assisted at the mill, and these together with the owner constituted the whole family. Ellen desired to be shown to a room, and when there, a deep sigh escaped her as she seated herself on the bed; a feeling of dislike towards Magoffin was one of the most powerful which the calm breast of the maiden had yet entertained, and at each of his frequent visits at her uncle’s (for Mr. Pattison stood in that degree related to her) she felt it increase; what then were her sensations when her uncle gave her to understand that she was the cause of these visits; that she had attracted the notice of the man she despised, but of one whom Mr. Pattison considered as in every respect a suitable partner for her through life? Each day he spoke in favor of Magoffin;—money was his ruling passion, avarice held firm sway in his breast, and he dwelt with complacency on the wealth of the suitor, whose riches he said were not confined to his mill and farm. The hopes of the Americans for the re-establishment of their independence, were now at their lowest ebb, by reason of the ill success of the last campaign; Pattison rejoiced at it and Magoffin with him, and the former told Ellen of vast sums her suitor would realise on that event; but this to her was worst of all, for she had imbibed largely of revolutionary feelings, and nightly put up her prayers for the safety and success of Washington and her country’s army.— And there was one other who shared her prayers; she had neither father nor mother, nor knew she of a single relation except her uncle, who but illy supplied the place of a fond parent; it was not for a relation she petitioned heaven, ’twas for a lover, a soldier in the

army of Independence. She had given her heart to one whom she thought in every respect worthy of it, and who increased in worth when contrasted with Magoffin.— Alfred Clendinning she knew was brave, noble, generous, possessing a mind more cultivated than ordinary, and from a close observation of his rival, she thought she detected a want of all these qualities. Alfred was not poor, but her uncle viewed him in no friendly light, and forbade him his house. Ellen descended to supper, and afterwards was compelled to endure the company of Magoffin for an hour, when her uncle told her they wished to be alone, and she gladly availed herself of the leave thus given, to seek shelter of her room; the old house-keeper lighted her up, and to her she put some casual questions concerning Magoffin, for she felt there was something concealed in his mode of life—the old woman was talkative and no ways backward in communicating information, but she had not much to give; she said, however, that he was often absent for whole days and nights together, without saying whither he was going, and that several times there had been parties of men in the valley at night, who would carry off the flour from the mill—once or twice a gentleman had stopped all night in their house, and then they were sure to sit talking till break of day. Ellen reclined on her bed whilst a thousand thoughts passed over her mind. In the mean time, Magoffin and his guest were seated in the room below and were in a busy conference; before them was a table covered with papers and letters, the contents of which busied them both; from time to time a large silver watch that lay on the table was often consulted in considerable anxiety. ‘The Major delays long,’ at length Magoffin

observed—‘If those curst rebel horse are out, he brings an escort, I suppose?’ said Pattison. ‘Aye, some dragoons to see him safe.’— ‘I wish he were here,’ rejoined the visitor. ‘General Arnold is anxious to conclude the treaty, and to night may ensure the downfall of the union; my powers are ample, and our reward will be so too; you know my offer, give me Ellen, and I relinquish one half my share to you.’ ‘Ellen, as I have already said, is yours; I have brought her with me, that here retired from the world, she may become your bride, where all opposition would be vain, for I have found her stubborn and perverse.’ ‘Alfred Clendinning has caused this, but he shall rue having crossed my path,’ said Magoffin, and gathered his eye brows into a determined frown; at that moment the distant sound of fire arms was heard. ‘Hark!’ said he, ‘by heavens ’tis the pistols of the dragoons!’ ‘For God’s sake,’ said Pattison, ‘be cautious; these papers may ruin us; confound the chance that brought the rebels on the hills at this time of night—they’re at it still!’ and the quick successive shots were distinctly heard. Whilst all this was passing below, Ellen had remained in a deep anxiety of thought in her chamber; the beauty of the night had brought her to the window, and she hung with delight on the scene before her; the moon was waning away, her full broad disc had disappeared, and a crescent of silver light now hung over the valley; in the lower portion of this, dark trees and hills soon broke the view, but above, the light rested on the expanded water and showed an extent of clear land for some distance; here and there the dark shadows of hills and trees were visible, contrasting with the brightness around, and assuming grotesque forms, sometimes huge and

undefined, and again showing the appearance of strange castles or armed giants, whilst the woods which resounded at intervals with the voice of the night frog and katy-did, was here and there burnished with long rays of brightness; a portion of the road too, was visible as it descended the hill at the extreme end of the valley; and as she gazed towards it, for a moment she was startled, for she thought she perceived a dark body move along—but 'twas gone, and her eye which hung on the spot could discover nothing more; her attention wandered, and in an instant the bright flashings of fire were visible in the woods below, and the report of fire arms struck on her startled ear; she bent from her casement with deep interest, every thing else seemed hushed, and between the successive discharges of fire arms, she heard the noise of the distant turmoil; she saw lights moving about the little mill, half hid by huge trees and ponderous rocks, among which, each moment, streaks of fire and the report of arms were discerned, for this seemed to be the centre of commotion, and she heard the noise of the bullets dropping into the water between her and it; the moon did not give light enough to dissipate the gloom which hung round, but now a brightness darted o'er the water and through the darkness, and the next moment the straw roof of the mill flashed upwards in a column of vivid flame; far and wide its light spread through the valley and up the hills, and showed every leaf hanging on the trees, and lighted every fissure in the surrounding rocks; a shout from the combatants arose with it, and as it passed she heard the sound of horses' hoofs approaching at utmost speed. The blaze made it as light as day, and she saw an officer on a gallant

charger dash across the bridge at the lower end of the dam; he seemed to support himself on the saddle by the mane of his horse, over which he had apparently lost all command, whilst the light flashed on his uniform and played on the bright scabbard that dangled at his side, and increased the terror of his frightened animal. The rider had lost his cap, and was evidently wounded, and now the rapid speed of his horse had brought him to the house, when a gate opposed a barrier to his further progress. As though suddenly recovering his lost courage the steed stood still, but the officer was too far spent to resist the shock thus given him, and he was thrown stunned at the door. Magoffin had been securing the papers in much anxiety, and now and then throwing a hurried glance towards the fight—but when the event we have just spoken of occurred, he thrust the papers into a side pocket, rushed out, and seized the horse—'Farewell, Pattison,' he cried, 'our stars are unlucky, I know it by the burning of the mill; the papers are safe'—and throwing wide the gate, he sprung into the saddle, and was lost in the trees below. Pattison seemed confounded, and withal trembling the issue of the fight. Ellen was alone, and her fortitude was fast sinking, but now she saw at the door a fellow being wounded, and perhaps expiring; this was enough to prompt her to exertion, and she descended from her chamber to succor the unfortunate. As that beautiful gem of the east which sparkles in its own native glory, is recognised in the absence of light, so the heart of woman in the hour of misery and woe is known by its kindness and beneficence. Ellen felt all a woman's care for the wounded man; by the assistance of the miller boy she had him brought into the par-

lor, and, now she saw that he was rather advanced in years, tall, and of manly make, and of a foreign aspect; he was clothed in an American uniform, which showed him to be of rank; his right arm was wounded, and he was bathed in blood, and senseless from the effect of the fall and bleeding.—The house-keeper slowly went away to get some nostrum for his use; the miller went to the wood to gaze at the fight and burning mill, where her uncle already was, whilst Ellen bent over the wounded man, whose head she held, and from whose large forehead she wiped away the blood, and parted the clotted locks of long dark hair. As she stooped over him, a thought dawned on her mind that she had seen that countenance before; she drew a miniature from her bosom; the features there were those of a lady on one side, and on the other a young man, but though altered by years, the resemblance was powerful, and she had been told they represented her deceased parents; a thousand feelings possessed her, and she hung trembling o'er the stranger, who was beginning to revive. At once some soldiers galloped to the door, and an officer with his sword in his hand entered the room, whilst two soldiers led in Mr. Pattison; when the young soldier saw a lady he doffed his cap, looked a moment, and sprang forward, and a glance showed Ellen 'twas Alfred Clendinning. 'Ellen, dear Ellen,' was his salutation, 'ever good and kind, how am I surprised to find you here! and my brave commander?'—'Alfred,' said Ellen, raising her eyes suffused with tears, 'what a time is this, with the dying I fear before me.' 'I hope not! but stay,' said the soldier, and issued in a loud voice, order to search every where for the traitor Magoffin, whom the soldiers said they could

not discover—Ellen, however, told Alfred of his departure, and some of the party dashed on in the hopeless pursuit. The soldiers guarded Pattison in the next room, on suspicion of a connexion with Magoffin, and the rest of the party soon arrived with the wounded and prisoners. Colonel Vincent, for so was the wounded officer called, had now recovered from his lethargic state; he reclined on a couch provided for him, but his eyes left not Ellen's face for a moment; at length with a strong emotion, he grasped her hand,—'Tell me,' he said, 'who are you?' the miniature hanging around her neck caught his eye, he gazed, 'it is! it must be so! tell me, tell me, who you are; are not your features the counterpart of those?' said he, pointing from Ellenor to the female miniature, 'and my own features, are they not here portrayed?' gazing at the reverse, 'for God's sake speak!'—Ellen trembled. 'They are indeed,' burst from her lips, 'but I, I am an orphan; my uncle;'—'Where, where is he?' 'In the next room,' said the lieutenant.—'Bring him in!'—Alfred flew to obey the order—in a moment he returned with Pattison—on recollecting himself his fright had left him; he knew Magoffin had secured all the papers that could criminate him; the idea of safety gave him courage, and he advanced with undaunted form, but had the thunder of heaven burst over his head, and the fires of a wild volcano hissed at his feet, he could not have crouched with more dismay than when he met the gaze of Colonel Vincent; one glance sufficed—the Colonel was on his feet, fire flashed in his eye, and his bright sword gleamed above his head, 'Meet the reward of thy villany! meet the punishment of the villain!'—His right arm unheeding its wound, was raised aloft, but a feeble

hand stayed its course; Ellen clung to it, and the sword fell harmless. His hand sought hers—'Speak, miscreant! need I ask it?—but speak!!' Pattison's breast heaved, and in a hollow tone he said, 'She is your daughter!' and Ellen was clasped in the arms of a noble father. * * *

That night Ellen heard from her father the story of his wrongs—his parents had left the United States to live in the West Indies; here he was born, settled in business, and married the girl of his choice with whom he was happy and content. In the course of business he became acquainted with Pattison, an adventurer, poor and friendless; he had taken him into his employ, into his house, and had extended him the hand of friendship and love—from nothing he had raised him to a respectable station, and good prospects.—When Ellen was two years old, and every thing seemed going on well, an insurrection broke out amongst the negro slaves, and the yellow fever at the same time made its appearance. Mr. Vincent was sufficiently rich; he had for some time contemplated returning to the land of his fathers, and for this purpose had considerably abridged his business, although doing it at this period to some disadvantage; he however, sold all his property, and chartering a vessel, prepared to start for the United States; when, however, all was ready for the departure, his heart was torn with anguish, for his wife was taken with the fever. To detain the vessel was impossible; for they had already embarked, when sickness seized on the frame of her he so dearly loved, and she begged to be put on shore. He reposed every confidence in Pattison, but who then passed as Mr. Brown; to his charge he gave his fortune and his child, for death in

all probability waited for it if taken to land. Receiving an acknowledgment from Brown for the amount under his charge, he left the ship—and from that day forward had never heard of this unprincipled miscreant. In a few days after being on shore his wife died, and he became the object of an attack of the same disease—after a tedious illness he recovered, and almost destitute, embraced the first offer for the United States, which was by an English brig; but the third day out, a French frigate, which nation was at war with England, captured them, and he was taken to France. After many long months of suffering and delay, he reached America again, but all his exertions were unable to discover the residence of Brown.—When the war broke out, he entered the army, and had thus by chance, in an attempt to capture a traitor, discovered the object of his researches of past years—the papers he had taken so long before were still in his possession, treasured with anxious care. Ellen sighed and wept during her father's recital, and morn was breaking ere they parted. The proof against Pattison, for treason, was not sufficient to convict him; he returned his ill gotten wealth to its right owner, and went away a wretch despised by all, though it is believed that, like the traitor Arnold, for whom he was negotiating, he was enabled to live by British gold. Lieutenant Clendinning behaved gallantly during the war under her father's command, and Ellen eventually became his bride, and formed the source of his happiness, and soothed the declining years of her veteran father.

—
Nothing will give a greater lustre to all your virtues, than modesty.

MATURIN.

THE following is said to be a faithful sketch of this talented though eccentric writer; it shews the danger to which even the most powerful minds are often subjected by a too sudden elevation from obscurity to affluence or fame; yet while we condemn his dereliction from prudence, we cannot but admire the versatility of his genius, and the depth of his researches into the mysteries of nature.

In 1816, partly in consequence of hearing that several persons were claiming the authorship of 'Bertram,' Maturin came to London, and from the obscurity and depression of his former life, was suddenly elevated to the most dizzy and flattering distinction. He was caressed by the first men of the day, recognized by the audience during the performance of his play, and received with acclamations, and in one brief month of brilliant applause, obtained the reward of years of neglect and anguish and distress.

'A change came o'er the spirit of his dream!'

His character, habits, and opinions seemed to undergo a total alteration. He returned to Ireland, gave up his tuitions, indulged in the intoxications of society, and became a man of fashion, living upon the fame of his genius. Yet he did not abandon that art by which he became distinguished: in the delirium of sudden reputation he planned fresh works, and contemplated new and untouched designs. He was to have furnished a tragedy to one theatre and a comedy to another. He was solicited to write for Covent-garden, and he undertook the task: novels, poems, and dramas, in confused procession passed before him; but he planned, sketched, and abandoned his countless projects. From the labors of the mountain came forth a mouse: calculating

upon the reputation of the moment, he indulged the deceitful hope that whatever he published would succeed, and under that fallacious impression he gave the world a volume of sermons that nobody read. His sermons, too, betrayed the struggles of a poetical mind endeavoring to adapt itself to the prevailing austerity of a particular class of religionists; and, between the party which rejected it because it was not evangelical, and those who would not read it because it was not a romance, it was his fate to please neither, and fail.

It is from this period that we may date the commencement of that folly of which Maturin has been lavishly accused. Whatever might have been the levities of his conduct before, they now certainly became more remarkable. His whole port and bearing was that of a man who had burst from a long sleep into a new state of being; always gay, he now became luxurious in his habits and manners. He was the first in the quadrille—the last to depart. The ball-room was his temple of inspiration and worship. So passionately attached was he to dancing, that he organized morning quadrille parties, which met alternately two or three days in the week, at the houses of the favorite members of his *coterie*. He was proud of the gracefulness and elegance of his dancing; his light figure, and the melancholy and interesting air that, whether natural or fictitious, he threw into his movements, gave a peculiar character to his style. He was a perfect bigot in his attachment to female society; and generally restless and dissatisfied in the exclusive company of men. I remember meeting him at a large assembly where there were several beautiful women, and it was

with reluctance he consented to forego the quadrille during the interval of supper: at supper he was uneasy and impatient, although he happened to be sitting near some very intellectual persons; at last, after a few songs, which otherwise would have been prolonged, he started up, and with considerable animation and effect, taking a lady by the hand, led the way to the dancing-room.

THE following paragraphs are extracted from the American Journal of Education—they contain questions of the highest importance, and are worthy the consideration of either sex.

The fundamental principles of common education are few and simple, and easily acquired during the first years of pupilage, when the mind is prepared to pursue any course its studies may direct.—This course is now determined by the old land marks of public opinion—confined to the same deep furrowed path of other generations, and its merits decided by the rapidity of its movements, or extent of its acquisitions, in comparison with its predecessors or contemporaries. This is the standard by which it is judged, and little regard is had to its fitness to discharge those duties upon which an individual is destined to enter. During the period usually spent at school, the same, or nearly the same preparatory education is given to the intended merchant, the mechanic, and all classes of society, as for the learned professions—the same course pursued by all, whose destinations lie in opposite directions. This evil exists, as we have said, in public opinion, which has so long constituted a particular course of education, a criterion by which to measure individual acquirements, that an appeal from its decision has been thought sac-

rilege; and whether answering the great end of education or not, it has become the currency by which to determine the importance of the possessor. Public opinion is powerful we know, especially when uncontrolled; and no wonder that upon this, as upon most other subjects, its mandates should be obeyed, and its influence irresistible. If public opinion has sanctioned a course of education as preparatory to the active stations of life, and upon certain qualifications is made to depend individual success, then no doubt remains of the course to be pursued, to secure public approbation; but if such qualifications shall extend no farther than a nominal superiority, and be found inapplicable to the real duties of life, and not subservient to individual interest in point of merit, such a course should be abandoned.

The prevailing characteristic of education, at the present time, is a broad systematic outline in the old beaten track, embracing far more theory than practice, and much better calculated to command respect by its harmony and arrangement, than by its intrinsic value.

* * *

Society is composed of numerous and distinct professions, each calling into action the exercise of different abilities, whose fitness or unfitness must be determined by their preparatory education; at least its influence extends through life, and is the great agent in forming habits of mind and character. It is true, that some portion of the education of every one must be the same, and whatever be their future destination, their chart and compass must be alike; but there is no propriety in providing a vessel of the same dimensions to coast along the shore of practical life, or supplying it with the same

outfit as one destined to traverse the scientific world on a voyage of discovery, whose success depends upon a favorable coincidence of human ingenuity with the laws of nature.

* * *

Nothing in education is valuable, unless it is applicable in the discharge of our several duties, and made subservient to the great and important purposes of our existence. In the present state of society, no more time is given us for our education, than sufficient to acquaint us with what we are afterwards to pursue; and both should be made to correspond in such a manner, that it would be only the awakening of those powers whose growth shall continue through life.

—

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

—

'DISAPPOINTED authors turn reviewers.'—So says Mr Paine, and I am verily inclined to be of his opinion, for here I have been writing, and writing, ever since I could shape a goose quill to my purpose—but never yet have I been able, either by 'sighs or tears or prayers'—(as Lord Byron says) to get my lucubrations into the columns of a newspaper. Now reader, this is 'passing strange'—for I have written upon all sorts of subjects; I have discussed the presidential question, lauded the diplomatic talents of Mr Adams, changed sides, and huzza'd for General Jackson! I have written poetry to the sun, moon, and stars, and told stories, 'founded on fact,' that were never dreamt of, but in my own garret. Oh, ye Editors! you are a most ungracious set! did ye ever hear the fable of the man, killing a lion? 'there,' said the proud lord of creation,—pointing to a sign post—

VOL. I.

'see what we can do.' 'True,' said the monarch of the wood, 'but if we lions were painters we would show you what we could do!' as it is, we must submit to the brush. D'ye take? I am no printer, therefore the world must continue unenlightened by my corruscations. Meeting with such poor success as an author, I am determined to turn reviewer. If I cannot lop off my own excrescences, I may perhaps amputate those of other people.

A volume has just been handed me, with 'thank you sir for a critical notice.' So here goes.

The work is not very ample, but there appears to be room enough for criticism, and that is sufficient for my purpose. The first poem in the book commences thus:

'Heigh diddle diddle—
The cat 's in the fiddle,
The cow jump'd over the moon!
The little dog barked
To see the sport—
And the dish ran after the spoon.'

We object to the commencement of this poem. 'Heigh diddle diddle,' has probably as much meaning as the *lilla-bul-lero* of 'My Uncle Toby,' or the '*eleu loro*' of Walter Scott, but this, as a chorus, should have closed the stanza; it is like *pie* before *roast beef*.

'The cat 's in the fiddle.'

This is a most beautiful figure! the author does not mean that the real *cat*, in *propria persona*, is embodied in the fiddle—but only by a concatenation of internal associations, the voice of that *nine* lived animal is breathing from its strings. For instance. Horace says, 'Apollo warbled from his heaven strung lyre!' this authority is high enough for the cat and the fiddle.

'The cow jump'd over the moon.'

12

Here, the poet has taken a most unwarrantable license. We know that the cow claims a classical alliance with the moon.—One inspired bard exclaims: 'when rising Cynthia fills her silver horn,' another, 'The moon that rose last night, round as my shield, had not yet filled her horn.' All these shew the legitimate relationship of the cow to the moon; but that *she*, with her ruminating visage and clumsy physical conformation, should actually turn a summerset over that planet, is beyond the reach of human comprehension, and we make bold to say *we do n't believe it!* for we have scarcely ever seen a cow jump *under* the moon, much less *over* it: but we are willing to impute this to the exuberance of poetic fancy.

'The little dog barked to see the sport.'

This is as natural as life itself! *little* dogs always bark louder and longer than great ones, without knowing why, or wherefore.

'The dish ran after the spoon.'

There is an anomaly in this line, that we cannot reconcile—spoons, we know, often run after dishes that are heaped with the good things of this world, but we never before heard of a *good* dish going forth in quest of a spoon.

This book contains several other poems, of a similar character, which our limited page will not allow us critically to review. The poet often exhibits a complexity in his ideas, and an obscurity in his allusions, which leaves us to *guess* his meaning; neither is he so attentive to the rhyme and versification as were Sternhold and Hopkins—for instance, in the third poem:—

'Little Jacky Ginger
Had a wife of silver,
He took a stick
And broke her neck,
And threw her out the window!'

We are not so much pleased with this poem as the first—the rhyme is unpardonably bad—from the first two lines we infer that Mr Ginger married for money! not that his wife actually was a silver woman, but *had cash*; of course, probably there was little love; but then it was a very ungallant action in this gentleman, to 'throw her out the window'—although it is true that ladies who marry fortune hunters, have little better to expect. This author has been writing in masquerade for several years, but we are informed he is now engaged in a work of greater magnitude than the one referred to, and intends to announce himself to the literary world, at the next election or fourth of July dinner, as the author of 'Heigh diddle diddle, &c.' OMEGA.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

'We are but the vendors of other men's goods.'

Miseries of near-sightedness —

1. Meeting a group of ladies in the street—after the most anxious inspection, you determine *she* is not one of them; when you have fairly passed without a bow, you hear the well-known voice, with some such exclamation as this, 'How stupid!—like him!—not I!!' &c.

2. Entering a room full of company, advancing boldly to a group of ladies, with a smile of salutation—find you know none of them—pass another you think are all strangers, and offend your most charming acquaintances—shake hands cordially with a man you never saw before, and look glum on your best friend—search half an hour for the lady of the house, and at last mistake her younger sister for her, not to the content of the latter.

3. The prejudice existing against an eye-glass, so that a man must

carry about a machine on his nose the whole time, or give up seeing any thing.

4. Going to see a fine picture—find, on entering, you have no glasses, and must take up with a blurred confusion of yellow and red, for lights and shadows—a fop acting the connoisseur, and you not able to see and prove his blunders.

5. Riding through pleasant scenery—the objects pass you like the fences and fields in Burger's *Leonora*.

6. The continual appeals made to one by his friends, who never will believe or remember his misfortunes—'what a beautiful prospect, isn't it? How sweetly Mrs L. looks,' &c. to which you can return but a single humiliating chime, 'I'm near-sighted, I don't see well.'

Mathematical Wind.—The late professor Vance, one morning (several trees having been blown down the night previous,) meeting a friend in the walks of St. John's college, Cambridge, was accosted with 'How d'ye do, sir? quite a blustering wind this.' 'Yes,' answered Vance, 'tis a rare *mathematical wind*.' 'Mathematical wind!' exclaimed the other, 'How so?' 'Why,' replied Vance, 'it has extracted a great many roots!'

A Postscript.—Somebody has said that a lady always expresses her mind in a postscript. This is true. The body of a lady's letter is a sort of prelude *overturial* flourish—a preparation for an all-important postscript. Some two years ago, a friend of ours fell in love with a very beautiful and very romantic girl, whose guardian set his ugly face against the wretch. After the ordinary process of anxiety and tribulation, the young gentleman contrived to have a letter put into the hands of his Julia, begging

her to run away with him. She returned an answer of three pages closely written—she talked about cruel fate, aching hearts, tombstones, and willow trees, in a style of unutterable sensibility—but not a word about his request. He read on till he came to the signature 'your broken-hearted Julia,' and was on the point of deciding that Julia was not as wise as she might be, when a little P. S. caught his eye. It was to this effect, that she would be ready to run away with him that evening, in spite of all the guardians in the world.—This was the quintessence of the whole three pages.—*N. Y. Cou.*

Bower of Taste.

Sir Walter Scott.—This literary Hercules—this modern Alexander, seems determined to triumph over the world of letters; he has boasted of the versatility of his powers—and great indeed they are, for he has charmed us, both in poetry and in prose. There are few modern poets, with the exception of Byron and Moore, that can compare with him: and no novels extant that are equal to his. Knowing this, his ambition has become boundless—and like Atlas of old, he has attempted to poise the whole globe of literature upon his shoulders!—but in this he has failed.

Sir Walter Scott is a poet and a novelist of the first order; but he is no historian—no biographer. We attempt not to prove this otherwise than by referring to his *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*. But who could expect that the panegyrist of Lord Wellington would do justice either to the royal, military, or private character of the Emperor of France? The author of *Waverley* has however, this solitary consolation, many great men before him have mistaken their talents. Pope is said to have been more proud of his prose than of his poetic compositions, yet these with the single exception of his letter to

a noble Lord (Bolingbroke,) are nothing in the scale of comparative merit. The *Chronicles of Canongate* is an agreeable parlor book, that may be read with pleasure in course, or occupy a leisure hour without creating any very strong inducements to peruse the whole. There are various opinions respecting this work, but we think it is evident that it was produced with very little labor to the author, and that it is decidedly inferior to the *Tales of my Landlord*.

Tremont Theatre.—*Miss Rock.*—This enchantress of the stage has at length made her appearance on the Tremont boards.—She was greeted on Monday night with the most enthusiastic applause. We know nothing of the means that were used to procure for us this treat, but are happy to learn that the professional talents and private worth of this lady are appreciated as they should be. It is a luxury once more to witness the refinements of the drama. The histrionic powers of this actress are wonderful—there is a fascination in her eye, a deep intensity in the expression of her face when under the influence of passion, that we have never before seen equalled. We hope the manager of this theatre will offer a sufficient inducement to effect a re-engagement.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Miss Rock.—We have not been an unconcerned spectator of the successful efforts made by this highly gifted actress, to establish her fame on the basis of professional merit; nor are we ignorant of her claims to our regard with respect to her moral worth—every candid mind and feeling heart will rejoice at her complete triumph over prejudice and *illiberality*, which the public statements in her justification simply confirm. To the high consideration of her worth may be added, that as a stranger, and as a woman, she had a right, in common courtesy, to the protection of those who invited her to

leave a home where her talents were not *unappreciated*: if this promise was not fulfilled, was she wrong in appealing to the justice of a liberal public?—surely not. Relying on the rectitude of her conduct in relation to her *first* engagement in Boston, and the motives that led to a disunion, she came forward with all the confidence of innocence, before a crowded audience among whom she was led to believe there were many who came with the purpose of *insulting* her. The modest diffidence with which she presented herself, acted as a spell to all opposition, if any existed. The slight *hiss* of *serpent* malevolence, was drowned amid the loud acclamations of welcome, and the reiterated thunder of applause! Regaining her self-possession, she proceeded through her part with all that energy that has ever established her claim to dramatic excellence.

We could with much pleasure expatiate upon the interest she has excited in her various characters, during this short engagement, but her powers are so universally acknowledged that this perhaps would be needless.

At her benefit on Thursday evening, we witnessed with the most heart-felt satisfaction, a brilliant display of beauty, intelligence, and fashion. We record this as an evidence of the high estimation with which the public still regard this dramatic star—and we most fervently hope that the Manager of the Tremont Theatre will use his best endeavors to engage her as a *stationary* attraction. THALIA.

Tribute of Respect.—We are informed that the ladies of Malden, (friends to Mr Green, late minister of that place,) have presented him with a handsome silver pitcher as a tribute of their respect.

A gratuitous Lecture will be delivered at the Athenæum on Monday evening, which will, by the beauty of experiments, be particularly interesting to the ladies.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



PRIZE ADDRESS.

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE SALEM THEATRE,

Feb. 4, 1828.

To call past ages from the sleep of time,
To rouse the dwellers of each voiceless clime,
And bid them stand as once on earth they stood,
To shake the guilty, and to charm the good ;—
To catch the wonders of the present hour,
New grace to Fiction give, to Truth new power,
With Mirth to cheer, with Grief to melt the soul,
And hold each passion in sublime control ;—
For these the Drama rose in ancient days,
And taught her Bards undying strains to raise ;
Bade them unlock the treasures of the mind,
And spread a new creation to mankind.

'T was glorious all! the Muses bless'd the hour,
And pour'd their sweetest songs in dome and bower.
But night at length 'came down'—the night of doom,
That wrapp'd earth's brightest realm in starless gloom.
Round Wisdom's haunts the raven shadows swept,
Art's lovely daughters veiled their heads, and wept ;
From their cold groves the Drama's minstrels fled,
And dulness brooded o'er the living dead.
So tuneless ages roll'd—when, lo! once more
Redeeming Genius sought a happier shore.
Like Mercy's Dove for one green spot he flew,
Nor paus'd, till Ocean's Empress caught his view ;
There his bold eye beheld the promis'd rest,
And Shakespeare's Albion woo'd him to her breast.

Then sang THE BARD! in greatness and in grace,
The Matchless One—th' anointed of his race.
At his command, once more the Drama rose,
To shield fair Virtue, and to shame her foes.
Time bow'd before him, Death resign'd his trust,
Kingdoms came back, and monarchs left the dust ;
All, at his bidding, burst Oblivion's grave.
To warn, to win, to chasten, and to save.

Proud was the lyre beneath its master's hand,
And wrapt the listeners of our Father-land.
Soon from the Old the New World caught the strain,
And hailed on Freedom's shores the Drama's reign :—
From spot to spot the inspiration flew,
And reared at last this vaulted Dome—for You!

For you, ye glad-eyed throngs, who cluster round,
 Where a new home the Drama's sons have found,
 For you,—for you and yours our fane is dressed—
 By you and yours, O may our rites be blessed!
 Pure be the verse that lingers on each tongue,
 Meet for the wise, the beauteous, and the young;
 So parent love shall smile upon the place,
 And gather here the fond ones of his race;
 So all, in pleasure lapped, or lost in wo,
 Shall gaze unfearing, and untainted go.

Come, then! to us, and to yourselves, be just,
 And *bid* the Stage fulfil its glorious trust.
 To this fair Temple as your feet ye turn,
 Let no strange fire to shame its altar burn:
 On you the cherub voice of Goodness calls,
 Rise up her champions, and protect these walls!
 So shall their echoes wake and warm each heart,
 All ill subdue, and all that's good impart;—
 So shall they stand, to holy virtue dear,
 Above all hatred, and above all fear.

THERE IS A VOICE.

There is a voice in the western breeze
 When it floats o'er spring's young roses,
 Or sighs among the blooming trees
 When the spirit of love reposes—
 It tells of the joys of the pure and young,
 E'er they wander life's wildering paths among.

There is a voice in the summer gale,
 Breathing 'mid regions of bloom—
 Or murmuring soft through the dewy vale,
 In twilight's tender gloom—
 It tells of hopes unblighted yet,
 And of hours the heart can ne'er forget!

There is a voice in the autumn blast,
 That wafts the falling leaf—
 When the glowing scene is fading fast,
 (For the hour of bloom is brief:)
 It tells of life—its sure decay,
 And of earthly splendors that pass away!

There is a voice in the wintry storm,
 For the blasting spirit is there,
 Breathing o'er every vernal charm,
 O'er all that was bright and fair—
 It tells of *Death*, or it moans around,
 And the desert hall returns the sound.

But there's a voice—a 'small still voice,'
 That comes when the storm is past;
 It bids the sufferer's heart rejoice,
 In the haven of peace at last—
 It tells of joys beyond the grave,
 Of Him who died a world to save.

AUGUSTA.

TO A STREAM.

Streamlet, that flows by my father's cot,
 Rememb'rest thou him of other years?
 Hast thou all traces of me forgot?
 Am I chang'd by the power of Time and tears?

Thou'rt ever young, and thy rudy hair,
Is as green as it was in olden time;
But mine is whitened by rude despair,
And 'tis pale as the Andes snowy clime.

Dost thou now remember that sportive boy,
That stole from thy margin, bright wild flowers;
Wild as the wildest notes of joy,
Was his laugh in those long long pass'd hours.

* * * *

Manhood has pass'd and age comes on,
And the lone one stands by thy pebbly stream,
Chaunting a garrulous old man's song,
Of a life pass'd by like a sick man's dream.

Yea—on wilt thou run in gladness ever—
Thy course for ages can never close;
Will mine be like thine?—never, oh never!
Then here's to one hour—a near repose.

A repose so deep that the thunder note,
Which wakens the mountain echoes sleep;
Or the sweet songs of music which round it float,
Cannot scare or charm me to wake and weep.

Streamlet flow on—to thy troubled sea,
And take on thy bosom this fading wreath,
Which I fling to thy babbling melody,
The image of life as it floats to death.

EUGENIO.

A LOGOGRIPH.

1. A fairy form, a footstep light,
A dimpled cheek, an eye so bright,
Teeth of pearl and raven hair
And swan-like neck, so stately fair;—
All, all of these will tell you who
Comes hither now to puzzle you;
And why not—when, as poets sing
I'm nothing but a puzzling thing?
But if, at such a bird's eye glance,
To find me out is hard, perchance,
My various parts be pleased to scan,
And then proclaim me—if you can!
2. Within my whole you'll surely see
A partner formed to comfort me,
But one alas! who oft has shown
A strange desire to be alone.
To pass this life from troubles free,
Unfettered by a thing like me.
But pass we on and leave the fool
The comfort of his selfish rule.
3. From me the word you may discover
That damps the joy of yonder lover;
A word though short, which often proves
A *tough* one to the man that loves.
4. And next from me you may derive
A word which marks each hour we live.
When all is hushed, and stilly night
Is sleeping 'neath the stars so bright,
And yonder maiden gently waking,

Opens the lattice, whither breaking,
 A soft, still voice is heard to say—
 'When, love, say, when shall we away?'
 Then—then am I a *word* most sweet,
 Proclaiming that 't is time to meet!

5. And then o'er hill and dale while flying,
 All danger's o'er, and hush'd all sighing,
 Still in my whole there is contained
 A *word* which means—the prize is *gained!*
 And so, when bravely home returning
 The conqueror comes with vict'ry burning,
 'How is the field?'—I still afford
 A noble, animating, *word!*

All these, and more, my name contains;
 Solve this—and take me for your pains!

A—y.

—TI—

(☞ A solution of the above is requested for our next.)

LOVE'S VICTIM.

I look'd upon her polish'd brow,
 And on her beaming eye,—
 And said— is 't possible that thou,
 So beautiful, must die?

Alas! I fear thou must—'tis thus,
 Spring's sweetest blossoms perish!
 And all those joys that bloom'd for us—
 Those hopes we used to cherish,
 Must sleep in the cold grave with thee,
 To wake—but in Eternity!

She was the loveliest of Earth's flowers—
 Till chill'd by Sorrow's blast,
 Till fell Consumption's withering powers,
 O'er her young being past.

* * * * *

Upon a gorgeous couch she slept,
 Serene and calm as Heaven—
 Yet was there proof, that she had wept,
 Like one by anguish riven.

She seem'd a seraph, pure and meek,
 As she lay in her tranquil rest—
 But the pearls of grief were on her cheek,
 And a soft sigh heaved her breast.

There was a smile whose sunny beam
 Spoke of the slumberer's joyous dream!

Uprising from her calm repose,
 She threw a half reproachful glance
 Of mournful tenderness on those
 Who waked her from her bosom's trance—
 Of Love with all its sweet revealings,
 Of ardent hopes and tender feelings.

Such raptures as she used to know,
 E'er treachery seal'd her bosom's woe;
 Alas poor maid thy *Dream is past!*
 The shades of Death are round thee cast!
 Come, faithless love, approach and see,
 The *victim* of thy cruelty.

ROMONT.

Boston:—Printed by Samuel G. Andrews.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



'With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
'We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,'—*Paine.*
The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1828. No. 7.

THE MONTGOMERYSHIRE GHOST.

'In winter nights sit by the fire with good old folks and let them tell these tales.'

To a town not far from Llanfyllin, in Montgomeryshire, a supervisor of excise, named Thomas, was ordered some weeks back to occupy the district of another supervisor, who had been shifted to another station, as is usual with the servants of the excise department;—and having a wife and children, he proceeded first, to select a suitable house for his family. He had never been in Wales before, and, consequently, he met with many inconveniences. The only house vacant, was a large old mansion, which stood in decay at the foot of a mountain; and to this the supervisor was directed, as the only habitable place that was not occupied. On the first view of so large a house, all notion of becoming a tenant was abandoned; but as the place had a mysterious curiosity about it, the mansion being large, the garden being choked with

weeds, the steps leading to the doors moss-grown, several of the windows being broken, and the whole having an air of grandeur in neglect, he was prompted to make inquiries; and an old man, to whom he was referred as being the only owner as long as any neighbor could remember, instantly offered to let him the mansion at the small rent of five pounds a year. The supervisor did not want so large a house; but as he wished to send for his family, and being obliged to put up with lodgings in a trifling ale-house, he thought it was worth while to go over the old pile, and ascertain whether a few rooms could not be fitted up comfortably for his accommodation, while in the discharge of his duty there.—The lowness of the rent of course operated as an additional inducement; and having fixed upon four or five rooms up stairs, he struck

the bargain, got in a few little things until his wife should arrive with all the domestic equipments of a family, and forthwith wrote off for her. The first night of his sojournment he lighted a large fire to dispel the dampness, and having taken his cup of grog, he laid down and enjoyed an excellent night's rest. On his rising in the morning, his first visit was to a barber's shop in the town in order to get shaved, and there several persons inquired most earnestly how he had slept; and when he declared that he had never enjoyed a better night's rest in his life, every one seemed amazed. The mystery was now dispelled, and his eyes were opened by being informed the 'Tee Gwyn' or 'White House,' as the mansion was called, had been haunted for fifty years back. The supervisor laughed at this notion, and avowed his utter disbelief in ghosts. If ever he had experienced a little ticklishness in his nerves, the professional shrewdness usually characteristic of his calling, raised a surmise, that this same lonely house might be a very snug spot for working an illicit *still*; and accordingly, he determined not to be driven out of his new habitation until he ascertained the fact. He spent the greater part of the day in rummaging the vaults and every hiding-place; but without discovering any thing to confirm his suspicions. As night advanced, he threw an extra log on the fire, and having borrowed a chair in the town, he sat himself down before it, ate his bread and cheese, and supped his cup amidst various ruminations. At one time he thought his prospect rather dangerous in the event of his suspicions being true, there being no assistance at hand. He might have his throat cut from ear to ear, and his body thrown into a tub; while his wife and family would be none the wiser.

Fears of the living, more than the dead, flitted in sudden flashes across his brain, and at length he resolved, in case he heard any thing going on; to remain as quiet as possible, and send all the information he could to the heads of his department. He could see by his watch that it was nearly twelve o'clock; but 'Nature's fond nurse' had forsaken him, and he felt no inclination to sleep.

- ' 'Twas, as the watchmen say, a cloudy night:
- ' No moon, no stars,—the wind was low, or loud
- ' By gusts; and while his sparkling hearth was bright
- ' With the pil'd wood, he miss'd his family crowd.'

On a sudden he heard footsteps on the staircase, and he felt his hair lift his hat involuntarily at least an inch off his forehead. His heart fluttered, his logs did not seem to blaze so bright; he listened anxiously, but he heard nothing. After chiding his fancy for frightening him, he mustered courage enough to open the door, which he left in that state, and then betook himself to his couch, after a paralytic sort of a poke at the fire.—Scarce had the first doze relaxed his limbs when he was awakened by a strange clattering on the staircase, as if ten thousand imps were ascending to his room! In the panic of the moment he jumped up, rushed to the landing-place, where he distinctly heard the said imps clatter down the broad stair-case again, making faint shrieking cries, which died away with the sounds of their foot-steps as they seemed to gain the vaults beneath the house. It was now manifest that there were other living tenants in his tenement beside himself; and the remainder of that sleepless night was spent in gloomy conjectures. With painful anxiety did he watch the grey morning

breaking in the east; and when the day burst forth, he commenced a most scrutinizing search every where. Nothing, however, was to be discovered, not even a footstep on the stair-case; and he could have sworn that he really did hear his disturbers ascend towards his room and then depart. On his visit to the town that morning, the previous day's inquiries were repeated; but he strenuously denied having been disturbed, for *fear* he should be thought a coward. Towards the next evening, he determined to ascertain whether any thing really did ascend the stair-case, or whether it was mere fancy; and for this purpose, he spread a thick coat of sand on every step, imagining, shrewdly enough, that, if his tormentors were really substantial, they must leave some tracks behind them. The next night was accompanied by the same extraordinary noises; but the supervisor had provided himself with pistols, and being doubly armed with a lamp also, he proceeded down stairs as hard as he could. — The imps, however, were too nimble for him, and he could not even get a glimpse of them. Again did he search in every hole and corner, disturbing the poor spiders with the blaze of his lamp; and finding his scrutiny in vain, he was retracing his steps, when he recollected the sand, which, in his terrified descent, he had forgotten; when lo! and behold, he perceived some five or six hundred cloven tracks! — They were too small for old devils, and much too large for rats, and therefore he concluded they must be supernatural beings of some sort. The matter assumed rather a serious aspect, and he determined to write to his wife forbidding her arrival until she heard further from him. All the day long his brain was racked by conjectures as to the species of creatures that could

have disturbed his quiet. Fifty times did he conclude that it was perhaps a trick, and as often did he abandon that notion as improbable; but, then he could not account for his not being able to see the authors of the tracks; and forthwith he resolved on another project. He had given up every idea that rats could have made such a noise or tracks so large, but he determined to try if a few rat traps could solve the mystery. Accordingly, he procured six which were all he could get; and on the fourth night carefully set them in a row on one of the steps of the stair-case; so that if the devils ascended in a column he was sure of catching one of them as a curiosity. Still he could not abandon his pistols or his lamp, but he determined to be on guard all night. About the mystic hour of twelve, he again heard the devils jumping or hopping, as it seemed, up the stairs, and while he cocked one of his pistols he heard a trap go off, then another, then another, succeeded by appalling shrieks and the same clattering noise down stairs again. He proceeded to the spot, and there to his infinite astonishment he found, not a devil, not an imp, not any thing supernatural, but *three fine fat rabbits*, caught by the legs in the traps. The simple fact was, that the inhabitants of an adjoining rabbit warren used to make their way up through the sewers into the deserted mansion; and their gambols through the empty rooms first gave rise to the story of the 'Tee Gwy' being haunted. It is needless to add that Mr Thomas forthwith sent for his family, and they now enjoy a house and as many rabbits as they can eat for five pounds a year.

THE FATAL PROMISE.

THERE are few instances in which parental authority is so frequent-

ly exercised, as in that of preventing marriages where pecuniary circumstances render the match imprudent, and perhaps there are none in which the exercise is productive of worse consequences.—The reasons should indeed be cogent, that should justify a parent in exercising more than persuasion where the happiness of a child is completely at stake. The tragic result of such interference it is now our melancholy duty to relate. Mary —, the daughter of a respectable attorney in North Wales, but who is dead, received attentions from two suitors, to one of whom she gave her heart, and would also have accompanied the gift with her hand, but for the interference of her mother, who induced her to accept the addresses of a Mr. P—, a much wealthier, and in the eyes of Mrs. — a more eligible match. This teasing caused the young lady to regard the unfavored lover with still greater dislike, which increased to hatred on his persevering in his addresses; after which she threw herself so far on his generosity as to confess her attachment to his rival, and to beg him to be content with her friendship. Matters stood thus for some months, when the mother was seized with illness, which terminated fatally. In her dying hour, her daughter was by her bed side, and she wrung from the weeping girl a promise, that she would give her hand to Mr. P—, who was now to her a most loathsome object. She gave the promise required, and from that hour her countenance was never once illumined by even a transitory smile. She had one last interview with the object of her fondest affections.

What passed is, and ever must be unknown; but as soon as it was over, he was observed to quit the house like a maniac, and she

was discovered by her domestics in strong hysterics. A day or two afterwards, she sent for the man with whom her fate was to be united, and appointed the day for the wedding. It arrived, and she proceeded to the church; the pallid hue of death sat on her countenance. She refused the aid alike of her bridegroom and the bridesmaids—she walked alone with measured steps to the church door, where she paused, and glanced her eyes towards her mother's tomb. She then entered the church, and the ceremony was performed. On leaving the sacred pile, she informed her husband that she would require one day to calm her spirits; and that therefore she must be permitted to remain alone until the next morning. The arrangement was assented to; and after the bridal feast was over, the husband returned to his own house. Early the next morning, however, he repaired to claim his bride; but she had saved herself from further persecution—he discovered her laying a pallid corpse in her bed. A bottle of laudanum, which he found by her bed side, revealed the whole of the horrible and unwelcome truth—she had drunk the poison. The unfortunate lover has not yet been heard of.

Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you of it?—*Hamlet*.

ONE of the most striking effects which the progress of philosophy has produced upon the mind of man, is exhibited in the diminished influence of fancy and imagination over the faculties of reason and judgment. In ancient times, this power seems to have exercised an almost unlimited sway over the wise and ignorant, the great and low. Notwithstanding all the refinement of the Grecian republics and the Roman commonwealth, the peasant and philosopher to a

certain degree submitted or professed to submit to the prevailing superstitions. In those days the woods were peopled with the Fauns and Dryads; the rivers were the favorite resort of Naiads and Potamides, Manes, the departed spirits of unburied warriors were roving over marshes and forests, and the very habitations of men were consecrated as the residence of some propitious deity. But Jupiter has lost his sceptre; Apollo his harp; the Sun, though he ceases not to cheer us with his beams, is deprived of the attendance of the Hori, and thunder is no longer regarded as an indication of the displeasure of the gods. Even the fairies and geniis of our more immediate progenitors have lost their influence over the mind, and are content to dwell in their own airy and chrystal habitations, the castles of the imagination. We leave to the fancy of the poet, to indulge in such like dreams; to sing of the golden feathered bird, the wand of the magician, and the potent spell of the enchantress. The novelist too has full license to amuse us with haunted castles, his desolate and dreary subterranean apartments, his moonlight tripping fairies, fainting ladies in pages' dresses, and ghosts that can walk through stone walls without opposition. We poor mortals of the 19th century are condemned to drag out a dull existence, without having a single dilapidated castle to frighten us in our midnight perambulations, without encountering a single band of condottieri in our journeys—without so much as seeing a ghost! The romantic *Isabella* sighs in vain for the days of chivalry, when knighted men could rescue distressed damsels; the sentimental *Chloe* in vain longs for that innocent time, when shepherdesses reclined in sweet simplicity upon the banks of roses, and

breathed their tender and artless lays. The accomplished *Wilhelmina* weeps to think that no generous and noble Delville, Orville, or Umphrville, who is the protegee of some distinguished lord, but proves to be his actual and legal son, whispers the tale of love into her gently averted ear. Even *Mistress Alice*, though she has been promoted by the Great Unknown, from her situation as confidential maid, to be the gentle, the sweet *Alice*—to heroine herself—has together with her improved condition, lost, utterly lost, her power of relating horrible and heart-rending tales of her dear old master, long dead and buried in the family vault. Such are the inevitable effects of civilization! Such the degeneracy of modern days!

—
FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

MRS WARE,—If it is not an editorial secret, pray inform me of what sex is your correspondent X.

I have been puzzling my brains about it for a whole week, and have at length decided upon woman—and what is more, reader, between you and I, (I ought to have said *entres nous*) I do verily believe she is an *old maid*! not one of your pretty, mild, sentimental ladies, who having buried her first love, has remained single from choice—but a very *Zantippe*, one who would scratch and cuff us into matrimony if she could, and comb our wigs for us if she should succeed.

Now I am old bachelor of the first water, though not of the highest polish, which may be accounted for by coming too often in contact with some of the rough ones of our fraternity, who glory in their native rust—

'Oh! the joys of a bachelor's life.'

To walk about free and untrammelled by female restrictions! and

when I slip on my surtout after tea to have no anxious fair one hanging on my arm, with 'where are you going love?' I am welcomed at our whist clubs, as a knowing one, and at dinner parties, as a *bonne vivante*—and when I choose to make my bow in a lady's drawing room, I can discover by many a blush and sly glance that the old bachelor is not an unwelcome guest, for I always contrive to make myself useful in some way or other—for instance, I am often appointed to hold sewing silk for the pretty creatures, and am repaid for my trouble by observing the grace with which they wind it from my extended hands. Sometimes I am preferred to the honor of turning the leaves of a music book for *two hours* together at the piano of a pretty miss, who having been requested to favor the company with a tune, chooses to evince her liberality by going through the whole 'Logerian system!' When I find any little girls or boys that have accomplished sisters, I generally pave my way to their good graces with peppermints and sugar-plumbs to the little ones, who fail not to laud my generosity on all occasions.

On a moonlight evening (for I am very romantic) I often go on serenading parties. I have an old guitar with three strings, which I attach to my neck with a ribbon of ethereal blue, (like the hero of Lalla Roohk) this I *thrum* most manfully in full chorus, not caring to perform in solo. I board with an old widow who has two or three clever daughters—now this does not mean any thing, only that I have plenty of attention of all sorts and kinds, always a hot muffin at my plate whenever I choose to appear at the breakfast table, which sometimes is rather late, and if I happen to make a grimace in turning my head, I may prepare myself to be suffocated

with flannel and vinegar for a week to cure the rheumatism. I at least have no occasion to mend my own 'night cap and stockings.' I assure you Marm X. they are darned and patched to my heart's content, by every member of the family, so you plainly perceive you must abandon your levelling system, and allow us our proper distinctions, for there are as many classes of *us*, as there are of *you*.

Mistress X. yours, but not *forever*,
Y. Z.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

I AM a professed worshipper of nature. As soon as spring arrives, that season of joy and hilarity, I retire from the city, glad to be relieved from the pomp and circumstance attending fashionable life, and hasten to partake of the pure and simple blessings of nature with the eagerness of one who is just emancipated from a splendid prison where he had been deprived of nothing but liberty, and the privilege of being sometimes alone.

The quiet of rural life is more conducive to reflection—more favorable to study, than the bustle of the city, even though we mix not in the busy affairs of men. In the former, the volume of nature is expanded before us, and we raise our eyes to the blue arch above us in silent adoration of that power 'which guides a comet, while it moulds a tear;' and we survey the vast panorama of creation stretching along the horizon, enraptured with its sublimity and beauty. It is *here* that man feels his intellectual importance—this is the school of the philosopher, and the theatre of the poet. In the latter, we luxuriate in the regions of art,—and yield ourselves to the illusions of fancy and imagination. We are amused awhile with the fictions of the stage, or dazzled with the splen-

dor of the ball-room, but the spirit soon becomes weary of these superficial pleasures; they leave no impressions on the mind worth retaining, and in proportion as we advance in life, their vanity becomes more obvious. K.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

THERE was not in the whole village of ——— a prettier dwelling than that of the widow Wilson. Strangers who passed along the road frequently stopped to admire its neatness. The walls were kept nicely whitewashed, and the luxuriant honey-suckle and woodbine half hid the bright windows; the little green before the door was always neat, and the sweet-brier, clambering over the low paling gave to the little enclosure an air of rustic gaiety. It was a sweet little spot in summer; and in winter it was not destitute of beauty.

The widow had lived there in the life time of her husband; there she had reared a family of two sons and a daughter, all good and affectionate; there all her happiest days had been passed; but the scene was now changed. The affectionate husband was taken off by a sudden illness, soon after, their eldest son, inclined to a roving life, had left them to go to sea; the other soon followed his father to the grave. The widow bore these heavy bereavements as became a Christian. She now lived in the cottage with her only daughter Lucy, now about eighteen—the pride and solace of her mother, and the darling of all who knew her. Lucy Wilson was indeed a sweet girl, and her cheerful piety, affectionate cares, and unwearied industry, soothed and sustained her bereaved parent. In the long winter evenings she used to read or sing to her mother; it was she who in summer kept their little garden so neat, and trained the

honey-suckles and woodbines around the windows; her smiling countenance always cheered her mother's heart, and notwithstanding their heavy bereavement, the widow and her Lucy strove against the melancholy that sometimes oppressed them, and with humble piety bowed to the will of their father in heaven.

Lucy Wilson was not without admirers among the young men of the village. She was courteous and friendly to all, but her heart in all its native innocence and truth was given to William Hammond. William had loved Lucy even in their school days, and nothing but his poverty prevented their being united. He was the whole support of his widowed mother, and fortune had not smiled upon his honest endeavors to obtain a competence sufficient to enable him to claim the hand of his fond and gentle Lucy. It is true he had often urged her to marry, telling her that heaven would bless his endeavors, and that he should be able to keep want from the door. But Lucy listened to the prudent advice of her mother, and smiling, bade him wait for better times.

It was on a wet evening in the beginning of winter—Lucy had kindled a cheerful fire in their little sitting room. William had called in, as was his custom, to spend an hour with them, and was reading to them a book which he had brought for that purpose. The story was a sad one—a narrative of shipwreck! The mother thought of her absent son, from whom she had not heard in two years: he might be at that moment struggling with the waves, or cast unfriended on a desert shore; or he might, long ere then, have been consigned to a watery grave. Unable to restrain her feelings, she burst into tears—Lucy threw herself upon her mother's bosom and

wept aloud:—William soothed their sorrow; spoke of the probability of Charles returning to his home; of the care of a merciful providence, and the duty of resignation. Suddenly a quick hand opened the little gate—a rap came to the door. It was opened, and a man in seaman's dress stood before them.—The widow, with a scream of joy, recognised her son, and she and Lucy were alternately clasped in the arms of the honest sailor. All was joyful confusion; tears and smiles were mingled; Charles had his tales of peril and hardship to recount, but first his affectionate heart unburthened itself in tears for the death of his father and brother. Long after these events the tidings had reached him in a distant port, and he had hastened home to comfort and support his widowed parent.

Charles had not returned poor to his native village. His gains had been considerable, and he gladdened the hearts of Lucy and William, by the assurance that there now need be no obstacle to their union. Neither did the village boast of a gayer bridal, the honest sailor felt his heart bound with joy at having been the instrument of promoting their happiness, and his hard earned gains were freely expended to deck the lovely bride. The widow and her son, with William and his Lucy, and his aged mother, inhabit the neat little cottage, and a happier family never existed. The honest sailor amuses himself by working in their little garden, and twining the woodbine and honeysuckle round the walls of their dwelling; planting flowers around the green yard, or in telling long stories of toils and dangers at sea, always ending them with a fervent thanksgiving that he had quitted a roving life, and was enabled to live with comfort and happiness in the home of his

childhood. The widow lived to a good old age, rejoicing in the happiness of her children, and acknowledging that, although our heavenly Father sees fit to chastise his children, he does it in love; and that, even in this world, piety and resignation sometimes meet their reward.

[COMMUNICATED.]

RATIONAL LOVE.

WE all know the power of beauty, and to render it permanent, and make human life more happy and agreeable, it must have the beauties of the mind annexed. For, as Dr. Blair very justly observes, 'feeble are the attractions of the fairest form, if nothing *within* corresponds to the pleasing appearance *without*. *Love and marriage* are two words much spoken of, but seldom found united. To be happy in the choice of the fair one we admire, is to cultivate that regard we experience for her, into lasting esteem. The connubial state was certainly designed to heighten the joys, and to alleviate the miseries of mortality. To cherish and admire her, who came into your arms, the object of joy and pleasure; and to comfort the same dear object of your affection when the clouds of adversity surround her. Happy within yourself, and happy in your connections, you ought to look up to the Author of all good gifts, and give him praise in the liveliest hour of social enjoyment.' What avail all the pleasures of this sublunary state, if, when we shift the flattering scene, the man is unhappy, where happiness should begin, *at home!* An uninterrupted interchange of mutual endearments, among those of his family, imparts more solid satisfaction, than outward show with inward uneasiness. Love is a tender and delicate plant; it

must be guarded from all uncongenial blasts, or it will droop its head and die. To enliven our hours, to pass our life agreeably, let us enrich our mental soil, for this, joined with love, will for ever adorn this happy state. A young lady, being asked her opinion of love, said, 'If youth and beauty are the objects of your regard, *love*, founded on youth and beauty, cannot possibly endure longer than these last. Love should be sincere and generous, as Heaven first inspired it, and courtship void of mean dissimulation. But love, at this time of day, is raising the imagination to expectations above nature, and laying the sure foundation of disappointments on both sides, when Hymen shifts the scene.' Love, then, according to this amiable young lady's opinion, is a *passion founded on esteem*. A sincere regard for the object of our affections, joined with a love the most pure, rational, and dignified.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

'We are but the venders of other men's goods.'

Grand Fancy Ball in Philadelphia.—The assemblage consisted of between three and four hundred persons, selected from the *supreme bon ton* of that city, (the greatest precaution having been taken to secure a salutary exclusion.) The most splendid and becoming costumes that could be procured, were displayed by the wearers to the greatest advantage, either in promenading or in dancing to cotillions executed by an orchestra of seventeen musicians in a room, in which the effects of eight hundred lights produced a brilliancy calculated to eclipse the sun himself, when under the influence of one of his most sublime efforts. To those unaccustomed to sights similar to that presented on this occasion (and we presume it was familiar

to none, it being the first attempt of the kind in this country) the illusion of being suddenly transported to some region of fancy land was complete. For a long time scarcely a syllable escaped from the lips around, which wreathed the most soul speaking smiles of delight; but after the overwhelming impression of the entree had subsided, the time thus lost was soon made up for, and the dancing which now commenced continued with the greatest spirit until near five o'clock in the morning, although the hour of assembling, at half past eight o'clock, was at the request of the managers, punctually adhered to.

Among the dresses of the gentlemen, the most admired, was one consisting of a white satin tunic and waistcoat, with a chaste embroidering of gold, with cap and plumes, sword and shoes corresponding. Lord Leicester, to whom our readers have been formerly introduced in Kenilworth, was so accurately represented in costume, manner and tout ensemble, as almost to transport the beholder, in idea, into the actual presence of his lordship. It was gratifying to observe, that amidst all this scene of gaiety and thoughtlessness, the profound scholastic character of the present day was very ably represented and sustained under the garb of a Cambridge student, who had every appearance of being equally accustomed to the society of peers and proctors—the halls of the great, and the cloisters of the university.

If I allowed myself to listen to the dictates of my gallantry, by alluding to the ladies, who of course constituted the essential charm of the evening, I ought not to omit mentioning the bewitching enchantment of all, from sultanas to shepherdesses; but I dare not enter into the description; although

I cannot pass over in silence the 'Fairy of the Star,' who was perfectly divine, and seemed—no, not seemed, but actually did, glide through the mazes of the dance resting on the thin air alone, supported by her beautiful wings and subduing all around by the magical enchantment of her star-spangled wand—at least so it appeared to me.

No person was admitted into the room but in costume, an indispensable requisition towards the success of the entertainment. A number of ladies who did not choose to participate in the revel, were admitted to the orchestra as spectators, where the attraction of the scene detained them to the excessive disappointment of those to whom a transfer of tickets had been promised.—*Eve. Post.*

A Yankee in Charleston, some ten years ago, advertised a theatrical entertainment, consisting of a farce in one act, entitled 'The cat let out of the bag.' A large audience assembled, and waited in anxious expectation; at last, in walked the actor with a bag in his hand. He laid down the bag, unfixed it, and clapping his hands cried *scat*, and out jumped a cat. Some uproar ensued. He made a speech—'Have I not,' said he, 'fulfilled the promise of the advertisement? Is not this a farce—is it not in one act—is not the cat let out of the bag?' So saying, he marched off with the cash in his pocket.

The newspapers have greatly contributed to enrich the English language. We shall shortly have, thanks to the gentlemen of the press, a pretty, delicate, idiomatic turn of speech for all the principal affairs of life. Thus, a widow is a 'fair relict'; a young woman making her *debut* at a police office, is 'an interesting female.' Former-

ly, a criminal used to be *hanged*; but now he is 'launched into eternity.' A man was sometimes drowned in olden times; but this never occurs now: he may indeed, be 'immersed in the liquid element till the fire of life be extinguished.' When a man fell down in a fit, a surgeon used to be sent for; but now 'medical aid is said to be in attendance;' should he die before the surgeon comes, 'the vital spark had fled.' In the time of our plain spoken ancestors, horses and cattle were sometimes *killed* by lightning; but they are now 'struck by the electric fluid.' Again; a ship used to be *launched*—but there is nothing of the kind now. 'We are losing all our amusements,' as Crockery has it: the ship now 'glides majestically into her native element,'—in which *native* element, by the way, she never was before. In old fashioned times bridegrooms and brides used to be married—We are really quite ashamed to say there is no such thing as marriage now—the bride is 'led to the hymenial altar.' The wedding guests sometimes danced in the evening; but now no one dances—there is no such thing—we 'trip it lightly on the gay fantastic toe.'

Suicide.—The Macon Telegraph states that a young lady belonging to an adjoining county, of respectable connexions, had her affections won, and won only to be slighted by a perfidious lover—with too much pride to sue for a breach of promise, and too much feeling to forget the injury—determined on self-destruction. Accordingly, a few nights ago, she left the roof of her parents, and threw herself into the current of the Towilaga. Being missed in the morning by her friends, her foot-prints were traced to the fatal stream; and after diligent search her body was

found, composed in its last sleep, in the bed of the river—her cloak wrapped around her face and clenched in her two hands across her breast. The remains were decently interred.

A pretty woman, who was tediously loquacious, complained one day to Madame de Sevigne that she was sadly tormented by her lovers. 'Oh, Madame,' said Madame de Sevigne to her, with a smile, 'it is very easy to get rid of them; you have only to speak.'

The empress of Germany asked a French officer if the Princess Royal of France was, as the world reported her, the most beautiful woman in Europe: 'I thought so yesterday,' replied the polite Frenchman.

The Irish ANACREON, Mr Moore, stands on the Olympus of Fame—he is the admired laureat of love—the incomparable satyr of tender passions—the duly elected minstrel for celebrating the triumphs of liberty; there is a grace and a pathos in the poetry that wraps the mind in the 'Joy of Grief,' and awakens the slumbering sensibility of the soul. In his melodious stanzas, intellectual gems glitter, beauties smile, loveliness displays her natural charms to captivate the senses, while the fascinating excellence of his diction rises like a 'tree of knowledge,' arrayed with mellow fruits and fragrant blossoms. As a lyric poet he certainly has no superior. His fertile genius glowing with ethereal fire, pursues a new pathway in passion's fairy ground; through the flowery mazes of which it wanders, in majestic dignity, like a chosen celestial spirit approaching elysium, without being followed even by the hope, of an earthly competitor. His songs have a

charm for patriotism and the ear of freedom, through the national application of his matchless lyrical talents to themes of woe and suffering virtue—dedicated in filial tenderness to the wrongs and sorrows of his native land.

When Dr Johnson courted Mrs Porter, whom he afterwards married, he told her 'that he was of mean extraction; that he had no money, and that he had an uncle hanged!' The lady, by way of reducing herself to an equality with the Doctor, replied, 'that she had no more money than himself; and that, though she had not a relation hanged, she had *fifty who deserved hanging.*'

Fancy Ball Dress.—A petticoat of white crepe-lisse, over white satin; the petticoat of crape, bordered with three rouleaux of shaded blue satin, ethereal-blue, and mazarine. Corsage of ethereal-blue satin; from the small of the waist depend tunique ornaments; that which is partly in front is of crepe-lisse, edged round with two rouleaux, the same as those on the skirt; behind fall two broad tunique ends of ethereal-blue satin, with a narrow ornament of a mazarine-blue, in velvet. The sleeves short, and almost close to the arm, edged round next the elbow with a ruche of tulle. The corsage laces up the front, discovering a small portion of the white satin slip underneath; a chemisette tucker of white crepe-lisse, edged with narrow blond, confines the bust. The hair is divided in front, and arranged on each side in very full clusters of curls, very short at the ears. A blond cap a la Marie Stuart, is placed (on each side) very backward, and is of blond. On the right side is a full bouquet of tuberoses, without foliage. Placed quite at the back of the head is a

transparent crape hat a la bergere. The ear pendants are of wrought gold. The necklace of turquoise beads, with a gold cross and heart a la Jeannette. The bracelets are of turquoise beads and are worn over the long gloves; they are fastened by a pearl brooch. On the left side of the bust is a full bouquet of tuberoses. The shoes are of black satin, with small gold or diamond buckles.—*World of Fashion.*

The following true account of a young lady who was supposed by her friends to be dead, shews the danger of premature interment. She had long been confined by a nervous disorder, and at length to all appearance was deprived of life.

Her face had all the character of death—her body was perfectly cold, and every other symptom of death was manifested. She was removed into another room, and placed in a coffin. On the day fixed for her funeral, hymns, according to the custom of the country, were sung before the door; but at the very moment when they were going to nail down the coffin, a perspiration was seen upon her skin, and in a few minutes it was succeeded by a convulsive motion in the hands and feet. In a few moments she opened her eyes, and uttered a piercing scream. The faculty were instantly called in, and in the space of a few days her health was completely re-established.—The account which she gave of her situation is extremely curious. She said that she appeared to dream that she was dead, but that she was sensible to every thing that was passing round her, and distinctly heard her friends bewailing her death; she felt them envelope her in the shroud, and place her in the coffin. This sensation gave her extreme agony, and she attempted to speak, but her soul

was unable to act upon her body. She describes her sensations as very contradictory, as if she was and was not in her body at one and the same instant. She attempted in vain to move her arms, to open her eyes, or to speak. The agony of her mind was at its height when she heard the funeral hymn, and found that they were about to nail down the lid of the coffin. The horror of being buried alive gave a new impulse to her mind, which resumed its power over its corporeal organization, and produced the effects which excited the notice of those who were about to convey her to a premature grave.'

Bower of Taste.

JAMES G. BROOKS.

WE copy with pleasure the following interesting article from the New York Mirror. It is written with the characteristic modesty of true genius, and with all that point and spirit that has ever distinguished the writings of Mr Brooks. It appears that the editor of the Mirror, wishing to embellish his pages with and biography of this celebrated poet, having failed in his endeavors to collect information from other sources, politely requested from him *his life*, (no inconsiderable demand.) That gentleman's answer will be more acceptable than any thing else that we can offer on the subject.

MR MORRIS,

'*My Dear Sir*—You request me to furnish you with my 'life.' I would cheerfully comply, were it practicable; but the truth is, *I have no life*. Understand me, I am not defunct, departed the flesh; I am still one of those of whom it may be said, *est*, not *fuit*. But I mean that I have met with nothing on earth worthy of being woven into a biography. The only event of any moment to me is

my birth, and this happened *Sept. 3d*, 1801. I grew up as children usually grow; went to school, academy, and college, at the proper times; was whipped through the first, studied through the second, and was lectured through the third, in the customary style. Hundreds and thousands have gone through the same course, in which there is nothing worthy of being recorded—nothing to touch the sentimental, attract the romantic, or instruct the observant. I have since toiled through the ponderous tomes of the law, and I am—an editor. What I may be, heaven only knows.

'Now, in all this, there is nothing that can be made interesting, in the shape of a biography. As to the place of my birth, I honor it more than it honors me. It bears the anti-romantic name of Red-Hook, and is to be found on the banks of the Hudson river, in Dutchess county.—The house is a respectable old mansion, and, like Halleck's Fanny, 'was younger once,' than it is now; but this gives me little concern, as neither myself nor mine have had any property in it for twenty years. Of the inhabitants of the adjoining village I know nothing, and they know nothing of me. At an early age, I left the fine old groves and shady hills of my birth-place, and passed my youth at Poughkeepsie, a town with a rough name, and rougher inhabitants. I owe it neither love nor money, and, whatever may occasion my death, it will not be a '*maladie du pays*.' For some years past I have been a denizen of this city, and here, if it be agreeable to my destiny, I intend to remain, during my natural life.

'You will see, my dear sir, the utter impossibility of *concocting* a biography out of such an every-day sort of life, destitute, as it is, of love adventures, and mischances, broken hearts, or broken heads. It is idle to attempt the conversion of an ordinary current into a mountain stream, or to manufacture great incidents and starting

events out of an ordinary existence. How then can I give you any thing in the shape of what is usually called biography? I know of no single event of my life that might interest others or myself. Consequently there is nothing deserving of reminiscence. With this apology, I am, my dear sir, your most obedient servant.

JAMES G. BROOKS.

New York Mirror and Ladies' Gazette.—Great credit is due to the enterprising editor of this interesting miscellany, for the indefatigable exertions which he has so successfully made to support its claims to literary distinction. In typographical beauty it is superior to most papers of its class, and the variety contained in its pages, shews him to be an excellent caterer for public taste. His selections are judicious, and the original matter is generally spirited and entertaining. Encouraged by the extensive patronage it has received, he has been induced to increase its value by embellishing it quarterly with an original engraving;—the last representing nine of our most celebrated poets was received with pleasure by the admirers of their talents. We recognise in these the resemblance of Messrs Brooks, Woodworth, and Bryant, the Rev. Mr Pierpont, and Dr Percival.—That of Charles Sprague, Esq. is less striking than the others; of the rest we cannot judge, having never seen the originals, but they are said to be as correct likenesses as are generally rendered in miniature. We have been favored with several other valuable periodicals from the emporium of taste and fashion, which although perhaps equal in point of literary merit, are not so happily adapted to engage the attention of the ladies, as is the *New York Mirror*.

The *Philadelphia Souvenir* is an interesting publication. We have seen some beautiful poetry in its pages. The last number contains a finely executed en-

graveing of Yale College with a sketch of its early history. We are also much pleased with the *Philadelphia Album*; its picturesque vignette gives it a tasteful appearance, which is emblematic of its pages. The *Ariel*, also, is a welcome visitor to a 'ladies' bower.'

American Journal of Education.—

We cannot forbear expressing our hopes that this valuable publication will be continued to us. The subject which it embraces is of the highest importance to the community at large, as it suggests many useful hints on education applicable to every sphere in life. All those who direct the studies of youth, or are otherwise concerned in the arduous duties of education, should possess this work which will essentially benefit them as well as those who may be entrusted to their care. The free and perspicuous style with which this subject is discussed, and the clear and solid arguments used to prove its utility, from being easily understood, render the *Journal of Education* interesting to readers of every class.

Original Anecdotes.—A lady in the country wishing to procure an ever-pointed pencil, requested a young farmer who was going to Boston, to buy her one.—Fearing he might make a mistake, she described it as a pencil that would always last without cutting. Just as Nathan had accomplished his business and was about leaving the city, he recollected his commission, and stepping into a bookseller's store told him he wanted to get a kind of pencil for a lady, but he had forgotten the name of it. Several common ones were shewn him, but these he *guessed* would not do. After a moment's suspense, he suddenly snapped his fingers with 'Zounds! I've got it—Mister I want a silver pointed ternal pencil that will last forever!'

A fashionable belle walking out to make some new year calls, happened to recollect that she wished to add some trifles

to her dressing case, and stepped into a store to procure them. After making her purchase, she slipped the articles into her indispensable and proceeded to make her visits. Having exhausted all her cards, she returned home, but on searching for the articles she had purchased, what was her *horror* at discovering that she had left a very nice *ivory comb* in the room of a *card* with some of her friends! This was probably received as a new year's gift, though rather an uncommon one.

Tremont Theatre.—Mr Wallack of the New York theatre made his first appearance on Monday night in the character of Rolla, in which he is said to be second to no one that has ever performed in that part. Since which he has appeared in Count de Valmont, Iago, and Sir Edward Mortimer. He has each night attracted a respectable house. We are happy to see Mr Blake restored to public favor—his address to the audience, although spirited, was respectful. It is true that any difficulties that may arise between the managers of a theatre should be adjusted by themselves, and the grievances of actors should never, if possible, transpire beyond the green room.

Exhibition Ball.—Mr Parks' splendid Exhibition Ball took place on Thursday, the 7th inst. and the number and respectability of the spectators shew the high regard which the public entertain for the professional talents, and private worth, of this gentleman. The Garden dance is admirably calculated to display the graceful evolutions of the waltz; when perfectly formed, it represented a bower of roses. Many of the children have made great proficiency under the tuition of Mr Parks, and did honor to his exhibition.

To Readers and Correspondents.

An original tale is received; also W. Romont will receive a note by applying at the office of the Bower.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



CHARMANT RUISSEAU.

As sung by M. Armand of the Theatre Francais, Paris.

(Translated from the French.)

Thy banks, charming river, no longer shall prove,
The throne which my heart once devoted to love;
For now, as thy waters flow plaintively by,
Each morning and evening, thou hearest my sigh!

Charming River.

Thou hast witness'd how fondly my Eleanor loved,
But oh! I will teach ye how faithless she proved:
More wayward and false was the heart she gave,
Than the varying course of your sparkling wave,

Charming River.

On thy banks she confess'd that she loved me alone,
But her sigh, and her vow with the zephyr are flown,
Oh! that the zephyr could bear from my heart
Its sorrows! oh! thou couldst thy coldness impart,

Charming River.

But years shall roll on! and thy beautiful wave,
As brightly shall glide to its flower-woven shore—
When this heart and its sorrows are low in the grave,
And the bard of thy banks is remembered no more!

Charming River.

AUGUSTA.

TO ICHABOD.

Yes, I would follow thy roving bird,
Over yon boundless sea—
Where nought but the spirits' song is heard,
In joyous revelry!

Would I were there, in thy 'gem-lit grot,'
Embossom'd in the wave,
Forgetting all—by all forgot—
Even him whose love once gave

A sunny radiance to those hours,
That never can return:
For I have buried memory's flowers,
Within my heart's cold urn!

I would not bear one trace of earth,
To cloud that blissful isle—
No, not one hope of human birth,
Not one illusive smile

But calmly, in my ocean cave,
 I'd hold communion sweet,
 With those bright forms, that o'er the wave,
 Their moonlight vigils keep.
 While far from every human care—
 From all life's sorrows free ;
 My vesper hymn, and morning prayer,
 Should both ascend for thee.

OPHELIA.

The following lines were written by a favorite, though an unfortunate son of the muses; they were occasioned by seeing two little girls frolicing in a flower garden, and were found deposited in a rose bush.

Sweet playful sisters—twins of joy!
 Pure hearts with guiltless pleasures beating—
 My fate withhold unblest alloy,
 Nor cloud the morn of youth so fleeting.

While pleased I see those cherub forms,
 Thus gambol, innocently sportive—
 I breathe a prayer that no rude storms
 Will make their budding hopes abortive.

Happy the favor'd youth for whom
 Alone those lips shall smile so sprightly,
 For them life's sweetest flowers shall bloom,
 O'er them shall gladness beam most brightly.

Life's a dull dance—yet stepp'd with you,
 T'would move to notes of livelier measure ;
 And heavy care would alter too,
 And take the silken wings of pleasure.

Who that enjoy'd yon seraph's smiles,
 Would ever sigh at fortune's frowning ?
 Who would not court cares and toils,
 Which you with such rewards were crowning ?

When grief's hard frost descends on man,
 The genial stream of life congealing ;
 You, lovely charmers, only can
 Restore his frozen heart to feeling.

o*****.

B-y the charms of intelligence drawn,
 O! let us repair to the ' Bower,'
 W-hich woman has toil'd to adorn
 E-nriching with fancy's power.
 R-ound our hearts she has twin'd a bright wreath
 O-f purity, virtue and love,
 F-or her will we fervently breathe,
 T-he prayer which we offer, above.
 A-gain then our faith we'll renew,
 S-o attractive is woman's power ;
 T-hough smiles and vows oft are untrue,
 E-ver dear will we cherish her ' Bower.'

The following solution of the logograph that appeared in our last number, was politely handed us by a friend.

1. WOMAN.
2. —MAN.
3. — " — " NO.
4. — " — " NOW.
5. — " — " WON.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



'With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
'We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,'—*Paine*.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1828. No. 8.

ANTONIO—OR, THREE WEEKS' HAPPINESS.

ANTONIO was one and twenty years of age, of a robust habit of body and an impetuous fervor of mind. His education had been conducted on the broadest plan and with the most scrupulous care, he was deeply learned in the accumulated wisdom of sterling writers, accomplished in all the refined acquirements of the age, and possessed a heart not closed against the more delicate sentiments of our nature. The family, however, of which he was a descendant, was now in the decline from its meridian splendor. It was an ancient and respectable branch, long resident in a mansion-house known as the central point of the surrounding district; but the ordinary signs of hereditary wealth were now retrenched, some parts of the hall were vacated and closed up, and the lectures of the private tutor who had in-

structed Antonio, were exchanged for the method of a public school. Still the present possessor of the property had means which prudence made sufficient for the purposes of genteel retirement; the reduction of his fortunes was but little obvious to his neighbors, and the strictest management was observed for securing the continuance of his son's education on a suitable scale of liberality. Under these circumstances Antonio, though well stored with instruction, was not brought up with high expectations. His father, with the greatness of a self-denying spirit, had long expelled the demon of discontent that tortured his breast on this account; but Antonio suffered his youthful mind to brood over the unsubstantial gifts of fortune, and to feed on imaginary dreams of riches placed beyond his reach. There was no

want of necessity in social or moral life, which did not in his idea resolve itself into the want of money; and, possessed of that, he fancied there was no delight in the fairy circle of pleasures that would not lie prostrate at his feet. Under the influence of these notions, the first sensations of his breast were corrupted into covetousness, and he looked at every object with the eye of a man who felt envious of its possession, and stung with the consciousness of the obstacles that forbade his attaining it.

One day, when fatigued with walking in the garden, and overcome by the summer's heat, he retired into the arbor at the extremity of the walk, threw himself, in a fit of dejection, upon one of the benches, and gave utterance to the discontented thoughts of his bosom, in these words. 'O Antonio, thou art pining here under the heavy cold hand of pecuniary restriction, and art wasting thy energies in a situation that smothers thy aspirings. Why was I gifted by nature with this requisite sense of pleasure, this ambition for distinction, this thirst for independence, unless they were intended to be gratified or designed for my torment? With fortune what could I not effect? I have talents, I have information, I have a taste for the elegant and genteel; I think that with riches I could live in happiness with moderation and dignity. At present what situation is more miserable than mine, to be condemned to draw my little span in absence from the gaieties of active life, and in the mere monotony of seclusion?'

As he rose pensive and disconsolate from the bench on which he had indulged in these regrets, and proceeded along the walk towards the house, he was met by a servant bringing a letter to him, which had arrived from his father then ab-

sent on a journey. The seal was of black wax, and he broke open the cover with trembling impatience. The purport of it was to inform him of the death of a distant relative, who, having been neglected in the latter part of his life, by his nearer friends and kindred, had with infinite pains sought out the branch represented by Antonio's father, and left the whole of his immense landed property to him. This intelligence at such a moment, excited in Antonio's breast the liveliest emotions of transport; for he saw that the evils he had just been lamenting would at once be dissipated, and he beheld his father's establishment suddenly enlarged and his style improved. He took also a farther view into the case, and reflected that, as he was the only child of his father, the whole property on his death, would, by law, devolve upon him; and he could not believe that his father would by will counteract the succession of the law, since he had no nephew nor nieces to regard, and had never expressed any displeasure at his son's conduct.

He was not disappointed in his expectations of his father's mode of living being extended. His generous nature dictated a rational enjoyment of the gifts of Providence, while his prudence controlled the liberality that opened his hand. In consequence of these improved circumstances a town house was taken, whither Antonio and his father removed in the ensuing winter, and in which they partook of some of the gaieties characteristic of the opulence and taste of genteel families. By this means Antonio added a polish to his manners already refined by classical attainments, and was introduced to a variety of company, among whom he learned the forms of good breeding and the delicacies

of sentiment. But he acquired something more still, and that was—the feeling that there was one dear object whose existence was necessary to his own. He prosecuted his suit to her he loved, he continually sought her company, he believed his soul was humanized by the tender attachment, and he prepared to taste the full measure of earthly enjoyment, when his father's death imposed a suspension on his bright anticipations. Though filial duty claimed the tribute of an unaffected sorrow, and nature demanded a period for her own sad recollections, yet when the wound of grief was healed by the lenient hand of time, the dissatisfied activity of his spirit predominated, and he felt as a burden the ordinary form of abstaining for a time from public company, and most of all from carrying into effect the cherished prospect of matrimonial bliss. This sharpened the natural impatience of his appetite, and whetted his temper with a keener edge of melancholy discontent.

His succeeding to the whole of the large estates held by his father, conducted to soothe his chagrin, and the speedy expiration of the forbidden term enabled him to complete the sum of his wishes in leading to the altar the object of his choice. She brought with her a considerable accession of fortune, and possessed in herself perfections the most directly calculated for the communication of happiness. Antonio now thought himself perfectly happy; and, the evening before his marriage, laid schemes for the most profuse enjoyment of his wealth and good fortune. Immediately after the joyful ceremony, he set off in a carriage and four horses, attended by other carriages containing his wife's friends, to a fashionable bathing-place on the coast of

Wales, a counterpart in every thing of the famous Baïce of the Romans. Arrived there, he threw himself into the lap of luxury with the same avidity as the soldiers of Hannibal in the pavilions of Capua. He determined to push his gratification to the utmost; and he hoped, by avoiding the vulgar means of pleasure, to escape its satiety, and perpetuate its relish. He strove to discover a species of Epicurean happiness, constituted by the pleasures of the senses purified of their grossness, and assisted by the elegancies of the mind. He bought a most extensive and sumptuous assortment of books, and had a building erected in the neighborhood of his dwelling for their reception. He purchased admission to every library or reading-room, and every place of public amusement or resort, and was regaled each morning at breakfast with the sight of every new publication that opened fresh beams of light in the firmament of literature. Besides this, he set up a pack of hounds with servants in appropriate livery, and indulged his humor in procuring the finest stud of hunters and hackneys that could be exhibited by any nobleman in the country. He partook, accordingly, at his pleasure, of the sports of the field, the retirement of the study, or the society of his amiable wife. His mode of living here was equal to the brightest visions of a riotous imagination. His morning in the early part was spent in attention to his beloved consort and the party who accompanied them, he then took the pleasure of the field or went abroad in his carriage, after which he retired for an hour or two to his study, and concluded that division of the day by a luxurious dinner. After dinner he enjoyed the fragrance of the breeze or the freshness of the country in a walk

among the public lawns and arcades, then met his friends and discussed all topics of interest at the usual places of resort, and closed the evening by attending the theatre, the concert, the ball-room, or some fashionable private rout. The views of moderation in the use of his wealth, which had been so strong in his mind before he came to the possession of it, were now dissipated by the flaming breath of inflated luxury; and the talents that had before adorned him now only catered for his appetite for enjoyment. Yet in the midst of these extravagant delights it devolves on the recorder of these facts to declare that he was not *happy*. Charms, as soon as they had lost their novelty, ceased to please him; and when variety could go no farther, he viewed her past efforts with contempt. After he had hunted, sported, coursed, read, sauntered and idled, with diminished zest, for little more than a fortnight, he continued the same round of occupations, and in another week was completely disgusted. The restless impatience that disturbed the even tenor of his mind, asserted its renewed empire, and assisted him in discovering evils in his condition which fancy could with equal ease create or destroy. The beauties of his wife lost their pristine attraction; the delicacies of the table palled upon his palate; the shelves of his library excited his *ennui*; the accounts of intrigues, at home and abroad, offended his reason; the vicissitudes of the billiard table soured his temper; the delusions of the theatre wearied his attention; and—Antonio was *miserable!* He retired to the recesses of his pleasure grounds; he shrouded himself from the eye of every observer; he threw himself on the grass; summoned in review the vain events of the last three

weeks; and confessed in a tone of languid distress, that he was radically *wretched*. He felt a thorough disgust at the fruitless efforts with which art endeavors to prop up the flagging sense of enjoyment; he had lost his own esteem and self-respect by his devotion to pleasure; he was conscience-stricken with the reflection of his apostacy from virtue; he resolved to retire once more into the haunts of obscurity; he sold his hounds, his horses, and the least useful part of his library; he abdicated his villa, recalled his domestics, took back his wife in a more humble equipage, and flung himself on his return into the bosom of seclusion. Nor was his retrenchment premature, as it was soon after made necessary by the abatement of his fortunes in consequence of a flaw in the title under which his father had taken the estates. He was therefore brought back to pretty nearly his former situation; but a wound had been inflicted on his confidence in private character and his consciousness of mental tranquillity, which could not be healed without leaving an inveterate scar on the tablet of his memory.

Can there exist a being so dead to the means of enjoyment when within his power? Is there, asks the reader with indignation, a man so callous to the attractions of pleasure, or so barren of expedients to perpetuate his gratification? Reader, suspend your resentment. Can there, you ask, exist a man who in the midst of delight feels only the scorpions of discontent? Yes, there can, there does; I am the man. It was I, who, many years ago, when youth breathed on the bud of native ardor, and ere age had covered my head with a mantle of grey, mourned my early poverty in secret—came to the acquisition of

unexpected fortune; laid plans for the inordinate indulgence of subliminary joy; launched out into the most profuse methods of excess, and failed, after all, in attaining my object.

Time has mellowed my views; fate has equalised my lot; death has withdrawn my beloved partner; disease or accident has robbed me of my friends; I am nearly solitary;—and the only service I can now render my fellow-men, is by recording, for their instruction, the mistakes and the vanity of my own schemes of pleasure in early life. You have seen that happiness is a prize not to be expected below; and that to be so, it would be incompatible with the general dispensations of Providence regarding man. You have seen that the tenure of human joys is uncertain, and that things apparently the greatest blessings do not always contribute to the promotion of our felicity. You have learned this most important truth; that the character of our condition depends on the temper of our mind; that we may be the makers of our own happiness or misery by preserving its bias, or giving the rein to its desires; and that not to cherish an immoderate passion for any earthly good is the only sure means of attaining a calm, dignified tranquillity.

THE RETURN.

At the close of a fine summer's day Mrs Willman, her son and daughter, the only members of her family, were seated at the door of their humble dwelling, a lonely cottage on the banks of the Hudson. Mrs Willman and Anna had thrown aside their sewing, at which they were generally employed, and Albert was reciting the following little poem, the unstudied effusion of an unlettered youth:

THE SETTING SUN.

The golden sun now in the West,
Smiling, reluctant sinks to rest;
A transient glance, a ling'ring beam,
Now only plays upon the stream.

He fades—but still a ling'ring ray,
Does o'er the waters gently play;
A dusky cloud his beauties shade,
He sinks—now ev'ry ray is fled.

When Albert ceased, he looked, blushing, around him for applause. But, instead of smiling approbation as she was wont to do, his mother sighed audibly. 'It is two years this very day,' said she, 'that your father went away!' Melancholy overspread the face of Albert; and a tear trembled in the eye of the gentle Anna. 'I fear he will never return!' continued their mother, 'but the will of the Lord be done,' and she dropped the painful subject.

'O mother!' said Anna, 'what a storm is rising in the west! Mercy! let us get into the house and shut the door before it comes up.' 'O don't be scar'd Anna,' said Albert, laughing at the fears of his sister.

At this moment, a person on the other side of the river, shouted 'Over, Over, Over.' This was the well known cry for the boat. Albert's lay just below the house; his oars stood near him; and scarce had the last 'Over' died, when he was ready to launch his skiff on the dark blue and slightly agitated waters of the Hudson. Mrs Willman went into the cottage, but Anna stood on the bank watching her brother's skiff as it cut lightly through the water. He reached the opposite shore; he stood a while with the stranger; and she then saw that stranger enter the boat, and her brother mount a horse that till that moment she had not noticed.

The storm that Anna had noticed at a distance, came on apace. The light breeze that had so gent-

ly played o'er the waters below, had increased to a brisk gale—yet she who was so alarmed at the first appearance of the storm, still fearlessly stood on the bank waiting the return of her brother.

It was now quite dark, but there was still light enough remaining for her to see, when they were about in the middle of the river, that the horse was without its rider. The maiden shrieked—but the voice of her brother soon assured her of his safety, and in a few minutes he was at her side. The stranger who was with him, explained the incident in the water by saying, that, owing to his inexperience as an oarsman he had struck one of the oars too deep, and being assisted by a brisk gale of wind upset the boat, but by the timely assistance of the youth had been brought, with the boat, safe to the shore.

Anna led the way to the cottage, and Mrs Willman rose to welcome the stranger. He forgot his predetermined forbearance, and exclaiming 'My dear Catharine!' caught her in his arms. It was her husband—and the father of her children. * * * * *

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

THE EMIGRANT.

'My parks, my walks, my manors that I had, e'en now forsake me;
'Of all my lands is nothing left me but my body's length.' *Shaks.*

IN a steam boat excursion from Lake George to New York last summer, my attention was attracted by two young men of fashion, who, by their remarks and the interest with which they surveyed the scenery around them, appeared to be strangers. The eldest was tall and well formed; the close cut of his curled black hair was in conformity with the broad forehead, arched brow, and

deep rich tint that distinguishes the natives of a warmer clime than ours; and although young, he seemed to have attained the perfection of manly beauty. The other was not probably so much his junior as he appeared from the different character which his face and person presented. His stature was below that of his companion, but although it was destitute of that fulness of outline that is indicative of health and physical power, yet it was grace itself. From his mild blue eyes beamed a soul of sensibility, and the soft falling of his light brown hair around his temples, reminded me of the classic bust of Virgil. There was a pensiveness in the expression of his face, which the bright smile and lively wit of his companion could not always banish. Whenever I meet characters that excite my interest, with the true spirit of Yankee curiosity, I always endeavor to become acquainted. The frank communications of a *native* are generally acceptable to travellers, and often ensure for him their confidence and friendship. It was so in this case. From the eldest gentleman, I learned that his companion, Charles Ellwood, had been unjustly deprived of his paternal estate, and felt most sensibly the lash of capricious fortune. * *

It was a bright unclouded night in August; the waves of the Hudson sparkled beneath the moon, which shed a soft light on the sublime and beautiful scenery of its shores.—Young Ellwood had retired to rest, which his friend seemed not inclined to do. Soon all was sunk in repose save the watchmen and engineers, and nought was heard but the rush of the waves and the low hum of the machinery, and as we paced the deck or reclined upon a settee, my new friend gave me the following

narrative;—and 'I will say the tale as 'twas said to me.'

Sir William Ellwood was a respectable baronet in the south of Wales, where he possessed a large property and considerable influence in society. St. Orne, which was the name of the family residence, he inherited from a maternal ancestor who was French. This once splendid mansion was the bridal dower of a young heiress who consented to leave the gaieties of Paris for the calm pleasures of a rural life with the man she loved, and it rose like the temple of Taste amid the wild and picturesque scenery of the Welch mountains. This was the chosen residence of Sir William, and here with his wife and two young sons, he enjoyed all the blessings of luxury and domestic tranquillity.

These boys shared alike in the affection of their parents, and until they were ten or twelve years of age, their studies, and the progress they made in their education, were similar. At this period I commence my story. It finds the father laying plans for the future improvement of the heir of Ellwood, and marking out for him such a course of studies as should fit him to support the honors of his house and fulfil the duties of a public station.

On a chilly night in November, just as the family were about retiring to rest, the sound of a carriage in the court yard, and the chime of the gate bell, announced the arrival of a visitor. Sir William immediately descended to the hall where the servant had just ushered in a man wrapped in a large black cloak which concealed his whole person and the lower part of his face, the rest was shaded by the plumes of a broad Spanish hat. Having motioned his servant to retire, who lingered from curiosity at the entrance, he closed the door and ad-

vancing towards the light that was suspended from the ceiling, he raised his hat, and the cloak falling from his shoulders, Sir William recognized in the stranger the Count di Strozzi a Spanish nobleman, who had been his travelling companion and one of the dearest friends of his youth.

During his sojourn in Spain, he was received into the hospitable mansion of the Count di Strozzi (who was just wedded to the lady of his choice) with all the affection of a brother. Time had altered both these friends; luxury and domestic ease had left their impress upon the face of Sir William, but marked no line upon his brow. But there was a haggard wildness in the bloodless face, a frenzied glare in the eye of the Count, which, after the joy of meeting was past, made Sir William recoil with astonishment at the object before him. Could vice have wrought this change? no, it could not be, all noble as he was. With breathless impatience he inquired the cause of his sudden appearance, but in words that shewed how deep was his interest in the fate of his friend. The Count fixed his full black eyes with a mournful expression on those of Sir William, and raising his clasped hands he exclaimed bitterly, I am indeed wretched! but I am innocent—and so saying he rushed out of the hall. Before Sir William could recover from his surprise at the abrupt departure of the Count, he entered, bearing in his arms a beautiful little girl about five years old, who, at the sight of a stranger, hid her face in his bosom and wept. Protect this child, said he, for a few weeks, and I will repay your kindness with my life! Sir William was affected; he took the child in his arms and pressed it to his bosom. Come, said he to the Count, I

will introduce you to my family, neither you or your daughter shall want a friend while I live! The Count passed his hand across his brow and said, I must for a while decline this honor—some explanation is due for this sudden interruption of your domestic quiet, and some apology will be necessary for my immediate departure, therefore, allow me an hour's conference, in your study, and when I come to claim my child, most gladly will I meet your family. Sir William assenting, rang the bell and ordered the servant to convey the child to his lady, and led the way to his library. From the hurried narrative of the Count, broken by the convulsions of anguishing recollections, he learned that the intestine broils that were then raging in the bosom of Spain and threatening desolation to her empire, had driven him, with hundreds of other nobles, into exile and disgrace, who had devoted their lives and fortunes in defence of their legitimate Sovereign; the party to which he was attached, had fallen victims to a mob of furious fanatics, who seized upon their property, pillaged their dwellings and murdered or imprisoned their families. While awaiting the recovery of his wife from a dangerous illness which had prevented his removing her and his children from this scene of peril and danger, they were awakened by a band of midnight ruffians, who, having secured their plunder, set fire to the mansion. The Count, with one friend who was beneath his roof, aided by his servants, succeeded in defending the apartments of his wife and children from their assaults; but the horrors of the scene, and her fears for the fate of those who were dearer to her than life, were too much for her weak frame to support, and she closed her eyes

forever! here the feelings of the Count overcame him, and he wept. These, he exclaimed, are the first tears I have shed since her death! but you, who knew her worth, can sympathise with me. Scarce had I imprinted a last kiss on that face now livid with death, e'er I was called upon to snatch my children from the devouring flame that had already burst into their apartment. Fly, said I to my friend, (the Chevalier Sebastian,) fly, and save my boy! this small trunk contains the wreck of my fortune—go to the cottage of Gobeze the Jew, in the suburbs, and await me there—I shall be with you before morning, with my daughter; any other charge may impede your progress; take a fleet horse, if indeed one is left, and may God be with you! The chevalier took the trunk, received the boy into his arms and departed. I stood for a moment gazing on the scene which swam before my eyes with all the sickening horrors of a feverish dream:—the work of death and desolation was every where! strange and loud voices were heard in the hall below, and strong efforts were made to force the doors which had hitherto protected me and my family from these infuriated assassins. Having gained an eminence that commanded a view of the city, I turned round and beheld that building which contained my dearest earthly treasure, shrouded in flames! and I even felt a gloomy satisfaction in knowing that she was now beyond the reach of her brutal murderers. With breathless agitation I arrived at the cottage of Gobeze, but here, another horror awaited me. I inquired for the Chevalier Sebastian and my son—they had *been* there, and the former had proposed leaving the child with Gobeze, saying that his father would call for him;

but this, said the Jew, I would not consent to in these ticklish times, as he refused to leave any funds with the boy, in case of his not being reclaimed. You may conceive, but I cannot describe, my feelings! I instantly saw through a scheme of villainy that was planned to rob me of my fortune, and perhaps my son! Several weeks were passed in endeavoring to learn something of his fate, for I feared he had been abandoned by that wretch. At length I learned that two persons exactly conforming to their description had embarked for England. Determined on pursuing them, I took passage in the first vessel that sailed, which was but the next day, but the evil star that rules my destiny prolonged our voyage several weeks after that ship had arrived in port, and as yet, I can discover no trace of my boy, or the villain who has betrayed me; but here I swear, never to rest on earth until I have discovered him. On my arrival in England, all my cause of anxiety was, where to find a safe asylum for my daughter. To strangers I could not consent to leave my last hope, and remembering you, Sir William, as a friend in whom I could trust, I determined to place my little Laurine under your protection until I shall claim her, which I trust in heaven will be soon. It was in vain that Sir William urged the Count to remain at St Orne until his mind should become more calm. No, cried he, I would follow that miscreant to the very verge of creation—he shall not escape me! So saying, he unclasped from his neck a splendid chain, from which was suspended a dirk of curious workmanship, this he slipped into his bosom, and drawing from his fingers several rings, he laid them, with the casket of jewels that had belonged to his wife, upon the ta-

VOL. I.

ble, with these words—*for my daughter!*—and hastily grasping the hand of Sir William, he rushed from the apartment, and in a moment the carriage was heard driving from the door.

[To be concluded in our next.]

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

EVERY man who publishes a newspaper, whether literary, political, or miscellaneous, wishes it to partake of a decided character. Now, be this what it may, its respectability must depend on the consistency with which it is supported. To please every body is well known to be an impracticable task. If his paper be political, he will most certainly have enemies, even many of his own party will censure him for want of spirit (acrimony) in advocating their cause. Should he favor the present administration and laud the talents of those who are high in office; he might be accused as the abettor of aristocracy or perhaps stigmatised as an enemy to the Constitution. Or if on the other hand, he should have the temerity to defend the private or military character of some great men whom he may conceive have benefited his country, it would perhaps be said that he was laboring to place a 'Blue Beard' in the presidential chair! however, neutrality in politics is more detrimental to the success of a paper, than party spirit. That man, (says one of the patrons of a neutralist) is a weathercock, he turns with every whiff! what he censures one day, he approves of the next. I shall drop his paper. (Only because the editor happened to acknowledge there were men of talents on both sides the question.) If he should conduct what is now called a 'literary periodical,' a new field of miseries present themselves. He must take the whole

burthen upon his own shoulders, and labor unceasingly to support its credit and respectability himself, without any reference to the occasional assistance of others. Although he should, and *must*, feel honored by the voluntary offerings of *worth* and *genius*, yet it is a delicate task to solicit contributions from the talented, which, by illustrating his pages, obviously conduce to his own interest. In this he suffers the misery of appearing selfish. True genius is a most sensitive plant! and although the *worth* and beauty of its blossoms are ever appreciated by taste and judgment, it is not always possible to know *what* nurture may be required to induce their expansion, or what art can be employed to prolong their bloom.

Another misery which I would mention is this—to be—‘your very humble servant,’ to every scribbler who thinks fit to honor you with the crude outpourings of his brainless skull, and who presumes you must print it because he happens to be a subscriber. By rejecting his *favor* you will perhaps lose his *name* to your subscription list, but even this misery is preferable to the first. If an editor himself chooses to banquet on nonsense, let it be in private; he has no right to serve it up for other people, who pay him for a better dish. (‘Good selections are better than poor originals.’) His duties are arduous indeed, but he should preserve a straight course, and avoid, if possible, all personal prejudices, or partialities, and never advocate any cause that truth and good sense cannot justify. By adhering to these principles, he may have some reasonable hopes of success.

w.

The following is an extract of a letter from the celebrated actor, Mr Conway, to

his mother in England, sent a few weeks previous to his death.

‘You mention, dearest mother, your having heard that I act seldom, and am preparing myself for holy orders: in confirmation partly of which, I will inform you that events beyond my control having entirely separated me from my profession, I am applying myself with assiduity to books of Divinity, in order to ascertain how far I may reasonably calculate upon success, should I seriously embark in the undertaking. The study is profound, extensive, and in a great degree new to me; but I bring an unlimited devotion to the task, and that is a main step towards achievement in every pursuit. But, should all my endeavors prove ineffectual, the paths of commerce are open to me,—and perhaps employment in a particular branch of academical instruction: Of business I cannot be supposed to know much, but it is not of very difficult acquirement; and observation has shown me, that good sense combined with principles and industry, rarely fails of some share of success, in a land of commercial enterprise. The agreeable prospect to which I so long and eagerly directed my attention, of being able, by my labor and economy, to secure a comfortable retirement in this country, to where I might one day invite you, is, by the change, utterly annihilated; for, succeed as I may in my new pursuit I cannot hope to be able to accomplish this, at least for a great length of time. Abandon, therefore, dear mother, I beseech you, the intention communicated in your letter, of crossing the Atlantic. What wise or beneficial purpose could it possibly answer? we might see each other it is true, but under circumstances so disadvantageous, that it were better we never met again. I am pro-

vided with no means for your reception; I am without a home to invite you to, friends to make you acquainted with, or a single resource of comfort or amusement to present for your acceptance. Reflect also, upon the length, fatigue, and, at your time of life, even hazard, of the voyage, to be repaid at last by no enjoyment. Oh, dear Mother, I am as anxious to behold you as you can possibly be to see me: but be not offended if I say, that I look farther than you do into consequences. Should it be the will of Providence that my life be prolonged, and I am enabled, by my future efforts to succeed in such a manner as may give me the means of inviting you to partake of my home and board, it will be the most blissful moment he can have in store for me, and gladly, joyfully, will I say, 'Come;' but till then continue to reside among your neighbors and friends;—and may the Almighty grant my fervent petition, and give you health, tranquillity, and long life.'—After naming a number of friends, he concludes, 'I have more to say, but my paper compels me to reserve it to a future opportunity. Alas! I speak of the future as we are only authorised to do of the present. I have feelings and forebodings, but I confine them to my own bosom. Let us, in our separation, be patient and resigned. I do not at this season, bid you discard hope, for it is the advent of our blessed Saviour, whose coming brought hope and joy to all. But let us, under every event, console ourselves with the certain conviction, that while we live, we live for each other, and that nothing but the last mortal stroke, which separates soul and body, can sunder the tie that has, through life, so closely united to us each other. My dearest mother's most affectionate child, W. A. CONWAY.'

OMNIVM GATHERUM.

'We are but the venders of other men's goods.'

ANTIQUITIES.

AMONG the last relics of antiquity that were discovered amid the ruins of Herculaneum was a manuscript nearly obliterated, written in Roman characters, wherein these three words were still visible, *quisquis, maxima, cura*, also a small bronze figure of Narcissus at the fountain, and two winged figures; one of them has a collar and bracelets of pearls, and holds in the left-hand a bason, over which the right-hand holds a vase with a cover that terminates in a sphynx. Some suppose this figure to represent Hebe, and the first appearance of it favors their opinion; others suppose it to be a victory, and think they have discovered another figure of the same kind upon an Etruscan vase; the vase upon which it is represented, they suppose alludes to the sacred libations and the sacrifices offered by way of thanksgiving for a victory. The blood which is shed in the obtaining of a victory, makes it absolutely necessary to wash before any sacred function is performed; and the practice of washing before sacrifice was more scrupulously practised by the ancients on such occasions than on any other. The other figure is agreed to be a victory by all parties; the right-hand holds a buckler, and the left a crown of oak-leaves, enriched with gold, that is, painted of a golden color. This wreath was called by the Romans a civic crown, and bestowed upon those who had preserved the life of a citizen, by killing an enemy; under the emperors, this crown was frequently decreed to princes, *ob civis servatos*.

IN new flooring the ancient Cathedral, in Exeter, the workmen

were obliged to commit some sacrilegious burglaries on the repositories of the dead. On removing a large stone, (under that which had the monumental inscription) which lay too high for the bed of the floor, they laid open a very shallow walled grave, in which was a leaden coffin of an ancient form: the cover was partly decayed; and on removing what remained, they found a skeleton pretty entire. On the right side stood a small silver chalice, covered with the paten. A piece of silk, or linen, (they could not tell which) was bound round the stem or pillar of the chalice. Among the dust they found a fair gold ring, with a large but not very good sapphire; the whole as fresh as if just brought from the jeweller's. On the left side lay the remains of a wooden crosier, which scarce retains enough of its original form to determine what it had been. Tradition, (for they had nothing else to depend on, the inscription having been long since effaced) informed them, that the *crucia* were those of Thomas de Bitton, bishop of Exeter, who was buried about the year 1306, in the reign of Edward II. The bones were very respectfully covered up again, but the ring and chalice are reserved for the inspection of the curious in the repository of the archives.

INTERESTING LOVE LETTER.

My dear E.—By the relentless intervention of the invisible hand of providence, I have been prevented from precipitating myself at your feet for the entire absolution of the collectaneous calumny which has been so slanderously conglomerated upon the unblotted and unsophisticated face of my stainless reputation, and with which I have been so maliciously circumvallated, that I apprehend the most mountainous, colossal,

herculeanean difficulties, in perfectly disincarcerating myself from the criminous machination in which I have been so unmercifully immured, that I was fearfully apprehensive that I was most inextricably involved. But ah! most superhuman fair one—I have been so unutterably bedazzled by the luminous emanation and sunlike effulgence of your charms, that notwithstanding the acrimonious criminations which have been superinduced upon my character, I am again induced to obtrude myself into your presence. Do not for a moment doubt the moveless stability and fathomless profundity of my love: for the flamiferous monocular autocrat of day shall cease to irradiate the umbrageous recesses of the forest; the translucent queen of night shall cease to perambulate the diaphinous and stelliferous concavity of the cerulean heavens; the horizonous boation of heaven's horific artillery, shall cease to bellow forth its terrific peals; the forky corruscation of heaven shall discontinue to blaze forth its sulphureous igneous fulgor from the ignivimous clouds, before my love shall be extinguished. Could the manifestation of the keenest remorse, or the exhibition of the most compunctious pangs of conscience, elevate me one millionth of an inch in your favor I would immediately commence

'Pouring forth tears at such a lavish rate
That were the world on fire, they might
drown
The wrath of heaven, and quench the
mighty ruin.'

No doubt but this gentleman is the lover of Miss Clementina Clappergo, there is a great similarity in their language.

—
A Wolf put out on Interest.—On Thursday last, a *she wolf*, of the largest kind, was caught at Lake

Ellis by Mr H. Holland. As it is known that many of these rapacious animals infest the neighboring pocosins, instead of putting the captive to death, Mr H. concluded that she might be advantageously employed as a guide to the retreat of her associates. In pursuance of this plan, he caused a bell to be securely fastened on her neck, and with this musical appendage, set at liberty. From the direction she took on regaining her freedom, it is presumed she made directly for White Oak.

This musical traveller may now take the title of the 'Bell Savage.'

Methusalah was not so old as he might have been.—The London Atlas tells us that 'According to one of the Jewish authorities, Methusalah did not live so long as he might have done, had he attended to good advice; for it is written, that as he was sleeping on the ground, when well stricken in years, an angel came to him and told him, that if he would rise up and build a house to lie in, he would live 500 years longer. Methusalah made answer, that it was not worth while to take a house for so short a term! And so he died before he was a thousand years old.'

A beautiful meteor was seen in New York on Monday evening, at 11 o'clock. It described an arc of about twenty degrees: its color was a vivid light grass green, and left a trail of that color in the horizon, until the explosion. No noise accompanied the explosion which resembled that of a rocket.

Bower of Taste.

Tremont Theatre.—The new comedy of *Smiles and Tears*, founded on Mrs Opie's popular tales of *Father and Daugh-*

ter, was, for the first time, brought forward on Monday evening, and received with decided marks of approbation. It was repeated on the following night, and from the parts being in general better committed, it went off very perceptibly improved.—The interest of the piece arises towards the opening of the third act; from that to the close, incidents occur to keep curiosity alive, and occasionally to arouse the sympathy of the audience. *Fitzharding*, as played by Mr Brown, abating a few unnecessary effervescences, was well conceived, and well executed. We think his costume, however, better adapted to the character for which it was originally intended. The sober grey and cloth of formal cut appeared to us as not comporting with the stricken and disordered intellect of *Fitzharding*. The genteel and good natured *Sir Henry* was hit off with all the freedom and grace which commonly characterise the light comedy of *Mr Blake*; and if there was any thing which our taste would have him mend, it would be, that he should imitate the under dress of the promising young actor, who personated the part of *Mr. Deleval*.

Mr. Wallack's Irish Colonel was an easy and spirited performance. The dialogue, on his part, was kept up with an airy briskness, giving us the assurance that he was perfectly at home in the agreeable business of the stage. In each new character he undertakes, he but the more confirms us in our favorable opinions of his professional merits; and if his engagements elsewhere do not interfere, we should be much gratified to find him enlisted among the stock comedians of the new establishment.

The *Lady Emily* and the *Mrs Belmont* of Mrs and Miss Pelby, though they may not rank among their very best efforts, were however, marked with several touches of good playing, and in many points well received by the audience. *Miss Riddle's* amiable and affectionate

Cecil was in her happiest manner; and as a whole, we do not remember on any former occasion of her appearing to such pleasing advantage. It gratifies us at this time particularly to notice the unexceptionable manner in which the gentleman who played *Mr Stanley* went through his part. During the whole we heard no improper words or phrases introduced to mar the sense of the author or offend the audience. These licenses are becoming too common, and should be suppressed as innovations upon the drama.

[COMMUNICATED.]

IN addition to the many novelties that have been recently presented at the Tremont Theatre, it will perhaps gratify the friends of that fine establishment to learn that the manager has engaged *Mons Mathis* for a few nights. The herculean powers of this truly astonishing man will afford a good opportunity for getting up the old effective pantomimes, such as *Don Juan, Valentine and Orson, &c. &c.*

If the manager cannot succeed to his satisfaction by introducing the regular drama, the public will fully justify him in employing all secondary means that are innocent, to satisfy the prevailing taste, and further the interests of his establishment.

We understand that the *Lady of the Lake* is soon to be presented on those boards, and preparations are making to bring it forward in the most splendid style.

To Correspondents,—S. V. was too late for this number.

The signature A——a was accidentally omitted in the complimentary acrostic in our last.

In consequence of the recent increase of subscribers to the 'Bower of Taste' the Publisher offers cash, and the highest price, for the first and second numbers, to be delivered at this office.

MARRIAGES.

In this city Mr Sprague Keen to Miss Henrietta Delano; Mr James Adams, Jr. merchant, to Miss Hannah Crawford; Mr Saml. Hardwick to Miss Mary M Beath; Mr Joseph Wilcut, Jr. to Miss Mary McFarland; Mr Charles S. Powell to Miss Mary Gillpatrick.

In Dover, N. H. Mr Michael Murry to Miss Salva Chase.

In Cambridge, by Rev Mr Gannett, Mr John Miller to Miss Nancy Davis.

In Quincy, Mr James L. Homer, Junior Editor of the Boston Commercial Gazette, to Miss Anne A. Baxter.

In Duxbury, Mr William H. Sampson, of Plympton, to Miss Sarah Sprague, youngest daughter of Hon. Seth Sprague.

In Beverly, Capt. Mitchel Whitney to Miss Elizabeth Leach.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr William Gammell aged 88; Mrs Martha, wife of Mr Thomas Jenkins, aged 25; Mr Jeremiah Richards, of Sharon, Mass. aged 74; Mr Jona. B. Emmons, aged 57; Eliza Davis, aged 33; John S. Worsley, aged 32; Samuel Brown, aged 33; Anna Hill, aged 26; Sally Farwell, aged 62; Mrs Mary West, aged 44; Mr Peter Guigon, aged 50; Mr Samuel Gill, only son of Mr Thomas D. Bradlee, aged 26; Mrs Susannah S. wife of Mr Brimhall, aged 37; Mr Thomas Kelly, aged 31; Mrs Angeline Barnard, aged 32; Mrs Mary Wert, aged 44 years.

In Charlestown, Mrs Abigail Blair, aged 80.

In Medford, Miss Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mulberry Holmes, Esq. formerly of Boston, aged 62.

In Milton, Miss Mary Churchill, eldest daughter of Asaph Churchill, Esq. aged 17.

In Roxbury, Mrs Louisa Gay, wife of Mr Aaron Gay, aged 47.

In Brookline, Miss Hammond, aged 23, late of Boston.

In Medford, widow Hepzibah Grant, aged 57; Hepsey, daughter of Oliver and Hepzibah Blake.

In Burton, N. H., John Haven, Esq. aged 75, a native of Massachusetts.

In Charleston, (S. C.) Henry Gardner, aged 93.

In New-Orleans, Capt. James Brewer, of Baltimore, formerly of Boston

In St. John, N. B. Mrs Sarah Adams, formerly of Boston, aged 75.

In Nashville, Tenn. 23d Dec. Gen. Hummingbird, a Choctaw chief, aged 75.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



TO MARY,

ON HEARING A FAVORITE SONG.

I love that song—it speaks of days *gone by!*
Dear Mary, I have listened to thy lyre—
As if the very soul of minstrelsy,
Impassion'd sigh'd along each trembling wire—
For there's fascination—oh, so deep!
In notes that wake the thoughts of other years,
Emotions, that have long been lull'd to sleep—
That there is e'en a luxury in tears;—
As pass those forms in memory's fond review,
That look'd upon us in our happiest hours,
When life with all its pageantry was new,
And hope was smiling from her blissful bowers;
It is a sweet reprieve from earthly care,
To hear a voice like *thine* so softly breathe
Of 'joys departed'—of those scenes so fair
Which innocence and pleasure used to wreath!
Oh music! there is magic in thy spell—
There 's not a chord that vibrates through my soul
But deeply can of thy enchantments tell,
And all the witchery of thy control.

AUGUSTA.

THE WATER LILLY.

Sweet flower of the wave—from thy beauteous cup
The bright Naiad sips her ambrosial dew,
Thou'rt lovely and pure as I first drew thee up
As in childhood I play'd by the rivulet blue.
Thou still art as sweet as when first I inhaled
Thy fragrance, all fresh from thy sparkling bed,
Though years have roll'd by me since gaily I sail'd
In my little canoe, o'er the lilly's bright head.
Ah! much is forgotten of joy and of sorrow,
And many a stamp from my heart is effaced,
Yet I from the lovely pond lilly can borrow
Remembrances sweet that can ne'er be erased!
Thou 'mind'st me of days when my heart was as pure
As the chaplet I wove from your beautiful flowers,
Your bloom, and your fragrance, long will endure—
But whither have fled all those innocent hours?
I may rove by yon stream where so often I've ranged,
For its wave and its flower are still lovely to me—
But the gay happy child to woman hath changed,
And the thoughts of her bosom no longer are free.

ARIA.

A SKETCH.

That fair Euterpe!—each brown tress
 With budding orange blooms was twined;
 Full did the clustering ringlets press,
 Above a brow where sate enshrined
 Instinct divinity of mind;
 But o'er those smoothest temples shone,
 Amid their lofty grace, revealings
 Of such compassionate, fervid feelings,
 'T was all but love to look thereon.
 I marked Euterpe 'mid the bright,
 Gay mazes of the festal night,
 Beside her smiled the one, on whom
 Her frank eyes coveted to rest;
 Careless he smiled—I marked the bloom
 Desert her cheek, a deep sigh rend her breast;
 'T was with gay scorn he smiled, as though he deemed
 He might command her heart; and proudly seemed
 To say 'thou may'st love on, but I shall be
 Unmoved by those sweet arts to conquer me.'
 And she whose tameless graces speak,
 (Like the hues rushing o'er her cheek,
 Of mind all fancy, heart all glow,)
 Stood fixed and mute, but not with wo—
 Her cheek wore anger's wavering stain,
 Her lip, slow smiling, breathed disdain,
 As when the stubborn heart for pride
 Would fain dishonoring weakness fling aside.
 Her heart that heaved with sudden swell,
 'Neath snow white drapery rose and fell;
 But though such simple guise enzoned,
 The haughty brow, the bitter smile,
 Gave her a mien like queen dethroned,
 Who tasks a traitor for his guile!
 Did he not shrink, and faltering turn
 Who gave such anger leave to burn?
 Anger—oh no, he knew, in vain
 Might the all-conscious slave resist the chain.
 Not once the large and fringed lid
 Her sparkling eye declining hid;
 Nor upward with beseeching gaze,
 Strove she those darkening orbs to raise,
 But on the mocker full they bent
 Till their indignant flame was spent;
 And dew-bright, o'er their evil glare,
 Stole a mild shade, like an eclipse
 Falling through sunlight air.
 Then sealed in meekness was her lips;
 But in the sad solemnity
 Of her submissive mien, I read,
 How love's enthusiast sophistry
 To fevered fortitude misled,
 And justified the wrong with lavish clemency.
 'Alas,' her sighs to fancy said,
 'Let me not blame unkindly—wise too late;
 'Is not love doom? and when was passion felt
 'Without full measure of this anguish dealt?
 'Man too is haughty ever;—this is fate.'
 Such the poor! love's ills his sweets transcend,
 And still the wisest, like the weakest, bend.

M.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



‘With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
‘We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,’—*Paine*.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
From the dark bosom of oblivion’s wave.

Vol. I. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1828. No. 9.

ISADORE.

‘What is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep?
* * * but love is still an emptier sound.’

In the church yard of * * * there is a grave covered with a plain slab of white marble, with no other inscription than ‘Isadore D’Eraillo, aged nineteen.’ These few words speak histories to the heart; they tell of a beautiful flower withered, far from its accustomed soil, in the spring-day of its blossom; they tell the fate of a young and unhappy stranger, dying in a foreign country, remote from every early association, her last moments unsoothed by affectionate solicitude—no tender voice, whose lightest sound breathed happy memories—no eye of fondness on which the fainting mourner might look for sympathy—her very ashes separated from their native earth.

‘Might I not fancy myself a hero of fiction?’ said Colonel Fitzalan, bending gracefully as he caught the small snow hand which

had just arranged his sling; ‘Fair lady, henceforth, I vow myself your true and loyal knight, and thus pledge my heart’s first homage!’ pressing the yielding fingers to his lips. Alas, thought Isadore, while those eloquent interpreters of the feelings, a blush, sigh, and smile, mingled together,—he loves not passionately as I love, or he could not trifle thus; a light compliment was never yet breathed by love. Isadore was at that age when the deeper tendencies of woman first deepen the gaiety of childhood, like the richer tint that dyes the rose as it expands into summer loveliness. Adored by her father, for she had her mother’s voice and look, and came a sweet remembrancer of his youth’s sole warm dream of happiness, of that love whose joy departed ere it knew one cloud of care, or one sting of sorrow; a

word of anger seemed to Don Fernando a sacrilege against the dead, and his own melancholy constancy gave a reality to the romantic imaginings of his child. She now loved Fitzalan with all the fervor of first excited attachment: she had known him under circumstances the most affecting, when the energies and softer feelings of a woman were alike called forth; when the proud and fearless soldier became dependant on her he had protected; laid on the bed of sickness; far from the affectionate hands that would have smoothed, the tender eyes that would have wept over, his pillow. Isadore became his nurse, soothed with unremitting care the solitude and weariness of a sick room; and when again able to bear the fresh air of heaven, her arm was the support of her too interesting patient. With Fitzalan the day of romance was over; a man above thirty cannot enter into the wild visions of an enthusiastic girl; flattered by the attachment which Isadore's every look betrayed, he trifled with her, regardless or thoughtless of the young and innocent heart that confided so fearlessly. Love has no power to look forward—the delicious consciousness to the present, a faint but delightful shadow of the past, forms its eternity; the possibility of separation never entered the mind of his Spanish love, till Fitzalan's instant return to England became necessary. They parted with all those gentle vows which are such sweet anchors for hope to rest on in absence—but alas, such frail ones. For a time her English lover wrote very regularly. That philosopher knew the human heart who said, 'I would separate from my mistress for the sake of writing to her.' A word, a look, may be forgotten; but a letter is a lasting memorial of affection. The

correspondence soon slackened on his part. Isadore, tending the last moments of a beloved parent, had not one thought for self; but when that father's eyes were closed, and her tears had fallen on the grave of the companions of her infancy, the orphan looked round for comfort, for consolation, and felt, for the first time, her loneliness, and the sickness of hope deferred. Fear succeeded expectation; fear, not for his fidelity, but his safety: was he again laid on a bed of sickness, and Isadore far away? She dwelt on this idea, till it became a present reality; suspense was agony; at length she resolved on visiting England. She sailed, and, after a quick voyage, reached the land;—a wanderer seeking for happiness, which, like the shadow thrown by the lily on the water, still eludes the grasp. It was not thus in the groves of Arragon she looked forward to the British shore; it was then the promised home of a beloved and happy bride. The day after her arrival in London, she drove to her agent's (for her father, during the trouble in Spain, had secured some property in the English funds,) hoping from him to get some intelligence of the Colonel. Passing through a very crowded street, her coach becoming entangled in the press, occasioned a short stoppage. Gazing round in that mood, when, anxious to escape the impressions within, the eye involuntarily seeks for others without, her attention became attracted to an elegant equipage. Could she be mistaken? never in that form—it was surely Fitzalan! Well she remembered that graceful bend, that air of protection with which he supported his companion. The agitated Spaniard just caught a glimpse of her slight and delicate figure, of eyes blue as a spring sky, of a

cheek of sunset: and, ere her surprise allowed the power of movement, the carriage was out of sight. Her entreaties to be allowed to alight, being only attributed to fear, were answered by assurances that she was safe. Gradually becoming more composed, she bade the coachman inquire who lived in the house opposite—it was the name she longed to hear—Colonel Fitzalan. She returned home, and with a tremulous hand traced a few lines, telling him how she had wept in silence, and entreating him to come and say she was still his own Isadore. The evening passed drearily away; every step made the color flush her cheek; but he came not. Was he indispensably engaged? Had he not received her note?—any supposition but intentional delay. The next morning the same favored anxiety oppressed her; at length she heard the door, and, springing to the window caught sight of a military man—she heard his step on the stairs, a gentleman entered, but it was not Fitzalan! Too soon she learnt his mission; he whom she had loved, so trusted, had *wedded another*—the lady she saw the day before was his wife; and unwilling to meet her himself, had charged a friend to communicate the fatal intelligence. Edward B*** gazed with enthusiastic admiration on the beautiful creature, whose pale lip, and scalding tears, which forced their way through the long dark eye-lashes, belied the firmness her woman's pride taught her to assume. Shame, deep shame, thought he, on the cold, the mercenary spirit which could thus turn the warm feelings of a fond and trusting girl into poisoned arrows, could thus embitter the first sweet flow of affection. He took her hand in silence—he felt that consolation in a case of this kind was but mock-

ery. They parted, one to despair over the expiring embers, the other to nurse the first sparkles of hope. The next morning, scarcely aware what he was doing, or of the motive which actuated him (for who seeks to analyze love's earliest sensations?) Edward sought the abode of the interesting stranger. He found with her Colonel Fitzalan's solicitor; that gentleman, suspicious of the warm feeling evinced by his friend for the fair Spaniard, had employed a professional man, for he was well aware that the letters he had written would give Isadore strong claims upon him. He arrived at the moment when she first comprehended that her lover's reason for wishing his letters restored originated in his fear of a legal use being made of them. Her dark eyes flashed fire, her cheek burnt with emotion, her heart-beat became audible, as she hastily caught the letters, and threw them into the flames. 'You have performed your mission,' exclaimed she; 'leave the room instantly.' Her force was now exhausted, she sunk back on the sofa. The tender assiduities of Edward at length restored her to some degree of composure. It was luxury to have her feelings entered into; to share sorrow is to soothe it. She told him, of hopes blighted for ever, of wounded affection; of the heart sickness which had paled her lips, and worn to a shadow her once symmetrical form. She had in her hand a few withered leaves. 'It is,' said she, 'the image of my fate; this rose fell from my hair one evening; Fitzalan placed it in his bosom; by moonlight I found it thrown aside, it was faded, but to me it was precious from that momentary caress; I have to this day cherished it. Are not our destinies told by this flower? His was the bloom, the sweetness of love;

my part was the dead and scentless leaves.' Edward now became her constant companion; she had found in him a kind and affectionate brother. At length he spoke of love. Isadore replied by throwing back her long dark hair with a hand whose dazzling whiteness was all that remained of its former beauty, and bade him look upon her pale and faded countenance, and there seek his answer. 'Yes, I shall wed, but my bridal wreath will be cypress, my bed the grave, my spouse the hungry worm!' Edward gazed on her face, and read conviction: but still his heart clung to her with all the devotedness of love, which hopes even in despair; and, amid the wreck of every promise of happiness, grasps at even the unstable wave. One evening she leaned by a window, gazing fixedly on the glowing sky of a summer sunset: the rich color of her cheek, which reflected the carnation of the west, the intense light of her soft but radiant black eyes, excited almost hope; could the hand of death be on what was so beautiful? For the first time she asked for her lute; hitherto, she had shrunk from the sound of music; Fitzalan had loved it; to her it was the knell of departed love. She waked a few wild and melancholy notes. 'These sounds,' sighed she, 'are to me fraught with tender recollections; it is the vesper hymn of my own country. She mingled her voice with the tones, so faint, so sad, but so sweet, it was like the song of a spirit as the concluding murmur died away. She sunk back exhausted; Edward for a while supported her head upon his shoulder; at length he parted the thick curls from off her face, and timidly pressed her lips;—he started from their chilling touch—it was his first, his last kiss—Isadore had expired in his arms!

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

THE EMIGRANT.

(Concluded from p. 121.)

WHEN Sir William ascended to the drawing room he found his lady affectionately administering comfort and refreshment to the sweet child that was thus thrown on his protection, and the little boys seemed delighted with the prospect of having so interesting a companion. Although scarcely beyond infancy she possessed a beautiful and intelligent face, and a form of the most exquisite proportions;—the voice of kindness soon dissipated her fears, and as her sparkling black eyes looked forth from the clustering ringlets of her dark hair that parted on her white forehead, she smiled with all the sweet confidence of innocence upon her new friends. Weeks, months, and even years, rolled on and yet the father of Laurine came not to St. Orne. That he should have voluntarily abandoned his child, Sir William knew was impossible. It was therefore probable that, having failed in discovering the villain who had robbed him of his fortune, and son, he had fallen a victim to that despair which had subsequently almost deprived him of his reason. But this amiable child gained so strong a hold upon the affections of her benefactors, that, although destitute of fortune, they determined to adopt her as their own. As a father, Sir William knew no difference between his sons; but as the representative of a noble house, he felt a solicitude that his heir should be qualified by example and education to transmit his name and honors unsullied to posterity. Having finished their collegiate studies they returned home to their parents, bearing testimonials from the

University creditable to their talents. Robert, the youngest, who was designed for the law, was placed as a student with an eminent barrister who resided in the neighborhood of St. Orne. A private tutor, or rather intelligent travelling companion was appointed to attend William on his projected tour, and no facilities that wealth or influence could supply were spared to fit him for that station which he was hereafter to fill. The spirit of envy which in childhood had lain dormant in the bosom of Robert, as they advanced in life, became enkindled, on observing the superior advantages which his brother enjoyed. These feelings, however, he found it was his interest to school under the hypocritical mask, as William had always assured him that he should be a joint sharer of his father's fortune, which he well knew a discovery of his malevolence might deprive him of. There was another circumstance that tended to increase the acrimony of Robert against his brother. William loved the beautiful little Spaniard, who was now about sixteen years of age, with all the ardor his noble and susceptible heart was capable of, and who returned it with a warmth that convinced him he was dearer to her than a brother, for as such, had she been accustomed to consider them both. Robert also loved her, if, indeed, the mingled passions with which he regarded her, deserved that name; but his pride and avarice both forbade his wedding the unapportioned orphan, although he was determined no other should possess her. The characters of William and Laurine were congenial in every respect. He directed her studies and formed her taste by his, own;—they read, they sang, and they walked together, unconscious that there was one who like

the serpent in Paradise was watching to destroy them. Robert's attentions to Laurine were more obvious than his brother's; he flattered her on every occasion in the most extravagant manner, and took every opportunity of shewing her all those little civilities by which the female heart is often won. True love is diffident; therefore from the embarrassed manner with which she often addressed William, and the ease and freedom when conversing with his brother, might lead a casual observer to suppose she preferred the latter.

The death of Lady Ellwood was the first shock that had ever been felt in the domestic circle of Sir William, and continued long to cast a gloom over that family to whom she was deservedly dear, and that society to which she had been an ornament. Soon Laurine was again left without a maternal protector, and to add to the sorrow which she nourished in private, she was soon to be deprived of the society of William, who, as soon as the last tribute of respect had been paid to the memory of his mother, was to take his departure from St. Orne. Sir William, who supposed there existed an attachment between Robert and Laurine, or believing that she felt embarrassed for want of a female companion, for the present, proposed placing her under the protection of Mrs Wayne, a widow lady, who resided a few miles from St. Orne. This was the last wish of his wife, who probably foresaw that the innocent Laurine would still need the guardian care of a mother. On conversing with Robert, on the subject of his love, he learned from that artful man that his affections were much engaged in her favor, but not so *deeply* as those of the lady were in *his*; he therefore promised that, should this union be necessary to the

happiness of his son, his consent would not be withheld.

On the eve of the departure of Laurine, from St. Orne, Sir William found her tying up a luxuriant woodbine that shaded a little rustic temple that had been her favorite retreat in her hours of happiness—she had been weeping; he perceived it, and drew from the artless girl the sorrow she experienced on leaving friends and scenes so dear to her heart. He took her hand and exclaimed, dear Laurine, I know the *secret* of your bosom! I know the *wish* of my son!—She started—be not alarmed; at present, we must separate, but should you entertain for each other the sentiments that you now do, at a future period my blessing shall await your union. The grateful Laurine, whose thoughts were all engrossed by the image of William, clasped his hand with enthusiasm, and replied: And do you indeed consent to receive me as your daughter? *I do!* he said with emotion, and pressing a kiss on her upraised brow, he led her to the hall.

Early the next morning she repaired to the summer house to cut some scions from the favorite woodbine. William was there. Oh, my Laurine! cried he, must we part? soon, soon shall I be far from you—from all I ever loved: but when I think of leaving you, a foreboding of evil presses upon my mind. What may not transpire in the course of a year? should my father die you might again be thrown upon the protection of strangers! let me then fly to him and ask his consent to our union. He has already '*consented!*' cried Laurine, breathless with agitation. It was *here* last night, that we met. He told me he knew *all!* more than my heart ever dared to acknowledge; he said that we must '*separate,*' for the present, but that

at some future period, his *blessing* should await our union. William was surprised at this welcome intelligence, peculiarly as he remembered that his father had more than once intimated a wish that he might wed a young heiress whose estate was contiguous to St. Orne. All noble as he is, said he, he has sacrificed his ambition to my happiness. Come, dearest Laurine, let us go to him—let me entreat him to consent to our immediate union, and then he will indeed have a daughter to console him in the absence of his son. No! cried she, it would be ungrateful—we will abide his time. Swear then, said William, passionately clasping her hands in his and sinking on one knee, swear with me before yon heaven, to unite your fate with mine when I shall claim you, and receive my vow never to wed another. Laurine bent her fair brow upon the rustic altar at which her lover knelt. Scarcely had they exchanged the promise of mutual fidelity e'er they were roused by a loud laugh, and starting, beheld the face of Robert looking through the lattice. There was something wild and unnatural in his laugh. William advanced to the door but he was gone. When they met at breakfast there was a gloom upon the brow of Robert that illy accorded with the set smile that was ever upon his lips. Mrs Wayne was of the party, whose carriage was in waiting to convey Laurine to her new home. Sir William embraced her affectionately, and gave into her hands the chain, rings, and the casket of jewels, which it may be remembered were entrusted to his care by her father; the latter yet had never been unsealed. Laurine received them with emotion, as she painfully thought how desolate would have been her situation but for these

kind friends. The brothers attended her to the carriage, but Sir William was somewhat surprised to see his eldest son occupy the seat which he supposed would have been claimed by Robert, who, as they departed, stood immovable, gazing, until the carriage disappeared in the windings of the wood. Turning to his father, he then disclosed what he had witnessed in the summer house! He accused Laurine of duplicity and falsehood, and his brother of clandestinely seeking to supplant him in her affections. The father was outrageous; at first he could not be made to realize the fact. But he shall yield her, he exclaimed, she never can or shall be his. And yet, replied Robert, sarcastically, you consented that she should be mine! I have other views Sir, said Sir William for my eldest son, he knows them, and never until this moment have I had cause to believe them disagreeable to him, in consequence of which I have proposed him to the father of a lady, and he is accepted as her lover. Sir William, who was all mildness and vanity, when nothing occurred to thwart his wishes, now raged with the fury of a madman, (so much are we influenced by the evil passions of our nature!) he flew to the dwelling of Mrs. Wayne, accused Laurine and his son in her presence with what had been alledged against them. The poor girl shrunk beneath his flashing eyes, without daring to defend herself from his unjust charges, but William coolly asserted more independence of spirit than he had ever before evinced to his father. This lady sir, said he, has long enjoyed your favor and protection; you were sensible of her worth, you taught me to respect her virtues, and my own heart prompted me to secure her love—neither she, or I, have

deceived you; presuming that we had your sanction to our affection. Laurine is now my affianced bride, and no human power shall part us! Sir William although partially convinced of the truth of this statement, returned home, agitated with conflicting pangs of disappointment, and mortification, with regard to the matrimonial treaty in which he had been engaged in behalf of his son.

Stung by the unkindness of his brother, and the injustice of his father, William felt more sensibly the claims of that gentle being on his affection, who now seemed to have no other friend, and, sending for a priest, they were united in the presence of Mrs Wayne, who pressed the weeping bride to her bosom, and promised to watch over her with the tenderest care in the absence of her husband. This sudden step had changed his views of the future, and he resolved to abridge the term of his absence; but the time which he appointed to meet his friend in London (who was to be the companion of his travels) had already expired—he therefore hastened to St. Orne, acknowledged his marriage, and bidding his father a hurried adieu, was soon distant from the home of his childhood, which it was his fate *never again to behold!* Soon after his arrival in London, he was seized with a violent illness that soon put a period to his existence.

Painful indeed would be the task to recount all the infamous and secret arts that were employed by the base Robert, to alienate the affections of Sir William from his widowed daughter and her infant son—but virtue was at last triumphant, and the amiable Laurine became again a resident at St. Orne, and her child was its acknowledged heir. Sir William lived but to place him in that seat

of learning where his father had been educated, and breathed his last, commending him to the *guardianship* of his deceitful uncle, who had, for a while, successfully assumed the mask of affection for his young nephew. In him, our readers will recognize Charles Elwood, the young 'emigrant,' to whom they were introduced in the steamboat. This unfortunate young man after having remained the usual term at the University, returned home with a heart bounding with eagerness to see his mother. During the last year he had received no intelligence from St. Orne, and no reply to the letters he addressed to her or his uncle. What then was his horror on entering the well known hall of his fathers, to learn from a servant that his mother had died in a neighboring *cottage* about a year since! and that Robert Ellwood was recognized as the *lawful heir* to the estates and title of Sir William! this wretch, it seems, had proved, by bribery, that the parents of Charles were never married! the only witness to the union was Mrs Wayne, and she was no more. Friendless and pennyless what could he do? the law had decided against him and he was told he was not heir even to his *father's name*.

This is the story of my friend whom I found in the little cottage where his mother died. Suddenly hurled from the pinnacle of affluence and honor to poverty and disgrace, most unmerited, all he possesses is about 500*l* that was raised on his mother's jewels. With this small sum he was determined to quit a country whose laws had cast him from society, and seek his fortune in this land of freedom. My own story is easily said, this young man has stronger claims on me than mere friendship, he is my *relation*! I am the *Grandson* of the *Count D'*

le man died in want, but the villain *Sebastian*, who sought to rob his father of his fortune, was detected and punished with death. My father married a lady of wealth, in England, who still lives, but he died many years since without knowing the fate of his sister, the unfortunate Laurine, and it was by mere accident of being educated at the same University, that our relationship to each other was discovered. When we parted, my friend invited me to pass a few months with him at St. Orne.—I *went*, and found its heir in a *cottage*! but the sword of justice is not yet sheathed, and I am determined on my return to Europe to have this affair legally investigated, if I sacrifice my whole fortune; and I have no doubt but I shall yet see Charles Ellwood enjoying the rights of the heir of St. Orne. r.

AMERICAN HERMITESS.

SARAH BISHOP is a person of about fifty years of age. About thirty years ago, she was a lady of considerable beauty, with a competent share of mental endowments and education; she was possessed of a handsome fortune, but was of a tender and delicate constitution; she enjoyed but a low degree of health, and could be hardly comfortable without constant recourse to medicine and careful attendance; and was often heard to say, that she dreaded no animal on earth but man. Disgusted with men, and consequently with the world, about twenty-three years ago she withdrew herself from all human society, and in the bloom of life, resorted to the mountains which divide Salem from North Salem, near New York, where she has spent her days in a cave, or rather cleft of the rock. As you pass the southern and elevated ridge of the

mountain, and begin to descend the southern steep, you meet with a perpendicular descent of a rock, in the front of which is this cave. At the foot of this rock is a gentle descent of rich and fertile ground, extending about ten rods, when it instantly forms a frightful precipice, descending half a mile, to the pond called Long Pond. In the front of the rock, on the north, where the cave is, and level with the ground, there appears a large frustrum of the rock, of a double fathom in size, thrown out by some unknown convulsion in nature, and lying in front of the cavity from which it was rent, partly enclosing the mouth, and forming a room: the rock is left entire above, and forms the roof of this humble mansion. This cavity is the habitation of the hermitess, in which she has passed the best of her years, excluded from all society; she keeps no domestic animal, not even fowl, cat, or dog. Her little plantation, consisting of half an acre, is cleared of its wood, and reduced to grass, where she has raised a few peach trees, and yearly plants, a few hills of beans, cucumbers, and potatoes; the whole is surrounded with a luxuriant grape vine, which overspreads the surrounding wood, and is very productive. On the opposite side of this little tenement, is a fine fountain of excellent water; at this fountain we found the wonderful woman whose appearance it is a little difficult to describe: indeed, like nature in its first state, she was without form. Her dress appeared little else than one confused and shapeless mass of rags, patched together without any order, which obscured all human shape, excepting her head, which was clothed with a luxuriandy of lank grey hair depending on every side, as time had formed it, without any covering or

ornament. When she discovered our approach, she exhibited the appearance of a wild and timid animal, she started and hastened to her cave, which she entered, and baricadoed the entrance with old branches pulled from the decayed trees. We approached this humble habitation, and after some conversation with its inmate, obtained liberty to remove the palisades and look in; for we were not able to enter, the room being only sufficient to accommodate one person. We saw no utensil either for labor or cookery, save an old pewter basin and a gourd shell, no bed but the solid rock, unless it were a few old rags, scattered here and there; no bed clothes of any kind, not the least appearance of food or fire. She had, indeed, a place in one corner of the cell, where a fire had at some time been kindled, but it did not appear there had been one for some months. To confirm this, a gentleman says he passed her cell five or six days after the great fall of snow in the beginning of March, that she had no fire then, and had not been out of her cave since the snow had fallen. How she subsists during the severe season, is yet a mystery; she says she eats but little flesh of any kind; in the summer she lives on berries, nuts and roots. We conversed with her for some time, found her to be of a sound mind, a religious turn of thought, and entirely happy in her situation; of this she has given repeated proofs by refusing to quit this dreary abode. She keeps a Bible with her, and says she takes much satisfaction, and spends much time in reading it. c.

FIRST PAINTING OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

GIOTTO, an Italian painter, designing to draw a crucifix to the

life, wheedled a poor man to suffer himself to be bound to the cross for an hour; at the end of which time he should be released, and receive a considerable gratuity for his pains. But instead of this, as soon as he had him fast on the cross, he stabbed him in the side and then fell to drawing. He was esteemed the greatest master in all Italy at that time; and having this advantage of a dead man hanging on a cross before him, there is no question but he made a matchless piece of work of it.

As soon as he had finished his picture, he carried it to the Pope, who was astonished at his prodigy of art; highly extolling the exquisiteness of the features and limbs, the languishing pale deadness of the face, the unaffected sinking of the head:—in a word, he had represented, not only that privation of sense and motion which we call death, but also the want of the least vital symptom. This is better understood than expressed: every body knows that it is masterpiece to represent a passion or a thought well and natural. Much greater is it to describe the total absence of these inferior faculties, so as to distinguish the figure of a dead man from one that is only asleep. Yet all this, and much more could the Pope discern in the admirable draft with which Giotti presented him. And he liked it so well, that he resolved to place it over the altar of his own chapel. Giotto told him, since he liked the copy so well, he would show him the original if he pleased. 'What dost thou mean by the original, wilt thou show me Jesus Christ on the cross in his own person?' 'No,' replied Giotto; 'but I will show your Holiness the original from whence I drew this, if you will absolve me from all punishment.'

The good old father suspecting something extraordinary from the painter's thus capitulating with him, promised on his word to pardon him; which Giotto believing, immediately told him where it was, and attended him to the place; as soon as they had entered, he drew back a curtain which hung before the dead man on the cross, and told the Pope what he had done. The holy Father extremely troubled at so inhuman and barbarous an action, repealed his promise, and told the painter he should surely be put to an exemplary death. Giotto seemed resigned to the sentence pronounced upon him, and only begged leave to finish the picture before he died, which was granted him. In the meanwhile, a guard was set upon him to prevent his escape.

The Pope having caused the picture to be delivered into his hands, Giotto took a brush, and dipping it into a sort of stuff he had prepared for the purpose, daubed the picture all over with it, so that nothing could now be seen of the crucifixion; for it was quite effaced in all outward appearance. This greatly enraged the Pope; he stamped, foamed, and raved like one in a frenzy. He swore that the painter should suffer the most cruel death that could be invented, unless he drew another, fully as good as the former; for if but the least grace was missing, he would not pardon him; but if he would produce an exact parallel, he should not only give him his life, but an ample reward in money. The painter, as he had reason, desired this under the Pope's signature, that he might not be in danger of a second repeal; which was granted him. Giotto now took a wet sponge and wiped off all the varnish that he had daubed on the picture, and

the crucifix appeared the same in all respects as before. The Pope who looked upon this as a great secret, being ignorant of the arts which the painter used, was ravished at the strange metamorphose; and to reward Giotto's great ingenuity, he absolved him from all his sins, and the punishment due to them; moreover, ordering his steward to cover the picture with gold, as a farther gratuity for the painter. This crucifix is the original, from which the most famous crucifixions in Europe were drawn.—*Walpole's Anecdotes of Painters.*

MIRACULOUS FLIGHT OF A CRIMINAL.

IN the country, last year, (1796,) says Madame du Montier, I was in company with a good friar, eighty years of age, from whom I had the following story:

About forty years ago he was sent for to a highwayman to prepare him for death. The magistrates shut him up in a small chapel with the malefactor, and while he was making every effort to excite him to repentance, he perceived the man was absorbed in thought, and hardly attended to his discourse. My dear friend, said he, do you reflect that in a few hours you must appear before your Almighty judge; what can divert your attention from an affair of such importance?—True, father, returned the malefactor, but I cannot divest myself of an idea that you have it in your power to save my life. How can I possibly effect that, rejoined the friar: and even supposing I could, should I venture to do it, and thereby give you an opportunity of accumulating your crime? If that be all that prevents you, replied the malefactor, you may rely on my word; I have beheld the rack too near, again to ex-

pose myself to its torture. The friar yielded to the impulse of compassion, and it only remained to contrive the means of his escape. The chapel, where they were, was lighted by one small window near the top, fifteen feet from the ground. You have only, said the criminal, to set your chair on the altar, which we can remove to the foot of the wall, and if you will get upon it, I can reach the top by the help of your shoulders. The friar consented to this manœuvre, and having replaced the altar, which was portable, he seated himself quietly in his chair. About three hours after, the officer and executioner, who began to grow impatient, knocked at the door, and asked the friar what was become of the criminal. He must have been an angel, replied he, coolly, for by the faith of a priest, he went out through that window. The executioner, who found himself a loser by this account, inquired if he was laughing at him, and ran to inform the judges. They repaired to the chapel where our good man was sitting, who, pointing to the window, assured them upon his conscience, that the malefactor flew out at it; and that, supposing him an angel, he was going to recommend himself to his protection; that moreover, if he was a criminal, which he could not suspect, after what he had seen, he was not obliged to be his guardian. The magistrates could not preserve their gravity at this good man's *sang froid*, and after wishing a pleasant journey to the culprit, went away. Twenty years after, this friar, travelling over the Ardennes, lost his way, just as the day was closing; a kind of peasant accosted him, and after examining him very attentively, asked him whither he was going, and told him the road he was trav-

elling was a very dangerous one; if you will follow me, he added, I will conduct you to a farm at no great distance, where you may pass the night in safety. The friar was much embarrassed; the curiosity visible in the man's countenance excited his suspicion, but considering that if he had a bad design towards him, it was impossible to escape, he followed him with trembling steps. His fear was not of long duration, he perceived the farm which the peasant had mentioned, and as they entered, the man, who was the proprietor of it, told his wife to kill a capon, with some of the finest chickens in the poultry yard, and to welcome his guest with the best cheer. While supper was preparing, the countryman re-entered, followed by eight children, whom he thus addressed: my children, pour forth your grateful thanks, to this good friar; had it not been for him, you would not have been here, nor I either; he saved my life. The friar instantly recollected the features of the speaker, and recognised the thief, whose escape he had favored. The whole family loaded him with caresses and kindness; and when he was alone with the man, he inquired how he came to be so well provided for. I kept my word with you, said the thief, and resolving to lead a good life in future, I begged my way hither, which is my native country, and engaged in the service of the master of this farm; gaining his favor by my fidelity and attachment to his interest, he gave me his only daughter in marriage. God has blessed my endeavors; I have amassed a little wealth, and I beg you will dispose of me and all that belongs to me: I shall now die content, since I have seen and am able to testify my gratitude to my deliverer. The friar told him he was well re-

paid for the service he had rendered him, by the use to which he devoted the life he had preserved. He would not accept of any thing as a recompense, but could not refuse to stay some days with the countryman, who treated him like a prince. This man then obliged him to make use at least of one of his horses, to finish his journey, and never quitted him till he had traversed the dangerous roads that abound in those mountainous parts.—*Letters of Madame du Montier.*

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

MRS WARE,

The following original and unpublished letter of Dr Franklin, was found in the possession of a professional gentleman residing in Halifax, N. S. Believing that any production of his original mind would be read with interest, I beg leave to present it to the public through the medium of your interesting publication. I have sent it to you as a *true copy*, without the least alteration, in his simplicity of style and language. It is addressed to the Rev. Dr. Biles, with whom it is well known he corresponded.

A FRIEND.

Philadelphia, Jan. 1, 1788.

DEAR OLD FRIEND.

I duly received your kind letter of May 14th '87. I was then busily engaged in attending our General Convention, which, added to the ordinary current business of this Government, took up so much of my time, that I was obliged to postpone answering many letters of friends, which gave occasion of mislaying some of them, and among those was yours, only last week come again to hand. I think I never received what you mention, respecting the University of Aberdeen, but the good will I might show on that oc-

casian was not of importance enough to deserve your respecting the acknowledgement. It was in me only paying a debt; for I remember with gratitude that I owe one of my first academical honors to your recommendation. It gives me much pleasure to understand that my points have been of service in the protection of you and yours. I wish for your sake that electricity had really proved what at first it was supposed to be, a cure for the palsy. It is however happy for you, that when old age and that malady, have concurred to enfeeble you, and to disable you for writing, you have a daughter at hand to nurse you with filial attention, and to be your secretary, of which I see she is very capable, by the elegance and correctness of her writing in the letter I am now answering. I too, have a daughter, who lives with me and is the comfort of my declining years, while my son is estranged from me by the part he took in the late war, keeps aloof residing in England, whose cause he espoused; whereby the old proverb is exemplified:

My son is my son 'till he gets him a wife;
But my daughter is my daughter all the
days of her life.

I remember you had a little collection of curiosities. Please to honor with a place in it, the enclosed medal, which I got struck in Paris. The thought was much approved by the connoisseurs there, and the engraving well executed. My best wishes attend you, being ever your affectionate friend,

and humble servant,
Rev. Dr. Biles. B. FRANKLIN.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

'We are but the venders of other men's goods.'

Hannah More.—This literary lady still lives at the age of 88.

Mr King an American traveller, thus spoke of her.—

'Being pressed for time, I spent only one day with her, though she repeatedly urged me to remain with her another. Her place of residence, called Barley Wood, is quite enchanting. She herself, like the olive, flourishes in old age. She is now in her *eighty third* year, yet possesses in a very great degree, the cheerfulness and vivacity of youth. As I took leave of her, I began to express a wish that her life might be prolonged; but she checked me, saying, 'do not wish me that.'

—
This light article is a pretty fair illustration of the subject. We should suppose the author had been a pupil of the classical lecturer on the philosophy of light.

ON A YOUNG LADY WHOSE NAME WAS LIGHT.

Light was the maid, in *light* array'd,
For *light* to her was given,
From *light* she flew, and *lightly* too
She'll *light* again in heav'n.

No northern *light* was e'er so bright,
No *light* could ne'er be brighter;
Her *light*-drawn sigh pass'd *lightly* by,
As *light* as air and *lighter*.

The *lights* divine, that *lightly* shine
In yonder *lighten'd* skies,
Can ne'er excel the *lights* that fell
Like *lightning* from her eyes.

She *lightly* mov'd by all belov'd
A *light* and fairy elf;
Light was her frame and *light* her name,
For she was *light* itself.

Bower of Taste.

NAPOLEON.

THE power and influence of Bonaparte over the French nation when he was in the zenith of his glory was truly astonishing! yet he was equally beloved and feared by his subjects, for they knew that a strict observance of their duties would be rewarded, as also that the slightest dereliction from fidelity would be punished with

the utmost severity. In any case of disaffection among this people, any little faction, that might arise during a temporary absence from them, the instant he shewed himself among them the spirit of discord was hush'd, and order, and harmony immediately restored. Well might France hail him as her *tutelar genius!* he disarmed despotism of her lawless blade—he banish'd licentious pleasure from the halls of regal splendor, and bade the courtly sycophants of royalty resign their honors to men of truth and integrity; he also wrought a 'revolution' in France—no longer did the 'grass cover the pavement that led to her Temples of worship,' he respected her religious rites and ceremonies, he revised her laws, and such as were just and equitable, were enforced and enacted with Roman firmness, and to these, suffering worth and oppressed innocence, plead not in vain for relief; *who* has done more to promote the glory and happiness of a nation than Bonaparte! he was a liberal patron of the arts, and sciences, he founded colleges and literary institutions, built hospitals for those who were disabled in the service of their country, and established charitable societies of every denomination for the relief of the distressed. In every instance he was a friend to the brave and a rewarder of virtue and industry. Agriculture and commerce flourished beneath his auspices, to facilitate which, he constructed rail-ways, opened canals, and built bridges which still remain as memorials of the interest he took in promoting the prosperity of his adopted country.

Paris, that region of taste and splendor, is also indebted to him for some of its most important improvements and magnificent embellishments. Bonaparte was a monarch and a hero, but he was also a scholar, and a man of genius. He venerated the classic vestiges of antiquity; he caused the splendid portico of the Louvre, and several other ancient buildings to be repaired that were falling to

decay through the neglect of former sovereigns. His garden was a paradise of sweets, collected from every part of the globe. His court was the resort of beauty, bravery, and talent. Literature, painting, and sculpture presented him with their offerings; and his judgment decided upon their merits; and worth and genius were ever rewarded by him with affluence and honor.

[Communicated.]

Tremont Theatre.—Miss KELLY. The friends of this establishment will learn with satisfaction of the engagement of this accomplished vocalist; who will appear on Monday night in one of her favorite characters. The success which heretofore attended this lady's efforts, not only as a songstress but as an actress, warrant us in the belief, that during her present visit, she will meet with all the encouragement so justly her due. By the bills of the day, we perceive, that uncommon exertions are making to bring forward, in a style of splendor unparalled in this country, the melo drama of the *Lady of the Lake*. The new scenery, drops and decorations are said to be truly appropriate, and in perfect keeping with characters and events as described in the poem.

Extra talent, both in the male and female department, has been enlisted to give this magnificent spectacle all the effect, of which it is susceptible. And we trust, that a liberal public will remunerate the Manager in his praise worthy exertions to gratify the wishes of his patrons.

To Correspondents.—We have received a rejected address which was written for the Salem Theatre. Although it possesses considerable poetic merit, it does not compare advantageously with the one selected by the committee for the prize.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



TEARS.

There is a tear whose bitter flow
Speaks deeply of the bosom's wo ;
Of care, and pain, and withering grief,
Of *want* that sees not for *relief*.

There is a tear in secret shed,
O'er perished hopes, and pleasures fled,
O'er treacherous love's perfidious smile,
And envy's blast, and falsehood's guile.

There is an agonizing tear,
That falls upon the funeral bier—
Wrung from the bosom of despair !
When the heart's treasure slumbers there.

There is a tear of burning shame,
Dropped on the wreck of ruined fame,
When conscience, startled from her sleep,
Looks forth upon life's troubled deep.

A tear to true repentance given,
When to the verge of misery driven—
The soul its desolation feels,
And at the throne of mercy kneels !

These speak of all the woes that mark
Our shadowy pathway, through life's dark
And cheerless pilgrimage of gloom—
They fall like faded flowers upon a tomb !

But there *are tears*, which like the dew
That comes with twilight's tender hue
Upon the bosom of the rose,
As if in sorrow o'er the close

Of vernal loveliness—these are
Memorials of things that *were fair!*
They tell of youth's delightful dream,
Of rapture's evanescent beam—

And oh ! they weave the magic spell,
That breathes around a last *farewell!*

AUGUSTA.

INVITATION TO MELISSA.

Welcome to our Canadian Isle!
 Here warmest friends shall meet thee—
 Love's faithful vow, and friendship's smile
 Shall both, Melissa, greet thee.

Then, come once more with mirth and song—
 Let's talk of former pleasures—
 And as we stray yon grove's among,
 We'll feast on memory's treasures.

Dear Caroline awaits thee here,
 Impatient to behold thee;
 Oh! may'st thou to that heart be dear
 To which her arms will fold thee.

The breath of spring shall soon awake
 Each bright and blooming flower;
 Come then Melissa and partake
 The pleasures of our 'Bower.'

L. V.

MONTREAL.

[This is perhaps one of the most finished productions of this justly celebrated poet.]

A SKETCH.

I've seen the blush of evening glow
 Upon the clouds that sailed above,
 And o'er the lake that soft hue throw,
 Which lights the burning cheek of love.

I've seen the liquid gems of night
 Lie quivering on some grassy mound,
 Exhaling forth their pearly light,
 Like sparkling jewels strewn around.

I've seen the tendrils of the vine,
 Thickly surround some shady place,
 And o'er the bower its branches twine,
 Like wreaths a victor's brow to grace.

I've seen—when summer showers passed by,
 And earth look'd green—the rainbow bend,
 And widely o'er the eastern sky,
 Its tinted, graceful arch extend.

I've seen a maiden, with an eye
 As lustrous as the opening morn,
 And o'er her brow those colors fly,
 Which tinge pale flowers at early dawn.

Again I looked—the evening light
 On clouds of gold poured its last ray—
 The brown leaves rustled—autumn's blight
 Swept by, and withered them away.

And see! that bow has vanished too—
 Through the grass the rude winds rush;
 Fond beauty's eye of tender blue
 Is closed—gone is that hectic flush!

F. S. H.



‘With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
 ‘We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,’—*Paine*.
 The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
 From the dark bosom of oblivion’s wave.

Vol. I. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1828. No. 10.

CLAUDINE MIGNOT,
Surnamed La Lhau-da.

A SHEPHERDESS becoming a queen is a very pretty incident in a fairy tale; but alas! for the common places of reality, these delightful events are of rare occurrence. Such things, however, have happened, and as what has been may be again, the history of La Lhau-da will be quite a romance of hope to any fair shepherdess who may like to indulge in dreams of exchanging her crook for a sceptre.

Amid the many admirers of the rustic beauty, the most favored was Janin, who though, like herself, by birth a peasant, was, from being secretary to M. d’Amble-rieux, considerably above her in present situation and future expectation. Claudine had soon penetration enough to perceive that what he sought in her was a mistress, not a wife. This was a mortifying discovery to one accustomed to consider her hand

the highest pledge of happiness; piqued vanity is a sure guard to woman’s virtue; and day after day passed, and Janin found La Lhau-da colder than ever. It was in vain he told her, love without kisses was a garden without flowers; her reply was, ‘I would imitate the moon, which receives the light of the sun, yet avoids him, though day and night his course is around her.’ When alone, she soliloquized bitterly on the hesitation of her lover: ‘Why does he not marry me? I am fifteen, nay, actually near sixteen; must I wait till I am thirty? Sweeping my father’s house, managing the household of others, my companions will be all wedded before me. Does Janin think I cannot get a husband? he shall see he is mistaken.’ Janin’s jealousy was soon raised; fear accomplished what love could not; and his offer of

marriage was accepted coldly by Claudine, with pleasure by her father, discontent by her mother, who, to the great displeasure of her husband, had higher views for her daughter, and recured to the prediction of a gipsey, that the child was born to be a queen. However, the marriage-day is named, when the Secretary thinks it necessary to introduce his intended bride to his master, who becomes deeply enamored of the beautiful peasant.

Janin, under pretence of pressing business, is sent out of the way, and M. d'Amberieux, in the presence of her mother, offers La Lhauda his hand, giving them the next day to reflect on his proposal. Thievena scarcely waited for his departure to begin expatiating on her honors in perspective. 'Ah, my dear Claudine, think of sitting in the old family pew; of how the curate will present the incense to you at high mass; to overhear as you pass, 'That is Madame d'Amberieux—Room for Madame d'Amberieux—Respects to Madame d'Amberieux; long live Madame d'Amberieux!' And what an honor for me to say Madame d'Amberieux, my daughter!' She was here interrupted by Claudine's remarking on the age of her present lover; and while exerting all her eloquence to remove what seemed so trifling an objection, in comes Pierro, who, far from entering into her grand schemes, puts a decided negative on the marriage. 'I will have no son-in-law,' said La Lhauda's father, 'at whose table I cannot take my seat without ceremony, and who will come and do the same at mine. I hate your fine people who eat up your wheat, without knowing the cost of its sowing or reaping; to whom you must always give the first place and the best bit; and who declares open

war upon you, unless their rabbits are let quietly to eat up your best cabbages and lettuces. Accustomed to act the great lady, my child will soon forget all that was once her duty and happiness. Lhauda living, will yet be dead to us. The husband for her, to please me, will be a man to work for the bread he eats.'

M. d'Amberieux was not to be discouraged by this refusal: making Thievena and Claudine his confidants, he introduces himself disguised as a laboring man to Pierro, and under the name of Lucas becomes such a favorite as to be promised the hand of La Lhauda. The discovery is soon made, and by all married gentlemen the denoument may be easily anticipated—his wife and M. d'Amberieux carry the day. The news soon got spread about; the marriage was wondered at, sneered at, caviled at, disputed about, attacked, defended, till it came to the ears of Janin, who had from time to time been detained on various pretences at Lyons. The injured lover arrives at the village the very day of the wedding: music, the ringing of bells, sounds of rejoicing fill every place—one and all confirm the tale. The cottage of Pierro is deserted, and at the castle he is repulsed as an impostor, assuming a name to which he has no title. There is no hatred like the hatred of love. With his sling in his hand, the miserable Janin remains concealed in the gardens of the chateau. At length his perfidious mistress, and her still more perfidious husband, pass by: A stone is thrown, which glances against a tree; La Lhauda alone perceives the hand from which it came. If M. d'Amberieux returned to the castle infuriated against the unknown assassin, his bride was no less, though differently, agitated.

The characters of first love can never be wholly effaced: like the name Sostratus graven on the Pharos, plaster might for a while conceal it, but still the original traces remained; and Claudine had really loved Janin. His letters had all been suppressed; accounts of his careless dissipation had been studiously conveyed to her. But here was a fearful proof—how wildly and how well she had been remembered! and with woman there is no crime equal to that of forgetting her; no virtue like that of fidelity. Janin continued wandering about till night; the sound of music had gradually died away; one light after another was extinguished, till the castle became dark as the starless heaven that surrounded it. He was standing on the brink of a precipice over which a foaming torrent rushed; it was close by the castle. Should he throw himself from it, his body would the next morning float on the stream before the window of his bride. Discharging a pistol he carried, into the midst of the accumulated snows above, he threw himself into the abyss of waters. A terrible avalanche instantly followed; the noise awoke all in the castle, but to Claudine the report of the pistol was the most deadly sound of all.

It soon fell out as Pierro had foreseen, he was sent to his vineyard, and his wife to her household; and La Lhauda's visits to her parents were seldom and secret. She was soon released from every constraint by the death of M. d'Amberlieux, who left her all he possessed. Her first use of riches was to secure independence to her parents, and to erect a modest monument to the memory of Janin. It was of white marble, representing a veiled female throwing flowers into an empty urn. Her low birth furnished a

pretext to the relations of M. d'Amberlieux for disputing her marriage and her rights to the succession. A journey to Paris became necessary—young and beautiful, Madame d'Amberlieux was soon in no want of powerful protectors. The Marshal de l'Hopital, seventy-five years of age, was one of the most active. His influence was amply sufficient to turn the scale of justice in her favor; but he deemed it necessary to have a right to interfere. He well knew the malice and wicked wit of those about the court; people might suspect he had his reasons—a connexion might be supposed, and he should be in despair at hazarding the reputation of one as prudent as she was fair. These one-word-for-my-neighbor and two-for-myself kind of fears would have only appeared ridiculous to Madame d'Amberlieux, had not the rank of the Marshal backed his scruples. Again interest took the place of love in leading her to the altar.

L'Hopital soon followed in the steps of his predecessor, and in the course of a few months La Lhauda was again a youthful and lovely widow. The exultation of her mother was now beyond all bounds: 'My daughter Mad. la Marchale de l'Hopital,' was the beginning and ending of almost every sentence; and morning, noon, and night, the gipsy's prophecy was recurred to. But Pierro could not forget that the elevation of his daughter involved her separation from him. A prince who had in turn been jesuit, cardinal, and king, John Cassimir the Second, of Poland, having abdicated, was then residing in France, at the Abbey Saint Germain-des Pres, which Louis the Fourteenth had given him. This Prince, no longer jesuit or king, but the gay and gallant man of the world, saw the lovely Marchale, and succeeded in win-

ning her heart and losing his own. A fortunate but conscientious lover, he married his mistress privately. The secret was soon betrayed, and though publicly she had not the title of Queen, yet every one knew that she was wife to the King of Poland. The tidings reached her native village—her mother died of joy, her father of grief; and John Cassimer soon followed, leaving La Lhauda with one daughter, whom his family always refused to acknowledge.

Such was the end of three marriages contracted and dissolved in the short space of fifteen years. La Lhauda's good fortune was not left as a heritage to her descendants—she lived to see them returning to her own former obscurity. Many an old man in Grenoble can remember a little Claudine who used to solicit public charity with the word 'Pray give alms to the grand-daughter of the king of Poland?' What a vicissitude to 'point a moral and adorn a tale!' The history is well remembered in the little village of Bachet, near Huglan, where La Lhauda was born.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

THE BALL ROOM.

I do love to look upon woman—to gaze upon beauty unadorned, in the plain and simple habiliments of the morning, with her bright hair parted on her fair forehead, or curling round a face beaming with health and cheerfulness. This is a pleasing sight—her manners seem to partake of the character of her dress, at least I have ever thought I could trace a correspondence between them.—But I confess I also love to gaze upon beauty in a 'ball-room.'—in this region of taste and brilliancy the painter and the poet

may luxuriate in the display of nature's fairest works, improved by the embellishments of art: here the grace and elegance of woman, aided by the magic of fashion is most strikingly developed. Inspired with the spirit of harmony and joy, she glides through the mazes of the dance with the foot of a sylph, and the smile of a seraph! I never see a group of youthful females but I immediately fancy myself among the muses, and imagination confers upon each, some celestial charm! in the pensive brow, upturned eye, and graceful abstraction of one fair being, (whom I sometimes meet at these gay assemblies) I trace the serene and contemplative graces of Urania, and in the sparkling eye and dimpled cheek of another, I mark the wit and sportive mirth of Euphrosine, and many a lovely one bounds before me with the flexile form and aerial step of a Terpsichore. In short I am in a land of enchantment—all are goddesses! one has the twisted tresses and loosed drapery of a Diana—another, the flowing curls and rounded arms of a Hebe.—(I never knew but *one* who had the glance of Minerva, and the smile of Venus.)

But there are some indeed, even among the young and beautiful whom nature never designed for *dancers*—such as have no ear for harmony—no elasticity in their movements—yet these persons often profess a fondness for, and persist in dancing, when it is obvious to all who behold them, that their amusement is a labor. But when I attend a ball it is for pleasure—I go not to sneer at natural personal defects, or to criticise upon the taste of those whose dresses do not happen to suit my fancy—these, like the errors in painting I pass lightly over, and dwell with more enthu-

siasm on its beauties than if the whole piece was perfect.

I love to see people happy! particularly the young and innocent. A ball, conducted with decorum and propriety, has perhaps a less evil tendency in society than any other amusement unconnected with mental improvement, yet when we consider that order, politeness and refinement of manners, are absolutely indispensable in a ball-room, we must allow that an improvement of the mind, as well as of the person, must be the result—be this as it may, although I do not let these amusements interfere with the more important concerns of life, yet I am often most happy to join in the dance, particularly when I am so fortunate as to procure a fair partner to my taste. w.

MAG'S ATTEMPT AT 'HIGH LIFE.'

Margaretta Rushbrook was certainly a very extraordinary looking girl. To see her once was to remember her for ever: At least I could never banish from my memory the impression that her looks made upon me. On the first glance, the stranger was struck with a huge square mass of flesh from her feet to her shoulders, on which was placed a head that physiognomists might behold with wonderment. A small nose, was snugly seated in the centre of an expanded face, and just beneath a pair of cunning grey eyes that twinkled like a couple of glow-worms on a red cabbage leaf. A vast profusion of curls were scattered round her head—some were gracefully dangling behind her ears—others were majestically reared on the very top of her head and seemed to be viewing with contempt the presumption of a stray curl, that appeared endeavoring to find the extremity of her length-

ened chin. Smiles of the most poetical import, would doubtless have sported with peculiar gracefulness on her lips, were it not that her under one curled, or rather lapped, over on the ponderous member alluded to. An admirer of a ruby lip would have fallen in raptures could he have beheld its voluptuous swell, blooming in all the beauty of fleshy exuberance!

But Margaretta was beautiful,—so at least her imagination taught her to believe; and she determined to visit the gay metropolis of New York, that she might learn its fashions, and give a finishing touch to her natural beauty. A six months residence here, had indeed, made a sensible alteration in her conduct, for she had rapidly learned the affected airs of gaiety, and coquettish toss of the head, when a beau presumed to address her. The giggle and the he! he! he! she got almost to perfection; and no female of her acquaintance could excel her in giving certain omnious hints to the gentlemen, of the existence of such things as theatres, balls, Castle Gardens, &c.; for when they appeared not to comprehend—dull souls! she would wonder with great *naivete*, 'what ailed the folks—she never saw such a stingy set of fellows in her life?'

The day at length arrived when she left New York, possessed, as she averred, of the hearts of some half dozen youths; and she soon entered her native village, the proud mistress of fashionable smiles, starts, nods, winks, and he! he! he's. Her sudden and dashing appearance created much wonderment among the simple villagers, who could hardly be persuaded to believe that 'fat, long chinned Mag,' as she was rustically called, could be transformed into the thing she was.

Tim Slochenhausen, her rustie

lover, who was the wit of the village, was the first to call on her. In former days, when they used to play tag, it was glorious sport for Tim to chase Margareta into a corner, or behind a door, and then seizing hold of her chin, draw her face to his, and give her a hearty smack. How often had they played billy button together! and sung 'Come Philanders,' 'Oats, Pease, Beans, and Barley O!' and 'I'm a Roving Bachelor!' The recollection of these precious sports passed rapidly through the memory of the swain as he rapped at the door.

Tim was somewhat surprised to find himself formally ushered into the 'parlour,' and was desired to sit down, and wait a few minutes, 'as Margareta was not yet ready to see company.' Margareta!—How strange that sounded!—he had never heard her called so before—it was always 'Mag;' and by way of variety, sometimes 'jolly, fat Mag.'—Tim's heart misgave him as his eye rested on a tremendous Bolivar, which was sprawling on the table before the looking glass; and wondered, and wondered, in the innocence of his heart, till his mouth was stretched almost wide enough to receive the object of his astonishment.

Laces, ribbons &c. of the newest fashion, and half bound novels, were so placed as to attract notice; and Tim's eyes were beginning to look big, when Margareta Rushbrook entered.

After the manner of certain city ladies, she intended to give effect to her *entrée*; and assuming a stateliness of manner she marched in. She approached Tim with a sweeping bow, and a knowing smirk, which was intended for immense condescension, and reaching out her forefinger, she inquired with a careless air. 'Ah! Mr

Slochenhausen!' He could hardly credit his senses: a tremendous 'whew' burst from his lungs like a torrent, accompanied by his favorite exclamation, which he never used but on special occasions, 'by golly, and Davy Rachel, but there's a good one!'

Margareta was too well acquainted with rustic manners to notice this sally: and taking a chair, she placed herself in one of her elegant attitudes, and looked with ineffable dignity on her rural lover. It was sometime before Tim recovered from his confusion; at length venturing to look at his former play mate at tag, he was lost in a transport of rustic admiration.—What a metamorphose was here! It was no longer plain Mag with her check frock and white ruff, but Miss Margareta Rushbrook, from New York, tricked out in the extreme of fashion, the essence of politeness, and the queen of beauty!

Some time elapsed ere Tim could muster courage to ask her how she was pleased with her visit to the metropolis, when—whizz!—the flood-gate of her speech was open, and such a torrent of words and uniatelligible jargon, never before greeted the astonished ears of Mr. Slochenhausen! Theatres, balls, Brooklyn, Broadway, Castle Garden, bears, ships, flounces and the battery, streamed from her tongue in rapid succession, accompanied by a paraphernalia of nods, winks, giggles, he! he! he's! to the utter destruction of her former mock-dignity.

Tim, during one of the pauses, was about collecting sufficient wind to give another 'whew!' but she skilfully manœvered to check the gathering tornado, by suddenly setting in motion the 'paddle of her speech.' Like one of those machines, denominated a steam-boat, she spluttered

through an ocean of words, paddle, paddle, paddle, till she came to a conclusion, by exclaiming with upturned eyes, 'What a romantic place is New-York?'

What mighty wonders had she achieved while there. She had read the *Isambone* in ten volumes; the *Deuss* of Warsaw, in six; the *Ville* of Wakefield, in four. She had enslaved the hearts of no less than a dozen dashing youths, whom she won at parties, by recommending and setting the example of drinking nothing but brandy sng. One of them was so far gone as to present her, on the day of her departure, the ace of hearts on the back of which was a profile, or some thing very ominous of one. Margaretta received it with infinite marks of condescension, called it her dear *minister*, and wore it faithfully next her heart. She now drew it forth to the gaze of wonderstricken Tim, who, after viewing it attentively for a few moments, started from his seat, and seizing his hat with a variety of contending emotions, of which amazement was the most predominant, rushed rather unceremoniously from her presence. Margaretta seemed in no way surprised or offended; but very complacently turned up her nose at her love, as she beheld him striding down the street, lustily exclaiming to himself, 'She's a ripstaver, so help me Davy Rachel!'—*Phil. Album.*

POWER OF FASHION.

From Cogan's Treatise on the Fashions. This power is an ideal influenza, spreading with the utmost rapidity, and infecting a whole community where it commenced; sometimes extending to distant nations, and acquiring such strength, in its progress, that nothing can resist its force! It does not possess the degree of

merit attendant upon the excessive love of novelty, which always imagines the object to possess some degree of worth: a circumstance this, by no means essential to the influence of fashion; whose authority is, in general, derived from things known to be idle and insignificant. Fashion gives absolute sway to modes, forms, colours, &c. wantonly introduced by the whim of an individual, with whom the majority have not the most distant connection, and concerning whom they are totally ignorant: unless circumstances and situations of notoriety, should render their characters either equivocal or unequivocal.

It is capable of instantaneously altering our opinion of the nature and qualities of things, without demanding any painful exertions of the understanding, or requiring the slow process of investigation.

With the quickness of a magic wand it in a moment subverts all those ideas of beauty, elegance and propriety before cherished. It makes us regret as odious what we had lately contemplated as most desirable; and raptures are inspired by qualities we had just considered as pernicious and deformed. Unwilling to renounce our title to rationality, unable to resist the power of fashion, we make every attempt to reconcile reason with absurdity. Thus in numberless instances, do we attempt to vindicate to ourselves, and to others, the novel affection. We are assiduous to find out some peculiar excellence, or advantage, in whatever becomes the idol of the day; and to discover some insufferable defect in the divinity we have discarded. That which was once deemed grand and majestic, in size or form, will now strike the eye as insupportably clumsy, and the regularity we once admired, now renders an ob-

ject stiff, precise, and formal; colors which were yesterday so delicately elegant, will appear to-day faint, faded, and lifeless; and those which were lately much too strong and glaring for our weak optics, become in an instant bright, glowing, and majestic.

Fashion will render that particular garb which we once thought so warm and comfortable, hot and insupportable as the sultry *dog-days*: and it makes the slightest covering, contrary to its pristine nature, remarkably pleasant in the depth of winter. The flowing hair, or adjusted ringlets, shall at one period be considered as becoming and elegant; at another, be rejected as an insufferable mark of effeminacy, and reprobated as demanding a culpable waste of our most precious time, while their close amputation is deemed both manly and commodious.—Fashion has power to influence our ideas of graceful proportions; it elongates or contracts the form of the leg in one sex, and of the waist in the other. It diverts decency to excite a blush, at being detected without any other head dress than that ordained by nature; and it is also able to suppress the blush of female delicacy, at exposures which scarcely leave any room for the exercise of the most licentious imagination.

Thus does fashion powerfully, expeditiously, and absurdly, change both our opinions and our affections, according to the dictates of the most wanton caprice!

SKETCH

OF THE FEMALE CHARACTER IN AUSTRIA.

THE Austrian women in their simplicity and good nature have a charm that is peculiar to them; a mild sound of voice, an air of candor and goodness, flaxen hair,

a dazzling complexion, and large blue eyes would render them too seducing, if their simplicity and modesty did not enforce respect and temper, by the charm of virtue, the two lively impressions caused by their beauty; they please the stranger by their sensibility, while they interest him by their imagination.

Without cultivating the fine arts and literature too much, they are not strangers to them; and, when their confidence is gained, they evince considerable knowledge, of which they never make a display. Their presence in society is as agreeable as that of Frenchwomen, and it may be said, that they seem to be more necessary to it. The men are less agreeable than their wives, and generally less amiable. The Austrian women speak with nearly equal facility all the European languages; and French is peculiarly delightful in their mouths. They have much less influence in the world and in society than the French women, but happiness does not depend upon exterior. Family love and tranquillity of mind never tire, and these alone are what they appreciate. The German girls have much more liberty than the French; this liberty, which they never abuse, gives them a greater knowledge of the world. It is to be remarked that, in general, women in Germany have a marked superiority over the men in society. It is astonishing how little agreeable men, and even clever men, are in conversation; neither their ideas, nor their choice of expression can convey a conception of what they are capable of in silence, solitude, and meditation. The most distinguished men are so little in the habit of conversing, that without women there would be no society.

M. Marcel de Serre.

We have received the following reply to the 'love letter' that was published in our eighth number. It should have appeared in our last but was too late.

My exquisite friend! while the vociferous herald of time was proclaiming from his gothic eminence, the hour when 'tired nature's sweet restorer' dispenses her somniferous blessings over the lanuginous couch of repose,—just as I was preparing to divest my person of the incumberances of my diurnal costume in order to enjoy the luxury of horizontal refreshment, within the curtained recess of my nocturnal sactorum, the subordinate menial that awaits my behests electerized me with the most extatic felicity, by bearing to me your delectable communication. I carefully incised the seal in order to preserve it as emblematic of the indissoluble tie that binds our glomerated affections. My heart experienced the most agitating conquassinations on expanding your page! credit me sir when I aver my total and radical disbelief of the multifarious criminalities that demoniac manevolence have alleged against you; the promulgation of which although hypostatically detrimental to the immaculate purity of your moral and professional character, yet it cannot diminish even the shadow of a particle of that sublime, profound, intense, imperishable, never-ending, still beginning love that animates the heart of your Elenora Polly.

CLEMANTINA CLAPPERGO.

A respectable Physician attests to the truth of the following, however mysterious it may appear.

AN officer in the army who was certainly addicted to no superstition, was quartered, early in life, (in the middle of the last century,) near the castle of a gentleman in

the north of Scotland, who was supposed to possess the second sight. Strange rumors were afloat respecting the old chieftain. He had spoken to an apparition, which ran along the battlements of the house, and had never been cheerful afterwards. His prophetic visions excited surprise, even in that region of credulity; and his retired habits favored the popular opinion. My friend assured me, that one day, while he was reading a play to the ladies of the family, the chief, who had been walking across the room, stopped suddenly, and assumed the look of a *seer*. He rang the bell, and ordered the groom to saddle a horse; to proceed immediately to a seat in the neighborhood, and to inquire after the health of Lady——; if the account was favorable, he then directed him to call at another castle, to ask after another lady whom he named.—The reader immediately closed his book, and declared that he would not proceed till these abrupt orders were explained, as he was confident that they were produced by the second sight. The chief was very unwilling to explain himself; but at length owned that the door had appeared to open, and that a little woman, without a head, had entered the room; that the apparition indicated the sudden death of some person of his acquaintance; and the only two persons who resembled the figure were those ladies after whose health he had sent to inquire. A few hours afterwards the servant returned with an account that one of the ladies had died of an apoplectic fit about the time when the vision had appeared. At another time, the chief was confined to his bed by indisposition, and my friend was reading to him, in a stormy winter night, while the fishing-boat, be-

longing to the castle, was at sea. The old gentleman repeatedly expressed much anxiety respecting his people; and at last exclaimed, 'my boat is lost!' the colonel replied, 'how do you know it sir? He was answered, 'I see two of the boatmen bringing in the third drowned, all dripping wet, and laying him down close beside your chair.' The chair was shifted with great precipitation; in the course of the night, the fishermen returned, with the corpse of one of the boatmen.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

'We are but the vendors of other men's goods.'

A FRAGMENT.

'WHAT a lovely moonlight!' exclaimed Maria, as Cynthia burst from a cloud which had before hidden her face, and poured her beams 'on street and turret, park and battery.' 'Tis lovely, indeed,' said I, 'and, *apropos*, speaking of moonlight, how delightful it is for a youth oppressed with pleasing pains, to sit beneath the moon near the window of his mistress, and give voice to his feelings in a tender lay.' 'What nonsense,' she replied. 'Nonsense?' I asked, 'for a young man to touch his guitar in the stillness of the night, and add to its tones the praises of his fair one? How sentimental! But the savage watchmen are too tyrannical. How outrageous was the treatment experienced by a young gentleman who was sighing to his guitar, those beautiful words, Sleep on—sleep on, my Cathleen dear.' 'And pray how was he treated?' she asked. 'Why, when he was in the middle of his ditty, and while his mistress was at her casement listening to the floating harmony (probably sympathizing with the minstrel's pains) the rude watchman seized the songster by

the cravat, and dragged him to the watch-house. Had it been me, Maria, I would have wrested from him his ponderous club, and, by my gods, I would have beaten him to death.' 'How delightful!' she exclaimed with a smile; 'the watchman deserved the thanks of the ladies of the city, for making an example of these disturbers of the night—these lovers, as they call themselves, who intrude upon the slumbers of any person that happens to attract their notice. If one of these serenaders were seated under my window with his flute or his guitar and his music, I would pour a *pitcher of water* upon his *head*.' 'Oh cruel,' I cried, 'you ought to pity them.'

[*N. Y. Minerva.*]

Burials in Italy.—A traveller writes, 'at Naples there is a burial ground or campo santo for the hospitals and for paupers, consisting of three hundred and sixty-six separate vaults. Each morning the large quarry of lava which closes the mouth of some one receptacle is heaved aside, and is not replaced before the approach of night. To this pit all the corpses destined for burial that day are committed. Thus the revolution of a year sees them all receive their victims of death in succession; whilst an interval so considerable allows one crop to moulder and dissolve before another is laid low. I looked down into one of those chambers of mortality, and, not without some horror, saw several bodies stretched upon the ground with no other covering than a napkin round the waist, and lying in the position in which they had happened to fall. In Florence, and elsewhere, the usage is the same; the bodies of the poor are daily collected and brought to a common room built for the purpose. At midnight they are pla-

ced in a litter, a carriage on four wheels, and are thus taken to a public cemetery without the town. The persons called *mortuarii*, whose business it is to collect the corpses, usually perform their gloomy service by torch-light, and may be constantly seen gliding along the streets at midnight in their white frocks, at a very unceremonious pace, with the bier on their shoulders.'

French Promises.—The Queen Marie Antoinette said to M. de Breteuil, 'Baron I have a favor to ask of you.' replied he, 'if the thing be possible, it is already done; if impossible, it shall be done.'

Yorkshire.—A handsome and gratifying compliment has just been paid to M. Montgomery the poet, by his townsmen. The ladies of Sheffield subscribed a sum of money to present him with a small piece of plate, and the excess, of the subscription beyond what sufficed for that purpose was to be given to the Moravian Mission at Tobago, established by the poet's father, and where the remains of his mother are. The modest and benevolent character of M. Montgomery was well consulted by presenting him with a splendid and finely-wrought silver ink-stand, and devoting the rest of the subscription, amounting to two hundred pounds, to the purposes of the missionary settlement.

Longevity.—There is now in Paris a female, named Elizabeth Thomas Cordieux, a native of Savoy, who was born on the 6th December, 1714, and who is, in all probability, the French say, the *doyenne* (the senior) of the human race. Her face is not more wrinkled than that of a female half her age—her sight is

good, her appetite excellent, and she can walk ten miles a-day without exhibiting fatigue; she does not make use of a stick to support herself, and it is really true that she has trudged all the way, on foot, from her native mountains to the metropolis of France. She passed through Lyons and Dijon, where she attended the theatres at the desire of the managers, who made her a liberal compensation for the benefit they obtained from her presence, people coming from all parts to behold the senior of the human race.

False Noses.—A French surgeon, of the name of Delpech, lately read to the Academie des Sciences, a paper on what he calls 'animal grafting.' In the course of ten years' practice he has successfully produced thirteen new noses; which, although destitute of cartilages, are perfectly firm and solid. M. Delpech prefers the Indian process, in which the necessary skin is taken from the forehead, to the Italian, in which it is taken from the arm; and he conducts the operation so skillfully, that only a few slight traces remain on the forehead, instead of the wrinkled and disagreeable scar which was formerly produced.

I cannot understand, why it should be thought, as it sometimes is, a departure from female delicacy to read in a promiscuous, social circle, if called upon to do so from any peculiar circumstances, and to read too, as well as Garrick himself would have done, if the young lady possesses the power of doing it. Why may she not do this with as much genuine modesty; and with as much of a desire to oblige her friends; and with as little of ostentation, as to set down, in the same circle, to

the piano, and play, and sing, in the style of the first masters? If to do the former is making too much of a display of her talents, why should not the latter be so? Nothing, but some strange freaks of fashion have made a difference.

But at any rate, amid her family and friends, to how many otherwise tedious or useless hours of life, may a female impart both delight and improvement, by *the charm of reading well*. If a wife she can solace many a season of a husband's weariness or sickness. If a mother, what an advantage to her offspring, to have before them, as they are growing up, a living model, in the person of one, who they are led to reverence and love, of an accomplishment, which our schools, and academies, and colleges, find it so difficult to impart. This latter consideration, in my view, has immense weight; for our habits of pronunciation, speaking, and reading, are first formed, in childhood, and in the domestic circle; and being once formed, it is a task of extreme difficulty to alter them.

When Bonaparte was Emperor, a lady of rank, greatly inimical to his cause, rather *silly* inquired of Talleyrand, 'Why, during the many nightly and secret conferences he had with the Emperor, he had never thought of taking his life?'—'Je suis si paresseux, ma chere,' was the fit reply of the minister. On another occasion, dinner had been kept waiting at Talleyrand's by General Rapp, who, arriving late, apologised by saying he had been detained by affairs with a set of pekings. 'Pekings! who are they?' inquired his host. 'Oh! we term all, who are not military, pekings.'—'Ah, I understand,' observed Talleyrand, 'and we term *militaires* all those who are not *civiles*.' When it was announced to him

that Maret had been created Duke of Bassano, he coldly observed, 'I know no greater ass than Maret, if it be not now the Duke of Bassano.'

'Who was Madame Talleyrand?'

'It would be more difficult probably to say who she was not. I have heard it reported that she was born at Tranquebar, and became the wife of an Englishman of rank at Calcutta; but that her conduct soon produced a separation, and she proceeded to her family in France, where after her marriage with Talleyrand, in company with him, she met her former husband at table at Fouché's, during the short peace of Amiens, and all parties were upon the most cordial terms. It was there she was asked, I believe, 'Whether she was a native of France?' as her colonial accent rendered it questionable. 'Non, Monsieur,' she replied, 'je suis d'Inde.' Robinson and Friday we have all heard about, but that was not so bad as her orthographical error in writing to her milliner, that she had need of a 'robe de catin.'—*New Monthly Mag. Lond. Jan. 1.*

A number of travellers and tourists when they alight at an inn, are in the practice of scratching their names, and the date of their visit, on the window glass.—Among a multitude of names written on the window of a certain inn in the Highlands, is the following *jeu d'esprit*, which should go far to abolish that mode of commemoration. One, of a party of four, it would appear, had written his own name, and the names of his three comrades with the month and year in which they had made their visit. Immediately under the names and in a quite different hand (evidently by some wag) is inscribed, '*Nota Bene*. The whole of the above were hanged for sheep stealing!'

Bower of Taste.

Flirtation.—This is one of the most chaste and finished delineations of fashionable life and manners that we have ever seen. There is a union of tenderness and vivacity in the style of the fair authoress that is peculiarly pleasing, and although her language is sometimes poignantly satirical, it is always scrupulously pure and unlabored. This novel has excited a general interest, and affords all the amusement which its title promises.

Lord Byron.—(Of the colloquial powers of this noble poet, his bosom friend, Leigh Hunt, gives rather an unfavorable account;) he says, Lord Byron had no conversation; properly speaking, he could not interchange ideas or information with you, as might be expected from a man of letters; his thoughts required the concentration of silence and study, to bring them to a head, and they deposited the amount in the shape of a stanza. His acquaintance with books was very circumscribed, (yet it has been said by some of the contemporaries of Lord Byron, who were not perhaps influenced by the spirit of rivalry, that he was one of the most accomplished Belles lettres scholars of the age.) The same personal experience, however, upon which he very properly drew for his authorship, might have rendered him more interesting by far than men who could talk better; and the great reason why his conversation disappointed you, was, not that he had not any thing to talk about, but that he was haunted with a perpetual affectation, and could not talk sincerely. It was by fits only that he spoke with any gravity, or made his extraordinary disclosures, and at no time did you well know what to believe. The rest was all quip and crank, not of the pleasantest kind, and equally distant from simplicity and wit. The best thing to say of it was, that he knew playfulness to

be consistent with greatness, and the worst, that he thought every thing in him was great, even his vulgarities.

Lond. Lit. Journal, Jan. 1.

AMERICAN SCENERY.

OTHER countries may possess a richer soil, and a gentler sky, but where shall we find the rude magnificence of nature so blended with scenes of enchanting beauty, as among our own mountains and lakes? believe me, it is because our country is yet unexplored, that her scenes of beauty and grandeur, her bright waters and swelling hills, her rich pasturage of living green mingled with fresh flowers, and skirted with shadowy forests; her fields teeming with life and vegetation—her mountains rising in the dark blue sky, and blending their summits with the clouds; her streams rushing from the hill tops to the bosom of the sea, or lingering in the valley below, sparkling in the sunshine: it is because these scenes are unexplored, that they are unsung—but the time is fast approaching when the painter and the poet shall glow with rapture and enthusiasm while delineating the sublime and beautiful scenery of his native country.

[*Native Sketches.*]

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTICES.

Arabic Poetry.—‘The Broken Lyre,’ a dihgrammic, by M. Agoub, has been translated into Arabic verse, by *Rehafa*, one of the Egyptians now educating at Paris; they have been scarcely a year there, and yet the talents of several of them are already unfolding (as we learn from foreign journals) in an extraordinary manner. Encouraged by the success of his first attempt, *Rehafa* is about to undertake a more difficult task, that of translating into Arabic, the ‘Elements of Legendre’s Geometry.’

German Literature.—Two treatises have lately been published, the one by M. Humboldt, on the travels of Messrs

Ehrenberg and Hemprich in Egypt, Don-gola, Syria, Arabia, and Abyssinia during the years from 1820 to 1825; the other work is by M. Kupfer on crystalization.

Herbert Lacy, by the author of *Gran-by* has appeared in London—it is highly spoken of.

Tremont Theatre.—Miss Kelly made her first appearance on the Tremont boards, in the character of *Letitia Hardy*, on Monday evening last. The mermaid song was a splendid specimen of her vocal powers—her trill is admirable! and the soft response of the orchestra was in perfect accordance with the dulcet tones of her exquisite voice; she was evidently pleased with the skilful accompaniments of those scientific performers, as all those who have sung at that theatre have been. Her personation of the awkward illiterate romp, was rather a caricature than otherwise, and her milk maid song, 'where are ye going my pretty maid,' was too much in the opera style for rustic simplicity, but in all the succeeding scenes, particularly those of the masquerade, and in the last, she was inimitable. Notwithstanding the excellence of Mr Brown, as *Doricourt*, and Mr Wallack, as *Flutter*, should it be performed again, we should be pleased to see an exchange of characters. Miss Kelly has since charmed us as *Juliana*, in the *Honey Moon*. Mrs Wallack's *Volante* was also a spirited performance.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Tremont Theatre.—Appearances give good earnest, for a series of coming nights, of an unusual share of attraction at the new house. The addition of *Mr. and Mrs. Wallack*, to the permanent talent of the company, can hardly fail of rendering the *Tremont* the resort of fashion and taste, and eventually, of operating to the remuneration of the Manager. The exertion of *Mr Wallack*, since his coming among us, have been, thus far

successful. This gentleman had a diversity of power calculated to make him popular.—Whether in tragedy, comedy, or farce, he is equally at home and equally happy.—*Mrs Wallack*, who made her debut on Wednesday evening in *Volante* in the *Honey Moon*, promises to become a favorite here. She has a prepossessing face, with a figure, which, in many points, may be termed hard-ome. Her motions are graceful; and from her manner of sustaining her part, we think she will prove a valuable acquisition during her present visit.—With *Miss Kelly* our play-going friends are already well acquainted. It would be superfluous to dwell, at this time, upon her professional merits. As an actress, she every where secures favor, and every where, as a vocalist, admiration. The capital orchestra which accompanies this lady, in her various songs, cannot be too much commended.—We congratulate those who enjoy the hearing of them in concert. To a musical ear, we cannot at present propose a richer treat than that offered in the union of *Miss Kelly's* voice, with the full and effective band employed at the Tremont.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, *Ephraim L. Baker, Esq.* of this city, to *Miss Sarah Maria Milliken*, formerly of *New-Haven*; *Mr Nathaniel Woods* to *Miss Abigail Dill*; *Mr Charles H. W. Taylor* to *Miss Mary T. Nichols*; *Mr Samuel Parsons* to *Miss Mary B. Allen*, eldest daughter of the late *Mr James Allen*.

In *Milton* *Mr Lloyd G. Horton* to *Miss Fanny H. Baker*, of *Braintree*.

In *Danvers*, *Mr Benj. Jacobs, Jr.* to *Miss Miriam S. Buttrick*.

DEATHS.

In this city, *Lemuel Wellman*, the son of *Mr John S. Wright*, aged 11 months; *Mr James Baker*, aged 45 years.

In *Charlestown*, *Mary J. Winslow*, aged 5; *Dolly R. Bennet*, aged 29; *Mr Daniel White*, aged 55.

In *Roxbury*, *Miss Mary Pitts*, late of *Rownsend*, aged 16, daughter of widow *Nancy P.*

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



ANNA MARIA'S BIRTH DAY.

Joy to thee lonely one! thy natal day
Shines brightly forth to welcome thee!
Although no flowers yet bloom to strew thy way—
The breeze is soft, the sparkling rills are free!

Like thine, 'tis Nature's birthday, and young spring
Like thee, gives promise of a joyous year!
Breathing around on zephyr's balmy wing—
Or smiling bright through morning's dewy tear.

Soon shall the sunny hours freighted with bloom
Wreath fair creation's brow—these the chill blast
May wither—they *must fade!* such is *our doom!*—
Too soon, the glowing joys of youth are past.

But dearest, there are blossoms—mental flowers,
Expanding lovely to affection's eye,
By education nursed in virtue's bowers—
To be transported to a purer sky!

Oh! cherish these, sweet child, with fondest care!
Round thy young brow may this bright chaplet twine,
Be thine their glorious destiny to share—

On earth to blossom—and in heaven to shine! AUGUSTA.

March 1, 1828.

A DREAM.

I went beneath the sea, when the broad moon,
Looked out the chamber of the dark blue sky
And shone, a shivered mirror through the deep—
The stars danced on its bosom, and pale gems,
Shone faintly in their sea green caves—sweet sounds
Trembled along the gurgling depth of waters,
Like mermaids' songs upon the surfy shore.
And there I culled a coronet for thee,
Thou loveliest, sweetest, dearest, best—and while
These gems were weaving for thy crown, soft shells
Were ringing forth sweet music—

* * * * *

I came to gaze upon thy brow, so bright,
 In marble whiteness, and to deck thy hair,
 With all the riches of a coral world.
 Thy deep blue eye, I thought would beam on mine
 In the true life of love's best living—oh,
 I saw nought but a scull—and that sweet form
 So rich in loveliness in early years,
 Was made a ruin by Death's dark undoings—

* * * * *
 The sun was up—the wave rolled on afar
 Against the dim horizon—white capped seas
 Glimmered in distance, as our hopes bear up,
 Amid the mistiness of other worlds.
 I twined a bridal wreath for thee, and strewed,
 In tenderness, spring's flowers around thy bower.
 I struck thy favorite song upon the strings
 Of thy enchanting, loved guitar—they broke,
 And still thou didst not come.—
 I looked again—the fun'ral pall was seen
 In midnight blackness o'er the bridal couch,
 And then there came a hotness on my brain,
 And memory, that damning child of ill—was gone—
 They tell me I am crazed—and do not see
 Strange figures in the sky—they say thou'rt dead.
 That when the moon is round, I do not meet
 Thee, at midnight hour, in yon dusky glen—
 'T is false—

BORTHE.

FRIENDSHIP.

(BY A MISS OF FOURTEEN.)

Hail! lovely Friendship—heaven-born maid—
 In bright, celestial, charms array'd!

How soothing is thy power,
 When sorrow clouds life's early day,
 Thy presence lends a cheering ray
 To gild each gloomy hour.

Or when disease allied to wo,
 Forbids the rose of health to glow,
 And dims the brilliant eye—

Thou, with a pitying angel's smile,
 Each painful moment can beguile
 And check the rising sigh.

To hearts by generous friendship join'd,
 And tender sympathy refined—

How pleasing are thy ties!
 Yet, oh! how few are form'd to feel
 The pleasures, friendship can reveal—
 Or know her sacred joys.

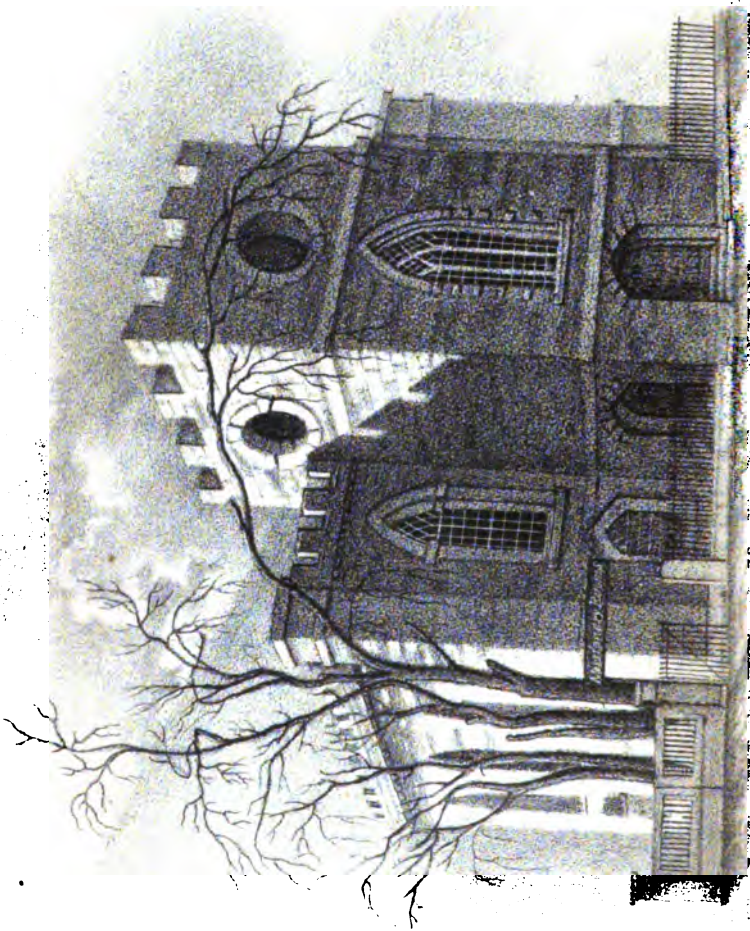
CATHARINA.

SIGHS.

Sighs are the very breath of love!
 Which rise like incense to the sky—
 Fond aspirations breath'd above,
 That tell the heart's felicity!
 Yet, there is one warm deep-drawn sigh,
 That says—*true love can never die!*

ROMONT.

1 x



St. John's Church, New York

Illustration of St. John's Church, New York, showing the exterior facade with Gothic Revival architectural features.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



'With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
'We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,'—*Paine.*
The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1828. No. 11.

HANOVER CHURCH, BOSTON.

GRATEFUL for the steady and increasing patronage we have enjoyed, and anxious to exhibit corresponding efforts on our part to gratify the highest wishes of our friends and render them an equivalent, we have procured a correct drawing of the Hanover Church, a building much admired for its style of architecture, and have the pleasure, with this number, to present it to our readers.

The corner stone of this edifice was laid June 20th, 1825; and the whole was completed, and the church dedicated, on the first of March, 1826. The walls are of rough granite, 70 feet in front, by 71 in depth, and about 40 feet high, with a tower 28 feet square, and about 68 feet high. The height of the walls will be accounted for, when it is observed by the print, that a basement story, which is 10 feet in the clear, occupies the whole extent of the ground; the front part of which is occupied by the American Board of

Missions, and the American Tract Society; and the rest, for a spacious vestry. The interior of the church is in a very simple, chaste style, and on a plan somewhat new. The floor is an inclined plane, making about 18 inches slope.— There are 166 slips or pews, besides seats for the choir; the pulpit, which is uncommonly low and plain, stands partly in a lancet-pointed alcove, and projects about three feet in front of the lateral wall. The cost of the land and building was upwards of \$40,000.

The general style of the exterior of Hanover Church, approaches to our idea of the primitive Gothic, nearer, if we except Dr. Channing's in Federal street, than any similar building in Boston. The appearance of the genuine Gothic architecture, is grand, characteristic and impressive. What it wants in chasteness and simplicity is made up by solemnity and a grace peculiarly its own. The

Doric, an order much admired by artists and men of science, differs from the Gothic, as has been justly observed, as much as Sophocles does from Shakspeare. The principle of the one is simplicity and harmony, that of the other richness and power. The one relies on form and proportion; the other on quantity and variety, and prominence of parts. The one owes its charm to a certain union and regularity of feeling; the other adds to its effect from complexity and the combination of the greatest extremes. The classical appeals to sense and habit; the Gothic or romantic strikes from novelty, strangeness and contrast. Both however, we believe, will universally be considered to be founded in essential and indestructible principles of human nature. The essentials of the Gothic, as put down by writers on Architecture, are spires, pinnacles, lofty pointed windows and elevation as opposed to the horizontal line of the Greeks. They appear to be derived, in almost every instance, from its type, the pyramid or cone. Its shafts shoot upwards; its arches are shaped like points of lancets; its windows form themselves into pyramidal tracety; and has been not inaptly compared to a grove of trees.— Comparing the style of the Hanover Church with the prominent features of the Gothic, as here laid down, we find but few of its distinguishing characteristics. The windows are lofty pointed, with a share of what is termed 'pyramidal tracety;' the doors are neither circular nor pointed at top, but preserve a sort of medium, and in size are, in a measure, disproportioned to the other parts of the building. The door of a church should be wide, to afford an easy passage to a multitude; and being thus, its height should correspond, that its appearance may please the eye. In this church we have no spires, no pinnacles, no shafts shooting upwards; but every portion of the top, its tower, cernices and ornamental work, all exhibit a cubical or right an-

gled shape, differing altogether from the genuine Gothic. The Church in Federal street has more of the legitimate externals of this style than the Hanover, and differs in no very important particulars; but it is not our place at present to institute a comparison between them.

A SKETCH.

In the centre of an apartment whose walls were hung with rich cloths, and whose floors were spread with the most costly weavings of the east, sate, or rather reclined, a knight in the half armor of the times. Before him stood a marble table, whose unblemished surface sustained a lamp, the faint rays of which shone full upon his face. Its lines had settled in the expression of suffering; and at short intervals, tears which he impatiently struck from them, glistened in his eyes. He sighed heavily, and once or twice, rose hastily from his seat, as if endeavoring to escape from the weight that lay on his spirit. Suddenly a narrow e. trance in view, opened and closed again after admitting a young and delicately formed female. At her appearance he hastened towards her, and raising from her face a rich veil that concealed it, he kissed her fervently and in silence: then, taking her hand, he led her to an open casement, through which the moon streamed in unshadowed splendor. From thence he looked upward, and strove to discover in the overhanging firmament, the star which the juggling science of the age, had taught him to revere as the arbiter of his fate. It shone with a mild and steady light; and to an unprepossessed mind would have suggested images of repose and beauty; but his diseased imagination saw written on its placid disk, menaces of fatal import, and he shuddered as he read the visionary threat.

'Constantia,' he said, addressing his companion in hollow, tremulous accents, 'the conclave have met, and the humble knight whose best distinctions was your love, has, by their election, been made the equal of rulers and kings. But the gift of power is not without its alloy, and in becoming the guide of others, I have ceased to be my own. The gaze of the multitude is on me, and follow me from the scene of public functions to the solitude of these recesses; nor is it fitting that the leader of Malta's chivalry should ever enjoy softer endearments than may be reaped from the austerities of monastic devotion, the pageantry of the tourney, or the hazardous revelry of well fought fields. So, at least say the hoary-headed fools of our conclave; but you know me too well, to believe that their words alone could persuade me to talk of separation to you. Separation; from whom? If the gray dotards could but imagine the fervor of my attachment—the blandishments of your tongue—the softness of your bosom, and the high heroic heart that throes beneath it! If they knew but how often when the call to arms has found me in the retirement of your bower, you have lent me a nobler impulse than I owned without you, and buckling on my armor, have bid me be a true knight; and how often, its hazards over, my dearest reward for the valor all men praised, has been your gentle welcome; would they wish me to leave you?—Constantia, the contumely of these men were nothing to me; but the stars themselves, those potential rulers of earthly destinies demand it from your lover. Will you pardon him that he dare not refuse?'

He ended, and the youthful girl whom he addressed, stood pale and motionless as marble. It was in truth, a harsh revelation to

one, whose love was intense as the worship of holy things—whose boundless security required all the power of the darkly predictive words she had just heard, to chill and to break it. She had been sailing on a quiet sea, in a barque, teeming with soft sounds and pleasing emotions, and now was stranded on a lone shore with nothing to greet her sense but the monotonous discord of an angry ocean. She might not unaptly be compared in her present hopeless and solitary condition, to a traveller who having smoothed his pillow at night on one of those verdant spots that adorn the barrenness of the desert, with living rills gushing around him, and fresh leaves waving over him, awakes on the morrow to the horrors of endless and burning sterility. She strove to speak, but the words rattled hoarsely in her throat, and the effort spent itself in inarticulate sounds. But there was a proud spirit in her eye, that gave promise of early and greater self-command: and well was that promise kept.

'Godfroy,' she said in low but distinct accents, 'when your summons came, I was alone in the solitary chamber, which to be near you, I have chosen instead of my father's free hall. I was alone with the dishonor for which I bartered a spotless name, and yet when your messenger's step awoke the sleeping echoes of that silent room, I knew that he came to guide me to your presence, and I was happier in that reflection, than the fame or love of kindred could have made me. But you say aright; the companion of your obscure days, deserves not to share in the splendor of your future lot. The hand that led me by mine from my youthful home, had no other trust than the bridle reigns, and a good sword. A weightier

care is in store for it and I resign its protection. Say I not well, love?" She crept into his bosom, and lay there with an eye as calm and as bright as ever shone on happier days. Then rising, she looked up in his face earnestly—tenderly.

'Godfroy,' she continued, 'lend me your poinard, I know it is ever by your side, and as a parting gift I would weave around its hilt a ringlet of the poor hair you have praised so often.' She received the dagger from him. It had been won in strife from the infidel, and was enchased with rich jewels.—Her dark hair was twined around it. The moment after she buried it in her side, and fell bleeding at his feet! Quick as thought, he upraised her inanimate body. He bound up its wound, and warmed her faded lips with his kisses, till they blushed again with the sanguine die of the rose. Hope re-illuminated his eye for a moment, but gradually left it as those lips resumed the ashy paleness of death. He took that white and lifeless hand and sighed over it his last adieu. 'That blow—that blow! It has killed us both, Constantia.'

The sultry plains of Syria were crowded with the array of war. The crescent and the cross waved in deadly hostility over its parched soil. Around the banners of the turbaned Prophet, were gathered the bravest of his worshippers—the swarthy Bedouin, the melancholy Turk, and pale, enervate Persian. Opposed to them was the flower of Christendom—the hosts of France and England, of middle Germany, and Venice the mistress of the seas. Malta's best lances were there, but without their legitimate leader. Godfroy, the grand master of their order, had mysteriously disappeared from amongst them. Dark and

injurious suspicions were levelled at his kingly competitors in fame, from which his followers were only won by the absorbing interest of the approaching strife. It came at last, and thousands who on that day saw the sun, rise bright and unclouded, lay stiff and cold, ere its beams were quenched in night. The dawn marshalled them forth—followers of the cross and the crescent. The middle hour found them contending. But we are no fit chroniclers of the events of that conflict. A single feature of them however, we would fain commemorate.

Overpowered by numbers, and oppressed by long continued exertions, the knights of St. John were slowly retiring before the countless myriads of the east, when a remarkable incident gave them anew the advantage of the fight. At this critical period when retreat was rapidly assuming the characteristics of flight, a knight appavelled in sable armor, and bestriding a noble animal of the same color, appeared amongst them. He shouted the war cry of the order, and urging his horse at full speed against the nearest assailants, struck them down in his progress. Long and unimpeded, he kept on his victorious way till the boldest of his followers trembled at his rashness. The catastrophe was however at hand, and the blood that bedabbed his armor testified that he had not pursued his stern career unharmed. The stroke of a battle axe parried on his sword, had shivered it to pieces: he drew from his bosom a poinard whose jewelled hilt was encircled with a single tress of raven hair. (Was it Constantia's?) He raised it aloft to strike a last blow, but life waned in the effort, and horse and rider came to the earth together to rise from it no more.

N. Y. Minerva,

NEW WAY

TO OBTAIN A HUSBAND.

OF all the stratagems resorted to by female ingenuity to obtain a suitable husband, we know of none so extraordinary as that of the French lady who gave out that her head resembled a 'Death's Head.' Among the numerous lovers, who, in consequence of the immense wealth she was reputed to possess, aspired to the honor of her hand, in spite of the terrors of her face, there were reckoned no less than five hundred and nineteen reformed rakes, and two hundred ruined gamblers. She showed to a person who was in her confidence, twenty-five or thirty letters which she had received from Belgium, written by certain well known characters, who said they would never revolt, though she should prove to be the most hideous object in the world. They were disposed to flatter, caress, and wed the plague itself, so they could procure abundance of gold. All their letters she left unanswered, but to a few who solicited her hand in a gallant style, she was generous enough to order her secretary to return thanks. Her friend was permitted to take a copy of the following:—

'Madam.—Report has doubtless painted you less handsome than you are; but none at least, will refuse to admit that your physiognomy is expressive. I should have had the honor of presenting myself before you, and of declaring my passion, had not pitiless creditors detained me in the Conciergerie. I must beg you will have the goodness to pay me a visit, to receive the proposition I am so anxious to make. Though you may have shewn a little of the coquet, in order to set yourself off at the best advantage, that is not the fault of nature; consequently, it can make no difference in my

intentions. No aspect can be more hideous in the eyes of a prisoner, than his prison. Bring me liberty and you will appear charming indeed. If you should favor me with a visit, you will see a young man, twenty-five years of age, who has, among other advantages, that of a tolerable person, with a mind proper to meet worldly success. He has moreover the honor to declare his most ardent vows.

FOLLEVILLE.

P. S.—Be so good as to request the goaler of the Conciergerie to lend his parlor for our interview.'

The mind of the young lady did not tend to a union, in consequence of the above invitations; yet her heart was not insensible. In the brilliant circles in which she moved, covered constantly with a mask, she distinguished a young man of noble and interesting countenance, whose mind had been well cultivated. He had a fortune which placed him above interested views. The young man, on his part, was so much charmed with the graces and delicate sentiments which the young lady with invisible features displayed in her conversation, that he at length declared all his happiness depended on a union. She did not deny the impression he had made on her heart, nor conceal the pleasure she should feel in acceding to his proposal, but expressed to him, at the same time, the dread, that he would repent on beholding her face, which she described to be that of death in its most terrific form. She urged him to beware of rashness, and consider well, whether he could bear the wretched disappointment he might incur. 'Well, well!' said the young man, 'accept my hand, and never unmask to any but the eyes of your husband.' 'I consent,' replied she; 'but remember, that I shall not survive the appearance of affright, and dis-

gust, and perhaps contempt, you may feel after marriage.' 'I will not shrink from the proof; it is your heart, and not your figure I love.' 'In eight days,' said the lady, 'you shall be satisfied.'—They prepared for the marriage, and, notwithstanding the refusal of the generous young man to accept a million in bank bills, she settled all her property upon him. 'If you have not courage enough to suffer,' said she, 'for your companion, I shall at least, be consoled by the reflection, that I have enriched him whom I love, and he will perhaps, drop a tear to my memory.' Returning from the altar, she threw herself on her knees before her spouse, and placed her hand upon her mask.—What a situation for the husband! His heart palpitated—his face turned pale—the mask fell—he beheld an angel of beauty! She then exclaimed affectionately, 'You have not deserved deformity—you merit the love of beauty!' The happy couple left Paris the next day for Livonia, where the great property of the lady was situated.

LITTLE WILLIE BELL.

'In Scotland, at every church door, there is a stool and a broad pewter plate upon it, and every one that goes to church, is expected to put something into the plate as he passes it, for the poor of the parish. Gentlemen and ladies put in shillings and half-crowns, and more if they be very rich; but working men and their wives, and any one that is not very poor indeed, would be ashamed to go by the plate without putting in a penny or a half-penny, to help the old frail people, and the blind and the lame, who are not able to work and win money for themselves. It is the custom of good ladies and gentlemen in that country to give

each of their children a half-penny or penny, or more if they can afford it, every Sunday morning, to put into the plate. And they do this, that their children may learn betimes to think of the hard condition of the poor, frail, blind people, and how right it is for us to help them in their distress. I have told you these things, because if you did not know them, you would not be so well able to understand a story which I once heard told in Scotland. Long ago there was a good worthy clergyman in that country, called Mr. Bell: he was very charitable and kind, and all the poor people loved him exceedingly. One Saturday an old schoolfellow whom Mr. Bell had not seen for many years, came to visit him. Mr. Bell was very glad to see his schoolfellow, and invited him to stay there for a few days; and he agreed to do so. And Mrs. Bell prepared the best bed-room in the house for this gentleman whose name was Major Lindsay; the major had ridden a long journey, so he retired into the bed-room to change his dress before dinner; and this took up some time. He was about an hour in the bed-room by himself. They then dined, and after dinner Mr. Bell asked for the children, and they were brought into the parlor. The major was much pleased with the children, for they were quiet. There were three of them, all girls, Jane, Mary, and Susan. But Jane was a good deal older than the others. The major took Susan on his knee, and kissed her, and then he looked round, and said to Mrs. Bell, 'These are fine little girls, but where is the pretty boy that came into my room while I was dressing!' 'These are all the children we have, major,' said Mrs. Bell. 'I wonder who it could be, then,' said the major: 'I was sitting by

my bedside, when I saw a little, thin white hand put through the round hole that is in the door; and it lifted the latch gently, and a very little boy, with long brown curled hair, but rather pale and sickly in his appearance came in. He did not look at me, but walked across the room very softly as if he feared he disturbed me; and he went into the room beyond mine, and I saw no more of him.' The lady, when she heard this, put her handkerchief to her face, and went out of the room with her children. The major was sorry to see Mrs. Bell discomposed, but could not understand the reason of it, until Mr. Bell told him. 'I do not know (said he) who this little boy could be; but about a year ago we lost our only son, and what you said brought back my poor little Willie to his mother's mind; for he had a pale complexion, and his hair was very fine, and hung in pretty curls over his neck. He was a beautiful child.' These two old friends remained silent for a little while, and then talked of other matters. The major told Mr. Bell about the wars in America, where he had been for many years with his regiment: and Mr. Bell told the major what had happened to other of their school-fellows, while he was so far away from Scotland. Mrs. Bell was in good spirits again, when the gentlemen went to tea; and they were all very gay and happy the rest of the evening. Next morning, after breakfast, the major took Mr. Bell aside into the garden and said—'This is a very odd thing: this morning I awoke very early, and presently the same little, thin white hand appeared opening the latch of the door. The pale boy, with the long curled hair came in just as before, and walked through the room into the closet. I was surprised, and got up and entered

the closet after him. He was on his knees, scratching, as if he wanted to lift up one of the boards of the floor. I went close to him and was just going to touch his shoulder, when suddenly, I can't tell how, he contrived to disappear; and I found myself alone in the closet. After a little, I began to examine the board he had been scratching: I found it loose, and lifted it, and here is a sixpence I saw lying on the ground below it.' Mr Bell looked very grave when he heard this. He took the sixpence from the major, and seemed to be vexed with the story. While he was thinking how it could be, the children came running out of the house: Mr Bell called to them, and, shewing them the sixpence, said, 'Come, my dears, can any of you tell me any thing of this? here is a sixpence, which the major has found under a loose board in the floor of the little closet that is beyond his bedroom.' Mary and little Susan shook their heads, and said nothing; but Jane, the eldest, blushed; and her papa saw she knew something that she did not like to tell. 'Come, Jane,' said he, 'speak the truth; and I shall forgive you, whatever you have done.' 'Indeed, papa,' said Jane, 'it was not I that put the sixpence there.' 'Then who put it there?' said Mr Bell. And then the tears came running over Jane's cheeks, and she said, 'Oh, papa, I think it was poor Willie: the Sunday before he died, you gave him a sixpence to put into the plate, and he had a halfpenny of his own, and he put the halfpenny into the plate, and kept the sixpence; but Willie did not tell me where he hid it.' Mr Bell shook his head; and the major saw that the tears were standing in his eyes. He said nothing for some time; but at last the church bell began to ring, and then he gave

the sixpence to Jane, and bade her put it into the plate the same morning. Major Lindsay stayed some days at Mr Bell's; but neither he nor any body else ever saw any thing more of the little pale boy.'

Lon. Lit. Gaz.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

REMINISCENCES OF A

YANKEE.

'Every thing by turns but nothing long.'

WHEN I was about twenty years old (during a college vacation) it was my fate to fall most desperately in love with a beautiful little girl of sixteen, who was the very spirit of whim, frolic or sentiment, as occasion might require. She danced like a sylph, played the piano to admiration, and read Moore and Byron with the pathos and expression of an improvisatrice,—suffice it to say that I was over 'head and ears in love.' I at length obtained her consent to address her parents on the subject; this was a most delectable task, for a beardless boy, and I commenced it with all the quakings of an ague fit; beginning exactly where I should have left off. I first proposed myself as the husband of Eliza, and then intimating the fervor of our mutual attachment and ended with rather a confused plan of my future prospects. The mother laughed—the father frowned, and told me to go and finish my studies, and get well established in some profession that bade fair to support a family, and then *perhaps* he would talk to me! Gods! what an icesickle was this to my heart—I could have *annihilated* him on the spot! Sometimes I had thoughts of proposing to her a clandestine union, a Gretna Green excursion,—but I was too poor to live without applying myself to some profession, and therefore knew the necessity of finishing

my studies in order to do so. I could not bear the thoughts of taking her from a home of luxury to one of poverty; she seemed to me like a creation of romance and poetry! too ethereal for the dull realities of life, or the every day concerns of attending to a family. (Oh! woman, inexplicable woman!) But I was in love, and although I had her promise to be mine at some future period, yet I found suspense almost equal to despair; the parting hour at length came, with all its sighs, adieus, last words and pathetic speeches, and all our consolation was a mutual promise of a constant correspondence.—For the first six months her letters bore that stamp of enthusiasm and passion which had so charmed me in her character, and to these I replied with all the ardor of affection; but I soon perceived that her letters were less frequent, and her style more formal than it used to be, and with the jealous eye of love, I remarked that the word *friendship*, was scored apparently for my particular observation. I experienced some misgivings of the heart, but I was determined to await with patience my emancipation from those walls (that now wore all the gloom of a prison,) and then hasten on the wings of love (as we say) to claim my charmer; I resolved boldly to state my views with regard to my future profession, and my confidence of success if blest with the object of my choice. With a mind composed by this laudable resolution, I lounged forth to a Soda room to read the papers, and partake of my favorite beverage; on unfolding a Gazette, what pen can describe my horror! what pencil pourtray the anguish I must have exhibited on learning that my sweet sentimental Eliza,—(She who was 'too ethereal for the dull realities of life,') was *married* to

Mr. Bonnell, a plodding shop keeper in the village where she resides, whom I now remembered as a good sort of a man of about forty, with duck legs, and red hair! Ye Gods! what a transformation! from the sweets of sentiment, music, and poetry, to the more refined sweets of a *Grocery shop*. But I did not swear, neither did I pace the room with the stride of a colossus, or enact the heroics; I sat silently for half an hour as if I was spell bound to the Gazette which I still held in my hand, and mechanically perused the whole paper without being conscious of the meaning of anything, but the article that first astonished my senses. The stoicism (if I may be allowed the word) with which I returned to my old quarters was at first affected as a shield to save me from the ridicule of some, and the condolence of others, but it soon became *real*. Jurisprudence took the place of poetry, and logic of love, and the well thumbed pages of Moore and Byron were exchanged for those of Blackstone and Coke.

Time, who has rolled five years over my head since that memorable epoch of my life, finds me at this instant, snugly seated in my little office, situated in a pleasant country village about fifty miles from the residence of my former Dulcinea; here I enjoy the pleasures of 'good society,' good health and the calm quiet of 'single blessedness.' Ladies, do not be *alarmed!* I am not invulnerable to the shafts of *Cupid*, although I shall most carefully observe the character of her who *points* his arrows, before I confess the wound. 'A burnt child dreads the fire;' now this is the first thing like a sentiment, that I have committed since I revelled in the bower of my sweet—Mrs Bonnell—(what a name to be associated with love and poetry!)

VOL. I.

Last summer, having occasion, (as we yankees say) to travel, I determined once more to visit the scene of my former happiness; yes, I even resolved to call on Mrs. Bonnell; not that the least spark of affection prompted me to do so, but I felt a curiosity to see the lady in her new sphere of existence; *new*, I say, for I was hardly aware of the changes that time might effect in the course of five years. After having breakfasted at the village Inn, I strolled across the Green, and tapped at the door of a pretty white house with a honey-suckle over the porch—a cluster of tall sun-flowers graced the '*Door-yard*' which was perfectly clean, and ornamented on either side with an oval grass spot; in short there was an air of plebian comfort everywhere, which I knew not how to reconcile with the refined taste of the fair inmate; my knock was answered by a bare footed cowboy, who said, 'please sir, walk into the *best room* and I will call *marm*, she's up stairs getting Simon to sleep' I walked in, and had hardly time to summon my presence of mind for what I thought might be a sentimental meeting, when lo! '*marm*' made her appearance.—not the agile sylph who tripped to the measure of 'Love's young dream' but a fat rosy matron, with one chubby curly-headed boy hiding his face in her neck, and another clinging to her dress screaming for bread and butter; what a *contrast!* She fixed her blue eyes upon me, (the eyes were the *same*, but their former expression was gone!) she advanced and gave me her hand with an air that shewed that I was not forgotten—but how was I remembered? I had been shocked at her inconstancy, I was now paralyzed with the coldness with which she adverted to our former acquaintance. It was evident that

the charm which had once bound us together was indeed broken! all but the simple recollection of having seen me at her father's house seemed to be effaced from her mind; never did I behold so complete a metamorphose! She was still handsome, but with the exception of her fine hair and the form of her features, not one trace was left of my once beautiful Eliza. We sat at an open window, I pointed to a grove through which we had often rambled in our hours of happiness; that, cried I, impressively, is still unchanged; yes—replied she, it is very green! but last summer the trees began to change early on account of the drought!

Heavens! what a reply—I could scarcely believe that she was in earnest; she then began chatting about her husband and children, told me teething was a critical time with them, called to the maid in no gentle accents, to set the table and make haste with the tea, and said she was sorry Mr. Bonnell was not in, he was gone to town-meeting; thank fortune,—thought I, for preserving me from this interview. I arose to take my leave, when, with something of courteous civility, she requested me to stay to tea, after which she would accompany me to her father's if I wished to call on him; but no! I had already enough of this visit, without wishing to extend it to the rest of the family whose reminiscences might be as *civid* as her's were, so making a hasty apology for not accepting her invitation, I kissed the little Bonnells, one of whom slapped my face in return and bidding adieu to their interesting mother, was soon out of sight of this barbarous *Paradise*.—Here endeth the story of my love.

Y. Z.

A STRANGE STORY.

In the year 1818, a ship, having on board a large monkey, who was

much prized by the sailors for his dexterous tricks, embarked on the homeward voyage, and among other passengers, carried a lady who had a child that was only a few weeks old. When the weather permitted, the lady took regular exercise on the deck, sometimes with her infant charge in her arms. One beautiful afternoon, when the vessel was ploughing the watery waste, with clusters of sea fowl disporting in her wake, the sun looking forth in all his majesty, and next to himself illuminating the two sublimest objects in nature—the expanded ocean and the sky—the captain perceived a distant sail—a sight that is always welcome at sea, and which, amidst the vast solitudes of the Atlantic, may be compared to the meeting of pilgrims in the desert. This discovery attracted the attention of all on board, and, after the captain had gratified his curiosity, he politely offered his glass to the lady, that she might obtain a clear view of an object which the naked eye was unable to distinguish from the fleecy clouds that every where fringed the horizon's verge. At this time Mrs. B. had the babe in her arms, but being aware that it could not harm itself by rolling, she wrapt her shawl about the little innocent, and placed it on a sofa on which she had been sitting. Captain C. assisted her to steady the glass, but scarcely had she applied her eye to the instrument, when the helmsman exclaimed, in a tone that indicated the deepest emotion—'Good God! see what the mischievous monkey has done!' A mother's fears are easily excited, and the reader may judge of the lady's feelings, when, on turning round, she beheld the animal in the act of transporting her beloved child to the very top of the mast. And here it may be necessary to explain that the monkey

was nearly four feet high, and so strong and active, that while it grasped the infant firmly with one arm, it climbed the shrouds by the aid of the other, with astonishing haste, and seemingly unembarrassed by the weight of its burden. One look was sufficient for the mother, and that look had well nigh been her last. Though she attempted to speak, the words either died away on her lips or were rendered inarticulate by her sobs and groans; and had it not been for the prompt humanity of those around her, she would have fallen prostrate on the deck, where she was afterwards stretched, to all appearance a lifeless corpse. Situated as he was, the captain knew not what to do; when he looked at his passenger, speechless, motionless, and deadly pale, he almost fancied that life had fled; and when he thought of her child that was swimming aloft under the care of so strange a nurse, he expected every minute that the capricious monkey would become tired of his toy, and drop it into the ocean or dash it upon the deck. Often as he had crossed the wide Atlantic, and braved the perils of the winter's storm—often as he had been placed in circumstances in which he would have given the wealth of nations had they been his to give, for the privilege of treading the earth with safety—never, amid all the chances of a seaman's life, had his feelings been exposed to so severe a trial. The sailors could climb as well as the monkey but the latter watched their motions narrowly: and as it ascended higher up the mast, the moment one of them put his foot upon the shrouds, the captain became afraid that he would drop the child and endeavor to escape by leaping from one mast to another. In the mean time the little innocent was heard to cry; and, though many

thought it was suffering from pain their fears on this point were soon dissipated when they observed the animal imitating exactly the motions of a nurse by dandling, soothing, and carressing its charge, and even endeavoring to hush it asleep. From the deck the lady was conveyed to the cabin, and gradually restored to the use of her senses; but then her cries were most distressing, and though she was kindly assured that all would be well, it required the utmost exertion of two men to prevent her from rushing on deck with the view of ascending herself. In the mean time, many plans were tried to lure the culprit from his birth above; but finding all fail, the captain, as a dernier resort, ordered every man to conceal himself below. This order was promptly obeyed, and captain C. himself took his seat in the cabin chair, where he could see all that passed without being seen. This plan happily succeeded—for the monkey, on perceiving that the coast was clear, cautiously descended from his lofty perch, and replaced the infant on the sofa, cold and fretful, and frightened indeed, but in every other respect as free from harm as when he took it up. The humane seaman now had a most grateful task to perform; the babe was restored to its mother's arms, amidst tears, and thanks, and prayers, and blessings—thanks to man for his sympathy and aid, and deep gratitude to that Divine Being, whose arm, though unseen, had shielded the innocent amidst pains and perils, such as perhaps never before impended over the head of a creature so young.

Adam and Eve are nominated as electors of President; Mr *Adam* in Pennsylvania, and Mr *Eve* in Kentucky. Mr *Adam* is for Jackson, and *Eve* for Adams.

OMNIBUS CATHEDRUM.

'We are but the vendors of other men's goods.'

'How to die for love.'—The neighborhood of Chapel Bar, on Wednesday evening last, about half-past nine o'clock, was thrown into a state of confusion, anxiety, and alarm, which, however, soon gave place to that of laughter on learning the cause. A gay *Lothario* in a hosier's warehouse, became violently enamoured of a respectable tailor's daughter, and fearing that his love did not meet with a due return, and that he should be deprived of the society of his fair one, he alternately intreated, sighed, wept, promised, threatened and performed all that an ardent suitor could be expected to do. All however, proved unavailing in accomplishing the object dearest to his heart, that of winning the affections of his fair one. At length, driven to desperation, he came to the AWFUL resolution of destroying himself, and that too in the presence of his beloved. To effect his purpose, he loaded a pistol with powder and BALL! and repaired to the residence of his adored, but ere he arrived, he took especial care to extract the ball, and presented himself before the lady with his dreadful implement of death in his possession. They were together alone for some time, in the dining room of the house of the lady's father, when, to the consternation of the family and neighborhood, the report of a pistol was heard. The first individual who repaired to the room was the mother of the lady, who, shocked at the sight of her daughter and the gallant gentleman lying both on the floor, was afraid to enter the room; others speedily followed, and found the lady senseless and cold, and her lover stupid and silent; but on being

told he must go to the Police, he piteously explained the mysterious circumstance, and declared rather than leave her he would die at her feet! Neither of the parties having received any personal injury, as the pistol contained only a blank cartridge, the disconsolate lover was finally permitted to return to his abode unmolested.—*Nottingham Journal.*

A common liar, who, to the improvement of his faculty, had been a traveller, was telling many stories of the remarkable things which he had met with while he was abroad. Among the rest, he said there were cannon so large in Egypt, that once being in a calash, drawn by four horses, and a shower of rain falling, he drove into one of them for shelter, calash and all. 'Oh!' says a gentleman, who was listening to him, 'I can vouch the truth of that myself; for I remember I was at the very same time at the other end of it in a post-chaise; and, upon your coming in at the mouth, I drove out at the touch-hole.'

Bower of Taste.

At the suggestion of some of our friends, when we assumed the responsibility of this work, advertisements were permitted to occupy a portion of its cover. These have since been continued; but as commercial transactions, and professional notices add little or nothing to the interest of a paper devoted to fanciful literature, we shall hereafter present our readers with a plain neat cover designed only to preserve its pages unsoiled, for those who, at the close of the year may deem them worthy of forming a volume. This will be supplied with a handsome title page, and a print illustrative of the *Magician's Visitor*, (written by John Neal, Esq. of the Yankee,) which, it may

be remembered graced our first number. We shall also endeavor to gratify our friends by occasionally presenting them with original prints from several lady-artists of celebrity, whose specimens of lithography have been highly appreciated by the public. The editor of the 'Bower' would also here express her gratitude for the liberal and extensive patronage she has received from her friends, and which by far, has surpassed her most sanguine anticipations. Her only anxiety now, is to render it worthy of their acceptance, and continued favor. (Were there no other claims upon her attention than those of a literary nature, this perhaps might be effected.) Although well aware that the slight banquet spread in the 'Bower' discovers but little labor in the preparation, yet she hopes that her friends will kindly partake of it as desert, after having enjoyed the solid luxuries of a more literary feast.

LITERARY.

CHARLOTTE'S DAUGHTER,
OR, THE THREE ORPHANS.

[By Mrs. Rowson.]

We have just been favored with this interesting novel, and trust that it will be as acceptable to the public, as were any of the subsequent productions of this lady; by the lovers of a pure and natural style it will be read with pleasure, as it is entirely free from all those inflations of bombast, and that affectation of sublimity, which characterize the works of some of her cotemporaries. Time does not permit us, or we would, with pleasure, notice the most interesting characters and incidents of this work. We extract the following from the memoirs of Mrs. Rowson.

She has none of the tricks of practised authorship. There is no straining for effect, nor labored extravagance of expression in any of her performances. On the contrary her style is perfectly simple, perspicuous and unaffected. She seems to have given herself up to 'nature's teachings,' and in so doing, she frequently ac-

complished what art and refinement labor in vain to effect. There is a naivete in her female characters, an unconscious disclosure of their little foibles, which is never to be found except in the delineations of female writers, who draw from nature; for these nicer traits lie beyond the observations of writers of the other sex. * * * * *

'Mrs Rowson possessed a most affectionate disposition—too often the sad concomitant of genius. There are times when the pulses of a susceptible heart cannot be checked by reason, nor soothed by religious hopes—the ills of the world crowd upon its surface, until it bleeds and breaks. There will always be some evils in our path, however circumspectly we may travel. No one can stay in this sad world, until the common age of man, without numbering more dear friends among the dead, than he finds among the living. A strong and fervid imagination, after years spent in laboring to paint the bow upon the dark surrounding clouds of life, but finding the lively tints fade away as fast as they are drawn, often grows weary of thinking on the business of existence, and fixing an upward gaze on another world, stands abstracted from this, until the curtain falls and the drama is closed forever.'

Proposals are issued in New Jersey for the publication of a weekly paper, to be entitled 'The Celestial Trio.'

(On reading the above notice a young lady remarked that she should suppose it would require three Editors! masculine, feminine and neuter.)

Spirit of Contemporary Poetry. Containing selections from the Sibylline leaves of S. I. Coleridge, and a Sicilian story with other poems by Barry Cornwall. The public is indebted to F. S. Hill, Esq. (editor of the Memorial) for this valuable volume. It is beautifully printed on the finest paper, and bound in a much neater style than works of this kind usually are. It will be received with pleasure by the lovers of transatlantic poetry, and there are many who will cheerfully purchase this work, who might not choose to pay six or eight dollars for a volume of British extracts. The hymn before sunrise

in the vale of Chamouny, is perhaps the most finished poem in the book; it partakes of the sublimity of Milton, and the softness of Cowper. There is a mysterious breathing through the rhyme of the ancient mariner, a mystic power, that holds the reader with a spell almost as strong as that by which the wedding guest was detained from the bridal, by the song of the ancient bard. We think the marginal notes superfluous, as every line clearly expresses the meaning of the author.

The following sonnet from Barry Cornwall is replete with sentiment and delicacy.

SONNET.

Perhaps the lady of my love is now
Looking upon the skies. A single star
Is rising in the east, and from afar
Sheds a most brilliant lustre! silent night
Doth wear it like a jewel on her brow:
But see—it motions with its lovely light
Onwards, and onwards, through those
depths of blue,
To its appointed course steadfast and true:
So, dearest, would I fain be unto thee,
Steadfast forever—like yon planet fair
And yet art thou more like a jewel rare,
Oh! brighter than the brightest star to me,
Come hither my young love; and I will
wear
Thy beauty on my breast delightedly.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.

A young gentleman famed for his taste for literature, having some leisure hours, offered his services, '*pour passer le temps,*' to a friend, who kept an English goods store, in Portland. All the young ladies who were not acquainted with him, were (of course) anxious to get a peep at the poet. One fine morning, a fair trio had advanced as far as the shop window, when one suddenly exclaimed—'what shall we ask for? do think of something!'—'Ask for pink kid gloves,' said a face looking forth amid the streamers of ribbons and muslin, 'we have none of those.'

A learned coxcomb remarked to a young lady that there was a youth in the

college where he studied, who paid the expenses of his education by shaving, and dressing the heads of the students; indeed! said she, *head work* it seems was his ruling passion. It was so, rejoined he, for whenever I was invited to a party I always depended on him to adorn my head. You must have been much obliged to the young man replied the lady, for it is more than the whole college corporation have been able to do. [Communicated.]

Died, on the 25th ult., at Cambridge, the Rev. George Otis, Rector of Christ Church in that place.

This gentleman was justly distinguished as a scholar and divine; possessed of talents of uncommon brilliancy, he soon acquired the esteem and respect of the Government of Harvard University, and early received from them, an appointment as Classical Tutor, and afterwards a Professorship. Both of these offices he filled with honor to himself and credit to the University. In the hearts of the people who formed the subjects of his pastoral care, his memory will ever be kept sacred; and the faithful manner in which he discharged his duties to them will long form a subject of pleasing recollection.—His sermons, displaying an unusual proportion of intellect and careful study, free from sectarian controversy, and ever breathing the purest morality, were imparted to his flock in a serious and impressive style; and these, joined with the zeal with which he performed his parochial duties, had endeared him to his devoted people; when, at the age of thirty, he was called from serving his master's cause on earth, to the more exalted employment of praising him in a 'Temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE, is published every Saturday by SAMUEL G. ANDREWS, No. 30, Market Street, Boston. Terms \$2.50 in advance, \$3 at the expiration of six months.

* * Letters must be post paid, as none other will be taken from the office.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING of every description executed as above, with despatch, and on the MOST LIBERAL TERMS.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



SPRING.

Sweet spring! I love thee—e'en the first soft blush
That glows upon the simple wild flower's bosom:
The bright green sod beside the fountain's gush,
The balmy fragrance of the opening blossom.

I hail thee, as fair nature's jubilee!
For all of ocean, air, of heaven, and earth,
At thy approach—move, speak, and breathe of *thee*,
Thou smilest, and a new world of beauty springs to birth!

Oh! I do *love thee*—for my first young dream
Of pleasure was within thy sunny bowers,
Then to my view, this heartless world did seem
A paradise of joy, of light, and flowers.

Howe'er it seemeth now, I still can stray
Delighted, through thy labyrinths of shade,
Can listen to the wild bird's cheerful lay,
Or muse for hours within thy silent glade.

Oh nature! what to thee, are things of art?
Around thine altar inspiration breathes!
While the oblations of each grateful heart
Ascend and mingle with thy votive wreaths.

AUGUSTA.

The following beautiful lines remind us of Burns's sweet stanzas to the Mountain
Daisy.

There is a flower, a little flower,
With azure crest and golden eye,
Whose smile illumines the vernal hour,
Whose tints reflect the sky—
Know ye its name?

The gayer beauties of the field,
In rainbow colors bright—
Their charms to every sunbeam yield,
And on the admiring sight—
Obtrusive glare.

But this small flower to friendship dear,
Beneath the white thorn's humble shade,
Amid the village haunts doth rear
Its unassuming head—
Uncultured grow,

To grace the walks of him who treads
 Unconsciously, the groves among—
 While busy memory fondly leads
 To pleasures vanish'd long,
 Or absent love!

The feeling heart shall seek the bower
 Its early bloom was wont to cheer—
 Shall find this consecrated flower
 To recollection dear—
 Affection's child!

The distant, or the buried friend,
 Whose soul, congenial was with thine,
 Again, shall at thy side attend—
 Again, in sweet communion join
 Thy pensive walk.

Joys that have wing'd their rapid flight—
 With all their renovated power,
 Again shall smile, again delight
 The retrospective hour,
 With softened sway.

The wreath, Poetic fancy twines
 Inspired by love, or lured by fame,
 With more luxuriant brightness shines,
 And flowers of prouder name
 Their odors yield.

But thou, who own'st a kindred mind—
 Whose faithful heart has known the power
 Of friendship, sacred and refined;
 Shall hail this cherished flower—
Forget me not!

M * * * * *

MOTTO FOR AN ALBUM.

Here *Friendship's Galaxy* shall shine,
 In tender, pure, unclouded light;
 A ray each thought, a star each line,
 Forever fixed, forever bright.

c.

The following is rather a new style of Sonnet writing. These may be perused separately, or united by reading across the page, as may suit the fancy.

A SONNET.

Spirit of the gentle breeze,
 Softly whispering through the trees,
 At eve I love to seek thy bower,
 Where twines full many a blooming flower
 I love the cheerful notes of spring,
 How gay the little warblers sing,
 What's sweeter than the opening rose?
 Or what with brighter lustre glows?
 'Tis woman's cheek where Pity's tear
 Proclaims a soul to virtue dear,
 Save the pure dew that falls from heaven,
 Nought to earth more bright is given!

(Spirit of the gentle breeze,)
 That nimbly through the key-hole passes,
 Sweet as pudding and molasses!
 But rather trip to Concert Hall,
 In wreaths that grace the festive ball.
 Have no objection to a frog!
 Skipping in and out the bog.
 Nothing but a pot of honey—
 I'll tell ye friend—a bag of money!
 O'erflowing like a jug of pop—
 Who never yet hath touch'd a drop,
 Which would not fetch a cent a cup,
 But if you like it drink it up!

TOM DOUBLEDAY.



'With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
 'We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,'—*Paine*.
 The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
 From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1828. No. 12.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.

'But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
 'Is first and passionate love,——'

Of the tenacity with which the mind clings to the recollections of a first love, it is not for me to inform the reader: it has been long since made the subject of observation. But as there are, no doubt, many who have never felt the passion at all, and as there are some peculiar circumstances in my case, a detail of the experience which I have had may prove not wholly destitute of interest and amusement. When I say there is no doubt that many have never felt the passion, let me be understood with a certain reservation. In the number I should include many a meritorious Darby and Joan, who live not less happily together, and perhaps discharge their several duties much more scrupulously than those who vaunt a more extatic flame. And again, of those who have been, to use the conventional language of society, in love, how numerous are

they who, nevertheless, had no first love, as I understand, and have felt it must be an early love; it is only during that season of youth when every one is more or less romantic, ere the realities of life have been proved, ere the mind has been habituated to the control of those rules and measures of conduct to which imperious necessity compels our submission in commerce with the world, that the passion can be entertained.

Having thus explained what I mean by a first love, I proceed to my own tale.

I had not in my youth grown familiar with the beauties of the sex. I was born, and passed my early years, in a remote and sequestered district, in a bleak and desolate country, embosomed in mountains. The only women I knew, were the rude peasants who surrounded my home, with the exception of an an-

tiquated aunt, who presided over our household, and the pert, saucy, tawdry daughters of the poor curate of our parish. If I had seen others, I had yet no acquaintance with them, or they were objects on which it was equally impossible to fix regard. I was educated by my father, who was an elegant and accomplished scholar, and had been driven to the seclusion I have described by peculiar circumstances: but it is beside my present purpose to relate his story; that may be reserved for a fitter occasion. I was well educated: I had read all the Greek and Roman authors which usually fall in the course of instruction. I had also read the best English books selected from my father's library. In these books I have read much of love; and I well remember the wonder with which I perused the account of the powerful effects ascribed to it. I could never understand what was meant by the witchery of woman, by the potency of beauty, by the transports of love, by its ascendancy over the reason and other passions: all this was to me a *marvel* and a riddle. My father died: I was just seventeen, and under circumstances which it is not necessary to explain, I left my home early, and was fixed in the family of a near relation of my mother in one of the richest counties of England. There I passed the short interval from my father's death till my entrance on the profession to which I was destined, and now belong. Between what I was then and what I am now, it would perplex the most subtle investigator to discover a point of resemblance. I was an awkward artless lad, unacquainted with life or manners, and bearing about me, in innumerable particulars, the characteristics of my solitary, studious boyhood, passed in a recluse and barbarous

district. I am now not old. I have yet a keen relish for the joys of gaiety and dissipation. I am to be found in the crowded haunts of pleasure and fashion. I am, in outward form, in aspect, and demeanor, and my general modes of thinking, acting and speaking, what is termed a man of the world. I should not be found so ready to make this avowal were I not screened while I do it. I cannot suffer from it. I may be the first man the reader meets after perusing this page, yet I am safe. *Stat nominis umbra*. The same mask hides my face which has done the same service to mightier men. I have said, I should not be ready to avow myself a man of the world. Who will explain why this is so, as no man can receive a greater affront than to be told he is not a man of the world?

I have travelled through most of the countries of Europe. I have been the willing votary of Parisian sprightliness and vivacity, of Spanish coquetry, and of Italian voluptuousness. I am a hacknied gallant, a practised man of pleasure, adroit, confident, unblenching, yet my memory loves to dwell on my sensations when first, a raw stripling, I was introduced to Anna Hervey.

The effect which an apartment studiously accommodated to all the purposes of luxury, and embellished with all the voluptuous refinements art is capable of producing on the mind of a novice, has been frequently described; but what is it to my sensations on being transported from a dreary, bleak, and desolate region, to the delicious and cultivated garden which the country around ***** formed? Every object which I saw conspired to make the same impression upon me. I had exchanged savage rocks and sterile hills, for rich pastures and luxuri-

ant corn fields. Instead of stunted shrubs and briars, I beheld the bountiful foliage of the finest timber. Above my head, no angry cloud lowered, but the blue firmament expanded to my sight. The tenants of these scenes were equally different from those of my earlier abode. The women were no longer coarse, ill formed, haggard or miserable; but apparelled, to my eyes, with elegance and taste, themselves clothed in loveliness and beauty. Some delightful object possessed my every sense. I found myself in a world of happiness; gaunt poverty, grim, shivering cold, seemed to be banished from the scene. To walk forth in this paradise, to look on the wealth, the comfort around me, gave delight to my soul. It was while every thing thus disposed me to feel the full influence of her charms, that I met my first and best beloved. She was an object so new to me, so delightful to me—but if I go on to describe my emotions, I shall only ring the changes on that word, delight, nouns, adjectives and adverbs a thousand times. Anna's beauty was of that species which is exclusively English. Not tall, but delicately shaped, her person full, her complexion fair, her eyes large and round, and bright blue, her hair auburn; such are the terms by which I must endeavor to convey to the mind of the reader a conception of that image my soul treasures up. How weak, how inadequate are they! She seemed to me all innocence and sincerity, and my love was guileless as ever love was. The romance of my heart fed upon the thought of her. I felt new life; I felt a power, an elevation of soul and intellect which I had never before experienced. Every song of love and chivalry which I knew, rose to my lips, and I carolled them over a

thousand times. I felt an hero. How soothing to my vanity was the first intimation I received that I was not indifferent to her! How anxiously did I look for the confirmation of it! I have stood in the 'imminent deadly breach,' I have been where havoc raged far and wide around me, I have had my nerves and fortitude tried in other and perhaps more fearful perils; yet never did my eye exert its watchfulness with half that steadfastness and intensity with which it regarded the bright blue eye of my first love; and when it returned the undoubted glance of favor, how glowed my heart! It may seem childish—but what is real and natural cannot be ridiculous. To this hour, however, I well remember that particular turn of the countenance which I loved best—'twas when I looked upon that countenance and it was raised to meet my eye, half jocund with the sportiveness, and half blushing with the apprehensiveness of young love. My name, too, with what magical sweetness did her utterance endow it. That name—the truth will out, and I shall stand in some degree confessed. I am an Irishman, and that name is a Milesian one. I love to hear it loftily and roundly sounded, but I loved more to hear her lips breathe it, however, curtailed of its fair proportions. My own voice too—its brogue is now gone—but how its sounds appalled me as I hearkened to hers. Amongst the men I felt unabashed, if not proud of the large, full volume of my country's dialect; but when it was heard alone with the soft clear accents of my fair young Englishwoman, it struck upon my ear like the growl of a savage.—We used to ride and walk together, and then I was happy. I won her gradually.

Some 'passages of my love' were

too dear and flattering to me to be forgotten. Let not the reader smile as I detail one. I well remember one day, which we had fixed for an excursion together, became, shortly before the appointed hour, overcast. I kept the tryst, nevertheless, and she came abroad with me. Then, as I viewed the lowering sky, my eye turned upon her soft and delicate form, my heart smote me, and I said I should be too selfish to take her forth in such weather; but she would not return. We had gone only a short way, when snow began to fall, for the winter had come. Again I remonstrated: yet we continued our progress; nor did we turn homeward till we had, notwithstanding my reiterated solicitations to the contrary, gone some miles. The snow now became heavier; and my apprehensions for my fair companion proportionally greater. With some little difficulty I prevailed upon her to allow me to place round her neck the military kerchief I wore upon mine; never was lady's favor so grateful to me, as was that incident of the kerchief. This will sufficiently demonstrate how guileless and simple, yet ardent, was my passion; but I am tempted to mention some other particulars. What then will my reader think, when I tell him that one of my chief pleasures was, when in our rambles together, we stopped for rest, to form of such materials as lay within reach, a throne for my fair companion, and to seat myself at her feet! When so placed I used to look up at her, and, while our talk was of indifferent matters, my soul banqueted on the thoughts which the view of her beautiful and innocent countenance created within me. I enjoyed a reverie more delicious than I can express, and the elements of which I am equally incapable of

describing. Vague images of love and peace, and gentleness and virtue occupied my fancy: I must have experienced something like what the poets have done in their day-dreams. All I know is, that I had on such occasions greater enjoyment than the whole course of my after life has afforded; and that I would give all I possess of the substantial goods of life to taste again the same innocent bliss.

While thus I dreamt my soul away, time flew by, and the hour at length arrived which summoned me abroad. I must be brief at the hazard of being abrupt. I need not say with what indications of mutual reluctance we were severed. I was too poor as well as too young then to marry, and I could not, therefore, venture expressly to declare my love: but words surely were not needful to intimate it. Had not my assiduity, my covetousness of her company, my glowing eye, my flushing cheek, my whole mien evinced my devotion; and had not our lonely walks and rides together, our happy meetings, our reluctant separations, all attested the affection which animated us? We parted, and with a heavy heart I took my way. Heaven is my witness, how fondly I yet loved, when after the lapse of eight months, I unexpectedly found myself free and disengaged. I had no room for hesitation as to how I should dispose of my leisure. I flew back to****. My first inquiry was for Anna Hervey. 'Anna Hervey no longer'—was the response: she was married! When somewhat recovered from the effect of these tidings, my question was, 'how married, and to whom?' I need not detail, however, the manner in which I became successively acquainted with one circumstance after another. Let me hasten to give the summary. Shortly after

my departure, Anna was addressed by a man whom she married upon six weeks acquaintance: that man was coarse, repulsive, vulgar and illiterate; but he was rich, and, though herself well provided, Anna Hervey married him for his wealth! So ended my first love: the object of it had plainly been invested by the romance of my youthful mind with a sensibility, delicacy, and modesty, to which she had no title. I had mistaken the bashfulness of a simple girl for those high attributes. The favors which afforded me so much delight and pride, she had set no value upon; or if sensible enough of the import of such favors when granted by a young woman in the bloom of youthful beauty to an ardent young man, she must have a mind coarse and indelicate, though aware of that import, when she lavished them where her heart went not with them: either alternative, and one or other is inevitable, is decisive of her character. I was at the moment confounded: but I have not lived long enough in the world to know how often an ingenious countenance, and artless demeanor, belong to the mean and deceitful, and that nature's fairest, are not always her noblest works. I had not, when I loved Anna Hervey, this experience. I was deceived; yet the phantom which my own fancy raised continues to haunt my memory, and though I am now aware I loved an airy nothing, yet, like Gibbon, I am proud that I was once capable of feeling so pure and exalted a passion.

THE WITCH.

'What do ye here, ye black and midnight hag?—

'A deed without a name.'

CLARA was a well educated and intelligent girl, but romantic to an extreme. In her ideas of honor, of friendship, of love, she was an

enthusiast, but in her observance of them she was faithful and sincere. She was one of those sensitive creatures that seem born like sweet but transient flowers, which shed their fragrance and perish in their youth. To a heart like Clara's, love could not long be a stranger, nor could it be a passive inmate in her breast. Her whole soul was fixed on one object. Her wishes, thoughts, and actions, seemed to have but one origin; but her lover died, and her happiness died with him. By degrees she grew more calm, but a settled melancholy hung upon her heart, and her spirit was utterly gone. Col. M——, when on the point of leaving Spain, suggested to her father that change of scene might in some degree divert her thoughts from the dangerous channel which they had taken, and proposed that she should accompany his own family, to all of whom she was very much attached. The offer was accepted, and she came to England. The noise and gaiety of London, however, ill accorded with her wounded feelings, and she felt gratified at accompanying her friends to Lincolnshire. As the autumn advanced, she used to wander out alone, and day after day she would sit on Aukborough hill to watch the sun's rays fading over the sleeping waters, while she thought of her own bright land, with its mountains and its streams sparkling and smiling in the golden light of sunset, and of one who was cold in his grave, and then she would weep and return in sorrow to her home. Her beautiful form gradually wasted away beneath the strong influence of these feelings, and she became more and more wedded to solitude. One evening as she was walking towards her favorite spot, an old gipsy, who was standing at the foot of the hill, accosted her.

The sybil had no doubt, gained from Col. M's domestics some insight into the poor girl's history, and, as Clara approached, she muttered in a low and solemn tone:

'The maid who repairs to Aukborough hill

When the stars are out, and the winds are still,

Shall see a form and shall hear a voice
That will make her sorrowing heart rejoice.

And if her lover died in a distant land,
Let her make three circles with her hand
On the green grass turf, and look on the streams

That dance in the light of the pale moon beams;

Let her fix her gaze, and hold her breath,
And her lover will come from the realms of death,

And sit with her when the winds are still,
And the stars are out upon Aukborough hill.'

As she concluded, she drew towards Clara, and said, 'Let me tell your fortune lady.' She then went on her way, and the maiden ascended the hill. A superstitious feeling crept over her as she reflected on the words of the gipsy, which increased as the evening advanced. Her thoughts were entirely engrossed by them. The lowing of the cattle as they were driven home to their stalls, the tinkling bell that called the scattering sheep to the patriarch of the flock, the chime of the village clock, and the farewell song of birds, struck not upon her ear.—The distant trees that reflected their autumnal tints on the bright waves; the quiet heavens with their progeny of clouds, the valleys and hills and streams, were not seen by her; she seemed like a statue placed among animated beings, and was for a time, dead to the living charms of nature. Whilst ruminating on the lines she had heard, the sun went down, and the stars began to speckle the blue sky. For the first time she raised her eyes, and bethought

her of the sybil's spell. The winds had sung themselves into tranquil slumbers, and the moon looked calmly on the sparkling waters beneath. Clara remembered the charm, and made three circles on the turf, held her breath and fixed her gaze on the rivers. The night was far advanced, and Col. M. became alarmed that Clara had not returned home; but, knowing her favorite haunt, he repaired thither and stole softly behind her without being observed. She was sitting on the grass, and speaking in a whisper to some one beside her, as the Colonel at first thought; but he was soon satisfied that she was alone. As he stood there he heard her say, 'You did not die then? Oh, Leon! how could you jest so with me? You have nearly broken my heart; and had you not come now, I should have been, to-morrow, cold and dead as my hopes! but you are come to me, and I will not think of sadness. To be sure I do forgive you! Oh, yes! Nay, nay, you must not kiss me! We are not married yet, but we soon shall be; shall we not my Leon? And we will go to our own country, where the olives grow, and where the happy birds sing all the day long in the citron groves. Oh, Leon, my heart is so full, and my head burns so; I am too happy. Why is my father not here to meet you? I want to see my poor father, for I did not kiss him last night, and he will think that I have forgotten him. My eyes feel so heavy! No! no! not on your breast, the green grass turf shall be my pillow!—and yet, again, I think I shall be softer in your arms, my Leon, than on the cold ground.' She sank with a sigh upon the earth, and Col. M. hastily advanced to the spot where she lay. He spoke to her, but she gave no answer. He took

her hand, but it returned not his pressure. The moon-beams fell on her pale and beautiful face, where a smile of tenderness still lingered, and the stars looked brightly upon her, but she felt not their power, and she saw not their light, for her heart was still, and her eyes were closed forever. F.

A TRUE STORY.

A few years since, Maj. W. who owned a large and beautiful garden in Boston, was much annoyed by some of his neighbors' cows, who claimed and exercised the privilege of promenading his delightful parterre, and of tasting its delicious fruits without invitation from its rich owner. One in particular had acquired such dexterity in penetrating the forbidden premises, that no artifice of his could prevent her nocturnal visits. It may be supposed that the depredations of the sagacious intruder were not unfrequent. Enraged at these repeated acts of vandalism, in a moment of anger he directed one of his domestics to lie in wait for the four footed destroyer, and as a punishment for the repeated injuries he had sustained, it was decreed she should be deprived of the two essential appendages of the lady brute, her tail and ears—the sentence was executed with as much despatch as were ever the mandates of Robespierre, and the next morning the poor animal was seen issuing from the enclosure where she had so often been a trespasser, completely shorn of her useful and ornamental gear, to the no small amusement of the spectators, who, although they commiserated the suffering of the poor brute, could not but smile at her ridiculous appearance, notwithstanding her punishment exceeded her offence. But the owner of the animal deter-

mined that the purse of his rich neighbor should cure the wounds he had inflicted on the beast; a law suit was of course resorted to, and after the usual delays, the cause was brought before the judge and jury for trial—the evidence was plenary—the animal was seen issuing from the garden of Maj. W. in a mutilated state, without the ears or tail that formerly belonged to her; this was positively sworn by a credible witness; no defence was made by the counsel for the defendant—in despair he had left the cause with the jury without argument; and the judge could see no reason to doubt his guilt; and the jury were only hesitating as to the amount of damages which should be given, when the Major suddenly raising himself from one of the benches, thus addressed the court, 'please your honor sir, I should like to ask the witness one question.' The judge consented, and the witness was called. 'You say sir,' said the Major, 'you saw the cow come from my garden with her ears and tail cut off.' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'And pray sir,' continued he, 'can you swear she had any tail and ears on when she went in there?' The witness was confounded, the court was convulsed with laughter, and the Major acquitted.

THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

I SILENTLY stood beside the pall of H—, and in mute sorrow gazed upon her placid features, beautiful even in death. There yet played about her lips her wonted smile, the same in which her happy spirit had passed from earth to heaven. True, the brilliancy of her eye was extinguished; but it seemed more as if she had softly closed them on terrestrial scenes in pity of their earthliness.

She had scarcely attained her twenty-first summer, the vista of life was just opening; her path was strewn with the flowerets of prospective happiness, and illumed by the lambent gleams of young and buoyant hope, while the charms of youth were budding in profusion around her; but alas! the chilling frost has nipped their tender blossoms, and the blooming maiden now lies shrouded in the pale habiliment of death! Touching and monitory was the sight, so young, so innocent and lovely, and so soon torn from the arms of deating friends!

I tasted the 'luxury of wo,' and enjoyed a mournful, yet pleasing pleasure while bending o'er the bier where lay her remains, for she possessed 'the peace that passeth all understanding,' her last moments were peaceful and happy, and in humble confidence of being welcomed by sister angels, her pure spirit winged its flight to brighter realms. Oh! Religion, thine were the comfort that assuaged her sufferings and sweetly soothed her pillow—strengthened and upheld by thy arm, calmly she surveyed the approach of the king of terrors—thine was the smile which sat upon her lips when she meekly sunk into his embraces, and closed her eyes in sweet repose.

We regret that our limited pages will not allow us to extract more copiously from the interesting statement of Dect. Howe, (at the Greek meeting in New-York) relative to the miseries suffered by that devoted nation; these few paragraphs we trust will be acceptable to our readers.

NAPOLI DI ROMANI.

AROUND this town, besides its own numerous poor, are collected about 6000 miserable refugees who have fled from their devastated villages, and live upon the sea-shore in small

huts or wigwams, built of bushes or mud, or in holes dug in the ground. In one of these huts you will find, perhaps, a widow and three or four children, without table, chair, or bed; sallow from long exposure, pale from famine, and with hardly sufficient clothing to cover their nakedness. I have often seen children going about with nothing on but a shirt—and that, too, ragged. I have known young women to keep themselves hid away all day, because their ragged clothes would not hide their limbs. These people have lived in this way for more than two years, partly upon charity, partly by selling, one after another, the little valuables they might have saved from their houses, (for they were once comfortably off,) and buying a little bread to eat with the roots which they pick up.—You may ask, how can they live? I answer, that American woman could not live—but give to a Greek two pounds of bread and a dozen of olives, and he will subsist on them a week; but they cannot always get this, and they, many of them, die—die from hunger and exposure. It is no high coloured picture which I hold up to you—nay, I do not, perhaps, put in a strong light enough.

I could tell you of families with no other than the shade of an olive tree; of emaciated half famished orphans, who go round to pick up the most offensive substances for food! of many a wretch whom I have seen lying by the road side upon the bare ground, parched up with fever, and with no other substance than perhaps a draught of water brought by the passenger: but it is not cases of individual misery that you want to hear of; it is that wide spreading general suffering, which in this enlightened age, the Christian world has tamely looked on, and seen inflicted on a Christian peo-

ple, by that nation which outrages the most sacred rights of man, and openly scoffs at our holy religion. The unprovoked butchery of the Patriarch, and of all the Bishops of Constantinople; the wide spreading massacres at Scio, Ipsara, Candia, and Cyprus, where more than fifty thousand were put to death in cold blood, were looked upon by Christian Europe and America, almost with indifference.

* * * * *

Napoli Mills, July 24th, 1828.—Started at day light, and after crossing the Raciou, penetrated the interior of the marsh, (the famous Lerna,) where in a dry spot I found several hundred families of refugees from Argos and the surrounding villages, who have taken temporary refuge in the centre of this vast swamp, as it affords them security from the enemy's cavalry; most of them were suffering from exposure and famine—I gave them orders for their portion of flour. After getting out I rode to Argos—I found a most melancholy scene: when I was last there, it had 3000 houses filled with a busy population; now its streets are deserted and still as death, and our passage along them was continually interrupted by the ruins of the houses—the fire and sword had passed over it, and of its inhabitants, only here and there was to be seen a solitary being, poking among the ruins of his once happy home, in the hope perhaps of finding something valuable to sell for bread. Left the place by Tripolizza road—I passed the ancient theatre, the seats of which are perfect, and an ancient building. What a contrast between ancient and modern Greece—the splendid piles reared three thousand years are still erect and seem to look down with scorn on the ruins of cities built as it were but

yesterday; and the modern Greek whose habitation is swept away by a single blast of war, flies for refuge to those buildings which have survived the devastation of an hundred wars—whose splendid columns have resisted the tempest and earthquake, and seem to stand in mockery of the power of time.

* * * * *

The Greek peasantry are more intelligent, more frugal and temperate, and more virtuous than the peasantry of Spain, Italy, or Russia: and would not lose much by the comparison with those of France and Germany. There is much to be said against the modern Greeks, but much may be said in their favor, and to be hoped from the establishment of order and good government among them. There is yet a spark left of the spirit of ancient Greece which long ages of subjection, and four hundred years of horrible slavery, have not been able to put out—the same love of learning—of liberty—and their native land.—Greece never was entirely a land of slaves, she was never entirely subdued by the Turks—and there was always in the mountainous districts a free and hardy race who maintained a stern independence, and lived by predatory warfare—such were the Suliotes, the Mainotes, (or Spartans) the Sphaciotes, &c. Who has not heard of the Suliotes: who that loves the works of Byron and Sheridan, will not admire the magnanimity, the hospitality, and the bravery of their hardy mountaineers.

‘Oh who is more brave than the dark Suliote,
In his snowy caress and his shaggy capote;
To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock,
And descends to the plain like a stream from a rock.’

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

ESSAY

ON FEMALE INFLUENCE.

It would be arrogance, in what is termed the softer sex, to dispute the claim of man to a superiority of intellect, when perhaps strength of mind as well of corporeal power, was given them by our common Creator. Were this position untrue, still their commerce with the world—their intercourse with the wide host of men and things—their public walks when females are in the discharge of domestic duty, entitle them to a kind of superiority, resulting from their education and the nature of things, even if the fair sex were equally endowed by their Creator at their birth. But even the most proud and the most gifted, the talented and scientific of the 'lords of the creation,' own the sway of those who cheer their firesides, and with the oil of affection, smooth the rugged waves of passion and worldly affliction.—Ambition in its disappointment, avarice in its loss, grief in its poignancy, bow to the mild charm which female witchery creates, every unruly passion is hushed (as if by the spell of magic) in the bosom of man, when looked upon by the tender and affectionate eye of a mother, a sister, or a wife. In return for this kind watchfulness and soothing tenderness, something is due. None should accept the coronal of quiet, and thanklessly spurn the hand which gave it. And how can recompence be made for the unbending, unreserved affection of a female heart?

So cheap is the price, that the gem seems valueless. A kind look, a grateful response, those little attentions which come *from* and pass *to* the soul—those nameless offices of brotherly affection, or the kind

solicitudes of a husband's care for his loved one's good—his attention not only to her's but his own best weal, the consultation of what will most gladden the fireside of home, and make both him and his, happy and peaceful; these alone are the offerings, and dear indeed are they to the heart, and which compensate for the solicitude and tender affection of dependant women.

But man pleads the care and business of life in excuse for a forgetfulness, that *home* is his business and that *happiness* dwells there, if he will make it her throne. The joyous face, too often is presented to the stranger, and the thoughtful brow, reserved perhaps for his mother, sister or wife. Joviality sits on his lip when it 'discourses eloquent music' in public, and care, that cankered demon, makes her soul rest in his eye, when it should beam in living light upon the affectionate companion of his fireside.

It is not, that there is a lack of kindness in man's heart to those most dear to him, that he ceases to remember that even upon his look, hangs family, filial, and woman's hope. Still too often is he careless, too often does he cease to keep always in mind that the glow of tenderness, which should light his brow when dimmed, darkens his little family horizon, and chills them with dreary fears of unreal ill.

The morose one in public, who bears his good feelings to his fireside and leaves his bad thoughts with an ungracious world, is sure of an ark of peace, let the storm without rage as it may. Woman of all beings is the most susceptible, the frost of coldness destroys the bud of happiness, and the unkind look of the one whom she adores, aims a poisoned arrow on its glance. If there be an earthly

heaven, it is found at the domestic fireside, where each contribute to the happiness of the other. If there be an earthly hell, it is when the tenderness of woman is spurned, the best feelings of a husband changed to bitterness, the heart broken, and discord discovered keeping his demoniac throne amid the burning embers of a winter's fireside. But the fond feelings of a husband, the trusting tenderness of a wife, both of whose joys and sorrows are so linked together that 'both or neither must be sundered' present a sketch which angels might admire. The true secret of the attainment of such pleasure is, in reserving our kindest feelings for those most dear to us, and in never forgetting that day when our vows were plighted.

BOETHE.

—
FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

—
EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A
FRIEND IN EUROPE.

*** Of all the human curiosities that I have ever met in the course of my travels, none yet have surpassed the Irish Giantess whom I saw at Liverpool. She was actually seven feet high, and nearly three feet across the shoulders! Yet this paragon of monstrosity walks with a mincing step, and has all the delicate simper of effeminacy; it was amusing to see her colossal figure seated at the piano forte and displaying upon its keys, fingers that resembled Carolina potatoes. The most striking incongruities are apparent both in her person and manners; her frame though well proportioned, is masculine in the extreme, yet there is an infantine silkiness in her light brown hair, and her skin is of the most delicate bloom and softness. Instead of the harsh and loud accents that might be expected from

such extensive organs of declamation as hers, you hear the pretty lisp of a bashful school girl, with a 'head and front' that might furnish a model for the bronze Minerva of a capitol. She has all the languishing airs and picturesque attitudes of a Venus! we were told she was nineteen (perhaps she was more,) and ye Gods! not yet attained her *full growth*. Her intellectual powers are of a common order, but she converses with ease and sometimes spirit, and is tolerable proficient in music; she sang several fashionable songs for us in a little bird call voice which in a child of ten years old would have been interesting. In short, she is a *Lusus Naturae*, entirely out of the ordinary course of humanity.

People of this description, as also the Lilliputians of the human race, create a melancholy interest in those who behold them, they appear as exempts from all the social intercourses of life, and of this all that I have ever seen seem to be conscious; they form no friendships properly speaking with the rest of their species, as they can awaken none of those kindred sympathies that give a charm to life. The forced smile and constrained air with which they present themselves to the public gaze, and their monotonous answers to the usual questions prompted by the curiosity of their visitors, to hear them talk, plainly shews that their situation must be painful. It would be an act of humanity to provide a comfortable residence for people of this class, (who exhibit themselves for bread) and give them some light occupation to employ their time. This would help to maintain them, and they would no doubt be much happier in retirement, if allowed hours for amusement, and the improvement of their minds, than if held

up constantly as objects of curiosity before the public. B.

THERE are innumerable disadvantages in *children's* not going to school. They are apt to lose both spirits and health, and above all, flexibility and gracefulness of character, from not becoming early familiar with others of their own age. It is well for them early in life to realize that they are units in the great mass of society, that they may perceive the absurdity of vanity and egotism. But the question which I wish to propose to you is this, whether every good purpose of going to school may not be answered, without devoting as many years to it, as are felt to be necessary for boys. Does not intercourse in such large numbers, when continued through those years, in which all that is peculiar in the female mind begins to develop, produce coarseness? Women were not destined for public life, for intercourse and struggle with a great many persons; and their constitutional temperament, therefore, is made to render them liable to impressions, and ready for confidential intercourse; and what is necessary to their charm in the situation in which they ultimately find themselves, renders them comparatively dangerous to each other. For the finer feelings shrink from the possibility of rebuff or of ridicule; and each one endeavors to repress all that is the most beautiful and individual, and endeavors to conform to a general standard, since, which, as it is too often fixed by the most presuming, must necessarily be low in all the most important points of female character. And thus it is those most highly gifted in feminine traits, are in danger of denying what is hardly short of the inspiration of heaven, in *consciousness* of character, or escaping it in

levity. Moreover, it is advantageous to the cultivation of that taste for domestic life, which is indispensable to the worth and happiness of a woman, to have the constant excitement of so many objects, at that very period of life when the buoyancy of health, and the vivacity of the imagination, would 'people solitude,' and must multiply to bewildering excess the numbers that constitute a school. It is the present mode for girls to continue at school until they go into a round of company. Connexions with a great many companions at school are continued almost by necessity, and an immense acquaintance present innumerable temptations to dissipation. An interval of some years, passed in self cultivation, would break up these connexions; and acquaintance would be selected. None of the advantages of society would be lost. Indeed, the true taste for interesting society would be cultivated, and woman in the meridian of life, instead of being dull from having 'run too fast' through the pleasure of *company*, would enter with zest and freshness of soul into that intercourse of minds, which is most interesting to the most intelligent; and, what is important, would have something to communicate from the treasury of experience formed in the course of years by observation and sensibility. *Jour. of Ed.*

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

'We are but the venders of other men's goods.'

Receipt for a rout.—Take all the ladies and gentlemen you can collect, and put them into a room with a slow fire. Stew them well. Have ready twelve packs of cards, a Piano Forte, a handful of prints and drawings, and put them in, from time to time. As the mixture thickens, sweeten with *poli-*

tease, and season with wit, if you have any, if not, flattery will do, and is very cheap. When all have stewed well for an hour, add some ices, jellies, cakes, lemonade, and wines; the more of these ingredients you put in, the more substantial will your rout be. Fill your room quite full, and let the scum run off.

Dr Howe has in possession the helmet of Lord Byron. It is surmounted with a crest and plume; and on a plate in front, the arms of the Byrons' are attached in embossed silver. It was given by Byron, just before his death, to a young Greek who was in his family. The latter perished in an expedition. The sword belonging formerly to Lord Byron, is also in Dr Howe's custody. Mr Miller, to whom it now belongs purchased it at auction. Mr Stuyvesant and Dr Howe have brought with them two Greek boys, in their native costume. They are very lively and intelligent. Their mothers gave them to the gentlemen above mentioned.—*N. Y. Spect.*

Disappointed Love.—A gallant old officer was narrating the unfortunate history of an early friend who had been jilted by a fickle beauty of that age in favor of the Duke A—; and he concluded the story thus, in a tone of much emotion;—'Poor fellow, he never got over it! No sir, it was the death of him.' And then after a pause of much pathos, with a faltering voice, he added,—'he can't live above fifteen years after it.'

A person sitting in company, perceived that his next neighbor had stolen his handkerchief. 'Sir, (said the thief when he found himself detected,) for God's sake do not expose me; I did it from mere

want. Be so good as to take the handkerchief out of my pocket again and say nothing.' The honest man did so; but while he was in the act of recovering his own, the other exclaimed, 'Thief! Thief! good people, I caught this rascal with his hand in my pocket!'

'Avoid the appearance of evil,' says wise St. Paul.

Bower of Taste.

GREEK MEETING.

A meeting of ladies was held on Wednesday afternoon, in the Hollis street church, where a large crowd assembled with the expectation of hearing an address from Doct. Howe, on the subject of his late humane and interesting enterprize, that of relieving the distressed Greeks, and soliciting further aid in their behalf; it was also expected that a contribution would have been taken, which perhaps would have been judicious, as so many persons were collected in the cause of charity, whose sympathies were strongly excited for the sufferings of this afflicted people by the address of Doct. Howe, read by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, and also by the feeling and eloquent manner in which several other Reverend gentlemen adverted to the subject. We hope that not only the ladies of this city, but all those of the country, who have the power to do so, will aid this humane plan by sending money, however trifling the sum, and second hand or other garments (made as suggested by the committee) to the care of either of these ladies, who were authorized by a general vote to receive deposits of this kind.

Mrs. JOS. N. HOWE, 75, Pleasant street,
Mrs. C. COBMAN, Rowe place,
Mrs. WM. THURSTON, Bowdoin place,
Mrs. ROBT. FENNELLY, Salem street.

LITERARY.

We learn that a new paper is soon to be published in Baltimore, entitled the

Emerald or Baltimore Literary Gazette, edited by a gentleman of well known talents, formerly of Boston.

The Bachelors' Journal.—A rich treat is offered to the public in the prospectus of this paper, and which, if realized, will insure for it a most extensive patronage. We understand a plurality of heads are to be engaged in conducting it; this promises well for its literary resources. We suggest that a particular class of ladies should be admitted on the *free list*; this no doubt their gallantry will consider as important; for to insure their own success, they must begin by conciliating the favor of the ladies. *The Bachelors' Journal* will be published the first Thursday in May, at \$3, per year, payable in advance, by SAMUEL G. ANDREWS, No. 30, Market street.

BOSTON THEATRE.

We are happy to perceive that Mr. Forrest, the dramatic star of New England, has for the past week been delighting his friends by appearing in his most favorite characters. We hope he may be induced to extend his liberality to the new theatre. We are also glad to learn that Mr. Cooper who was once the proudest ornament of the Federal boards, was received on Tuesday evening last with the warmest testimonies of welcome by his old friends, who will always regard him with respect and gratitude for his past services.

TREMONT THEATRE.

On Monday evening we witnessed the performance of the *Lady of the Lake*, to a crowded house, which we understand it still continues to draw. In point of scenic beauty, this piece is unequalled in its representation, by any other theatre in this country; in the scenery of the lake the depth and boldness of the perspective, the soft blending of the distant cliffs with the horizon has a beautiful effect. The moon-light scene is also admirable, the

brightness of the water, and the shadows upon its surface are ingeniously conceived, and finely executed; this part of the lake strongly resembles the rapids between La Prairie and Montreal; it has also the same wildness, and sublimity in the scenery of its shores. The characters in this play were judiciously cast, [perhaps, however, Mr. Brown would have been as successful as either of those gentlemen who have successively appeared in *Fitz James*. We were sorry no part was assigned to him.] Notwithstanding a few misconceptions of the author, this piece passed off in the most acceptable manner, and will no doubt have an extensive run.

MRS. SNOW.

We have seen some beautiful specimens of this lady's skill, in the lithographic art; there is a peculiar softness in her style, a smoothness in the gradations of light and shadow, that give her prints the appearance of finished engravings. We are happy to learn that the Hanover street Church with which our last number is graced, has given universal satisfaction. To our distant friends we think it will be particularly acceptable. Mrs. Snow has also some fine copies, both from ancient and modern painting, that are executed in a style highly creditable to her talents.

§3. Mrs. Snow gives lessons [at her residence, No. 17, Franklin street,] in perspective, drawing and painting, in all its variety.

To Correspondents.—Rosalia was received too late for this number—also the Nun and M.

Errata.—In page 172, last line, for John Neale, read Henry Neale.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE, is published every Saturday by SAMUEL G. ANDREWS, No. 30, Market Street, Boston. Terms \$2.50 in advance, \$3 at the expiration of six months.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



GREECE.

Where Art's wide realm in mouldering ruin sleeps,
And Science o'er departed glory weeps—
Where wreathing ivy shrouds in dark array,
The desolating progress of decay—
Where time is ranging with remorseless tread,
Amid the trophies of the mighty Dead,
There, Grecia's genius hovers o'er the scene
Of ruin'd grandeur—glories that *have been*—
Views the vast wreck of power with kindling eye,
And kneels beside the tomb of Poesy.

Where Fame's proud relics strew her classic ground,
In gloomy majesty she glides around,
Pausing, with rapt devotion, to survey
The prostrate splendors of her early day.
Those ancient courts, where erst with wisdom fraught,
Her Senate listen'd, and her Sages taught;
Where that bold patriot, firm in virtue's cause,
Th' immortal Solon, thunder'd forth his laws!
The temple rais'd to Theseus' mighty name—
The storied arch of Hadrian's deathless fame!
Raises her eye to where, with beam divine,
Apollo blush'd upon the Delphic shrine—
As bow'd that chief to learn a *Nation's* fate,
Who gave his royal life, to *save* the state.

With pride, she seeks Dodona's sacred grove,
Where towers the temple of Imperial Jove!
Frowning, in ruin'd majesty sublime,
The proudest wreck that braves the blast of time!
Shews the broad Stadium, where the gymnick art,
Nerv'd the young arm, and energiz'd the heart—
Gave a bold race of warriors to her field,
Whose godlike courage was their only shield!
Surveys that grot, where still her olives twine
In wild luxuriance o'er its fallen shrine—
Where Dian's vestal daughters came to lave
Their snowy bosoms in Ionia's wave.

All dark and tuneless are those laurel shades,
Which once enshrin'd Castalia's classic maids—
For barbarous hands have rais'd their funeral pyre
And hush'd the breathings of their seraph lyre—
Save when the light of Heaven around it plays,
And wakes the hallow'd chaunt of other days!
Oh! then, 'mid storied mounds, and mouldering urns,
Once more, the flame of inspiration burns!

Here, pilgrim Genius comes to muse around,
 To wake one strain o'er consecrated ground!
 From prostrate fane, and altars of decay,
 He learns the glory of their former day—
 And, in the tender blush of twilight gloom,
 He writes the story of some ruin'd tomb!
 From dark oblivion, snatches many a gem,
 To glisten in *his own* fair diadem.

Immortal Byron! thou, whose courage plann'd
 The rescue of that subjugated land—
 Oh! had'st thou *liv'd* to rear thy giant glaive,
 Thou'dst bid the Christian cross triumphant wave!
 Mark'd the pale crescent wave mid seas of blood,
 And stamp'd proud Grecia's *freedom* in the flood!
 But, Oh! 'twas fate's decree thou should'st expire,
 Swan-like, amid the breathings of thy lyre—
 E'en in the sacred light of thine own song—
 As sinks the glorious Sun amid the throng
 Of bright rob'd clouds, the pageantry of Heaven—
 Thy last retiring beam to earth was given.

Where Scio's isle blushes with Christian gore,
 And recreant *fends* still yell around her shore!
 Where Missolonghi's bloody plain extends,
 'Mid war's red blots, Athenia's Queen descends!
 Mark! where she comes—in all the pomp of wo—
 Darkling around her sable vestments flow!
 With throbbing bosom to the tempest bare—
 Wild, on the breeze, floats her unwreathed hair,
 Though learning's *classic diadem* is there!
 Where fate's dark clouds the face of heaven deform—
 With steadfast brow—she meets the bursting storm!
 Turns to OLYMPUS with imploring eye,
 And claims the *ægis* of her native sky!
 Hark! round its base th' eternal thunders roll!
 And Jove's own lightnings flash from pole to pole—
His voice is *there!* he bids creation save,
Minerva's 'first born,' from a barbarous wave!

AUGUSTA.

TO LUCY.

I love to look upon the soft
 Expression of thine upturned eye;
 Yes, I have gazed upon thee oft,
 Spell bound by thy beauties witchery!
 Thou hast a nun like loveliness—
 With that pure brow, o'er which thy bright
 And folded hair lies soft—each tress
 Fair as when morning's golden light
 Beams on a wreath of new fallen snow!
 Yet that rich lip of crimson hue,
 That cheek of evanescent glow,
 Speak plainer than the tongue can do
 That thou wert formed for all the dear
 Delights of love, and social life—
 Formed to adorn the wedded sphere,
 And grace the sacred name of wife!
 To be the bright fair star of him,
 To whom thy youthful heart is given:
 To yield, (when other lights are dim,
 A smile to earth—a ray to heaven!

8.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



'With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
'We call the meadow, and explore the waste,'—*Paize*.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1828. No. 13.

'And yells and cries without arise,
That the stoutest heart might shock:
And deaf'ning roaring, like cataract pouring
Over a mountain rock.'—*Southey*.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

THE wind blew a terrible south-easter; the rain drifted fearfully along, and fell in rushing torrents against the shattered casements and rattling windows of the old tenement occupied by the Moseleys. The night too, was as dark and gloomy as clouds and storms could make it:—frightful sounds were heard howling along the blast, and wails of the tree-toad from the roof, seemed ominous of some tragic catastrophe. Mosely himself had gone from home, leaving his wife and eldest daughter, a girl of fourteen, to manage affairs in his absence.

When night came on, the younger children to the number of three or four, were put to bed in the chamber, and Mrs. Mosely, notwithstanding her fears which had increased to such a degree that she hardly dared to breathe, after securing all the doors, retired to

her bed, in company with her eldest daughter.

Mrs. Mosely was a devout believer in apparitions and supernatural appearances, and her imagination readily supplied her with numberless instances, in which visitants from another world had chosen to make their appearance in the midst of precisely such storms and tempests. The house, too, had the reputation of being haunted—strange sights had been seen by the neighbors flitting about the mansion during the time it was uninhabited, and numberless were the times in which a rumbling noise similar to drawing a heavy body over the floor, had commenced at the southeast corner of the kitchen chamber and with a hesitating movement, advanced to the top of the stairs, and sometimes even descended them. As these noises were heard

nich and its inhabitants, were numerous; nearly all that were interrogated, took delight in answering his questions, and imparting to us such information respecting the country as they had gained from books or experience, and yet there were a few, (who although addressed by him in a very polite manner,) would pay, or appear to pay no regard to what he said. His singular conduct proceeding from no apparent cause, was noticed by more than myself. This gentleman, for a gentleman he appeared to be in every particular, was addressed by the captain as Mr. Bertrand; he was intelligent, agreeable in conversation and possessed of much politeness. We all anticipated a pleasant voyage, every moment some view was presented to the eye, capable of raising in the mind the liveliest and most sublime emotions. So much has been said already respecting the scenery of the Mississippi, and its beauties, that for me to expatiate on the subject would be superfluous. Yet nothing could be more delightful! at one time the river gliding on gently within its banks, the next moment, overflowing the country as far as the eye could extend, had indeed a pleasing effect! here often might be seen, the smoke gradually curling around the summit of the loftiest trees, indicating that a steam boat was approaching, which perhaps at the bend of the river would burst on our view. We enjoyed ourselves exceedingly; for our feelings were in unison with the scenes around us, and something remarkable it is, that in so gay a company during the thirteen days we were upon the waters of the Mississippi, a card table had not been spread. This trip, which was anticipated by all as a pleasant one, was however, interrupted by an event of the most disagreeable nature.

On the fourteenth day of our passage, as we were about rising from dinner, some person observed that a steam boat was about passing us, having on board an unusual number of passengers.— All of us excited by curiosity, left with one accord our seats, and were hurrying out of the cabin, in order to have a view of the passing boat; nor was Mr. Bertrand's curiosity less excited than ours. In making his way out, he accidentally trod upon the foot of one of the gentlemen immediately behind him; turning directly around he begged his pardon, assuring him at the same time, that it was altogether unintentional. The gentleman replied 'that he knew it was an accident.' Nothing more that day was said concerning the transaction, nor did any one who was a witness of it, imagine, that any thing more, would be thought of concerning it. This, however, was not the case; for on the following morning the gentleman who met with the accident, was seen to call Mr. Bertrand aside, and address him in the following abrupt manner: 'Sir, during the past day, I have received from you an insult and it is my desire that you make me some reparation.' Mr. Bertrand at this speech expressed his surprise on account of not remembering at that moment, the trivial circumstance, that had occurred during the past day.— Upon recollecting it he replied, 'that for a circumstance of so trifling a nature, and an accident, he thought he had made sufficient apology, but that if he was not satisfied, he was willing to make him further reparation in any manner he might desire.' 'Well sir, you will meet me at the steam boat's first landing, upon the bank, from which we will not depart till one of us falls!' 'No sir,' replied Mr. Bertrand, 'duelling is a prac-

tice which I am much averse to from principle, and therefore cannot meet you on these terms—'But' (interrupted the other) 'you have said that you would give me satisfaction in any manner that I might desire, consequently, by the laws of honor, your obligation is binding.' 'As I have heedlessly promised you that I would give you satisfaction in any manner you may desire, rather than be guilty of the charge of cowardice, or aught that might have a tendency to place a stigma upon my character, which heretofore (thank God) I have sustained unblemished, I will at the time specified, meet you; not with the intention of injuring you, unless you cause my blood to flow—but be assured, if you spill one drop of my blood, if life enough is left in me to raise my weapon, you will certainly receive its contents,' upon which they separated. To be brief, it was not long before the steam boat stopped at a landing. The two gentlemen retired to a small grove whither they were followed by several others. The distance was measured, the gentlemen took their assigned places. 'Now sir,' said Mr. Bertrand, 'when you are ready, fire—bearing in mind what I have already told you. His adversary, after having taken deliberate aim, fired. As yet Mr. Bertrand remained untouched; 'are you now satisfied sir?' said Mr. Bertrand, 'if not you are at liberty to try it again; upon which another pistol being handed him, he received it, and as before fired. The contents of his pistol passed through Mr. Bertrand's left hand, it was loaded a third time, when, raising his hand, he thus addressed himself to the spectators, 'You see gentlemen that I have done every thing in my power to prevent this affair terminating seriously, but to no effect,

and pointing his pistol he said to his antagonist: 'Sir, the last words which I addressed you on board the boat, from which you came; (never to return) are about to be realized! He fired—his adversary fell! words are inadequate to describe the ensuing scene—Mr. Bertrand was seen to shed tears; his adversary's body, (contrary to the entreaties of his friends, who were the instigators of this unfortunate affair) was interred in the spot upon which he fell.

The next morning we reached our destined port; never was any thing more desired by me. As a steam boat was about leaving the wharf for Cincinnati, Mr. Bertrand had his trunk put on board and continued his voyage; though I requested him to write me, I have never heard from him since. X.

NATIVE SKETCHES, NO. I.

THE PRIZE.

WILLIAM G— was the son of an affluent planter in the W. Indies who had married an accomplished lady from Rhode Island; and notwithstanding her dislike to a residence in a slave holding country, she consented to follow the fortunes of the husband of her choice. With the exception of being constantly obliged to witness the degraded state of her fellow beings, she was as happy as love, wealth, and the smiles of two lovely children could make her. But alas for human happiness! when the eldest was about twelve years old, it was her misfortune to lose their father. Hearing of the bereavement, her parents affectionately besought her to visit them with her children, (hoping that she might be induced to reside once more in her native state.) Mrs. G., glad to escape from those scenes which so painfully remind-

ed her of the dear one she had lost, made a hasty settlement of her affairs, and placing herself and two children, William and Elizabeth under the care of a friend, she soon reached those shores which were endeared to her by the tenderest recollections, as the elegant though venerable mansion, (from which fourteen years ago she departed as a happy bride) burst upon her view. She wept—and as she entered the well remembered hall, and was clasped to the bosom of her parents, she exclaimed with emotion, it was not thus we parted! for he was with us; but you will receive these dear objects of his love, I know, and transfer to them the affection you felt for their father. The mother's wish was fully gratified, the grand-parents were enraptured with the children who greatly amused them by their exclamations of surprise and pleasure at all they saw. The first month after they arrived was occupied in daily excursions in the adjacent country, where after the fatigue of a ramble among the rocks and woods, they partook of a wholesome repast of milk and fruits, which were always offered to the little strangers whenever their party stopped; and their brightly intelligent, though pale faces, soon began to bloom beneath the influence of the salubrious Island breeze, and their delicate limbs acquired new strength and vigor from exercise. It however soon became necessary for the friends of these children to devise for them other pursuits than those of pleasure,—the important subject of education was to be considered. The instruction of little Elizabeth had ever been a pleasant task to her accomplished mother, who was most unwilling to resign it; she therefore resolved, with the assistance

of such masters as she should deem necessary, to continue still the directress of her studies; but she was obliged to consent to be separated from her boy, and he was placed in a respectable seminary in H—, where the amiability of his manners, and the brilliancy of his talents, soon secured the friendship and favor of his tutors, and the love and confidence of his companions. There was one pupil of this academy who always excited the sympathy and pity of William whenever they met. He was a pale, melancholy youth, the son of a poor widow in the neighborhood, who was advised to employ all the means in her power to procure for him the advantages of an education, as he had evinced from his earliest childhood a strong inclination for study. He was always scrupulously neat in his person, but he seemed as if conscious that his mean, and sometimes ragged attire, attracted the notice, if not the *ridicule* of all his companions; he therefore kept aloof from them as much as possible and seldom joined in their amusements. All the hours unappropriated to study were employed in performing various tasks for the establishment. Some of which were of a menial nature; by these means did this poor boy contrive to pay nearly all the expenses of his education, and had often the pleasure of providing for his mother something nice for her Sunday dinner. It was in these weekly visits to her cottage that the character of Joseph was unveiled; the morose manners, and forbidding aspect which he thought himself obliged to assume at the seminary (in order to protect him from those indignities to which poverty is too often subjected) were here laid aside, and he enjoyed with his mother, the little meal which his industry had procured,

with that cheerfulness and gratitude, which his affectionate heart always experienced in the presence of those whom he knew were his friends; at these times he adverted not to his own labors, either of mind or body, or the numerous embarrassments of his situation, but spoke with enthusiasm of the future, when established in his favorite calling, (that of the ministry) he should be enabled to support his mother in ease and comfort. Notwithstanding the reserve of Joseph, William knew his worth, and pity for his poverty was soon ripened into esteem for his virtues. One afternoon, observing him unoccupied, (a circumstance not usual) William invited him to walk, which, with a slight acknowledgment of the honor done him, was accepted. As they strolled by a lottery office, William stopped and exclaimed, come Joe—let's try our luck! I never had a ticket. No, said Joseph I am too poor! beside I question the propriety of adventuring in lotteries. A fig for your scruples, most reverend parson, said his light headed friend,—I am for a ticket, and so here goes; they entered the office—shall I be banker for two? said William. No replied Joseph, I have just \$10 in my pocket-book, and as you really advise me to take a ticket, I will do so, but not without fear and trembling shall I await my doom. Having bought their tickets they walked home, discoursing most philosophically upon many other vicissitudes of life, beside those of fortune's wheel. A few days after this event as William was sitting alone in his room, Joseph hastily entered; his face was unusually pale: my friend exclaimed he, for your kindness emboldens me to call you by that title, will you give me ten dollars for that ticket which I imprudently bought

last week? Most willingly, said William, if you regret the purchase, and laid the sum upon the table, with a laugh at his faithlessness in Madame Fortune. My mother, cried Joseph is in distress! should she fail in paying her quarter's rent, she probably will be ordered from her comfortable dwelling. I thank you for this kindness, the ticket is yours, but she has it in her possession: I will hand it you to-morrow morning! So saying he hastily left the room. The next morning's paper stated that the holder of the ticket (once owned by poor Joseph,) was entitled to the prize of \$20,000! at breakfast the friends met; notwithstanding his efforts to appear calm, there was a wild despair expressed in the countenance of Joseph; and following William to his apartment, he hastily produced the ticket and said, sir, I congratulate you on your good fortune! As he turned to the door the tear that rolled down his pale cheek, spoke more forcibly than words could do; if his disappointment in having parted with the ticket excited pity, his high sense of honor in yielding it, after he knew it had drawn a prize, claimed the admiration of William.

Springing forward, William caught his hand, and exclaimed with enthusiasm, 'My friend, this ticket is not mine? it was not in my possession until after its fate was decided, I therefore was not the holder of the ticket which drew the prize! The ten dollars I consider as a loan which I will again receive, but the ticket is yours, and may God bless and direct you in the enjoyment of your wealth! It was difficult to say which was the most happy.

At the age of sixteen the heart, yet uninitiated into the concerns of this selfish world, retains much of its native generosity until the

keen edge of its sensibilities become blunted by the contact of uncongenial characters. This was the age of these friends, who unschooled in art, as yet obeyed the dictates of nature. William knew that he and his sister were the joint heirs of a splendid fortune. Maternal fondness had always granted him the pecuniary means of obtaining whatever his fancy might suggest, and he therefore knew not the importance of money, and only rejoiced that it was in his power to make others as happy as himself.

Joseph had from his earliest childhood been forced to wrestle with the grasp of poverty, to obtain a subsistence; he had learned the value of wealth, and he hailed William as the guardian angel of his destiny, who had opened to his view a prospect of happiness and honor, too brilliant he feared to be realized!

Many were the *pro's* and *con's* respecting this boyish transaction, and some were for submitting it to the decision of higher authority; but the name of Joseph was recorded as the purchaser of the ticket, and to him the prize was paid. He at length prevailed upon his generous friend to accept 5,000 dollars as a memorial of his gratitude.

To be brief, the friends passed through their Collegiate studies, with honor to themselves, and satisfaction to their tutors.

William became a Lawyer, and was celebrated for his learning and eloquence. Joseph left the quiet tranquility of a peaceable home, where the performance of filial and charitable duties had endeared him to all his friends, to pursue the study of Divinity with an eminent Clergyman, under whose guidance and in the exercise of his own superior talents, he became a bright and shining star, not

only in the desk, but in all the walks of life. Whether elevated or humble, his influence was felt and acknowledged.

Y. Z.

BIOGRAPHICAL

SKETCH OF MARGARET, DUTCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

SHE kept a number of young ladies in her house, whom she occasionally employed as her amanuenses; some of them slept near her chamber, that they might be ready to rise in the night at the sound of her bell, and commit to paper any ideas that occurred to her. She produced no less than thirteen folios, ten of which are in print. In speaking of herself, she says, 'That it pleased God to command his servant Nature to endow her with a poetic and philosophical genius even from her birth, for she did write even in that kind before she was thirteen years of age.' By this account it appears, that she began to write philosophical treatises previous to having read any: her speculations must, of course, have had the merit of originality, since she was nearly forty years of age, she informs us, before she perused any philosophical authors, 'in order to learn the terms of art.'

The duchess wrote plays, poems, orations, and philosophical discourses. Of dramatical writings, a species of composition for which she had a peculiar predilection, she is said to have been the most voluminous. The fertility of invention which is displayed in her plots and dialogues, atones, in some degree, for their various defects. The person of the duchess was graceful and her manners reserved: she was indefatigable in study, humane, generous, and pious: she was an admirable economist, an excellent wife, and a kind mistress.

She died in London towards the end of the year 1673, and was interred in Westminster Abby, where an elegant monument is erected to her memory.

A CHARACTER.

I was travelling up the Hudson, on board of a Steam Boat, when a circumstance occurred, the recollection of which, is truly pleasing: I remember that it was a delightful afternoon in summer; the sky was serene, and the sweet balmy zephyrs played upon the face of the tranquil river. The bright path of the evening sun was open upon the water. Beautiful villages, embowered in groves; promenades shaded by lofty trees; with scenes of rural elegance, interspersed with the rich, romantic scenery of nature, rose in delightful prospect as we ascended the river. The company on board, consisted of a gay and fashionable assemblage of both sexes, whose sprightly conversation contributed to heighten the interest of the scene. While viewing with inexpressible pleasure the prospect before me, my attention was arrested by the singular appearance of a grave, elderly gentleman, whom I observed sitting on one of the side seats, apparently absorbed in pensive musing, with his eyes fixed on the rolling tide. There was a melancholy dignity in his countenance; when his venerable locks, grey with age or sorrow, hung loosely on his shoulders. His dress was a coat considerably worn and short breeches, after the old fashion. A half worn, broad-brimmed hat, added to the gravity of his deportment; while a pair of old fashioned boots completed the costume of his singular personage. His simplicity of dress induced a belief that he was no other than some plain old farmer, who was return-

ing from the city to his residence in the country. But little attention was, therefore, paid by those pert fashionables, who promenaded the deck, to one whom they considered an unlettered rustic who had cultivated his mind less than his farm, and who paid more attention to the gaining of money, than to the acquisition of intellectual riches. Indeed, the old gentleman's taciturnity, and the antiquity of his dress, afforded no small amusement to some merry wags—a kind of buffoons, with whom we meet in almost every mixed company; and, from whose unhallowed ridicule not even the infirmities of age, nor the misfortunes of human nature are exempt.

It happened that some gentlemen who belonged to the bar, had commenced a controversy on some critical point in law, very near the old gentleman: He occasionally regarded them with a look, as if to penetrate the recesses of their souls; and then resumed his posture. At length, a young smart, with a significant glance accosted him: 'Old gentleman, what is your opinion?' The man of silence and mystery spoke—and lo! what was our astonishment!—His countenance, which was before shaded with the gloom of melancholy, brightened with intelligence; the loftiest eloquence flowed from his tongue, which was so long silent; and those eyes which were vacantly fixed upon the passing wave, now beamed with the fire of his soul! The transcendent brightness of his mind now broke forth—the halo of genius shone around him. The disputants viewed him with silent wonder. The impertinence of the sons and daughters of fashion vanished like mist before the rising sun. All eyes were fixed upon the extraordinary stranger—all were desirous to know his name. Inquiry was made—and

read! that stranger was *Aaron Burr*.

THE MORALIST.

WHEN the shades of solitude have encompassed a man; when the voice of passion is silent, and the voice of pleasure has ceased to vibrate on his ear; when reason is restored to the throne, and every avenue is open to reflection; then, if ever in his days of boyhood he was betrayed into some folly of which he has in vain repented, or been led into some error whose consequences he must forever deplore, the remembrances of those days will rush upon his mind, those scenes will be re-acted before his eyes, and memory will only add intenseness to the pang of guilt. Disappointment is in itself bitter; but when the remembrance of past follies is added to the scene of present suffering, it fills up the cup of agony. But the medicine, though bitter, is salutary, and should be drank without a murmur. If thou hast lost the hope most dear to thy heart, seek not to overpower the voice of conscience by the noise of the world's folly, or to drown the memory of thy disappointment in the tide of dissipation; but ponder over the vanity of earthly pursuits, and it may be that thy disappointments will lead thee to Him, who chasteneth whom he loveth. For he, who has lost his hopes of happiness here, must feel that it is elsewhere to be sought. There is something in disappointment that forcibly leads the mind to reflect on the delusive nature of earthly pleasures, and the necessity of fixing its hopes of happiness on a much firmer basis than the vanities of this world. While the first burst of grief continues, we may be tempted to murmur against the hand that has smitten us. But when time has removed

the poignancy of sorrow; when we can look around with calmness and resignation, and feel that the hopes we indulged were blasted forever, then we turn with disgust from the objects of our former desire, and seek for those which are more worthy of our affection. As the ivy, which has wound itself around some favorite prop, when that is removed will twine itself around some favorite object which will sustain it, so, when the heart strings have fastened upon some favorite object, and are torn from it with a cruel violence, the broken fibres will seek a more faithful support. Who can experience the perfidy of a supposed friend and not feel, that he who puts his trust in man leaneth on a broken reed? Who can be present at that solemn scene when man goeth to his long home, 'and the mourners go about the streets,' and not realize that 'man cometh forth like a flower and is cut down?' Yes! there is language in disappointment louder than the thunders of heaven—for it speaks to the heart and not to the ear. Oh! he who has lost his hopes of happiness here, must indeed feel that they are to be placed on a more firm foundation than the earth can afford.

About six weeks since, a lady by the name of W****, arrived in a very elegant carriage at one of the boarding-houses in this town, and shortly after her arrival, handing a placard to the proprietor (announcing that her house in London was to be let,) requested him to have it placed in the most conspicuous situation in his establishment. From this boarding-house she removed (without discharging her bill) to a cottage, which she engaged for six months. After reconnoitering the town, with the assistance of a male

servant, who appeared perfectly to understand his mistress's method of doing business, she selected from among the tradespeople a chosen few whom she honored with her patronage. A baker, butcher, grocer, wine-merchant, milliner and haberdasher, &c. were amongst this favored number. At the termination of four weeks, two Bow-street officers made their appearance in Cheltenham, inquiring with some anxiety for the lady in question, and on arriving at the cottage to which they had been referred, were admitted by the fair dame herself, who, however, informing them that the person they were in search of was not then at home, most courteously invited them to walk in, and await her return—taking the opportunity whilst they remained in the parlour (the door of which she civilly closed) of making her escape from the house. Suspecting, after some time, that they had been duped, the Bow-street officers left the cottage, and proceeding down the High-street, they caught a glimpse of the lady whose civility they had so unwittingly accepted; she, however, having as good eyes as her pursuers, and rather more wit, entered a boarding-house where her person was unknown, and informing the hostess that she was followed by two suspicious-looking men, requested permission to take shelter in one of the parlours, into which she was accordingly shown. The Bow-street officers arriving shortly after, inquired for the lady in a plaid cloak; who had recently entered the house, and having had the parlour door pointed out to them, vainly endeavored to obtain admittance, until at last the door was broken open and the room was found empty! The bird was truly flown, having descended from the window. She had succeeded

in getting clear off! to the infinite mortification and disappointment of the Deputies of the Home Department from Bow-street, who had no alternative left but to make a retrograde movement, chop fallen and discomfited, 'to the place from whence they came,' with the warrant in their pockets, which they had been specially despatched to execute against the fair financier, who had, no doubt, been previously performing a similar character on another stage. The servants who remained at the cottage after the precipitate flight of their accomplished mistress, consoled themselves with a tureen of mock turtle soup, and two bottles of brandy, which they obtained on her credit; but the affair soon getting wind, the supplies were stopped, and the ways and means being no longer available, the garrison was quickly reduced to the last extremity, and surrendered at discretion. The carriage in which Mrs W. arrived in Cheltenham is supposed to have been obtained from some coach establishment in London, and is, we understand, at present detained by the hotel-keeper for the expenses incurred.—*Cheltenham Chronicle.*

In the following extract from the London Athenæum, the writer displays much of truth and honorable feeling in his censure upon the fashionable practice of giving to the world the 'Reminiscences' and 'Conversations' of departed friends; however authentic such writings may be, it is both unjust and dishonorable to trespass upon those grounds which were formerly sacred to confidence and retirement. Does the death of a great man justify (even his dearest friend,) in exposing the transactions of his private life to the world? Surely not. Yet the avidity with which the public receive works of this kind may

be viewed as an apology for writing them. As book-making speculations, they are undoubtedly profitable to the author, but reflect no honor upon his character.

MR. LEIGH HUNT'S *Anecdotes of Lord Byron* may possibly be a very clever book,—I have not read it, so I can't say. But I can say, and do say, and always shall say, that it is very little short of abominable for people to write such books at all. It is, I think, the broadest and most undeniable maxim of social morals, that one man has no sort of right to take advantage of his intimacy with another, to lay his private life and conversation before the public. There is only one exception, even if any, ought to be allowed; that is, when all that can be told can only redound to the honor of the party. But from the extracts which have appeared of Mr Hunt's book, it is clear that it comes under the usual class of such works, that it sets forth, to the glare of the world, those foibles which he could have known only from the unreserve of domestic intercourse. I do not enter into the question of gratitude or ingratitude; I incline even to believe that Mr Hunt had scarcely any thing to be grateful for. But I go upon the broad general principle, that *we are not to reveal the secrets of a fire-side*. If these things go on—if every man of celebrity be thus set in a notebook, conned and got by rote, all such men must shut themselves up from the world, friends and all; and thus, in exact proportion with the delight they have given mankind by the productions of their genius, will they be debarred from those comforts and enjoyments of society which are free to all. A man's works are fair property and food for criticism; but we have no right to comment upon how many

rings he wears, or in what fashion he may choose to dress his hair; to say nothing of seizing and preserving every careless word of his conversation, to dissect and weigh after he is dead.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

• We are but the venders of other men's goods. •

A Good Story—but doubtful.—Two young Americans were pursuing their studies in London at the commencement of the late war with England. Some months after that event, they learnt that a motion was to be made in the House of Lords, which would probably elicit a debate on the prosecution of hostilities with America. They determined to attend, and ignorant that any introduction was necessary, went at an early hour to the House, and by some lucky accident fairly got on the floor without any interruption. They looked round with great composure for a good place, and at length, finding one to their minds, seated themselves without ceremony. Not long after the Peers began to assemble, and all eyes were steadily directed to the young strangers. Presently a very respectable looking personage (Lord Holland) approached them and inquired if they were not foreigners; they replied they were Americans. He then informed them that no spectators were admitted on the floor, nor even in the gallery without an order from a Peer, and that he presumed they were not aware that they had been sitting on the throne? He kindly took them into the lobby and gave them an order of admission into the gallery, thus preventing a seat on the throne from being to them what it has been to many others, a very uncomfortable situation.

Characteristics of Old maids.—A sprightly writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner: I am inclined to believe, that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids, tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person? 'She will certainly die an old maid.' Is she particularly reserved towards the other sex? 'She has all the squeamishness of an old maid.' Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns, 'She is cut out for an old maid.' And if she is kindly human to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an 'old maid.' In short, I have always found, that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity, are the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature, an 'old maid.'

A black woman is exhibiting in New-Orleans; she is 18 years old, speaks Creole French; her lower limbs are like those of an ourang-outang; she walks on all fours, and possesses all the agility of a monkey in climbing.

A young man, being lately examined by a Minister, prior to confirmation, was asked, 'who is the mediator between Almighty God and his people?' After a pause, and scratching his head, he replied, 'the Archbishop of Canterbury!'

Beautiful Experiment.—The following beautiful chemical experiment may easily be performed by a lady, to the great astonishment of the circle of her tea party. Take two or three blades of red cabbage, cut or tear them into small bits, put them into a basin, and pour a pint of boiling water on them; let it stand an hour, and then decant the liquid into a glass

bottle, it will be of a fine violet blue color. Then take four wine glasses—into one put two or three drops of sulphuric acid, or five or six drops of strong vinegar; into another put five or six drops of a solution of soda, into a third as much of a strong solution of alum, and let the fourth glass remain empty. The glasses from the bottle, and the liquid poured into the glass containing the acid will soon change the color and become a beautiful red, that into the glass containing the soda, a fine green, and that containing the alum, a fine purple, while that poured into the empty one will of course, remain unchanged. By adding a little vinegar to the green, it will immediately change to a red; and by adding a little of the solution of soda to the red, it will assume a fine green; thus showing the action of acids and alkalis on vegetable blues.

Power of Taste.

LITERARY.

Walter Scott's SERMONS!—The noble author of *Waverley*, seems determined to leave no path of literature unexplored; the reading community, ever ready to banquet on the productions of his pen, in whatever guise they may appear, are most anxiously awaiting the publication of the above work, which we learn by the *London Literary Gazette*, is about to issue from the *British press*, under the title of '*Religious Discourses, by a Layman.*' We know little of the doctrinal opinions of Sir Walter, but we know he is an excellent moralist, and possesses a thorough knowledge of the human mind and character in all its variety; and, with the exception of some national prejudices, is always true in his delineations; from his peculiar tact of exciting the sympathetic feelings of his readers, the important subject he has chosen, will

doubtless, in its discussion, bear the stamp of his original mind.

This literary Proteus has also written another romance, entitled *St. Valentine's day, or the fair maid of Perth*, which is designed to form a second series of the *Chronicles of the Canongate*. We understand that his next work is to be an investigation of *witchcraft!* [the annals of '*Naumkeag*' might furnish some striking illustrations of this subject.]

The Providence papers announce that a volume of poems is about to be published in that town, by Mrs. Elizabeth Jones, a lady of an exemplary character, and a highly cultivated mind, but who, like many other 'children of song,' has drank deeply of the cup of poverty and sorrow. We understand that want of funds has delayed this work, which, if printed, would probably produce that profit which her writings merit.

Some of the critical guardians of literature have been rather severe upon our correspondent M. with respect to Montgomery's poem, but as we have literary sins enough of our own to answer for, we shall leave M. to defend himself. We do not remember ever to have seen the poem in question before, but, [as we formerly said] it strongly reminded us of [not *Montgomery's*, sir, but] '*Burns*' mountain daisy,' beginning thus, '*Wee, modest crimson tipped flower.*' In comparing these poems the reader will perceive a striking *similarity* between them, although it does not amount to actual plagiarism.

We have had the pleasure of receiving the *New England Weekly Review*, published at Hartford, Con. and edited by George D. Prentice, Esq. It would be superfluous to express our critical opinions on this paper, and shall therefore only observe that we are pleased with its character, and predict for it a successful reign. '*Lines to a lady*' are highly po-

etical, and the article on female education is written in an elevated and pure style, and from the importance of the subject, it will justify an attentive perusal. We hope that the editor will often gratify the lovers of song with the effusion of his own muse.

Doct. Howe has prepared for the press a historical sketch of the Greek revolution; it is said to be written in a bold and spirited style. At this period, when public sympathy is so strongly excited in the cause of that oppressed nation, a work of this kind will be read with interest.

TREMONT THEATRE.

The popular melo drama of the *Lady of the Lake* continues to attract the admiration of the public. It was performed on Wednesday night, for the eighth time, together with the *Agreeable Surprise*, and *Sylvester Daggerwood*, for the benefit of Mr. Wallack. The public prints have already done justice to the talents of this gentleman in the character of *Roderic Dhu*. As a good general actor, he is a high acquisition to a theatrical corps; his imitations of Kean and Cooper were excellent. On Thursday evening was performed, for the benefit of the Greeks, the *Lady of the Lake*, and *Tom Thumb*. We are happy to learn that Mr. Cooper is engaged at this theatre. He made his first appearance on Friday night, in the character of *Damon*; that of *Pythias* was sustained by Mr. Wallack. This was indeed a treat, and drew, as was expected a full and fashionable house.

To Correspondents.—We thank M., E. P. and Y. Z. for their favors, and solicit their continuance. BOSTON is always acceptable. We regret having mislaid the MS. of *Rosalie*. The beautiful lines of T. I. are received and will appear next week.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE, is published every Saturday by SAMUEL G. ANDREWS, No. 30, Market Street, Boston. Terms \$2.50 in advance, \$3 at the expiration of six months.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

A FRIEND.

When the heart is with gloom and dejection oppress'd,
And the cares that on sorrow attend,
When anxiety's thorns strew the couch of our rest,
And the sigh of despondency heaves the sad breast—
How sweet is the voice of a friend.

When disease robs the cheek of that roseate dye,
Which health once delighted to blend,
When vivacity sparkles no more from the eye,
To watch, as the feverish pulses throb high—
How soft is the hand of a friend.

When misfortunes ensue, and the world is unkind,
And those hopes upon which we depend,
By treachery, are to oblivion consign'd,
When envy and pride are against us combined—
How prized are the smiles of a friend.

When death has deprived us of those we held dear,
And fate's keenest arrows descend,
'Tis sweet to confide in a bosom *sincere*,
Those sorrows, that waken kind sympathy's tear,
In the beaming eye of a friend.

But ev'n should prosperity brighten each scene
With the joys, that on fortune attend;
(Nor sickness, nor sorrow nor care intervene,)
Should our prospects of life be all bright and serene,
What are they unblest by a friend!

AUGUSTA.

TO THE MOON.

I view'd thee in a calm clear sky,
When dewy balm was falling round;
• When scarce a zephyr murmur'd by,
To break the silent, deep profound!
Thou look'st so bright and purely down
Upon this haunt of wicked man,
So placidly that not a frown
Is on thy face, no wish to scan

The foul dark deeds, the withering pain
Of misery: the wretchedness,
The selfishness, the lust of gain,
And strife among the human race.

Alas! fair messenger of night,
I would that I might dwell with thee
Forever, in thy silvery light,
From mortal pains and sorrows free.

Thou art perhaps the residence,
Fair orb; of all the good and best,
The seat of angels and of saints,
All in thy rays of silver dress!

Perhaps another race like us,
Who 'gainst their God did ne'er rebel,
Nor feel that stern and bitter curse,
That on the race of Adam fell.

But now a blight is on thy brow,
Dark earthly mists are o'er thee spread—
More dense, and darken'd still they grow,
Yet, still I see thee onward wade!

Oh! earth has many a shade like this—
To blight and mildew virtue's fame,
And envy's acrid bitterness,
Corrodes and blots the fairest name.

But now thy rays are pure again,
From earth's polluted vapors free—
And so shall virtue calmly shine,
In one long, bright, eternity!

R. B.

THE LAST TEAR.

She had done weeping,—but her eyelash yet
Lay silken heavy on her lillied cheek,
And on its fringe, a tear;—like a lone star
Shining above the rich and hyacinth skirts
Of the pure clouds that veil the April eve;—
The veil rose up, and with it rose the star,
Glittering above the gleam of tender blue
That widened as the shower clears from the heavens;
Her beauty woke—a sudden burst of soul
Flashed from her eye! and lit the vestal's cheek
Into one crimson, and—exhaled the tear!

P.

[Extract from Burns' Mountain Daisy.]

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou beneath the random hield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histic ~~stibble~~ *stibble* field,
Unseen, alone.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



'With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
'We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,'—*Paine*.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1828. No. 14.

THE CONTRAST.

THERE are few sweeter pictures in human life, than the union of two lovers; there are few more distressing than their separation. I was witness to a scene of the former description some years ago, in the capacity of a bridesman; and, not long after, to one of the latter, in quality of a mourner. There was a contrast between these situations so powerfully impressive, that although I had no immediate interest either in the bridal or the burial, I seldom pass an hour in solitude without an involuntary recurrence to what passed at them: I seem but this moment to have quitted the altar—I almost feel the fresh earth of the grave giving way under my feet.

Henry Morel was the dearest friend I have ever known. An attachment had subsisted between him and a very lovely girl since they had been children; when he

became of age he married her, and I was at the wedding. This ceremony, under almost any circumstances, is a delightful one to behold; but when beauty, elegance and wealth, shed their combined lustre over the scene, it is not to be paralleled on earth. The bridegroom was in the full vigor and pride of youth; of a noble countenance and a manly form; his manners were usually serious, but, on the present occasion, his eye lightened with animation, and there was a tenderness in his voice and gesture when he addressed the fair creature who had just committed herself to his arms, that shewed how dearly he loved her. His bride, without being the most beautiful, was certainly the most interesting woman it has been my chance to meet with. She was now doubly so; her cheek was flushed, her lip trembled, there

was a contention between joy and modesty and hope and fear in her looks; but it was not difficult to perceive that in her breast happiness was predominant. The bridal assembly were all life and gaiety: the marriage feast was an uninterrupted scene of mirth and festivity. Joy was triumphant for his hour.

About a fortnight after, I received a pressing letter from my friend to go down to his seat in the country, where he was at present with his young bride. The letter was filled with descriptions of his felicity, and with praises of his dear Eveline; her beauty, her amiability, her accomplishments; she was all that was good and fair and gracious; he was happier, (to use his own expression) than the happiest man on earth and he besought me to 'come down and witness his beatitude.' It was impossible to resist an invitation which promised so much pleasure.

Upon my arrival at the manor-house, I was shewn into a library, where the chaplain received me. 'If you wish to see Mr. Morel, he is in that apartment,' said the clergyman, pointing to an open door. I entered, and found myself in a darkened bed-chamber. Oh! one moment told me all! There was a marble figure stretched upon the bed; a heavy and overpowering swell of herbs and flowers filled the room; every thing was clothed in deadly white. My friend sat at the bed-side, with his hands locked, and his eyes fixed upon the statue. I approached, but he took no notice of me. 'Poor Eveline!' said I, bending over her, 'thou wert a short lived flower!' A smile seemed to gather on the lips of the girl as I said these words, a smile between regret and resignation. She was in her wedding dress, in which, as I afterwards learned, she had desired to

be buried. There was no other covering, and as I brought to my recollection her appearance on the day of her marriage, she seemed in nothing altered but that she was now still and pale. 'God of heaven! if she only slept!' said I, touching the lilly hand that lay beside her. A chill shot up through my arm, and froze the very blood next my heart. My involuntary exclamation roused Henry from his torpor; he gazed at me for some time, then, pointed to the body, as if to inform me of what was already too plain. 'Eveline is dead,' said he, 'she is dead.' I made no remark; consolation was premature; indeed I was unable to afford it, for my heart was flowing through my eyes. He rose, came close to me, and leaning on my shoulder, asked, in a tone of familiar but revolting jocularity, 'if I was come to congratulate him?' Then without waiting for an answer, he continued in the same strain of bitter irony, 'There is my felicity! there is my beatitude! have I not reason to be happy? beauty and grace and goodness in my possession! am I not an enviable man?' He laughed wildly. 'Ay,' continued he, addressing the insensible figure, 'there you lie in your wedding garments! with your crystal cheek and your smiling lip, fresh from the marriage hall! Look at her slender ancles, and her little feet, just as she had lain down after the dance! and her arms there so white and long! and her fair bosom, with the curls playing about her snowy neck! Eveline, dear Eveline have you indeed forsaken me? Oh God! Oh God! that this could be all a dream! No, no—it is no dream—no dream.' Here he became again insensible, and relapsed into his former attitude, his eyes fixed on the bed and his hands clenched in inexpressible despair.

When they were nailing up the coffin, the young widower rushed from my arms into the room, tore open the lid, and threw himself on the body. We could scarcely oblige him to let the operation proceed, whilst he incessantly exclaimed that we were burying his Eveline alive; as she lay in her bridal attire in the coffin, for his bewildered imagination conceived she was still living. No force could drag him from the apartment, though every blow of the hammer upon the lid of the coffin seemed to strike upon his breast. When the body was carried out, he sprung to the door, and was scarcely withheld by his domestics and myself from useless opposition to the bearers. His Eveline was at length separated from him forever; and his grief, from being outrageous, subsided at length into melancholy and total silence. She was buried in the church-yard next his demesne, and he was seldom to be found far distant from her grave. His pleasure was to lean on one shoulder of the slab which bears her name, and ruminate o'er the long grass which waves to and fro over the turf that covers her remains. A premature decay carried him off at the end of the year, and he now lies beside her in the same grave.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

NATIVE SKETCHES, NO. II.

REMINISCENCES OF A STUDENT.

It was in the month of June, on one of those beautiful mornings, when nature appeared arrayed in her gayest livery, that, after having passed a long noviciate in a distant country, I returned to the land of my birth.

'The dearest spot on the face of the earth.'

To describe my own sensations, and the joy that was evinced at

my return, would be impossible.— In my infancy, ere I had learned to lisp his name, I lost a fond and benevolent father—oppressed by misfortunes and calamities, he left me not *wealth*, but a treasure far more valuable—a worthy *example*, and a name unblemished, which it shall be my pride to maintain. How often amidst my secret reveries as the thought of him passes over me, have I exclaimed,—'Ye heavenly powers! assist me in these feeble resolutions, and may no act of mine offend his departed spirit. Oh! grant me as pure a life, and as honorable a death! A kind mother in a few years followed him. Reason had just began to dawn upon my mind; I felt I had sustained a loss, but was ignorant of the magnitude. When our mother died, well do I remember how my sisters wept; when they folded me in their arms! I also wept, although I had no idea of death. My elder and only brother, was at that period absent, pursuing his studies under the direction of one of my father's old and intimate friends. The news having reached him of our common bereavement, in agony and despair he returned home—and for what! merely to become a victim to that tomb which had just closed over our mother.

'Leaves have their time to fall,
'And flowers to wither at the north wind's
breath,
'And stars to set—but ah!
'Thou hast, all seasons for thine own, oh!
death.'

I shall pass over the many trivial circumstances of my earliest days—nothing important occurring till my seventeenth year. The idol of four sisters, (all of whom were married) I was most happy in their affection, while they, ever anxious for my welfare, wished if possible to see me, (as they flatteringly expressed it) an ornament

to my family, of which I was now the only one that bore the name. They proposed that I should repair to one of the northern states (under the guidance of some friend) for the completion of my education. Being naturally of a romantic disposition, such a proposition was delightful; only one circumstance tended to render it disagreeable—how could I part with the society of my dear sisters? With 'Julia' the lovely companion of my childhood, for whom, 'forgive me I beseech you,' I now felt that tender passion which the poets call 'first love.' The very thought of separation was cruel; yet I knew it must be. In two weeks I was to take a long farewell of home and all that was dear to me, perhaps never to return, never again to behold my dear Julia. But youth is the season of hope, and I thought how pleasant it would be after having finished my studies, to return home and see joy and satisfaction beaming in every eye. With how much gratification then could I proffer my hand and heart to her, without whom, it appeared to me, life would be no longer desirable. While thus absorbed in meditation and lost to every thing around me, a soft voice spoke my name, it was Julia's, whom that moment I had resolved to go in search of, to make known my intentions. Oh! M. how very glad I am to see you, exclaimed she, I have just now seen your sister, and she tells me you are a going to leave us, and for so long a time too—is all this true? Yes Julia, but too true. You must be well aware, that it is now necessary that I should apply myself strictly to study in order to obtain an education suitable to carry me through life with honor to myself and family; I shall probably be absent three or four years. But you cannot conceive how

much this separation has disconcerted me, replied she. Have you never, my Julia, seen the sun rise in full splendor, when not a cloud was to be seen floating in the vast expanse of the blue heavens? When perhaps, suddenly, a storm would gather and the whole scene be darkened: when the lowering clouds would burst in torrents upon the mountain, while the loud cataract was roaring in unison with the distant thunder, and then have you never seen the powerful king of day throw off his mantle of clouds, and cast his splendor on all the surrounding objects? Oh, my Julia, how grateful is this change! the flowers resume their beauty and the grass its brightness; the birds again wake their cheerful lays, and even inanimate nature seems to rejoice in the restoration of beauty, harmony and love! This, Julia, may be our fate; I feel a presentiment that I shall return and we shall be happy. You know that I love you, and I have no reason to believe that my love is unreturned; in a few days I must leave you—permit me ere I depart to exact of you one promise, that until I return you will continue as Miss —. Yes my dear M. I do promise, and neither lapse of time nor distance shall impair or efface the affection I feel for you, and until you return, my name shall remain unaltered.

As I observed before, having served out a long and tedious noviciate in a distant land, I returned to the seat of my ancestors. And though time had brushed rather rudely many of my old friends, yet Julia arrayed in all the charms of innocence and beauty, was still the same lovely picture, matured by the graces of womanhood. No one can describe or even conceive the pleasure I realized, when I again pressed her lilly hand to my bosom. And (now oh! ye powers!)

only grant me time to adjust my mantle ere I fall—a devoted victim at the altar of *Hymen*. M.

THE FATALIST.

THE subject of the following tale has long ceased to exist, and there is not in the place of his nativity, a being who bears his name. The recital will, therefore, wound the feelings of no one; nor will it disturb the ashes of the dead, to give the world the story of his madness, rather than his crime.

The name of John Mackay appears on the criminal records of the town of Belfast, in the north of Ireland. He was the murderer of his own child! It is unnecessary to dwell on the character of this unhappy man; suffice it that, from early education, and deeply rooted habits, he was a fatalist. An enthusiastic turn of mind had been wrapped into a superstitious dread: and the fabric, that might have been great and beautiful, became a ruin that betokened only death and gloom. Yet into his breast the Creator had infused much of the milk of human kindness, and his disposition peculiarly fitted him to be at peace with all men. The poison had lain dormant in his bosom, but it rankled there. Domestic sorrows contributed to strengthen his gloomy creed; and its effects were darker, as it took a deeper root. Life soon lost all its pleasures for him: his usual employments were neglected; his dress and appearance altered; his once animated countenance bore the traces of shame or guilt; and a sort of suspicious eagerness was in every look and action.

He had an only child, one of the loveliest infants that ever blessed a father's heart. It was the melancholy legacy of the woman he had loved; and never did a parent doat with more affection on an

earthly hope. This little infant, all purity and innocence, was destined to be the victim of his madness. One morning his friend entered his apartment, and what was his horror at beholding the child stretched on the floor, and the father standing over it, his hands reeking with the blood of his babe. 'God of heaven!' exclaimed his friend, 'what is here?' Mackay approached and calmly welcomed him, bidding him behold what he had done. His friend beat his bosom, and sunk on a chair, covering his face with his hands. 'Why do you grieve?' asked the maniac; 'why are you unhappy? I was the father of that breathless corpse, and I do not weep; I am even joyful when I gaze on it. Listen, my friend, listen; I knew I was predestined to murder, and who was so fit to be my victim, as that little innocent to whom I gave life, and from whom I have taken it? He had no crime to answer for;—besides, how could I leave him in a cold world, which would mock him with my name?' Even before the commission of the crime, he had sent to a magistrate, whose officers shortly entered, and apprehended him. He coolly surrendered himself, and betrayed no emotion; but he took from his bosom a miniature of his wife, dipped in the blood of his babe, and, without a sigh or tear, departed. It was this circumstance that made many loath him, and created against him a sentiment of general abhorrence; but when he afterwards, in prison, declared to his friend the storm of passions, to which that horrid calm succeeded—that he had torn his hair until the blood trickled down his forehead, while his brain seemed bursting his skull, his friend was satisfied and still loved him. In the prison he was with him: though all others deserted him, he pitied and wept. Still,

even to the last, he believed he had but fulfilled his duty in the death of his child; and often, when he described the scene, and told how the infant smiled on its father at the moment he was prepared to kill it, lisping his name as the weapon was at his throat, he would start with horror at his own tale, and cursed the destiny which had decreed it, but always spoke of it as a necessary deed. The time appointed for his trial approached; he contemplated it without dread, and talked of the fate that awaited him—without a shudder. But his friend had exerted himself to procure such testimony of the state of mind, previous to his committing the dreadful act, as to leave little doubt of the result; yet he feared to awaken hopes in the unhappy prisoner, which might be destroyed, and never mentioned it to him. The morning of the trial arrived; he was brought to the bar; his hollow eyes glared unconsciously on his judge, and he gave his plea, as if the words 'not guilty,' came from a being without life. But his recollection seemed for a moment to return, he opened his lips and gasped faintly, as if he wished to recal them. The trial commenced, and he listened with the same apathy; but once, betraying feeling, when he smiled on his friend beside him. The evidence had been heard; the jury returned a verdict of insanity, when a groan from the prisoner created a momentary pause, and he dropped lifeless in the dock. He had for some minutes shadowed his countenance with his hand, and no one but his friend perceived its dreadful alteration. He attributed it to the dreadful suspense of the moment, the agony between hope and despair. Its cause was a more awful one;—he had procured poison, had taken it, and, with an

almost superhuman strength, had struggled with its effects until he fell dead before the court. He was buried in the church yard of his native village, where a mound of earth marked his grave, but there was neither stone nor inscription to preserve the name of one so wretched.

It is almost unnecessary to add that a more pernicious error than the doctrine of fatalism cannot take possession of the mind of man. Innumerable and varied crimes have been perpetrated under the influence of this enemy of human reason.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

ESSAY

ON THE MORAL EFFECT OF PHILOSOPHICAL INVESTIGATION.

MAN is called into existence, and surrounded not by a dark and gloomy void of endless night, without an object on which the wandering thoughts may rest, and left to contemplate in solitude the mysteries of himself alone, but he is placed in the midst of a magnificent and beautiful system, whose vastness eludes the ken of human intellect, and whose complication leads the philosophic mind from one object and relation to another, till it is involved in dim conjecture and lost in endless mazes. Since then, there is such an infinite variety of objects to attract the attention, so great a multiplicity of phenomena to excite the admiration of man, a peculiar interest would attend an inquiry into the causes of that general indifference to this world of wonder, in which we live.—Many circumstances may contribute to the production of this indifference, but one great cause must be the gradual expansion of the intellectual powers, and the force of habit in destroying every

feeling of admiration and curiosity, by giving the scenery around us an appearance of familiarity and triteness.

The knowledge of our situation does not burst in upon us at once, but creeps gently and imperceptibly upon the mind, till the great outlines and principal objects of the scene around us, become what we call common and natural appearances. In this state of insensibility to the charms of creation, is buried the great mass of mankind. Without, however, inquiring further into the causes of this insensibility, but taking it as a matter of fact, obvious to all, we would speak of the effects of philosophical investigation in freeing the mind from those prejudices, which arise from our situation, in exciting that admiration which would swell the soul of a being, who for the first time looked abroad on created nature. Then we see its effect upon the moral feelings and happiness of man.

That, in the material world, there must be certain primary elements, from the various combinations of which, the vast variety of substances are formed, we are by necessity compelled to believe, unless we would adopt the absurd hypothesis that analysis is infinite. So that there are in man certain original principles, must be acknowledged by all, who would not suppose him the mere creature of experience. These principles are capable of receiving innumerable modifications from diversities of education, and peculiarities of individual habit. Hence the effect which different studies and different habits of association have on moral character and happiness. *The same objects affect the same persons* in different ways according to the different views which they take of them, and the different

states of mind with which they enter their contemplation. The same objects affect *different* persons in a variety of ways according to the various habits of thought, which they cultivate, and the different sentiments, which they entertain.

By the mathematician, every thing is reduced to the abstract qualities of number and figure. Every work is read with the care and accuracy of demonstration. The statesman, through the refractory medium of his habitual studies, sees the gigantic spectre of the body politic marching on before him through every subject of his contemplation. All the various orders, and species of things, have the appearance of so many ranks and classes of men, engaged in the different pursuits and employments of life.

The beautiful, sentimental and sublime, color all the various objects of the poet's world. The embellishments of his fancy give a kind of sacred enchantment to the whole scene of human life. His associations plume every incident and every circumstance with the soft down of borrowed beauty.

There is another habit of thought which gives the universe new beauty, regularity and order; and, which in some degree, restores that native grandeur and sublimity, those feelings of wonder and admiration, which accompanied the existence of man, when he first stepped forth on the shores of time. This is a habit of philosophical investigation; an act of the mind, whose constant endeavour is to search into the causes of the various phenomena of nature, and to discover those relations, which are invisible to the *vulgar eye*. This habit of thought becomes legible in some characters at a very early period; and from their history we may learn the beneficial effect,

which it has generally had upon their active and moral principles, upon their personal happiness and usefulness in the world. In the history of men, we find almost an infinite number of vicious Poets, Politicians, Orators, Historians and Philosophers, who have obtained the appellation from the singularity of their opinions, or their attachment to particular sects. But among those who have dedicated themselves to the study of nature, there are comparatively very few who have not been distinguished for the purity of their morals. But perhaps it may be said, that this may arise from two causes. Either the study may have a beneficial effect upon the moral feelings of man, or but few of vicious dispositions have an inclination to investigate the hidden paths of nature. But let it arise from which cause it may, the fact shows the congeniality of the study, with those moral qualities, and of consequence, it must, whenever pursued, have a tendency to promote them. To conceive more clearly the strong tendency which this intellectual habit of which we speak has to strengthen the sentiments of virtue, and raise the admiration of the soul, let us follow the mind a few steps while subjected to its influence.

When it contemplates the power of chemical attraction, and beholds the alternate formation and decomposition of bodies; when it extends its enquiries to the great laws of affinity, and sees amidst its apparent confusion how particle tends to its kindred particle; this quality of matter is acknowledged to be nothing less than the immediate agency of God! No less objects of its admiration are the grass which clothes the ground, and the leaves that flutter on the trees.

What admiration is excited in the soul, when it attempts to consider the manner in which the vegetable productions are formed?

The latent germ of life springs up, swells, expands and grows, sending upward its tender top to the regions of light and day, while the fearful root shuns the scorching heat, the surface feels, till at last an organized frame appears of beautiful form and texture, and clothed in the delicate and beautiful livery of nature.

Thus wonderful, appears the fact, which by its mystery becomes an immediate operation of the same invisible agent. And while the mind seeks to investigate the secrets of that kingdom where conscious life, where pain and pleasure reign, it there traces the springs of being and thought to the immediate effect of the same divine energy.

w. c.

The Grave of Jefferson.—The following description of the place where rest the remains of the sage of Monticello, will be gratifying to the lovers of American Independence.

‘I ascended the winding road, which leads from Charlottesville to Monticello. The path leads to a circuitous ascent of about two miles up the miniature mountain, to the farm and the grave of Jefferson. On entering the gate which opens into the enclosure, numerous paths diverge in various directions, winding through beautiful groves to the summit of the hill. From the peak on which the house stands, a grand and nearly unlimited view opens to the thickly wooded hills and fertile vallies, which stretch out on either side. The University, with its dome, porticoes, and colonnade, looks like a fair city in the plain;—Charlottesville seems to be di-

rectly beneath. No spot can be imagined as combining greater advantages of grandeur, healthfulness, and seclusion. The house is noble in its appearance; two large columns support a portico, which extends from the wings, and into it the front door opens. The apartments are neatly furnished and embellished with statues, busts, portraits and natural curiosities. The grounds and out-houses have been neglected—Mr. Jefferson's attention being absorbed from such personal concerns by the cares attendant on the superintendance of the University, which, when in health, he visited daily since its erection commenced.

'At a short distance behind the mansion, in a quiet, shaded spot, the visitor sees a square enclosure, surrounded by a low, unmortared stone wall, which he enters by a neat wooden gate. This is the family burial ground, containing ten or fifteen graves, none of them marked by epitaphs, and only a few distinguished by any memorial. On one side of this simple cemetery, is the resting place of the patriot and philosopher.—When I saw it, the vault was just arched, and in readiness for the plain stone which is to cover it. May it ever continue like Washington's, without any adventitious attractions or conspicuousness; for, when we or our posterity, need any other memento of our debt of honor to those names, than their simple inscription on paper, wood or stone, gorgeous tombs would be a mockery to their memories. When gratitude shall cease to consecrate their remembrance in the hearts of our citizens, no cenotaph will inspire the reverence we owe to them.'

Woman, when unadorned, is adorned the most.

VOL. I.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

—
THE NUN.

THERE is no human sacrifice more barbarous than that of immuring in monastic solitude, a young and innocent being, whom nature has formed for the enjoyment of society, and perhaps endowed with talents to become its ornament. The love of liberty is implanted in every thing that 'lives and moves and has a being;' it is nature's universal law, and we have no right to oppose it either by moral or physical restraints, unless commanded by justice to do so for the suppression of vice. We have no right to quench the intellectual flame which Deity himself hath lighted, by the cold and rigid severity of monastic discipline, which has a direct tendency to destroy all these kind and social feelings that render our intercourse with society so delightful.

Through the interest of a friend who was acquainted with the superior of a convent in M—— I was (several years since) introduced to a beautiful girl of sixteen, who had been a resident there three years. She was the youngest daughter of a proud, but indigent nobleman, who unable to support her in that sphere of fashionable extravagance in which the elder branches of her family still moved, consented to sacrifice her at the shrine of bigotry and superstition. I cannot describe the emotions I felt on first beholding her,—to see a being so young and lovely, set apart as it were from all the claims of friendship, love and consanguinity, and destined to be buried from the world, was indeed a melancholy contemplation. She was dressed in a plain white robe, simply confined at the waist by a black girdle, from which hung her cross and rosary. Her bright hair

which was parted on her forehead, was partly concealed by a cap of pure muslin. Canova might have wrought from her form a statue that would have immortalized his name, and Stewart in his proudest days would have been delighted to copy from so fair and chaste a model of female beauty.

But with all her loveliness, she was a mere *statue*, a very *picture*. Her air was constrained, her step formal, and no emanations of *soul* were visible in her countenance. Her pure, fair forehead, downcast eye and pensive smile, spoke the extinction or subjection of every human passion; and there was a cold abstraction in her manner and conversation that shewed her thoughts were not of this world. On parting, I asked her if she was happy? with a melancholy smile she simply replied, *they say I am happy*, and I believe I am so. Poor child! Heaven grant that thou may'st not be deceived.

One year after this interview, I again visited the convent. Lucianne was a *NUN!* the black veil shrouded her face and form from my view, and I was permitted only to hold a few minutes conversation with her through the bars of her earthly prison.

GENIUM GATHERUM.

We are but the venders of other men's goods.

Unceremonious Introduction.—A lady meeting in the street a gentleman who was frightfully ugly, took him by the hand, and led him to the shop of a statuary, to whom she said, 'just like this,' and departed. The gentleman, astonished, asked the meaning of this; the statuary answered, the lady has employed me to make the figure of the devil; and as I had no *model*, she promised to bring me one.

Romance Reading.—Perhaps the perusal of romances may, without injustice, be compared with the use of opiates, baneful when habitually and constantly resorted to, but of most blessed power in those moments when the whole head is sore and the whole heart sick. If those who rail indiscriminately at this species of composition were to consider the quantity of actual pleasure which it produces, and the much greater proportion of real sorrow and distress which it alleviates, their philanthropy ought to moderate their critical pride or religious intolerance.—[Sir Walter Scott.]

The Ape.—An Ape, which Blumenbach observed for more than a year together, would manage the wood for a stove, and put it in with as much judgment and economy as a cookmaid. He was very fond of the fire, like all apes, and would at times singe himself, and afterwards roll in the snow, and then return to the fire. He was often at the college, where he used to examine the specimens with a most laughable imitation and grimace. Once he swallowed a piece of arsenic, large enough to poison ten Kalmucks; it only produced a violent diarrhoea, and he was quite well again. But once a work on insects was lying on the table; this fellow had studied it with great gravity for an hour. When — came into the room, he found that he had, with great address, pinched out all the beetles of the great plates and eat them, mistaking the pictures for real insects.

The stage has been, and is continued to be, degraded to the most contemptible purposes. A miserable apology for wit in the representation of such a personage as Crack or Billy Black, will attract

and be laughed at, while every thing intellectual is pronounced dull and insipid; and a coarse joke, in which actors are permitted to indulge at the expense of the feelings of every decent person in the house, instead of consigning its perpetrator to infamy in his profession, is received with shouts by the groundling critics, who are ever ready to make the worst of it, lest perchance, it might be suffered to pass without giving pain to females who find themselves placed in an awkward predicament, and the mark of general observance to detect the effect produced upon their sensitiveness. Such outrages upon delicacy ought to be banished from the stage, and yet we see them too frequently resorted to as the best bait to catch a full house with. Let intelligent and refined females feel assured that they could visit a theatre without the possibility of encountering any thing that would offend a correct taste, and the drama would have no cause to complain of the lack of their approving smiles. But the misfortune is that from Shakspeare down to the Grub street dramatists, scarce a play can be found through the entire representation of which a virtuous female could encounter the gaze of a gentleman without a blush of offended delicacy. And to increase the evil, actors almost invariably strain a point to give the offensive passage, with marked emphasis and manner. Even profanity is often thrown in to help out the author's vulgarity.—*Microcosm.*

Bower of Taste.

LITERARY.

We have received a volume of Poems, from the pen of Sumner Lincoln Fairfield, Esq. entitled the '*Cities of the Plain.*' With many of the poems contained in this work, we are already familiar—as he has been a liberal contribu-

tor to several of our first periodicals for many years; some of the minor pieces are more to our taste than the principal poem; the '*Summer's Evening Hymn,*' and the '*Poet's Dream,*' are among his happiest effusions. Mr. Fairfield is certainly a poet much above mediocrity, and a most enthusiastic worshipper of nature. He possesses a luxuriant fancy, and a fervid imagination; to the latter, however, he often gives a licence so unbounded as to pass the understanding of his readers. The attributes of deity, and the sublime creations of his power, are of themselves, subjects of deep and profound mystery—with reference to which the most elevated, and energetic language is justifiable. But the affectation of obscurity should always be avoided. The supernatural world is ever open to the excursions of poetic fancy, (and it is here indeed that our modern bards delight to revel.) In this expansive field, the '*Mystic Spell,*' the '*Viewless Harp,*' may breathe, and '*Goblin's Gibber,*' [ad libitum,] and he who creates the best *witch* or *sprite*, is entitled to the laurel.

With many just claims to our admiration as a poet, Mr. Fairfield has still a fault (in common with many others) that of having a class of favorite images and ideas, which by frequent repetition, lose much of their original beauty. He often reminds us of a child in a flower garden in pursuit of a butterfly, chasing the bright insect till it is at length lost to himself and others. '*The Lay of Love,*' notwithstanding its irregular rhyme, has many beauties. We extract the following stanzas.

The beauty and the bliss of days gone by,
 Deepen the darkness of my early doom,
 That o'er the glory of my summer sky
 Rolls from the deep recesses of the tomb!
 Imagination's fairy dreams,
 The bloom of beauty in the mind—
 The blush of mude-breathing streams,
 Vanish—but leave *reality* behind!
 I see no more those shapes of air—
 Nymphs, Dryads, Oreads, Angel things!

That threw abroad their golden hair
 And fann'd the blue heav'n with radiant
 wings!
 They are gone from me now,
 Like the stars from the brow
 Of the forest crown'd hill. * * * * *

The Editor of the Emerald and Baltimore Gazette, has politely favored us with the first number of his interesting journal, containing a well written essay on 'The Modera School of Poetry,' also 'Epitome of the History of Music,' whose classical illustrations will be gratifying to the lovers of that art; and a most interesting article entitled 'Herculaneum and Pompeii,' in which the writer presents us with the translation of a letter which was written more than seventeen hundred years since, found in the library of Pompeii;—the miscellaneous matter is entertaining, and the poetry, both original and selected, such as we should expect from its Editor. His success in this enterprise has already been anticipated by those who know his talents as a poet, and his taste as a general belles lettres scholar. From the high estimation in which his writings have ever been held in his native city, and elsewhere, he will no doubt receive a sufficient share of patronage to induce him to continue his valuable periodical.

Sir Walter Scott, again!—The London Literary Gazette of February 16, announces that the 'Great Wizzard of the North' is preparing for the press a volume of Practical Essays on *Gardening and Planting!* it is said 'he has added considerable practice to theory' in this branch.

TREMONT THEATRE.

The return of Miss Rock to the Tremont boards, attracted (as was anticipated,) a full and fashionable house. In the *Lady of the Lake*, her personation of Ellen was so decidedly different from that of the lady who formerly sustained that

character, that a fair comparison of their respective merits can scarcely be drawn. Miss Rock exhibited none of the arch playfulness, and rustic simplicity of Mrs. W. (which was not, perhaps, unnatural in the character of the mountain maid,) and her costume—although it might be more *national*, was not so graceful as was that lady's. But her soul thrilling voice—the beaming intelligence of her face, and the dignity of her step, in every scene, bespoke the descendant of the noble 'Douglas.' The part of Roderic Dhu was ably supported by Mr. Pelby. We would also express our commendation of Mr. Field in Fitz James. This gentleman is increasing fast, both in professional merit, and public favor.

Mr. Cooper's benefit took place on Friday evening, and we were happy to learn that the claims of our old favorite upon the liberality of the public were not forgotten. Miss Rock's benefit is fixed for Monday evening next—a rich bill of fare may be anticipated.

To Readers and Correspondents.—We have received the following note from our Poetic correspondent M. upon which we shall make no comment.

Madam,—The stanzas alluded to in your last number, together with the signature, were transcribed by me from a lady's album; if they were acceptable to you on account of their poetic beauty, I am satisfied, (without replying to the impertinent cavillings of hypercritica.)

Respectfully your's, &c. M.

We trust the liberality of a correspondent will not be alarmed by a few trifling Editorial liberties.

Will Rosalia favor us with a copy of her manuscript, which was mislaid?

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE, is published every Saturday by SAMUEL G. ANDREWS, No. 30, Market Street, Boston. Terms \$2.50 in advance, \$3 at the expiration of six months.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

TO SARAH, ON FINDING A FADED ROSE
IN A VOLUME OF BYRON.

Yes, I remember thee, when thou wert fair,
Sweet *rose-bud*, as the one who plac'd thee there;
And I remember, too, the glowing smile
With which she gave thee—thou hadst blush'd awhile
Upon her bosom; when her beaming eye
Glow'd with the light of BYRON'S minstrelsy—
She mark'd *that page*, to which the bard has giv'n
All that is bright on earth, or fair in heav'n!
She said—'Augusta, when this rose you see,
You'll *worship* Byron!—and you'll *think* of me.'

Dear one, I've *thought of thee*, though years have flown
Since that bright hour, when thou to me alone
Wert friend, companion, all my youthful heart
Could wish, to whom it freely might impart
Its first gay feelings, when life's scenes were new,
And all the hopes that dawn'd upon my view!
Together, we explor'd the page of truth—
Together, trod the flowery paths of youth:
But years have flown since *there*, we fondly ranged—
And we are—no! I hope *thou* art not changed!

I *know* 'tis folly—but I could not bear
To see a being, once so lovely fair,
Whose speech was music, and whose smile was light,
Diffusing round a radiance, warm and bright,
That gave expression to her Hebe face—
And to her sylph-like form, a seraph grace!
Oh, no—I feel I could not see *that form*,
Glowing no more, with youth's luxuriant charm,
I could not look upon thy faded eye,
And tintless cheek, without a painful sigh.

Thou wilt forgive me, dearest, but I feel
A sorrow, that the hand of time should steal
One charm from *thee*—but, no—I will not sigh
If he but leave that sparkle of thine eye—
That bright intelligence, which spoke from soul!
And o'er my feelings held such firm control.

But thou art lovely yet, I know thou art,
 The emanations of thy virtuous heart
 Illumine still thine eye, glow o'er thy cheek,
 And in its blushes eloquently speak.
 Yet oh! whate'er thou art, still dear to me—
 While memory lasts, my earliest friend shall be. AUGUSTA.

Mrs. WARE.—A lady accused the author of unpoliteness upon his observing,
 'what a tact you ladies have of assuming at pleasure, an *'array of smiles.'* The
 following lines were written

IMPROMPTU.

Of all the charms which deck the fair,
 Of all the arts and wiles;
 Sure none more soft and luring are
 Than 'an array of smiles.'
 What is it makes the hours glide on,
 What sweetly time beguiles?
 'Tis lovely woman, when she comes
Arrayed so bright in smiles.
 The proudest towers, the palace rich,
 Earth's noblest, loftiest piles,
 Were deserts all, if there there beamed
 No fair 'array of smiles.'
 Without regret, I fain would roam
 'Mid rude uncultured wilds,
 If there alone my steps were cheered
 By beauty—beaming *smiles!*
 Tho' dark the onward journey be
 That leads to those blest isles,
 Where all is peace—yet brightly there
 Are beaming seraph's smiles.
 Then think not, lady fair, my heart
 Is proof 'gainst beauty's wiles,
 When, rising in your eye I see
 A fond 'array of smiles.'
 Excuse this prosing lay from one
 The muse no poet styles:
 My motive judge—acceptance then
 I look for in your *smiles!*

A——y.

-Ti-

TO MY ÆOLIAN HARP.

Breathe on sweet lyre! blow gentle wind—
 And soothe to peace my troubled mind;
 Thy strains so mellow, soft and clear,
 Are ever welcome to mine ear.
 When light'nings flash, and thunders roll,
 And terror fills my inmost soul—
 When nature's warring tumults cease,
 Thy notes harmonious, whisper peace.
 But, hark! that swell—so bold, and strong,
 Which echo lingers to prolong!
 And now—'tis tremulous and light,
 Sighing upon the breeze of night.
 Thou wakest with thy tender strain,
 Past joys that ne'er will smile again!
 To me of all but heav'n bereft—
 My solitary harp is left.

Alas! I have no friend to greet,
No outstretched hand with mine to meet—
And often doth thy mournful swell,
Come o'er me like a funeral knell.

As the wild breeze revives thy strain,
Gay notes of pleasure wake again,
Breathing around that bland control—
That *spell*, which 'takes the prison'd soul!'

Then, on fair retrospection's sea,
Once more from every sorrow free,
In my light barque I seem to glide
With *lov'd ones* smiling at my side!

Yet when the chill blast sweeps along—
Æolia's lyre forgets its song:
Or moans in numbers, sad and wild!
Like sorrow's own despairing child!

Alas! for me—no flowerets bloom,
To cheer my pathway to the tomb!
Oh! mine hath been a bitter fate—
My heart is frozen—desolate.

A. M. T.

STANZAS.

There was a line on the page of my heart—
But 'tis bleared, it has vanish'd forever:

Although I have striven to recal that line,
Its return has been greeted—never!

Oft times like a phantom it crosses my brain,
Or a mist that onward is hurried—

Or an ocean wave that laves the main,
Then in ocean again, is buried,

Like a beautiful dream indistinctly traced,
Or the ruin of hopes fondly cherished,

Like a blooming vale,—now a desolate waste—
Or a flower, that hath blossom'd and perished,

Is that line of my heart, which hath passed away
With the record of things that have faded.

'T was the charm that brightened that joyous day,
E'er my hopes, or my prospects were shaded.

E. B.

CHANSON ANACREONTIQUE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Look—Lelia charmer of my soul,

See how this rosy wine
Translucent mantles in the bowl,
Its blush is bright as thine!

One snowy hand the fair one raised
To part her locks of sunny hue
As in the cup she downward gazed—
When—what a *seraph* sprang to view!

Reflected on its bright expanse,
Her cheek with roseate beauty glowed,
More thrilling was her timid glance,
Her hair with softer luxury flowed.

To gaze upon so fair a form
Oh—who would not the goblet drink?
Woman hath ever power to charm—
But in *our cups* she's brighter still.

HENRY.

Selected Poetry.

'Thou UNCREATE, UNSEEN and UNDEFINED,
Source of all life, and fountain of the mind;
Pervading SPIRIT, who no eye can trace,
Felt through all time, and working in all space—
Imagination cannot paint that spot,
Around, above, beneath, where Thou art not.

'Before the glad stars hymn'd to new-born Earth,
Or young Creation revell'd in its birth,
Thy spirit moved upon the pregnant deep,
Unchain'd the waveless waters from their sleep,
Bade Time's majestic wings to be unfurl'd,
And out of darkness drew the breathing World!

'Ere matter form'd at thy creative tone,
Thou wert! Omnific, Endless and Alone;
In Thine own essence, all that was to be—
Sublime, unfathomable Deity!
Thou said'st—and lo! a universe was born,
And light flash'd from Thee, for its birth-day morn

A world unshrouded, all its beauty new!
The youthful mountain rear'd its haughty brow,
Flowers, fruits and trees felt instantaneous life,
And Ocean chafed her billows into strife!
And next, triumphant o'er the green-clad earth,
The universal sun burst into birth,
And dash'd from off his altitude sublime,
The first red ray that mark'd commencing time!

Last rose the moon—and then th' array of stars
Wheel'd round the heavens upon their burning oars?

But all was silent as a world of dead,
Till the great Deep her living swarms outspread!
Forth from her teeming bosom, sudden came
Immingled monsters—mighty, without name;
Then plummy tribes, wing'd into being there,
And played their gleamy pinions on the air,—
Till thick as dews upon a twilight green,
Earth's living creatures rose upon the scene!

And now the gorgeous Universe was rife,
Full, fresh, and glowing with created life!
And when th' Eternal, from his starry height,
Beheld the young world basking in his light,
And breathing increase of deep gratitude—
He bless'd it, for his mercy made it good!
Creation's master-piece! a breath of God,
Ray of His glory, quicken'd at His nod,
Immortal Man came next,—divinely grand,
Glorious and perfect from his Maker's hand;
Last softly beautiful as Music's close,
Angelic woman into being rose!

And thus, thou wert, and art, the fountain soul,
And countless worlds around thee live and roll;
In sun, and shade, in ocean and in air,
Different, though never lessen'd—every where!
All life and motion from thy source began,
From worlds to atoms, angels down to man!



‘With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
 ‘We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,’—*Paine*.
 The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
 From the dark bosom of oblivion’s wave.

Vol. I. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1828. No. 15.

THE GOVERNESS.

‘ABOUT four years ago, passing a few days with the highly educated daughters of some friends in this neighborhood, I found domesticated in the family a young lady, whom I shall call as they called her, Cousin Mary. She was about eighteen, not beautiful perhaps, but lovely certainly to the fullest extent of that loveliest word—as fresh as a rose, as fair as a lilly; with lips like winter berries, dimpled, smiling lips; and eyes of which nobody could tell the color, they danced so incessantly in their own gay light. Her figure was tall, round, and slender; exquisitely well proportioned it must have been, for in all attitudes, (and in her innocent gaiety, she was scarcely ever two minutes in the same) she was grace itself. She was, in short, the very picture of youth, health, and happiness. No one could see her with-

out being prepossessed in her favor. I took a fancy to her the moment she entered the room; and it increased every hour in spite of, or rather perhaps for, certain deficiencies, which caused poor Cousin Mary to be held exceedingly cheap by her accomplished relatives.

‘She was the youngest daughter of an officer of rank, dead long ago; and his sickly widow having lost by death, or that other death, marriage, all her children but this, could not, from very fondness, resolve to part with her darling for the purpose of acquiring the commonest instruction. She talked of it, indeed, now and then, but then she only talked; so that, in this age of universal education, Mary C. at eighteen exhibited the extraordinary phenomenon of a young woman of high family, whose acquirements were limited to read-

ing, writing, needle-work, and the first rules of arithmetic. The effect of this let-alone system, combined with a careful seclusion from all improper society, and a perfect liberty in her country rambles, acting upon a mind of great power and activity, was the very reverse of what might have been predicted. It had produced not merely a delightful freshness and originality of manner and character, a piquant ignorance of those things of which one is tired to death, but knowledge, positive, accurate, and various knowledge. She was, to be sure, wholly unaccomplished; knew nothing of quadrilles, though her every motion was dancing; nor a note of music, though she seemed to warble like a bird, sweet snatches of old songs, as she skipped up and down the house; nor of painting, except as her taste had been formed by a minute acquaintance with nature into an intense feeling of art. She had that real extra sense, an eye for color, too, as well as an ear for music. Not one in twenty—not one in a hundred of our sketching and copying ladies could love and appreciate a picture where there was color and mind, a picture by Claude, or by our English Claudes, Wilson and Hoffland, as she could—for she loved landscape best, because she understood it best; it was a portrait of which she drew the original. Then her needle was in her hands almost a pencil. I never knew such an embroideress—she would sit ‘printing her thoughts on lawn,’ till the delicate creation vied the snowy tracery, the fantastic carving of hoar frost, the richness of Gothic architecture, or of that which so much resembles it, the luxuriant fancy of old point lace. That was her only accomplishment, and a rare artist she was—muslin and net

were her canvas. She had no French either, not a word; no Italian; but then her English was racy, unbackneyed, proper to the thought, to a degree that only original thinking could give. She had not much reading, except of the Bible and Shakspeare, and Richardson’s novels, in which she was learned; but then her powers of observation were sharpened and quickened, in a very unusual degree, by the leisure and opportunity afforded for their development, at a time of life when they are most acute. She had nothing to distract her mind. Her attention was always awake and alive. She was an excellent and curious naturalist, merely because she had gone into the fields with her eyes open; and knew all the details of rural management, domestic or agricultural, as well as the peculiar habits and modes of thinking of the peasantry, simply because she had lived in the country, and made use of her ears. Then she was fanciful, recollective, new; drew her images from real objects, not from their shadows in books. In short, to listen to her, and the young ladies her companions, who accomplished to the height, had trodden the education-mill till they all moved in one step, had lost sense in sound, and ideas in words, was enough to make us turn masters and governesses out of doors and leave our daughters and granddaughters to Mrs. C.’s system of non-instruction. I should have liked to meet another specimen, just to ascertain whether the peculiar charm and advantage arose from the quick and active mind of this fair Ignorant, or was really the natural and inevitable result of the training; but, alas! to find more than one accomplished lady, in this accomplished age, is not to be hoped for. So I admired and envied; and her fair kinswoman

pitied and scorned, and tried to teach; and Mary, never made for a learner, and as full of animal spirits as a school-boy in the holidays, sang and laughed and skipped about from morning till night.

'It must be confessed, as a counterbalance to her other perfections, that the dear Cousin Mary was, as far as great natural modesty and an occasional touch of shyness would let her, the least in the world of a romp! She loved to toss about children, to jump over stiles, to scramble through hedges, to climb trees; and some of her knowledge of plants and birds may certainly have arisen from her boyish amusements. And which of us has not found that the strongest, the healthiest, and most flourishing acquirement has arisen from pleasure or accident, has been in a manner self-sown, like an oak of the forest?—Oh she was a sad romp; as skittish as a wild colt, as uncertain as a butterfly, as uncatchable as a swallow! But her great personal beauty, the charm, grace, and lightness of her movements, and, above all, her evident innocence of heart, were bribes to indulgence which no one could withstand. I never heard her blamed by any human being. The perfect unrestraint of her attitudes, and the exquisite symmetry of her form, would have rendered her an invaluable study for a painter. Her daily doings would have formed a series of pictures. I have seen her scudding through a swallow rivulet, with her petticoats caught up just a little above the ankle, like a young Diana, and a bounding, skimming, enjoying motion, as if native to the element, which might have become a Naiad. I have seen her on the topmast round of a ladder, with one foot on the roof of a house, flinging down the grapes that no one else had nerve enough

to reach, laughing, and garlanded, and crowned with vine-leaves, like a Bacchante. But the prettiest combination of circumstances under which I ever saw her, was driving a donkey cart up a hill one sunny windy day, in September. It was a gay party of young women, some walking, some in open carriages of different descriptions, bent to see a celebrated prospect from a hill called the Ridges. The ascent was by a steep narrow lane, cut deeply between sandbanks, crowned with high, feathery hedges. The road and its picturesque banks lay bathed in the golden sunshine, whilst the autumnal sky, intensely blue, appeared at the top as through an arch. The hill was so steep that we had all dismounted, and left our different vehicles in charge of the servants below; but Mary, to whom, as incomparably the best charioteer, the conduct of a nondescript machine, a sort of donkey curricule, had fallen, determined to drive a delicate little girl, who was afraid of the walk, to the top of the eminence. She jumped out for the purpose, and we followed, watching and admiring her as she won her way up the hill: now tugging at the donkeys in front with her bright face towards them and us, and springing along backwards—now pushing the chaise from behind—now running by the side of her steeds, patting and caressing them—now soothing the half-frightened child—now laughing, nodding, and shaking her little whip at us—darting about like some winged creature—till at last she stopped at the top of the ascent, and stood for a moment on the summit, her straw bonnet blown back, and held on only by the strings; her brown hair playing on the wind in long natural ringlets; her complexion becoming every moment more splendid from

exertion, redder and whiter; her eyes and her smile brightning and dimpling; her figure in its simple white gown, strongly relieved by the deep blue sky, and her whole form seeming to dilate before our eyes. There she stood under the arch formed by two meeting elms, a Hebe, a Psyche, a perfect goddess of youth and joy. The Ridges are very fine things altogether, especially the part to which we were bound, a turfy breezy spot, sinking down abruptly like a rock into a wild foreground of heath and forest, with a magnificent command of distant objects;—but we saw nothing that day like the figure on the top of the hill.

‘After this I lost sight of her for a long time. She was called suddenly home by the dangerous illness of her mother, who, after languishing some months, died; and Mary went to live with a sister older than herself and richly married in a manufacturing town, where she languished in smoke, confinement, dependance, and display, (for her sister was a match-making lady, a manœuvrer,) for about a twelvemonth. She then left her house and went into Wales—as a governess! Imagine the astonishment caused by this intelligence amongst us all; for I myself, though admiring the untaught damsel almost as much as I loved her, should certainly never have dreamed of her as a teacher.—However, she remained in the rich baronet’s family where she had commenced her vocation. They liked her apparently,—there she was; and again nothing was heard of her for many months, until, happening to call on the friends at whose house I had originally met her, I espied her fair blooming face, a rose among roses, at the drawing-room window, and instantly with the speed of light

was met and embraced by her at the hall-door.

‘There was not the slightest perceptible difference in her deportment. She still bounded like a fawn, and laughed and clapped her hands like an infant. She was not a day older, or graver, or wiser since we parted. Her post of tutoress had at least done her no harm, whatever might have been the case with her pupils. The more I looked at her the more I wondered; and after our mutual expressions of pleasure had a little subsided, I could not resist the temptation of saying—‘So you are really a governess?’—‘Yes,’ ‘And you continue in the same family?’—‘Yes.’—‘And you like your post?’—‘Oh yes! yes!’—‘But my dear Mary, what could induce you to go?’—‘Why they wanted a governess, so I went.’—‘But what could induce them to keep you?’ The perfect gravity and earnestness with which this question was put, set her laughing, and the laugh was echoed back from a group at the end of the room which I had not before noticed. An elegant man in the prime of life showing a portfolio of rare prints to a fine girl of twelve, and a rosy boy of seven, evidently his children. ‘Why did they keep me? Ask them,’ replied Mary, turning towards them with an arch smile. ‘We kept her to teach her ourselves,’ said the young lady. ‘We kept her to play cricket with us,’ said her brother. ‘We kept her to marry,’ said the gentleman advancing gaily to shake hands with me. ‘She was a bad governess, perhaps; but she is an excellent wife—that is her true vocation.’ And so it is. She is indeed, an excellent wife; and assuredly a most fortunate one. I never saw happiness so sparkling and so glowing; never saw such devotion to a bride, or such fond-

ness for a step-mother, as Sir W. S. and his lovely children show to the sweet Cousin Mary.'

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

NATIVE SKETCHES, NO. III.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH END.

THERE are but few, whether citizens, or visitors, of our city, if in the smallest degree acquainted with the windings and angles formed by the irregular intersections of the streets, who have not in some of their rambles observed the odd, antique building, that forms the corner of Ann, and Union-streets. It has withstood the shocks of more than two centuries, but now like an aged oak, shorn of its limbs, and sapless and verdureless, it stands alone, amid a thousand structures of modern days, the lone relic, the last remembrancer, of the age in which it was reared.

Many changes have been made in its external appearance and internal decorations, and partitionings, exclusive of what has been effected by the dilapidating fingers of time since it was owned and occupied by Jemima Zimbleby.—And over either door might have been read in large painted capitals 'Jemima Zimbleby, Laundress and Tailoress.' At the period in which the occurrences that I am about to describe transpired, the lettering of these signs had become nearly obliterated by a long and constant exposure to all kinds of weather. And instead of the pavements by which the building is at present surrounded, a grass plat extended several rods in front, enclosed by a pale fence, painted white, and it was esteemed one of the most genteel situations the city, then town, afforded.

Mima, was a woman of no ordinary cast of character, there always had been a promptitude in

all her actions, and a stern inflexibility in the accomplishment of her designs, that in most instances far exceeded the enterprise, and perseverance of the other sex.

Her figure was tall, though very illy proportioned, and exhibited great muscular prowess. Her features were strongly marked, and her eyes expressed a peculiar melancholy glare, that could not but strike the eye of the beholder, and awaken feelings of awe, blended with pity. Mima, (for by that appellation was she known,) for a number of years drove a brisk and profitable trade, kept many apprentices, manufactured and sold all kinds of wearing apparel, had an extensive range of customers, and accumulated a large fortune. But at the period of which I am writing, she had become far less enterprising, a deep gloom had gathered on her countenance, and a dark mystery enveloped all her actions. She retained but one apprentice, a little laughing maiden of sixteen, whose ingenuous and joyous countenance exhibited to the admiring gazer every good and amiable quality of mind and disposition. It will be unnecessary to describe the exact lineaments of her face and form, suffice it that an almost perfect symmetry reigned throughout all her proportions, united to a natural ease, and grace of manners, and a bouyant vivacity of temper; in short, she was every thing that can be termed lovely, and never failed deeply to interest those with whom she became acquainted.

Among her many admirers was George L——, a young man of respectable standing in society, graceful and intelligent. In the absence of Mima he would sit or stand for hours, gazing at the loveliness or listening to the musical voice of Mary. He lived in her existence, smiled when she smiled, and

was sad when he beheld a shadow cross her sunny features. Every wish, every hope of hers was his. Mary also felt the same passionate regard for him, and the fate and happiness of one was indissolubly entwined with that of the other. To her Mima left the whole charge of the house and shop in her absence, which had recently been almost incessant, for as she grew older, her melancholy and mystery increased, and of late among her other eccentricities, she had acquired a habit which had almost become identified with her other passions, of buying remnants. Day succeeding day, she was seen promenading to and fro in the principal streets, enquiring for, and purchasing *remnants*. Every shop was ransacked, and every garret and cellar searched in quest of them. No matter of what quality or description, small and large, woollen, silk and linen, all were the same to her, she purchased them all. To what use she appropriated these, none could divine, and it was a matter of much enquiry and speculation among the curious. In these rambles she usually was absent from morning until late at night, and frequently all night, so that pursuit always proved fruitless, and if she ever suspected the same, she would continue to walk the streets until all, save her alone, were at rest.

Meantime the affection that existed between George and Mary, continued if possible, to increase. After the business hours of the day had passed, and Mary had secured the entrances to the house, they would steal away unobserved by any, and stroll for hours together, around the skirts of the town, alternately gazing at each other and the moon; he passionately declaring the intenseness of his love, and she returning a trembling response. It chanced on one beau-

tiful moonlight evening they had continued their walk longer than usual, and wandered from place to place, until unexpectedly they found themselves at the summit of Copse hill. The beauty of the landscape that lay spread before them far to the north and west, lit up by the pale splendor of the moon, enticed them to remain a short time. Accordingly they seated themselves on a stone slab, that covered the entrance to a tomb, and on whose face was inscribed the names and ages of the dead inmates, that slept unconscious of all passing events. They had remained in this situation but a short time before they beheld a figure, whose body was enveloped in a dark mantle, and face muffled to such a degree as almost to conceal it from view, approaching in a direct line towards them. It moved in a slow, solemn pace, apparently unobservant of every thing around, until it had approached within a few yards of the tomb, when suddenly it halted, and uttered a deep and hollow groan. Here it remained a moment, eyeing them with a keenness that froze them to the spot. Then dropping its hands with a wild despairing shriek, it sunk to the earth, and was lost to view. EDWIN.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LOVERS.

For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear, by tale or history,
The course of *true love*, never did run
smooth.

Mid Summer's Night Dream.

And banished I am, if from thee.
Go, speak not to me; even now begone,
O, go not yet—Even thus two friends
condemned
Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand
leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die;
Yet now *farewell*;—and farewell, life
with thee! *King Henry VI.*

LAST Saturday evening, an aged

gentleman, having in his charge, a young and beautiful girl, probably of the age of eighteen, stopped at the Franklin House, and after enquiring, if either of the steam boats departed for New York the next morning, and being informed that none departed till Monday, ordered a suit of rooms for himself and precious charge.—Sunday was a tedious day for the venerable gentleman, and it was evident, that he watched the passage of time with great anxiety, and impatience. Monday morning at length arrived, and the old gentleman, apprehending no danger, indulged himself with a short walk around the town, not for a moment dreaming that the enemy lurked around his quarters.—He had not been absent long however, before a young gentleman, made his appearance at the Franklin House, and finding one of the female attendants, inquired of her, if an elderly gentleman and his ward did not take lodgings there, and if the former was not in number twenty seven, and the latter in number twenty one. He received a reply in the affirmative, when he asked the female, if she would have the goodness to hand the young lady a note. The female replied, that the young lady was in her apartment, prepared to receive company and as he was acquainted with her, it would be perfectly proper for him to hand her the note himself. The suggestion did not seem to displease the gentleman, and without more ado, he repaired to the room of the fair Rosabella. Scarce ten minutes had elapsed, when the gentleman, and a lady, were seen to move through the avenues of the House, accompanied by the young female, and were on the margin of the street door, preparatory to a rapid flight, when alas and a-lack a-day, the old gentleman, the father, returned, and

frustrated their designs—made his daughter prisoner, and ordering a carriage, proceeded to the Steam Boat, to the infinite mortification of his modern Adonis, and his no less unfortunate Calypso.

Literary Cadet.

ORNAMENTAL STYLE.

A beautiful thought naturally suggests a beautiful form, or turn of expression; though some canting critics will have it, that a beautiful style is all mere tinsel, without considering whether the sentiments and imagery are not equally beautiful. With this description of critics, Pope is a mere rhymer, because his numbers are so harmonious. But are not his sentiments and imagery in equal harmony with each other? Is a beautiful woman to be called not beautiful because she clothes herself in beautiful array? Yet so it would seem from the judgment of these critics. They cannot endure an elegant style and manner in any author, and yet the moment they detect the least inelegance, they expose and turn it into ridicule. The critic is, therefore, always armed with a two-edged sword.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

ESSAY

ON THE RECOGNITION OF DEITY IN HIS WORKS.

IN the sublime study of astronomy, the mind of man soars above this terrestrial sphere, and becomes familiar with the heavenly bodies—it ascertains the laws which regulate all their movements, and preserves the order and harmony of their courses. But here its bounds are set; the cause of their evolutions is absorbed in that mysterious agency, which pervades all created nature! *He* alone, who is the soul of the universe, 'binds the sweet

influences of the Pleiades, and looses the bonds of Orion.' The whole creation seems like a magnificent temple filled with the presence of its divine Author.

Thus does the Deity become associated with every object that surrounds us. The mind that investigates the causes of the various phenomena of nature, sees the Divinity upon the still surface of the waters, in the rushing of the mighty torrent, and the tempestuous storm of the ocean. It sees Him, in the mild radiance of the moon, and the bright effulgence of the solar beam. Thus are the sentiments of virtue strengthened, by reducing the operations of nature to the immediate agency of God, while the admiration is raised, the feelings exalted, and our happiness increased, by the view which such studies are calculated to inspire of the real beauty and grandeur of those scenes which attend the present existence of man.

Should the laws of nature change, should the watry element join in friendship with its foe, and become a supporting aliment of the lambent flame; should temples rise out of the earth, like the trees of which they are formed, and the earth itself become a transparent mass, men would view the sight with astonishment. Yet, had this been the original constitution of nature, they would have looked upon these objects with as much indifference, as they do upon those, which at present surround them. Rise then, says the voice of nature to her consecrated sons, rise above the prejudices, (which depress the mind of man,) to those elevated regions where the works of creation may be surveyed with the admiration of pure, unprejudiced thought.

Is not an existence supported upon a mass of material atoms,

with a mysterious and unknown essence, far more astonishing, than if man had floated alone on the broad bosom of space? Is not the radiation of light as it flows in perpetual and rapid streams from the solar orb, more wonderful than if the earth had been surrounded with motionless, yet bright and luminous clouds of circumambient fire? Is not the mysterious process, by which animal and vegetable life is sustained, more wonderful, than if every living being had sprung forth, perfect and mature, remaining without any alteration or change, until it should suddenly vanish away?

To us is given to see that transcendent wisdom and goodness, instanced in an unknown power by the reflective quality of light, without which, although the sun might pour forth his vivid rays in all his glorious profusion, darkness would cover the earth, and blackness, the face of man; the heavens would wear the appearance of cheerless night, and existence would become a source of the most exquisite pain. Go then, with those who have 'looked through nature up to nature's God'—with Socrates and Newton, with Boerhave and Sydenham, and trace the bright vestiges of infinite wisdom, in the air, the earth, the heavens, and the sea; and while your minds unlock their hidden mysteries of wonder, your souls shall swell with the most exalted feelings of admiration, and your hearts glow with the ardent flame of devotion! w. c.

A LADY MASON.

We extract this singular article from the New York Spy.

THE following statement having been transmitted to us from a very respectable source, we are induced to give it a column, with the view

of gratifying our Masonic readers.

The subject of this memoir, Miss Eliza Hayes, was of the family *de Sancto Leodegario*, corruptly denominated St. Leger. She was married to Richard Aldworth, Esq. of Newmarket, in the county of Cork, also a very highly respectable and ancient family, long celebrated for their hospitality and other virtues, but more particularly from this lady having been the only female who was ever initiated in the *Ancient and Honorable Mystery of Freemasonry*. How she obtained this honor, we shall now lay before our readers, having obtained our information from the most indubitable source: that duty performed, we shall turn with pleasure to a more grateful task, and endeavor to draw the character of a woman whose life was a model of virtue, sweetened and adorned by all the amiable qualities that grace and dignify the female character. Lord Doneraile, Mrs. Aldworth's father, who was a very zealous mason, held a warrant in his own hands, and occasionally opened lodge at Doneraile house, his sons and some intimate friends assisting; and it is said, that never were the Masonic duties more rigidly performed, or the business of the craft more sincerely pursued than by the brethren of No. CL. the number of their warrant. It appears that previous to the initiation of a gentleman to the first steps of Masonry, Mrs. Aldworth, who was then a young girl, happened to be in an apartment adjoining the room usually used as a lodge room. This room was undergoing considerable alteration and repair, and the wall was considerably reduced in one part, for the purpose of making a saloon. This young lady, having distinctly heard the voices, and prompted by the curiosity natural to all, to see some-

what of the mystery so long and secretly kept from public view, had the courage to pick a brick from the wall with her scissors, and actually witnessed the awful and mysterious ceremony attendant on the two first degrees. Her inquisitiveness being gratified, fear took possession of her frame; she thought in vain to escape unperceived. The ceremony was not yet concluded, and the room being a very large one, she resolved to effect her escape, by cautiously passing through the solemn mysterious chamber!

With a light and trembling step, almost breathless, she glided along unobserved by the Lodge, applied her hand to the lock, and gently opening the door, before her stood a grim and surly Tyler, with his sword unsheathed, and pointed at her breast. Her shrieks alarmed the Lodge, who hastened to the door, and ascertaining from the Tyler that she had been in the room during the ceremony, they, in their first paroxysm of rage and alarm, resolved upon her instant death; but, from the moving and earnest supplication of her younger brother, her life was spared, on condition of her receiving the two degrees which had been just conferred, and which she had so imprudently witnessed. To this she immediately assented: and thus was this beautiful and terrified young creature conducted through trials which have been known, in some instances, too great for the most emboldened and resolute to sustain.

Mrs. Aldworth did not possess a countenance which could be denominated beautiful; but endowed with a rich and benevolent mind and disposition, her heart and hand were ever open to the alleviation of the sorrows and sufferings of the disconsolate and oppressed. Although her brethren in distress

had invariably the first claim on her liberality, yet her purse was never closed to the unenlightened supplicant. Possessed of an immense fortune, this paragon of the female sex ever proved herself a mother to the motherless, and a friend to the widow and friendless. In the active gratification of her hospitable and benevolent heart, she did not neglect the more important duties of the craft. She was a most exemplary Mason, and presided as master of her Lodge, which she frequently headed in masonic order of procession, in an open phæton. Her liberality to the craft it is unnecessary to dwell upon; let it suffice, that a distressed brother never quitted her splendid mansion unrelieved. One trait in her character deserves our ardent admiration, which we recommend the imitation of to the craft in general, and which is so egregiously neglected by them. The subject of this memoir had such a veneration for masonry, that she would never suffer it to be lightly spoken of in her hearing; nor would she touch on the subject but with the greatest caution, even in the company of her most intimate friends, whom she knew were not of the fraternity; when its beauties were descanted on by her, it was invariably under great embarrassment, and a trembling apprehension lest she should, in a moment of inadvertence, commit a breach of Masonic duty. Thus lived this pattern of female excellence, we had almost said of human perfection, until her 80th year; when the Great Grand Master summoned her to participate in the joys of his Celestial Lodge, in December, 1810, at Newmarket, in the county of Cork. Her demise it is supposed was occasioned by an imprudent administration of laudanum, in a slight indisposition.

Sunrise at Mount Ætna.—Of a sunrise at Mount Ætna, an acute traveller remarks, no imagination can form an idea of this glorious and magnificent scene; Neither is there on the surface of this globe any one point which unites so many and sublime objects:—the immense elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn as it were to a single apex, without any neighboring mountain for the senses and imagination to rest upon and recover from their astonishment in their way down to the world—and this point, or pinnacle, raised on the brink of a bottomless gulf, often discharging rivers of fire, and throwing out burning rocks, with a noise that shakes the whole island. Add to this, the unbounded extent of the prospect, comprehending the greatest diversity, and the most beautiful scenery in nature; with the rising sun advancing in the east to illuminate the wonderous scene. The whole atmosphere by degrees kindled up, and showed dimly and faintly the boundless prospect around. Both sea and land look dark and confused, as if only emerging from their original chaos: and light and darkness seemed still undivided, till the morning by degrees advancing, completed the separation. The stars are extinguished and the shades disappear. The forest which but now seemed black, and bottomless gulfs, from whence no ray was reflected to show their form or colors, appear a new creation rising to the light, catching life and beauty from every increasing beam. The scene still enlarges, and the horizon seems to widen and expand itself on all sides; till the sun appears in the east, and with his plastic ray completes the mighty scene. All appears enchantment: and it is with difficulty we can believe we are still on the earth. The senses un-

accustomed to such objects, are bewildered and confounded; and it is not till after some time they are capable of separating and judging of them. The body of the sun is seen rising from the ocean, immense tracks both of sea and land intervening: various islands appear under your feet; and you look down on the whole of Sicily as on a map, and can trace every river through all its windings, from its source to its mouth. The view is absolutely boundless on every side: nor is there any one object within the circle of vision to interrupt it; so that the sight is every where lost in the immensity; and there is little doubt, that were it not for the imperfection of our organs, the coast of Africa, and even of Greece, would be discovered, as they are certainly above the horizon.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

* We are but the vendors of 'ther men's goods.'

Lady Anherst's Drawing-Room.

In the evening of January 15th, says the Oriental Herald, Lady Anherst held a drawing-room, if it may be so termed, at which her ladyship received a deputation of eight Mahratta ladies, sent to wait upon her, by her Highness the Baeza Bae, with complimentary messages and presents. 'No gentlemen were allowed to be present, or within eye-shot of these moons of the Harem; who are ever enveloped in clouds, that they may not bestow upon the ungodly face of man, that light which belongs only to the sun—their husband. The gentlemen consequently were left to reflect upon the propriety of this Oriental custom, and to imagine, with a mortified curiosity,

What a pure and sacred thing
Is Beauty, curtained from the sight
Of the gross world: illumining
One only mansion with her light.

'The drawing-room, however, it is understood, went off capitally; the Indian ladies were delighted with every thing they saw:—the room, the furniture, the pictures, but above all, the blazing fire, attracted their violent admiration; and so fascinated were they with the English ladies, whom, no doubt, they thought 'hideously white,' that nothing could persuade them to take leave, till it was reported that some gentlemen were ap-proaching, when they fled like ghosts at the appearance of morn.

Phil. Monthly Mag.

NEW CONUNDRUMS.

- 1 An effigy attracts the sight,
If executed just and right;
But tell me why will effigies,
The palate of a person please?
- 2 Why would it be considered unmanly
in you to give offence to a grazier?
- 3 Why is one side of a book, like an at-
tendant on a great personage?
- 4 Why is the British lion like a slave?
- 5 Why is a soft saddle like a robber?
- 6 Why is the letter C like a generalissi-
mo?
- 7 Why is a dandy like a monster of the
deep?
- 8 Why are cats like dice?
- 9 Which is the best port in time of dis-
tress?
- 10 What age do men generally desire?
- 11 What is life's greatest treasure?

J. S. D.

Natural Curiosity.—The bones of the Non-descript Animal, found not long since on the bank of the Mississippi, below New Orleans, were exhibited in Trenton last week to the view of the curious. They are certainly the greatest wonder of nature found in this western region of the world. The largest bone, supposed to be either the shoulder blade or jaw bone, is twenty feet in length and three in breadth and weighs 1200 pounds. The aperture in the vertebræ is sufficiently large to admit the back-bone of the Mammoth. The immense size of the animal, cal-

culating from the evidences of its dimensions, is almost frightful to think of.—*Trenton Fed.*

A lady in New-York is giving public readings and recitations, for the purpose of gaining money sufficient to prosecute a vexatious lawsuit. Why not undertake the suit herself and save the fees? If she can speak well enough to attract attention at a public hall, she would scarcely fail at the bar—

Soft words, the Senate and the people move.'

Two Faces.—We see an account going the rounds in the papers of a child having been lately born in England with *two faces*. It is, indeed, truly remarkable for a child, but it is quite common to see *men with two faces*.—*Eastport Sentinel.*

Italian Revenge.—An Italian feigned to be reconciled to one who had offended him. One evening, when they walked out to a retired spot, the Italian seized him by the back, and drawing a dagger, threatened to stab him if he did not abjure and curse his Creator. The other in vain entreated that he might not be obliged to commit what he felt horror in doing, but to save his life he complied. The assassin, having now completed his wish, plunged the poignard into his bosom, and exultingly exclaimed that he had revenged himself in the most dreadful manner possible; for he had caused the body and soul to perish at a single stroke.

Insect Labors.—There are buildings, by animals far inferior to man in the scale of creation, many times more vast in proportion than his mightiest labors. The cube of one of the African ant-hills is five times larger than that of the

great Pyramids of Egypt, in proportion to their size. These, Sweetman says, they complete in four or five years; and thus their activity and industry as much surpass those of man, as St. Paul's Cathedral does the hut of an Indian. These ants are again exceeded by the Coral insect of the South Sea, that raises Islands out of depths almost unfathomable—what lessons for human pride and human power!

Supposed Premature Interment.—At a funeral in North Wales, a coffin deposited in a vault about nine years ago; was found resting on its side! Those who attended the interment at that time, recollect that it was left in the usual situation, resting on the bottom. The presumption is, that the individual was buried alive!

Extraordinary Discovery.—An elm-tree, recently blown down at Bury, near Amberly Castle, containing 400 feet of timber, was a few days since sawed across in the midst, when the nest of a tomtit was discovered in a perfect state in the which were five eggs, as fair to eye as if deposited but a few days. The solid mass of timber which enveloped this curiosity must be the growth of many years. No mark could be discovered of the original entrance. The nest at the nearest point, is five inches from the outside of the timber.

English paper.

For the Greeks.—The ladies of Hartford, Conn. have, in the course of three weeks, by contributions from that place and towns adjoining, procured the materials and made up 1800 garments to clothe the naked and destitute in Greece, and purchased 100 barrels of kiln-dried corn meal, to be forwarded at the same time, for the relief of

the suffering inhabitants of that ill-fated country.

Upwards of a thousand garments have been sent to New-York, from Norwich, Conn. as a donation from the ladies of that place, to be forwarded to the suffering Greeks.

Trenton Fed.

Bower of Taste.

A handsomely printed volume has just been handed us, entitled 'Pulpit Sketches and Devotional Fragments, by the Rev. John Newland Maffitt.' On opening the book we are presented with a beautiful engraving by Thomas Kelly, from a portrait of the Author, by P. Hill. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the countenance of this gentleman to judge of the likeness. Yet the broad brow, and full expressive eyes, remind us of an eloquent advocate for the suffering Greeks, who addressed the congregation at a late 'Lady meeting.' To say the truth, had this print been shewn us with a request that we would *guess* at the character or profession of the original, we might indeed have sought for him in the regions of poetry or romance, but should never have dreamed of him, as a Methodist Minister! Whatever may be our opinion respecting Mr. Maffitt's theological writings, we must decline expressing it. The subject of religion is of too important a nature, to be made the theme of *criticism*, except by those who have the power of analyzing its principles, by the rules of philosophy, and establishing its truth by the test of experience.

Mr. Maffitt's style [even in his doctrinal discussions] is always florid—he is profuse in ornament, and delights in classical allusions, which is not usual with others of his creed. That he is highly endowed by nature, no one, we believe, doubts. How far he has improved her gifts in the labor of his vocation, others must decide.

Some of the short sketches at the close of the book, are written in the free and graceful style of a belles-lettres scholar; from his poetry we extract the following affectionate stanzas

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

The morning dawned, its glowing dies
O'er heaven a mellow softness threw;
New glories lit the ambient skies,
And rose the sun with ruddy hue.

It was in truth a lovely morn
To break upon the tearful eye
Of her, who watched with heart forlorn,
Her angel cherub, doomed to die.

'Twas beautiful, as if some look
From purest spirits, hovering nigh,
Had o'er the scene new glories shook,
And filled with fragrance earth and sky.

'Twas calm—no murmuring breezes rung,
Nor nature spoke in that lone hour—
'Twas sweet—for angels' voices sung
As drooped the lovely, blooming
flower.

It turned its little head and sighed,
And fluttering, stretched abroad its
arms—

We kissed it as it softly died,
And wept to see its faded charms.

Sweet innocent, farewell! thou'rt gone
To mingle with the blest above,
And we are left to weep alone,
And still thy mem'ry fondly love.

Long as the vital spark remains
We'll dream of thee, and speak thy
name,
And when our life to evening wanes,
Our babe, in heav'n, with joy we'll
claim.

—
SPRING.—Some of the delightful days which have recently been blessed with the soft airs, that poets tell of, in climes that are wont to be called milder, seem to warrant a belief, that our country will not many years be more uncomfortable than the same latitudes in Europe. But soft as some few days have been, our climate is still unpleasantly changeful and generally rough in the colder months; requiring great caution from invalids, who are, in any considerable degree, exposed to the danger of consumption, a most insidious enemy to the tender and deli-

cate, and, perhaps, the most valuable members of the community.

Ladies should be cautious in making changes from warm to thinner apparel; and mothers should not hasten to put on their children's summer dresses; for a day's imprudence may cost a life. The morning, that may be almost oppressively warm, will soon change its loveliness for an eastern breeze, laden with the damps of the ocean; and all the medicines of the Pharmacopeia, may be inefficient to remove the effects of its chill.

We are earnest on this subject, because we are shocked at the too frequent carelessness of ladies in our circle of acquaintance, and the awful results, which are witnessed among us every day. Children are torn from the arms of their mothers, and mothers snatched hastily from their infant offspring by a single act of indiscretion, burying its evil seeds deep in the system; fathers cut off in the vigor of life, whose counsel and assistance was needed for the young and the helpless; in short a more general and terrible evil follows exposure to colds, than even intemperance itself.

COMMUNICATED.

Tremont Theatre.—MISS GEORGE. This very accomplished vocalist made her first appearance at the Tremont Theatre, on Tuesday evening last, and performed the part of Laura, in *Sweethearts and Wives*, and Georgette Clairville, in the farce of *'Twas I*. In the course of the pieces, she sung to a delighted audience the *Soldier Tired*, *Benny Pipes* and several other favorite airs. It would be difficult to do justice to Miss George's powers, so unlike is she to those we have been accustomed to hear. She possesses a voice of great delicacy and sweetness, and evinces uncommon skill in its management. There is no harshness in her tones, every note thrills to the heart; and the entranced listener almost imagines himself in a paradise, hearkening to the silve-

ry voice of an angel—rather than that of a mortal. Her manner is much more graceful than that of most of our popular singers. She displays no contortion of face, or unnecessary gesticulation, which whether affected, or elicited, by the effort of singing, we are so often constrained to behold.

Miss George, also possesses considerable merit as an actress, and the whole performances of the evening were well received.

Wednesday evening she made her second appearance, and in the chaste and rich execution of a variety of songs, gained, if possible, more applause than was awarded her on the preceding evening. *THALIA.*

Errata.—The name of Stuart in the article entitled the Nun, was by a mistake of the compositor rendered Stewart.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr Jona. M. Plasted, formerly of Portland, to Miss Hannah A. Jeffries; Mr Thaddeus Pierce, to Miss Mary Ann C. Wormill; Rev Jonathan Aldrich, of West Dedham, to Miss Catharine M. P. Lewis; Mr Galen Pool to Miss Harriet Andrews.

In Salem, Mr James F. Foster, of Danvers, to Miss Caroline D. Bedney.

At Montreal, on the 25th Dec. last, by Rev. Mr. Norman, Lumoh Vaughan Esq. to Miss Caroline Goodenough, of Greenfield, Mass.

DEATHS.

In this city, Sarah Meliscent, only child of Francis and Lydia Fisher, aged 16 months; On Sunday, Mrs Elizabeth Hoses, wife of Mr Richard H, aged 39; Esther O. Copeland, 4 years and 4 months; On Monday, Mrs Nancy Seaver, relict of the late Mr Eben. S. aged 60.

In Cambridge, Capt, Jehn Ruggles, aged 43; Miss Eliza Ann Metcalf, eldest daughter of Mr Thomas and Mrs Lucy M. aged 17.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE, is published every Saturday by SAMUEL G. ANDREWS, No. 30, Market Street, Boston. Terms \$2.50 in advance, \$6 at the expiration of six months.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND WHO WAS LOST AT SEA.

'Tomorrow the traveller may come—he who hath seen thee in thy beauty may come—he shall seek thee in the field, but shall not find thee.'

Hush'd are the warring spirits of the blast—
Freighted with death! the whirlwinds rage no more—
The hour of human suffering, too is past—
The frenzied pang of parting life is o'er!
Light heaves the wave with undulating flow,
Calm as the breast of him who sleeps below.

And is he gone? alas! it is too true—
Shrouded forever in dark ocean's cave!
He, o'er whose cheek, health shed her brightest hue,
Whose form was noble, as his soul was brave.
Although no sculptured marble bears his name,
His virtues long affection's tear shall claim.

Oh! scene of horror, darkness and despair,
As round him roar'd the wild o'erwhelming wave,
No ray of light—no cheering voice was there,
No arm to rescue, and no barque to save!
Yet to his prayer a beam divine was given—
A wing was spread to waft his soul to Heaven!

AUGUSTA.

TO ANNA MARIA.

Smooth be your path of life and strewn with flowers,
Here fortune's sunshine—there retiring bowers—
No rougher storms, than mild refreshing showers,
And those fall gently.

Ne'er may the withering blast of grief destroy,
Or envy's baleful canker-worm annoy,
Those sweet unclosing buds of infant joy,—
That bloom around thee!

May the fair myrtle with the olive join,
And all life's gayest flowers their sweets combine—
To form a wreath for that pure brow of thine,
My lovely Anna.

To bless thy steps may these bright emblems grow,
 And grace those walks where streams of wisdom flow,
 Deriving loveliness from the mild glow,
 Of truth and virtue!

May watchful angels keep thee as thou art,
 And guard from every snare thy youthful heart:
 And mayest thou never from the path depart,
 That leads to heaven!

Cambridge, April 8th, 1828.

OPHELIA.

The following lines from the Lancaster Gazette, were written by a Carolinian slave named *George Horton*, whose education was attained in hours stolen from sleep. The talents of the degraded race of black people appear better of late as they have been exhibited by the revolution at Hayti, than we have been accustomed to consider them; and from the power with which a few individuals have sprung up amid darkness and misfortunes, it seems probable, that good opportunities for education, would, in a few generations, give them a high stand among the nations of the earth. Look to it, statesmen!—

SLAVERY.

When first my bosom glow'd with hope,
 I gaz'd as from a mountain top
 On some delightful plain;
 But oh! how transient was the scene—
 It fled as though it had not been,
 And all my hopes were vain.

How oft this tantalizing blaze
 Has led me through deception's maze;
 My friend became my foe—
 Then like a plaintive dove I mourn'd,
 To bitter all my sweets were turn'd,
 And tears began to flow.

Why was the dawning of my birth
 Upon this vile, accursed earth,
 Which is but pain to me?
 Oh! that my soul had wing'd its flight,
 When first I saw the morning light,
 To worlds of liberty!

Come, melting Pity, from afar,
 And break this vast, enormous bar
 Between a wretch and thee;
 Purchase a few short days of time,
 And bid a vassal rise sublime
 On wings of liberty.

Is it because my skin is black,
 That thou should'st be so dull and slack,
 And scorn to set me free?
 Then let me hasten to the grave,
 The only refuge for the slave,
 Who mourns for liberty.

The wicked cease from trouble there;
 No more I'd languish or despair—
 The weary there can rest!
 Oppression's voice is heard no more,
 Drudg'ry, and pain, and toil are o'er,
 Yes! there I shall be blest.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



'With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
'We call the meadow, and explore the waste,'—*Paine*.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1828. No. 16.

THE FELON'S SON.

TOWARDS the end of the last century, a young man arrived at Marseilles, on commercial affairs: he took up his abode at an inn, where he had been about three weeks, when he received a letter one evening, which obliged him to call immediately on one of the principal merchants of the town. The merchant was out, and, as his wife said that he was most probably at the theatre, George, (so our hero called himself) went thither to seek him. He entered the pit, and looked round in vain for the person he wanted; but as it was early he thought the merchant might still come, and he sat down to wait for him.

In a few minutes George heard the words, 'Turn him out! turn him out!' uttered with great vehemence; and looking round to see to whom they were addressed, he perceived they were intended for

a youth of sickly appearance and very mild countenance, who sat near him.

'How is this?' cried George, turning to the person who sat next him, 'what has that boy done to be treated in such a manner?'

The person to whom he spoke was a man about fifty.

'Do you know him?' said he, coldly.

'No—I never saw him before.'

'Well, then, take a friend's advice, and don't meddle in the matter. The boy's name is Tinville: he is the grandson of that monster Fouquet Tinville.'

At these words, George recoiled with horror in his countenance.

'My good sir,' said his neighbor, 'I see that there are names which always make honest people tremble.'

George heaved a deep sigh.

'And yet,' said he, after a mo-

ment's pause, 'If the boy himself has done nothing bad, I don't think it just or generous to insult him: he is already unfortunate enough.'

The noise had been suspended for a instant—but, just as our hero uttered these words, the rioters recommenced their cries. The lad feigned not to perceive that he was the object of them. Encouraged by his timidity, one of the aggressors began to pull his coat, and another took him by the collar. George quickly rose.

'Stop a moment,' said his neighbor, catching hold of him; 'dout you see they are ten to one?'

'Let them be twenty to two, then,' cried he indignantly; 'I will never stand by tamely and see a helpless boy ill used.'

Breaking from the grasp of his neighbor, he sprung lightly over the benches, and threw himself between the youth and his assailants—dealing at the same time some knocking down blows to the right and left, and crying out, 'Cowards!—you call yourselves Frenchmen,—and you are not ashamed to fall, ten of you, upon one poor defenceless lad!'

The aggressors were young men, mostly in a state of intoxication, but yet not so far gone as to be insensible of shame.

'He says the truth,' cried one.

'He is in the right,' said another.

By degrees the group dispersed: those who had received the blows, skulked away and said nothing; the others excused themselves; and, in a few minutes, tranquillity was restored. George took the youth by the arm, and led him out of the theatre, and making a sign to a hackney coachman, hurried away, without replying to Tinville's thanks, and entreaties to know his name.

Three days afterwards, as he was passing through one of the

principal streets, he felt himself seized by the skirt of his coat, and, looking round to see by whom, he perceived it was the gentleman whom he had sat next to at the theatre.

'Heaven be praised! I have found you at last,' cried he: 'truly, you have led me into a fine scrape.'

'I, sir?—impossible!'

'No, no, it is possible enough. You must know that I have a brother, one of the principal bankers of Marseilles; every body speaks well of him but myself; and I say he is a crack-brained enthusiast. Why, sir, you have only to relate to him a trait of courage or generosity, and he is ready to worship the hero of it. I told him the other night of the mad trick you had played, and he flew into a rage because I did not seize and drag you to his house *vi et armis*. I should not have cared so for him had not my good sister-in-law and my pretty niece joined his party. In short, they turned me out, with orders not to come again without bringing you in my hand. I have hunted for you ever since in vain; but now that I have luckily found you, you will not refuse to return with me to dinner.'

George would have excused himself.

'He had only come,' he said, 'for a very short time, on business, which was nearly finished; he was about to depart, and he had not a moment for any thing but business.'

'Even if you go to-morrow, you must dine somewhere to-day—and why not as well at my brother's as at your inn?'

With these words he put his hand under the young man's arm and drew him along, heedless of all excuses.

It has been said that a good face is the best letter of recommendation. And no one ever had

a better than George. The banker and his family were charmed with, each praised him in their way. Mr. Stendhal admired his open countenance; his wife the modest propriety of his manners; her mother who was very old and rather deaf, the good natured and respectful way in which he answered several questions which she put to him. The daughter, a blooming girl of sixteen, said nothing, but perhaps the look of pleasure with which she listened to the praises bestowed by the rest of the family, was not the least eloquent part of the panegyric.

In the course of the evening, Mr. Stendhal learned that his guest's name was George, that he was an orphan, that he would leave Marseilles in five or six days. He mentioned also the names of some of the merchants with whom he had done business; and one of them happened to be a particular friend of Stendhal's, the good banker went to him the next day, to make inquiries respecting his new acquaintance.

'All I know of him,' said the merchant, 'is that he comes from an old correspondent of mine, who has recommended him very strongly to me. He has transacted business for that gentleman with several others beside myself, and he is generally regarded as a clever and intelligent young man. My friend lamented, in his letter, that he had not the power to offer him a permanent situation, and he has asked me to look out for one for him—but I have not met with any thing likely to suit.'

This was enough for Stendhal, who was a sort of benevolent Quixote in his way. He wished to serve George; but with the delicacy of true generosity, he desired that the young man should feel himself the obliger, rather than

the obliged. He told him that he wanted a clerk; George fell into the innocent snare laid for him; he offered himself, and was directly accepted.

Mr. Stendhal was well satisfied with the abilities of his new clerk, and not less so with his conduct: the only thing that he wished was, to see in the young man more of the gaiety natural in his time of life; but he was constantly serious, and even sad, notwithstanding that his temper was so sweet, and his manners so mild and amiable, that he was a favorite with the whole family,

Two years passed away, and, at the end of that time, George had become, what Mr. Stendhal emphatically called his *right hand*; he relieved the good banker from a great part of the fatigue which he had till then taken upon himself; and while he had never relaxed, in the slightest degree, his attention to business, he found time to render himself as agreeable and useful to the female part of the family, as to the master of it. He was Leocadie's language master, to the great satisfaction of Mrs. Stendhal, who had no longer any reason to reproach the dear girl with that disinclination to study, which had been her only fault. But what perhaps drew the hearts of both mother and daughter still more strongly towards him was, his unwearied attention to the good grandmother, who was alike beloved and venerated by the whole family.

At once Stendhal perceived that his wife appeared unusually serious and abstracted. It was evident that she had something on her mind; but what could that something be, which she concealed from a husband, with whom, till then she had no reserves. After puzzling his brains for a little time with vain conjectures, the banker

took what he considered to be the only right way in these cases—he determined to come to the point at once.

‘Till now,’ said he, ‘we have been happy: it is evident that you have ceased to be so: tell me the cause of your uneasiness—and if it is in my power to banish it, regard the thing as done.’

‘Then it is done,’ cried Mrs. Stendhal, embracing him. ‘My uneasiness arose from discovering Leocadie is in love.’

‘In love!—and with whom?’

‘With George.’

‘So much the better—if he loves her.’

‘If, Mr. Stendhal?’—

‘If, Madame Stendhal—I say, if’—

‘And I say there is no if in the case: the poor fellow is too honorable to say a word—but I see clearly that he is dying for her.’

‘Ah! my dear, a mother’s eyes are not always to be trusted on these occasions: but I will speak to him myself.’

And, without any preface, he said to the young man the following day—‘George, it is time for you to be looking about for a wife: what do you think of my daughter?’

George had no need to reply: his countenance told Mr. Stendhal that his wife was in the right.

‘Well, well,’ cried he, in a tone of pleasure, ‘you love her, hey?’

‘It is true, sir; but Heaven is my witness, I have never dared to breathe a syllable’—

‘Ah, you were very right not to speak to her; but why did you not tell me your mind? You know that I despise the pride of birth, and that I don’t care for money. All I desire is, that my son-in-law should be a man of probity, and descended from an honest family.’

It is impossible to describe the mingled expression of grief and

shame which appeared in the countenance of George when he heard these words. He was silent for a moment: at last he said in a voice of great emotion, ‘You are right; I never thought, I never hoped it could be otherwise. Hitherto I have concealed from you who I am; but to-morrow you shall know all. Leave me now, I beseech you.’

Shocked with this evident distress, Stendhal pressed his hand kindly, begged of him to compose himself, and left him. The good banker knew not what to think of this scene; but yet he was persuaded that no blame was attached to George.

The next morning he learned with grief and surprise, that the young man had quitted the house. The following letter which he left behind him, will explain the cause of this step:

‘How little did you think yesterday, my dear benefactor, that even in the moment when you meant to render me the happiest of men, you stuck a dagger to my heart! Yes—I know—I feel that the hand of your angelic daughter never can be bestowed but upon the descendant of an honest man. I must then fly from her forever.

‘I will not leave you without telling you all. Know that I am the son of that St. Aubin, who, on being arrested for forgery, killed one of the gens-d’armes who was sent to seize him, and expiated his crime upon the scaffold. I had returned home from college about a year and a half before this dreadful event took place. Imperfectly acquainted with my father’s circumstances, I asked him to give me a profession. He refused, assuring me that it was not necessary, as his property was sufficient for us both, even independent of well founded expectations which he had, that I should inherit a very considerable for-

tune from an uncle in the Indies.

'Satisfied with these reasons, and concluding from the style in which my father lived, that he was very rich, I thought no more of a profession. Some months passed away, when one morning my father entered my apartment, and announced to me abruptly that he was ruined. Shocked and overwhelmed as I was, I had presence of mind enough to console him. 'The education you have given me,' cried I, 'will secure us from want, and you have still many friends.' 'Not one—not one!' cried he in agony. 'Driven to despair by my losses on 'change, I had borrowed money where I could, and finding ill luck continually pursue me, I had recourse to forgery. My crime is on the eve of being discovered. I must fly, and instantly—but I will not leave thee, my poor ruined boy, wholly without resource. Take this—it is the half of what remains to me.' He offered me a pocket book: I rejected it with a look of horror. 'This alone was wanting!' cried he, in a voice of fury, as he rushed from the room. I followed him—I begged his pardon on my knees, but I was resolute in refusing the money. He fled: and just when I began to congratulate myself that he was safe from pursuit, I heard the overwhelming tidings of his arrest and subsequent execution. A burning fever seized me—I should have perished under it but for the charity of one of those who had suffered the most by my unfortunate father. May Heaven's choicest blessings light upon that worthy man! Far from reproaching me, he took pains to console me. He even carried his charity so far as to recommend me to the merchant in whose employ I was when you took me into your house. You will feel that, after this avowal,

we can never meet again. Farewell, forever, my friend—my benefactor! May happiness—eternal happiness, be the portion of you and yours! GEORGE ST. AUBIN.'

The first impulse of Stendhal was to cause immediate search to be made for George; but all inquiries were vain: he had quitted the town and no one knew whither he was gone. Stendhal was at first truly grieved at his flight—but when he began to reflect coolly on the circumstances of the case, he was not sorry that George had quitted him as he did; for with all his affection for the young man, he shrunk from the idea of giving his daughter to the son of a convicted felon.

He felt, however, deeply for the effect which the flight of George evidently produced upon Leocadie; and, after a consultation with his wife, he determined to tell her the truth. She wept bitterly at hearing it; but it was evident that her mind was relieved, for, from that time, she appeared more tranquil. She devoted herself still more exclusively than ever to her family, shunned society as much as she could, and though always even-tempered, and at times cheerful, it was easy to see that she was not happy.

Four years passed; Leocadie received many offers of marriage, but refused them all so peremptorily, that her parents despaired of her ever being married: it grieved them, but they would not constrain her inclinations. In the beginning of the fourth year, Stendhal went on business to Paris, where he met, by accident, with an old friend, whom he had not seen for many years. After the first greetings, mutual inquiries were made as to what had happened to each since they last met. Stendhal had enjoyed an uninterrupted course of prosperity, whilst

his friend had experienced many reverses of fortune.

'I was,' said he, 'at one time extremely rich; severe losses reduced me to a competency, and I was deprived of that by the dishonesty of a friend whom I loved, and in whom I placed implicit confidence.'

'And now?' said Stendhal, in a tone of anxious inquiry—

'Why now, thanks be to Heaven, and to the honestest man I have ever known, I have recovered my last loss.'

'How so?'

'The son of a man who robbed me, came unexpectedly in possession of a very considerable property, and the first use he made of it was to pay every shilling that his father owed.'

'What a worthy fellow!'

'Ah! you would say so if you knew all. The father, who was universally believed to be very rich, had taken up money wherever he could and the amount of what he owed was within a few hundreds of the sum his son inherited. The young man did not hesitate; he paid to the last farthing of his unworthy father's debts. As none of us had the smallest claim upon him, we felt it our duty to offer to give up a part; but he would not hear of it.'

'That was right; I like his spirit; and yet, poor fellow, it was hard for him too, to have only a few hundreds left.'

'Nay, he has not even that.'

'What do you mean?'

'Why, he has assigned the interest of it as a pension to the mother of a *gens-d'armes* whom his father shot.'

'Tis he!—By Heaven, it is St. Aubin!—It must be he!'

'It is, indeed: but how did you become acquainted with him?'

'Never mind that now, but tell me instantly where he is.'

'He is, or at least he was two

months since, a clerk in a banking-house at Amsterdam.'

Stendhal lost not a moment in proceeding thither—and presented himself to the astonished George.

'Come,' cried he, 'come my dear son, make us all happy, by receiving the hand of Leocadie. Ah! never yet did the most splendid achievements of an ancestor confer upon his descendant greater lustre than your high-minded probity will bestow upon yours!'

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

NATIVE SKETCHES, NO. IV.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH END.

(Concluded.)

THE sudden appearance and exit, of a being so mysterious, could not but give a shock to the stoutest nerves; and without waiting to inquire into the causes, the two lovers, fled from the spot homeward. After bidding George good night, Mary closed the door of the house, and immediately repaired to the sleeping chamber usually occupied by herself and Mima. But Mima was yet absent. This circumstance did not so much alarm at first, because it was not unusual for her to remain from home until a much later hour. She therefore retired to rest. Sleep was a long time a stranger to her eyelids. The apparition, or whatever it might have been that she had seen, was continually floating before her imagination, and although she had never been taught to believe in supernatural appearances, yet in spite of her endeavours to divest her mind of superstitious feeling, they continued to cling to her, and a fearful shudder crept through her veins, at the slightest noise or rustling. At length nature overpowered by fatigue demanded repose, and she gradually sunk into disturbed slumbers. Dreams of a dire cha-

acter, haunted her imagination.

She wandered alone on a waste desolate track, over the tombs of the dead, yawning graves, and dry human bones that lay heaped one upon another. No beautiful moon lit up the dreary scenery, but all around was deserted, dull and comfortless. The sky wore an unnatural aspect, and the broken clouds lay moveless in the heaven, like slabs of ruined marble. Chilling winds sighed and moaned along the graves, like voices of complaining spirits, and all the functions of nature seemed to have been perverted. The scene changed, she again sat on the stone that covered the entrance to the tomb on Copp's Hill, and the figure that she had beheld in her waking hours stood before her muffled as before, and motionless as a statue. Soon a strong gust of wind that almost uprooted the tombs with its fury, swept past, and the mantle dropped, disclosing a human skeleton. The winds moaned through the chalky bones, the joints creaked harshly, then reeling a moment, it separated and fell to the earth, and a blue flame issued from the spot, loud thunder rattled through the diseased atmosphere, and the sky seemed falling to ruin. She awoke with feelings better imagined than described; Mima had not yet returned. A thought crossed her mind more sudden than the lightning's flash, and she resolved to visit Copp's Hill immediately, although it was now the dead hour of night. It is said that the courage of women is the result of desperation, and thus was it with Mary; she rushed into the street utterly reckless of what might be the event, and bent her steps towards Copp's Hill. The inhabitants of the town had long since sunk to rest, and a dreary solitude reigned in all the streets, unbroken

by the sound of a single footstep. The moon which was fast approaching the horizon, was obscured by black clouds that were slowly rising towards the zenith of the heavens. Thunder rolled heavily at a distance, and an occasional flash of lightning glimmered far off towards the west, serving to make the gloom more visible. Mary still pursued her way through the avenues that lead towards the burying ground with a celerity scarcely imaginable.

When she had arrived at the entrance, she paused. It was a moment in which every appalling image that an excited imagination is capable of forming, floated before her mind and vision. However, she held good the resolution she had made, and tremblingly advanced to the tomb which was situated near the centre of the burial place. The darkness was such that objects of the greatest magnitude were scarce discernible, except by the most intense scrutiny. She glanced a piercing view around her, but at first, could discern nothing distinctly. At length her eyes rested on an object that seemed half concealed in a sunken grave and the other half lying above the surface, she approached nearer, and felt along the ground with her hands, to ascertain what it might be. She recoiled, at the instant a gleam of lightning flashed across the heavens, and fell brightly on the pale, distorted features of Mima!—she was dead. Mary could no longer sustain her sinking heart, she reeled backwards and fell, but was caught in the arms of George, who had been strongly excited by curiosity to revisit the place, and search for the mysterious being that had appeared to them but a few hours previous, and had arrived in time to restore her fainting spirits, but without a suspicion of finding her.

On the following morning the corpse of Mima was removed to her own dwelling, and the day succeeding followed to the grave by George and Mary. There were a thousand conjectures and surmises respecting the causes of her death, but no satisfactory opinion was ever advanced. The appropriation of the remnants she purchased has always remained a mystery, and has not ceased to be a topic of conversation among the elder gossips of the city to this day.

Not many months after the decease of Mima the marriage ceremony of George and Mary was performed, from one of whose children, now a grey-headed man, was obtained a recital of the foregoing occurrences. EDWIN.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

[Translated from the German.]

A PARABLE.

A MOTHER sat with Adelaide, her first-born lovely and interesting daughter, upon a hill, which was bounded by the peaceful valley in which they resided. At the foot of the hillock flowed a crystal streamlet, whose banks were decked with flowers and a lovely verdure. Here sat the fond mother, lost in sweet sensation, and in contemplating the past. In the mean time, the maiden skipped to the bank of the rivulet, and, collecting a bunch of forget-me-nots, smilingly presented them to her mother, and innocently inquired, 'Why has this flower received its well known title?'—'You are sensible,' said the indulgent mother, 'what the desire, forget me not, means, and what it would express. When you pronounce it, the word of your heart floats in the breath of your lips, and a sound is the token of your feeling. If, however, you present this flower with the same wish, then blooms the

desire of your heart in this azure calix. Do you not suppose that its simple form is becoming? It needs not a fragrantcy, even as a pure sensation needs not many words to express it.' 'But where did this tender flower obtain this affectionate name?' asked Adelaide. The mother replied: 'You are sensible, my beloved, that nature is as the parent of mankind. She bestows beauty on all whom she loves, and virtue and truth upon those who seek and wish to obtain them. Therefore must man possess it, and know it of himself, before he can comprehend the picture with which nature presents him. She gives him but the smile; the reality he must possess himself.' Hereupon the mother produced a small portrait, and inquired of her daughter, 'Do you know this likeness?'—'Ah, why should I not?' answered she; 'it is indeed my father, who is now upon a journey! Oh! how beautiful! I behold him smile, I hear him read.'—'I also, Adelaide,' said the mother, with internal emotion. 'But would it afford an equal interest, did we not cherish him in our hearts? Even were the resemblance more strikingly beautiful, we would neither see his smile, nor hear his voice. You would not view it, and exclaim, it is my father! Behold, Adelaide, when I was but a maiden like yourself, and your father yet lived beyond the stream, he came here, and we loved. When he left us, I accompanied him to this rivulet, and before we parted, he brought me a flower, gave it me, and said, in a soft and tender voice, 'Lina, forget me not.' Since then this simple flower has ever repeated to me the friendly declaration.'—Adelaide looked upon the offering and said, 'Did it then obtain its expressive name?'—'Surely not,'

returned the mother; 'but in this manner did it first acquire it, and its truth and virtue remain ever young and new. At that time did I discover the true sense and signification of the name; for that which we do not comprehend with the heart, we cannot understand. I loved your father; he was a noble youth! Even this was the token of my love, and such will it ever remain.'—'But, my dear mother,' said Adelaide, 'how is this flower a token of love? has it aught in its form, why it should be therein comprised?'—'That also, my beloved child, you will discover,' answered the mother, 'when once you become more fully acquainted with your own heart. It watches and blooms in simple modesty and in friendly innocence; and therein love also permits itself to be known. A tempestuous noise and passion rages not within. Oh, Adelaide, it is a false love, which is not worth the name! And behold,' continued the mother, 'the flower watches and blooms on the clear rivulet which flows through our valley. Love dwells in pure and innocent hearts; but it also embellishes and ennobles life, even as the flower embellishes the playful waters of the stream. In this manner love exalts life; and therefore are our homes happy and tranquil while it dwells therein. And now, Adelaide, behold the beautiful hue of that simple flower! it is the hue of heaven. Love is likewise a heavenly plant, produced from celestial seed and celestial blossoms.' Thus spoke the mother.—Hereupon, with a gracious smile, she presented a flower to her daughter, and said: 'You also, Adelaide, my beloved child, forget me not!' Adelaide, however, humbled herself before her mother and answered: 'I need not the flower, dear mother—nor

the likeness—for the original is engraven on my heart.' The mother replied: 'Learn thereby the moral of the flower, from the lips of your mother.' *N. Y. Mir.*

—
FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

—
ESSAY.

'We look through Nature up to Nature's God.'

SHOULD we discuss the cause of life, or advert to the various theories by which physiologists have attempted its solution, we should necessarily enter a wide field of inquiry, which might exhaust the patience without affording satisfaction to curiosity. Life is a mode of existence so simple that it cannot be explained on any known principle, every attempt to describe life, must terminate only in illustrations of its various phenomena; in contemplating the objects that surround us, and with which we form a connected whole in the chain of Nature, we find that nothing on this globe is stationary—nothing is at rest—all is action and reaction from man, the chief work of organization to the lowest mineral. The formation of bodies proceeds by insensible degrees—particle, by particle, is added or assimilated to the substance of its individual species, till Nature from her thick, impervious veil, presents to the view of admiration the beautiful crystal—the fruitful plant—and the wonder, Man! arrived at a point of completion, her steps are all retraced.—Solution follows on solution, till by the resistless force of her chemic power, the work and its form are lost in that vast fluid, that fills all space, and which actuates all substance.—Thus is matter continually changing from simple to compound, until it is again reconverted into its original principle.

Since then, these speculations are of little or no practical utility, let us only consider *man* as he is—the nature of whose being will ever furnish subjects of interest important to philosophy and rules of obligation essential to morality. Let us raise our eyes with admiration to that

—————'Central sphere,
Which guides a comet while it moulds a
tear!'

Let us view the beings, created in his own image, a race 'little below the angels'—as responsible, not only in the discharge of those social, moral, and religious obligations, which society imposes, but as the heirs of immortality, and the imperishable crown of glory. D*****

GENTILITY.

SOCIETY, not books, must teach a man good manners and agreeable deportment. He may study himself blind, over directions how to behave, and then make a fool of himself in company. If a lady drops her reticule, he must stop to consult his oracle whether he is to pick it up with the tongs, or with his hand. If he is at dinner, he must ask his book whether he is to throw the chicken-bones under the table, or leave them on his plate. Of all unfortunate people, those are most to be pitied who aspire to gentility, when nature and circumstances have put an eternal bar between them and their object.

But what is gentility? Turn over to your dictionary, reader, and you will find a definition which, though no definition at all, is as good as any that have been given by writers on the subject. One may be a very honest man, and yet be no gentleman—but no one can be a *real* gentleman without being an honest man; honor and honesty are synonymous

with such a character. Another may be very brave, and yet be no gentleman—but no man can be a gentleman without being brave. And so with regard to all good attributes. A perfect gentleman must combine all the good qualities of mind and matter, and must, moreover have these qualities developed by judicious education and proper associates. Is it any wonder, then, that a finished gentleman is so rare a sight? Is it very probable that such a character can be formed by all the books in the world?—*N. Y. Courier.*

CONFESSIONS OF AN OLD MAID.

LONDON, 1828.—*Reprinted, New-York.*—Confessions of an Old Maid! confessions of an old fiddlestick—they are as much the one as the other. The book is a real take in—it is a thorough catch-penny. With such a captivating title, one that excites the hope that old maidenhood, like Freemasonry, is about to be divested of its mysteries, the book is an absolute bore—paper, ink, 'et præterea nihil.' We bear too profound a respect for the *fraternity*—no, the *society*, of gentle spinsters, to suppose that one of their number is the authoress. The title is an imposition. We are ready to make affidavit that the author is a surly old bachelor, 'with a decreasing leg and an increasing' waiscoat. It is a moral impossibility that any woman could write so flat a novel.

But if a real, bona-fide old maid would only write her confessions, how the book would sell! How the fair promulgator would be *abducted*—how the newspapers would teem with renunciations of old-maiden-ship—what a noise it would make in the *West!*

The confessions of an old maid! And what would old maids have to

confess? That they were ever anxious for matrimony, but that nobody asked them? Certainly not. There is scarcely an old maid in existence that might not have been married had she thought proper to accept Tom, Dick, or Harry for a husband. It is fastidiousness which makes old maids. It is chance which brings congenial hearts together, and chance does *not* happen to all, despite of Solomon and his wisdom. Many a woman dooms herself to singleness, because chance has not offered her a husband worthy of her love and respect. Therefore do we honor old maids, and therefore shall we ever couch our lance in their defence. It is not true that they are cross, peevish, and disagreeable. As a class, they are just the reverse; they are generally well-informed, sociable, and good-hearted—they seldom take any airs upon themselves, which young ladies are prone to do—they are acute observers of men and manners—and he who gains their goodwill, finds not only firm friends, but judicious advisers. If works of active benevolence are to be done, if the sick are to be visited, and the poor relieved, one old maid is worth a dozen wives. The sympathies and charities with which the latter embellish home, are carried by the former into the dwellings of distress—she is the secretary of Foreign Affairs in the cabinet of charity. She acts her part and fulfills her destiny, by diminishing the evils of humanity, and who will refuse to say *‘Well Done!’*

Let old-maids then be held in proper esteem by the world—and let all old bachelors who cannot give a good account of themselves be *hanged*. *N. York Courier.*

How many of life's most refined enjoyments are lost to the cold

and indifferent, who cannot appreciate the charms of nature or of art. They find no interest in the classic page, 'tis perused with a cold philosophy of feeling, which renders them insensible to the finest flights of genius, or to the beauty and pathos of sentiment; and what to them is the book of nature? There's no melody in the songsters of the grove—no music in the winds which bend the trees of an autumn forest, no beauty in the clouds of eve, or grandeur in the stars which twinkle in deep blue around the full orb'd moon. And they feel not the touching effect of the plaintive air, which comes from some sweet voice upon the ear, when all is in unison with the enchanting strain. The eye's most meaning glance, the most expressive smile are alike unheeded, and all the finer feelings of the soul are unknown to them. Oh! then, whatever may be the sorrows which to sensibility are given, let it be remembered that 'the best heart is known by its capacity for loving.'

FLIRTATION.

YOUTH, beauty and genuine accomplishments stand in no need of the mistaken weapon flirtation, to achieve their highest conquest; if they resort to it, we may be assured there is a consciousness of want of desert, or a vanity which must poison all true enjoyment. Let the young, the lovely and the gifted, therefore adhere to the nature which made them what they are; and leave flirtation to those who fancy they cannot provoke attention without forcing themselves by ill manners into the unfeminine situation of being conspicuous.—The despairing maiden who has courted marriage for years, without being once courted; silly, ordinary woman who aped the graces without success; and the ridicu-

lous affected would-be-accomplished, unsuspected of endowments except in her own idea:—these may try flirtation for effect—they can hardly suffer, from being a few degrees more contemptible in the sight of the men, who have hitherto disregarded, and now only laugh at and despise them. But the true woman—of America, where the sex are treated with the honour due to them—the woman of understanding, of intelligence, and of intellect, the woman of real charms, be they of body or mind,—that woman would be worse than an idiot were she to throw away all the advantages of which feminine sprightliness and intuitive perception, feminine grace in person, and feminine delicacy of soul, render her the adored mistress,—for the sake of an exhibition of herself, which, however sparkling she may fancy it in moments of folly, is a lasting stigma upon her fame, and a certain cloud upon her prospects.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

* We are but the venders of other men's goods.*

MELANCHOLY DISCOVERY.

We understand that on Wednesday last, as the workmen were cleansing and preparing the canal for navigation, the body of a lady very genteelly dressed, was found in the canal, at the foot of the mountain called the 'Nose' about seven miles east of this village. She is represented to have been tall and spare in person, and to have worn a gold ring, marked with three initial letters, which our informant did not recollect. Those letters, it is hoped will furnish a clue to the discovery of her name and connections. As yet every thing is enveloped in mystery. The corpse was immediately interred; but preparations

were making for taking it up and holding an inquest over the body. It is conjectured that this lady must have been lost from on board some canal boat last fall, on the first appearance of the ice, as enquiries were then made for a missing female.—*Canajoharie Telegraph.*

Terrible Earthquake.—Our foreign papers give accounts from Madras, of the destruction of the fort of Kolitaran, where a thousand persons were buried beneath its ruins. The same convulsion had 'shivered a mountain in pieces,' which, falling into the river Rowee caused the country to be inundated to a distance of 100 *coss* round. Three thousand workmen were employed in cutting a channel through the mountain; and great apprehension was entertained of the injury likely to be sustained by Lahore, whenever the river should force its way through the channel.

It was computed that no fewer than 30,000 victims had perished from cholera, in Amrister, Lahore and the Camp.

Whimsical Interruption—When Dr. Bradon was rector of Eltham, in Kent, the text he one day took to preach from, was, 'Who art thou?' After reading the text, he made (as was his custom) a pause, for the congregation to reflect upon the words, when a gentleman in a military dress was marching very sedately up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it to be a question addressed to him, to the surprise of all present, replied, 'I am, sir, an officer of the seventeenth foot, on a recruiting party here; and having brought my wife and family with me, I wish to be acquainted with the neighbouring clergy and gentry.'

Shocking Calamity.—On Thursday last, the house of Mr. Jacob Hart, in the town of Hartwick, was consumed by fire, and two children, one aged five and the other about three years were so injured by the flames, that they expired on the next day. Mrs. Hart had gone on a visit to one of her neighbours, leaving the children with Mr. H. and a hired man who were at work, finishing the inside of the house. The fire is supposed to have communicated to some shavings, in an unfinished room, and when discovered by Mr. Hart and his man, the flames completely filled the lower rooms in the house. The children, it was soon discovered, had fled to the chambers, and all attempts to suppress the flames proved unavailing. Mr. Hart and his man forced the rafters of the house from their fixtures, and the children were drawn from their retreat in a state of insensibility. Mr. Hart and man had left the house only to cross the road, and were absent but a short time, when they discovered the house to be in flames. In attempting to rush through the flames to the chamber door, in order to save his children, Mr. H. we understand, was himself severely but not dangerously burned.

French Bull.—A lady wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added, by way of postscript, 'I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him.'

This extraordinary season continues its excentricities. On Friday there was, almost for the first time we believe, within the year, a brisk snow in the morning, and quite a snow storm in the afternoon. Saturday was a pleasant

Spring day; and yesterday forenoon another snow fall, heavy enough to coat the ground, succeeded by a bright afternoon. The cold during these three days has been so severe as to put all the fruit which had blossomed in great jeopardy, but we do not think it has been materially injured in this city and vicinity. We are sorry to see it stated, in the *Baltimore Patriot*, that a chilling and nipping frost occurred there on Friday night, which did much damage to vegetation.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

A letter from General Lafayette, dated Jan. 13th, to his friend Morgan Neville, Esq. of Ohio, mentions the intention of Mr. Perier, and his wife, (a grand daughter of the general) a grandson, and the two boys of G. W. Lafayette to visit the United States.

Bower of Taste.

LITERARY.

Beauties of the Waverley novels.—If external neatness, typographical beauty and tasteful embellishments, can recommend a work to the public, this volume has certainly a most powerful claim to its favor. The portrait, which it presents of Sir Walter Scott, is totally unlike any one we have hitherto seen designed for him; we can easily conceive of its being a resemblance, as the countenance is strongly indicative of reflection and intelligence; in this respect it differs essentially from his picture in the Athenæum gallery, which, (without referring to our catalogue) we took for an honest farmer, resting at his cottage door after the fatigues of the day; what a figure to be associated with poetry, chivalry and royalty! even the fingers look more used to the plough than the goose-quill! yet this is an admirable painting, still we do

hope it is not a likeness of Walter Scott. The selections from the works of this author are well chosen, and as a *multum in parvo*, we recommend it in particular to our fashionables during a summer tour, as a pleasant travelling companion that may serve to amuse the [sometimes tedious] hours of a steam-boat excursion. From its miniature size, it would be little incumbrance, either to a gentleman's pocket or a lady's indispensable.

The Kings and Queens of France.—This volume contains short biographical and historical sketches of all the Kings and Queens of France, with a print, representing each in person and costume. It is a convenient compendium from history for any one to possess, but will be particularly useful to schools, as a view of the prints will have a tendency to impress the minds of the children, with the character and history of the person represented.

Taking for granted.—Under this title, the popular novelist, Miss Edgworth, is about presenting the public with another fanciful production. There are few works that are so universally interesting to all classes and ages, as hers, and few writers that have been more successful in their literary career.

Signs of the times.—We understand that at the last meeting of the bachelors, many of the most valuable members of that respectable fraternity were absent; some on the plea of indisposition, and others on that of more important engagements elsewhere. [Bachelors look to this! there has been a 'great falling off,' among ye—] notwithstanding which, we learn their JOURNAL is to be launched the first of May, on the full tide of experiment, which we doubt not, will be a successful one, should it be conducted by the Pilot we have heard mentioned. But, that they should choose May-day! [think of that ladies—the season of love and

flowers,] for their debut, is so very uncharacteristic,—it should be January, with a crown of icicles! Presuming on our near neighborhood, we take the liberty of suggesting as a vignette for their work the figure of Time with a double bladed scythe, a broken winged cupid, and instead of an hour glass a most vociferous 'clock;' and a 'bell' may not be amiss to warn them of their approaching fate.

Tremont Theatre.—MISS RIDDLE.—We learn that this charming little actress will take her benefit on Monday next, on which occasion we hope that her friends will evince their liberality by honoring her performance with their attendance. A benefit is also proposed for the members of the orchestra of this theatre, which is universally acknowledged to be one of its most powerful attractions. Those lovers of harmony and true taste who are ever ready to manifest their admiration of this musical corps will no doubt express their satisfaction in a more substantial manner.

The author of the best tale which may be presented for the 'Bower of Taste,' on or before the 15th of June, will be complimented with a volume of approved American Poetry, splendidly bound and lettered with the name, or signature of the successful writer.

The Tale will be embellished by a fine lithographic print, illustrative of some interesting scene. On no account will the envelope inclosing the name of the writer be opened unless the poem is accepted.

To Correspondents.—Our acknowledgements are due to R. D. for his poetic communication, also, we thank 'A Friend' for the classical essay of D*****.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE, is published every Saturday by SAMUEL G. ANDREWS, No. 30, Market Street. Boston Terms \$2,50 in advance, \$3 at the expiration of six months.
 ☞ All letters must be post paid.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

THE BURIED LOVE,

I have often thought that flowers were the alphabet of angels—whereby they wrote on hills and fields mysterious truths. The Rebels.

She sleeps the quiet sleep of death,
The maid who lies below,
And these are angel-missioned flowers,
That o'er the green turf grow.

And they are sent to warn the fair,
How transient is their bloom ;
See ! how they bend their tender forms,
And weep upon her tomb.

The blush upon her living cheek
Had shamed the morning skies ;
And di'mond light is not more bright,
Than were her youthful eyes.

To see her on a summer's day,
Gave love a lighter wing,
And happy thoughts would crowd the heart,
And gush from many a spring.

I know the language of the flowers,
And love to hear them grieve,
When crimsoning the eye of morn,
Or drooping to the eve.

I listen'd, when the star of love
Shone through the blue serene ;
When twilight held her silent wake,
Beneath the crested green.

They told of her whose spirit comes
To breath upon their leaves ;
And can I choose but love the breath,
That once was Genevieve's ?

She's gone where sorrow may not come,
Where pain may never be ;
But she, who lives an angel still,
May sometimes think of me.

Though gone, alas! her blushing smile,
 Who sleeps in sweet repose,
 I joy to find its mimic grace
 Soft breathing from the rose.
 Then will I love the modest flower,
 And cherish it with tears;
 It minds me of my fleeting time,
 Yet chases all my fears.
 And when my hour of rest may be,
 I will not weep my doom,
 So angel-missioned flowers will come,
 And gather round my tomb.

E. D.

FROM AN ALBUM.

MOONLIGHT.

TO *****.

How you bright crescent cleaves the blue expanse
 Of cloudless Heav'n! like the ethereal boat
 Of some pure spirit voyaging round those Isles
 Of light, and bloom, where Spring perennial smiles—
 Where seraph's minstrels wake the spherul note,
 And forms of brightness weave their mystic dance;
 To fancy's view, oh! seems she not to glide
 A barque of pearl upon an azure tide?
 Have you ne'er wish'd that you were on that boat,
 That 'barque of pearl' borne on that 'azure tide,'
 With your loved L. reclining at your side?
 And you were listening to her dulcet note
 Rising responsive to the dipping oar—
 Or looking forth upon the ocean wide,
 For some bright port—some fair Elesian shore,
 Where, like primeval man in Eden's grove,
 Your guiltless hours might pass in peace and love;
 Where base *detract*ion never breath'd her blast,
 And *Envy's* serpent glance was never cast!

AUGUSTA.

IMPROMPTU.

'NO CROSS—NO CROWN.' *Old saw.*

Some nymphs by fascinating smiles,
 Their lover's hearts engross;
 Each to his taste—and I to mine—
 For I prefer one, Cross!
 When I go forth among the gay
 I'm ever at a loss—
 I surely ne'er shall fall in love,
 Unless the maid be Cross!
 Had I my choice of all the sex,
 No artificial gloss—
 No smiles—no simpers would me catch—
 I love one, that is Cross!
 I've left the club of Bachelors,
 So gloomy and morose,
 Yet should I wed—my wife, I fear,
 Would be no longer Cross!
 Yet I in *wedlock* sure may find,
 Some type to sooth my loss,
 And when I die, I only ask
 Over my grave, a *Cross!*

X.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



'With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
'We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,'—*Paine*.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1828. No. 17.

THE ICE SHIP.

FROM AN OLD SEA-CAPTAIN'S MANUSCRIPT.

It was in the early part of my life, when I was placed in that shuttlecock situation of Cabin-boy, thereby being the thing on board ship which any and every one had a legitimate right to kick, that our vessel was engaged in a voyage in that worst of wintry seas, the Baltic. The difficulty of obtaining a cargo, had delayed our return until the season had advanced so far as to create peril from the ice, as well as from tempest. The suffering from cold I well remember, though perhaps my young blood and the collective and disjunctive kicks and cuffs aforesaid, served to make its endurance to me less than that of others—but young as I was, my watch on deck came over often for my somniferous faculties, and the curtailed limits of a monkey jacket kept me dancing and kicking to prevent the freezing effect of the

cold spray. Sometimes in the moonlight would be discovered the tall iceberg, moving with the majesty of death along the moaning deep, like some giant surveying the domain of his empire—again another, and almost level with the wave, but extending as far beneath as the other above its surface, would dash into foam the billow as it rolled again upon its glittering side—an accumulating rock, the contact with which was instant destruction. The severity of the weather was fast approximating our ship into a miniature resemblance of these Leviathans—the shrouds, gathering size each hour from the dashings of the sea, our decks loaded with an unprofitable cargo of ice, and our bows presenting, instead of the sharp angle of the fast sailor, the broad visage of a pugnacious ram, fronted for the contest.

It was on one of these moonlight evenings, during the severest intensity of the cold, that we made (in sailor phrase) a ship ahead. From a wish to ascertain the truth of his reckoning, or from some other motive with which he did not see fit to entrust so important a personage as myself, our captain was desirous of speaking her—and knowing the heaviness of his own sailing, he ordered a signal gun to be fired, which after much hammering upon the tomplings of our guns, and sundry scrapings around our solitary piece of iron ordnance, to say nothing of the quivering hand and expiring coal of our temporary gunner, was accomplished. We were however surprised, before this feat was performed, at the proportional rapidity with which we came up with the stranger—he seemed under shorter sail than ourselves, and when we arrived within hail, we observed that some of his sails were very indifferently handed, and with what few were set, he was lying to—every piece of rigging as high as the fore yard was swelled to an enormous bulk by ice, and exhibited every prismatic color as it quivered in the moonbeam. The hull of the ship seemed to be encumbered with quadruple the quantity of ice that loaded us—and the ship resembled throughout, that ship of glass which now decks my mantlepiece. One individual stood at the helm with a chapeau that might have been of the shaggy fur of some animal—but it now bristled in points, like a chrystal hedgehog—our vessel was now along side and within a few yards of her, with our maintopsail aback—and our mate with his bull voice hailed ‘what ship is that?’—The helmsman seemed deaf, and made no reply, and the crew (what were on deck) ap-

peared not to understand the lingo of our mate. He again bawled in French—no answer—then with a few English damns, in Dutch, Spanish and Portuguese—but all to no purpose—the helmsman of the stranger seemed too intense on his own business, to regard such petty interruption.—The mate went below to report, and a long consultation was held, wherein the officers of the ship conversed in under tones, and the sailors turned their quids and looked alternately at the stranger and at each other; as for me I thought the silence of the stranger to be uncivil, and was anxious to hear the command to ‘fill maintopsail,’ and to run away from a clime where I met with nothing but cross words, hard duty, and cold fingers. At last our mate appeared, and ordered the boat hoisted out—and never did I witness a command on board that ship, so lazily and reluctantly obeyed—but in spite of delay, the thing was to be done, and our second mate, a real dare-devil, was ordered to take a crew and board the stranger, who now was very near us—in the crew tardily crept, and as I was looking and wondering, being in the second mate’s way, he tumbled me neck and heels into the boat, and we were ordered to pull away; in a short time we were at the side of the ship, and rowed for the shrouds, where a sailor was standing, apparently watching us—I was ordered to throw a rope to him, which I did with great precision and actually hit the fellow on his head—but still he would not nor did not take it, and I was d—d by the second mate for a lubberly fellow, with a supererogatory punch with the oar’s end on my shoulder—again we rowed up and the second mate tried his skill with the same and no better success—and I have

doubt he would have complimented the boorish sailor in the same manner, if he had a similar proximity—a third time the boat was alongside, and the officer with some difficulty made the warp fast around the enormous shroud and stepped on board followed by the crew who shrunk to his rear. Among the last I clambered over the slippery side, and with due caution made a stand in the centre of the group who were listening to the colloquy which had commenced on the part of our second officer.

I shall not attempt to give the precise language which he held toward the helmsman of the strange ship, but it was not the most civil, or such as is heard often in a lady's drawing room. The amount of it was a 'sailor's jaw' for not answering a hail, and for not taking the warp, and concluded by a request to know his latitude and longitude, and how certain capes bore from their ship—to all of which no reply was made, when I was called upon for a lantern, which I had taken from the boat, and had snugly stowed away under my jacket, keeping both light and heat to myself—a thing by no means difficult, as the moonlight rendered its absence unobserved. The second mate received it, and went aft to observe the countenance of the dumb gentleman of the helm; in his course he stumbled over one man, whom he thought either drunk or asleep, but finally held the lamp to the face of the steersman, which was a shapeless lump of ice—the helm was lashed, his hand upon it, his feet fixed at some depth in the ice, and he himself frozen stiff in his upright position—near him were several of the crew in horizontal and various attitudes from whom life had long since fled. The horror of the scene struck a panic among

our boat's crew, and they did not wait for orders to make the best of their way toward the boat. The officer turned round with a countenance of true sailor *sang froid*, wherein there was not a particle of alarm, and ordered them below—the fear of his enormous fist induced all the rest, and much more especially myself, to obey the order, and we proceeded to the labor of removing the companion way. In the mean time while I ventured a look at my friend at the shrouds who would not catch the rope whereby I had the effect in a sound blow on the shoulder—he was frozen stiff with his arms around the rigging. Not being fond of the spectacle, I kept close to the heels of the second mate as he descended the gangway—in fact we all went '*en masse*' each being very careful to stick close to his neighbor.

At the after part of the cabin sat the captain with his arms folded, before him pen, ink, and paper, a thick fur cap on his head, and as the light shone full on his countenance, there was the most fearful look from him, cast upon us, that I ever witnessed. Years have since passed, but the remembrance is as though the event was but yesterday—it has visited me in dreams. The appearance of his glaring eyes, and distorted features were too much for our superstitious crew—

'Back rolled the tide.'

I was thrown down in the turmoil, and no more notice taken of my situation than of my frozen brethren on the deck—they ran over me like a flock of sheep. The second mate paused a moment, ascertained that the object of their fear had long ceased to exist—and took me by the collar and dragged me on deck, doubtless anxious to prevent his boat's crew from leaving him sole officer of

current? Can we not hear the thunder's roar at a distance, without thrusting ourselves under the descending bolt? Then can we judge of men and manners, without being forced away by the tide of a bustling world; from our retirement, we can uninjured, trace the course of vice and see its waves break harmless against the rock on which we are safely seated.

The person who is accustomed to this mental abstraction, possess an inexhaustible fund of enjoyment, to which he can have access at all times, and in all places. Most of those who have distinguished themselves in philosophy, in literature, or in public life, have been accustomed to patient reflection; and to this habit, we are indebted, in a considerable degree, for the discoveries of Newton, the mighty strains of Milton, and the practical wisdom of a Franklin.

To taste perfect bliss, is not the lot of man; but doubtless he is most happy, who, at a distance from the crowd, tranquilly glides down the stream of time, self approving and approved; whose circumstances enable him to retire from the busy scenes of life, uncorrupted by the vices of the age, and unincumbered with the cares of the world. Such an one can muse on the charms of nature; can study the minutest of her works; can find a lesson in a transitory flower, and borrow a moral from an insect. By communing with his own heart, and correcting the errors of his youth, he will be enabled to smooth the declivity of age; and at the final scene, to look back upon a life well spent; and in peace recline on that pillow, whence he will be transported to immortality.

R. L. P.

The corner stone of a 'Mariners' Church,' was laid in New Orleans on the 22d of March.

THE STUDENT'S FUNERAL.

'It was at a college in the western part of Massachusetts, situated in a lovely plain, around which the sentinel mountains stand to guard this 'vale of Tempe' from the rough winds and the hurricanes, that a student was seen about the middle of his collegiate course, with a faint hectic on his cheek. One would think, while standing on the gentle undulations where the college edifices are erected, and casting his eyes on the mountain walls that arise all around him, that even death might be excluded from scenery so tranquil; yet the destroyer was there—not admitted into that quiet pass by a narrow pass at the northeast through which the silver Hoo-sick flows, nor from a sunny opening between the mountains at the south, nor indeed from the deep glen in the north-west, the outlet where the vale pours all its waters. He came in a carriage with graceful ease, and with a light step trod the college halls. As Fame twined the bays, Death wove the cypress, and, like an enemy to human greatness, looked in at the windows where the midnight lamp shone brightest.

'Lapham was in early youth deprived of his parents, yet left with a competence to the generous guardianship of an uncle. While fitting for college in one of those mountainous towns with a clergyman in whose bosom the stream of piety, benevolence and learning united, this youth became the subject of deep religious awakenings, and came to college with a tender conscience, and a mind sensible of the responsibilities that rested upon him.—But alas! he soon proved how uncongenial was the atmosphere of ambition to the growth of piety. He came in contact with a hundred minds that had consecrated their energies to the

acquisition of human science: they all looked upon this world as a paradise whose tranquillity and beauty were imaged forth by the lovely, flowery valley around them. To pluck the fairest flowers, to climb the most arduous heights, to stand first in their beloved country's eye, were the vows that these devoted ones imposed upon themselves. Some have redeemed their pledge—others rest in the forgetfulness of the grave.

'Lapham appeared to love his religious feelings, and from the influence of his circumstances, gave way to many irregularities of mirthful hilarity; yet he was even generous, tender hearted, and possessed the affections of all. The first admonition of his erring course from his heavenly Father, was also the last.—As his form was shooting up into a commanding height the consumption seated upon his system, and the gentle voice of the Spirit began to be heard. He obeyed the kind reproof, and sought again with many tears the favor of his Redeemer. Not in vain was his repentance—for his troubled mind soon found a sweet resignation to the divine will, and bowed itself with an uncommon acquiescence to his early fate. His brief sickness progressed without much pain, and sweet and endearing were the interviews enjoyed with him by his class-mates, and all who felt an interest in the waning flower that was so soon to bloom in another world — * * * He died with the name of Jesus on his tongue.

'But the circumstances of his funeral made an impression never to be erased from the mind. His classmates like bereaved brethren wearing the weeds of death, in carriages accompanied the funeral procession to the burial place of his fathers, a distance of ten miles from the college. The way was

lonely and sublime—the narrow road and murmuring stream—the grey face of the mountains that rose to the clouds on either hand—the slowness of the procession, and the melancholy duty in which we were engaged, furrowed un fading images on the mind's mirror, and prepared it for the quietness of the house appointed for all living. The place of burial belonged to a respectable society of Friends—it was without a monument, and even the turfs that covered the dead were levelled with the surrounding earth, so that no trace of distinction might appear where the weary are at rest and the oppressed go free. Lapham was descended from a family belonging to the society of Friends, and his father's dust was in the field before us—he was an only son, and he too was dead. The society had gathered around the little church dressed in plain apparel, and with tearful eyes saw the long line of students arm in arm, their pride and haughtiness all subdued by sorrow, follow their brother to his long home. They welcomed to their tranquil grave yard the remains of one who had descended from them—had renounced the plainness of their customs—had been tossed awhile on the billows of a fashionable world; but had dropped all his swelling thoughts in death, and had come to lay down with them till the resurrection. There was a kindness in their melting looks as they received our dead—yet not a single voice broke the silence. We departed—but the strangers looked after us with looks of tenderness and solitude until distance obscured their vision.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1828.

Morning Dress.

A DRESS of *gros de Naples*, the color, cameleopard yellow, with

one broad flounce round the border, pinked in scallops, and headed by a full frill of the same. A rich shawl of Oriental cachmere envelopes the form and is of a dark myrtel-green, with a very splendid and broad border of lively and variegated colors. The bonnet worn with this dress is of black velvet, of becoming and moderate dimensions, with a narrow black *blond* at the edge of the brim, set on almost straight. The crown of the bonnet is delicately ornamented with black velvet and *blond*; and the latter, being of an open texture, imparts a lightness to this bonnet which is peculiarly graceful. Chinese roses also enliven its sombre appearance; and are very elegantly scattered among the trimmings of *blond* and velvet. The bonnet is tied under the chin, in a bow on the right side.

Carriage Dress.

A *PELISSE* of satin of a color between a lead and a slate-color, fastened down the front by straps and gold buckles. The sleeves *en gigot*. The body is made plain, and over, from the throat, falls a collar, *a la Chevaliere*, of India muslin, richly embroidered; which is surmounted by a triple ruff of fine lace. The hat is of satin, the color, bird-of-Paradise yellow; and it is lined with crimson velvet, and slightly ornamented with that material, in front of the crown; the crown adorned towards, and on the summit, with yellow satin ribbon, richly figured with black. Two white *esprit* feathers are added to this hat: one is placed on the top of the crown, on the right side, the other on the left, nearer to the base. The strings float loose.

Ball Dress.

A *DRESS* of white *crepe Aero-phane*, with two rows at the border, of the same material, *bowl-*

lonnes; over which are placed, obliquely, half wreaths of flowers, thickly grouped together; and formed of Bengal roses—jonquil blossoms, without foliage, and the stalks imperceptible, blue hyacinth with a very small portion of green leaves. The body is of white satin, with drapery across the bust, *a la Sevigne*, of *crepe-Aerophane*, as are the sleeves, which are short and full; the fullness confined by half wreaths of flowers, on a smaller scale, as those on the skirt, but perfectly corresponding with them. The hair is arranged in very full clusters of curls or each side of the face; the bow is rather small, consisting only of two loops of hair, and not much elevated; at the base of this is a white rose; and behind the bow, towering above it, is a splendid *bouquet*, consisting of scarlet, and white, double garden poppies, ears of corn, and spiral white flowers. The ear-pendants are gold.

Evening Dress.

A *DRESS* of painted India satin, in stripes of ethereal blue, or of bright grass-green, on a white ground, figured between the stripes with variegated spots of India-red, and other lively colors. Round the borders are *bouquets* of white *marabout* feathers, fastened together by rosettes of broad satin ribbon, the color of the stripes. The *corsage* is *a la Circassienne*; with short white satin sleeves, over which are cleft *mancherons a la Perse*, of the same material as the dress. The waist is encircled by a rich figured ribbon, the color of the stripes. The hair is arranged in a very luxuriant style, in curls and bows; placed obliquely, in front, is a superb diadem ornament of very large pearls, *set a l' Antique*; beneath which ornament, nearer to the forehead, is a

braid of hair, which relieves, by partially separating, the exuberance of curls in front. Numerous *marabout* feathers play over the head, in various directions. A tippet, formed of the same plumage, is worn over the shoulders, with an antique fan of the same light material. The ear-pendants consist each of three valuable pear-pearls, set *en girandoles*.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

NATIVE SKETCHES, NO. V.

THE WITCH'S VISITORS.

'What are ye? so withered, and so wild
in your attire;
Ye look not like the inhabitants o'
the earth;
And yet are on't! live you? or are ye
aught
That man may question? You seem
to understand me.' *Macbeth*.

OH! Mamma, cried the youthful Sarah, bounding into the room, where her mother sat quietly at work; here is cousin John at the door with a horse and gig, and desires your permission that I may accompany him in a ride; and and you *will* let me go, I know!—May I change my dress? I have quite out-grown this; beside it is so plain, all this was uttered with the rapid elocution of a girl of 15, just emancipated from the rigid rules of a Boarding School, where a morning ramble among the rocks, or a sober stroll at twilight with the Sub-Governess and her flock, were considered high privileges. This was the first time Sarah was ever recognized otherwise than as a school miss, and she felt all the importance of this invitation, which implied she might now consider herself as a woman, and as such, be entitled to the attentions of a beau. Mamma, may I go? reiterated Sarah; he is waiting, and durst not trust his horse with Jacob, he is so high spirited!—where

VOL. I.

does cousin John propose taking you? said her mother: Sarah averted her face for a moment, and then replied with an arch smile, we are going to Moll Pitcher, to get our fortunes told! your fortune dear Sarah, will be developed faster than you will be able to realize its changes. But as you are bent upon this whimsical excursion, you may go, said the indulgent mother; but remember I tell you, it is all nonsense and superstition. Molly's *art*, as she terms it, is founded on a most absurd theory; that of fortelling future events, her Horoscope is a tea cup! and her page of destiny, a pack of Cards!

Sarah with the buoyant step of youthful glee, had left the room e'er this speech was concluded, but in a moment descended from her chamber, with many fanciful additions to her dress, and tying on her straw hat, advanced to the hall door, followed by her mother. Cousin John, with more of gallantry, than is usually seen in a raw sophomore, sprang from the gig, and presented his hand to the fair Sarah, who ascended as lightly, and looked as lovely as Venus, in her Dove drawn Car; and bowing to the lady's mother, with an air of gratified pride, he flourished his whip, *a'la Phæton*, and was out of sight in a twinkling.

It was a lovely morning in May, all nature was blooming around them, and cousin John entertained his fair companion during their ride, with many classical illustrations of rural life, from the *Georgic* of Virgil, and the odes of Horace; and Sarah listened to his poetic flights, which were in strict accordance with her own romantic fancy, with undisguised pleasure—they at length arrived at the residence of '*Moll Pitcher*.' It was a half subterranean dwelling, whose only window exhibited an

old hat and a check apron, through its broken panes. After knocking several times, the lowly door was at length opened by a figure clothed in all the sad variety of wretchedness, and bent half double by age and infirmity; scarcely a tint of life was visible in her wrinkled and yellow visage, but there was a shrewd twinkle in her small gray eyes, that showed the village oracle had not yet lost that intelligence, for which she was celebrated in her art. As the wind rushed upon her face from the open door, her coarse grey hair streamed in every direction from beneath her soiled cap, which was confined to her head by a red pocket handkerchief tied under the chin. A striped article of a rather doubtful character, was spread over her shoulders, and a pair of men's shoes, which projected some two or three inches beyond her heels, were the most striking points in her costume. Sarah would have shrunk from a figure so appalling, had she not been cautioned of this subject by her cousin, who told her the susceptible *Witch* would never forgive a disrespectful notice of her dress or person. Therefore grasping his arm, she entered the 'enchanted Hall' with a trembling step; every object, (of course,) in this apartment wore a mysterious aspect, an old clock without a case, click'd loudly against the unplastered wall, and a huge cat, lay purring in the only sunbeam that found its way through the narrow casement. Sarah also observed many articles around the fire place, which though often in requisition for culinary purposes, still wore an ominous character, a large pot, (or caldron) bubbled over a slow fire, into which, (soon after their entrance) the *Witch* was observed to throw some *Salt*, and several sorts of *Herbs*! a flesh fork of uncommon dimensions, and an unusual number

of spits and skewers were ostentatiously displayed over the mantle piece, and two or three brooms of various sizes, (much the worse for wear) were observed in the corner of the room.

The venerable agent of the destinies, handed chairs to her visitors, and as she eyed them with a scrutinizing glance, she *foretold* their errand—(astonishing!) Cousin John rising, laid two half dollar pieces into her withered and bony hand, and requested she might commence with the *Lady*—oh, no! cried Sarah, pray begin with the *Gentleman!* and if I like *his fortune*, I will have *mine* told! and do you suppose your *fortune* will be the *same?* said the *Sibyl*, with a grim uncertain meaning—beside you are not to hear each others *fortune's* told, I must take you alone into the next room; well, said John, proceed old *Lady*, I am ready! a pack of cards whose figures were almost obliterated by smoke and dust was produced, and taking a little black tea-pot from the hearth, she shook it, and poured its contents into two tea-cups, and then mumbling something about the moon, and the *perigee* and *apogee* planets, she took a dog-eared *Almanac*, that hung in the chimney corner, and having looked attentively at the signs of the *Zodiac*, she poured off the liquor from one of the cups, and carefully retained the sediment at the bottom, and then raking open the embers, she placed something beneath them, which Sarah believes was a *Horse-Shoe!* and on her setting aside the tongs, she perceived *Molly* had *reversed them!* (these ceremonies certainly had a portentous bearing) finally, taking the *Cards*, *Almanac*, and *Tea-cup*, she with her foot pushed open a low narrow door, and motioning with her skeleton arm, she pointed to a dark sepulchral apartment.

from a corner of which, gleamed the faint light of a small tallow candle. Cousin John was no coward, but the countenance which he turned towards Sarah, as he obeyed the summon of the Sorceress, was certainly not so florid as formerly. After half an hour's anxious expectation the door opened, and John advanced with a face beaming with satisfaction, followed by the Witch; who taking the other tea-cup, said with a smile, horrible as that of Milton's death! come Miss, now's your turn—Sarah fixed her eyes full upon her cousin, who clasped her hand, and whispered something in her ear, on which the old woman frowned, and said, in a sharp key, *why she knows that, as well as you do!* Heavens! exclaimed Sarah, how could you know what he said to me? by the same rule that I can fore tell your fate! Come said Molly in a softened voice, *I fore see a good fortune for you; you must say the charm to the Moon!* and if *your planet* is favorable, perhaps I can shew you your future husband's face in the *Magic Mirror*—this was enough, in went Sarah, and the door was closed upon them. Cousin John passed a quarter of an hour with great patience, he then began to scrape acquaintance with the cat, but all his friendly pappings of her head, and the trailings of his whip-lash to excite her mirth, were regarded with the most dignified coolness; he then rose, and as he sauntered round the room to examine the Witch's curiosities; he stopped before a square of glass that was set into the wall, so as to command a view of the next room, (this glass he had not before perceived, as a garment hung over it when he entered the room.) He now applied his face close to the glass and saw Sarah in a remote part of the room with her back towards him, looking at a mirror

held by Molly, just above her head; in a moment he heard her scream! and rushing to the door, found it boited—he called, but no answer was returned—he listened, and heard only a gentle whisper, which seemed to be employed to calm her agitation; the next instant, her well known voice exclaimed with emotion, oh yes, *I am satisfied, and now pray let me go!* the door opened, and the blushing Sarah, smiling through her tears, came out, a convert to the Doctrine of Witchcraft. Cousin John, although anxious to know, stopped not there, to enquire the cause of the '*scream,*' hastily handing her into the carriage they departed. During their ride home, on comparing their fortunes, it was very evident that the Fates had destined them for *each other*, particularly, when he drew from the artless girl that she had seen *his face* in the *Magic Mirror!* [without either of them dreaming, it was reflected from the little window in the wall.] * *

About three years after this event, '*the Witch's Visitors,*' were married! and her prophecy was thus fulfilled, to the astonishment of many, who might have predicted the same circumstance, without boasting of any supernatural powers of divining the secrets of Fate. κ.

Bower of Taste.

'I know the language of the flowers.'
R. D.

I too have perused 'the Alphabet of the Angels'—and I love those beautiful hieroglyphics of nature, for they speak a language that the heart acknowledges, and they convey a moral to the understanding, by which even the proudest philosopher might profit! who hath ever beheld the modest lily, shaded by the embowering verdure of the valley, without

viewing it as an emblem of female worth and purity, withdrawing from the glare of fashion, and extravagance, and diffusing a charm in the tranquil sphere of domestic retirement. Who hath ever look'd on the glory of Spring! her *first* young *Rose-bud*; without associating with its bloom, the charms of infancy, and the promise of youth? or watched its expansion, without reference to the maturity of physical, and intellectual beauty? or witnessed its decay, unmindful that *such* is the fate of all created things!—In cultivating the fragrant Geranium, and Myrtle, the perennial bloom, and verdure, of these beautiful exotics, reminds us of the faith and constancy of those, whose love, or friendship we delight to cherish.

Flowers, may also be considered as monitors to warn us against Vanity, Indolence, Flattery, and false Delicacy. Among these, are the Tulp, the Poppy, the Sun Flower, and the Balsamine; but their beauties, are of a coarser and obtrusive character, and they therefore create in the heart, no sentiment that induces us to wish their fragile existence prolonged.

The 'language of the flowers' is, in short, the History of Human Nature, for they are alike emblematic of our virtues, and our vices, but in order to cultivate the former, we must exterminate the latter, for they cannot exist on the same soil.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—It is said this gentleman has been applied to, and is expected to become the Editor of Charles Heath's splendid annual, entitled 'the Keepsake.' The sale of this work has been immense—over 13,000 copies have been circulated through Europe, and this country.

Tremont Theatre.

We learn that the Orchestra of this Theatre will take a Benefit, on Monday evening next; we hope the indefatigable

exertions, they have made *always* to please the audience, during their engagement at this house, will indeed be rewarded by a bumper! as expressive of the universal approbation of the *Public*.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.

I have cut all my wisdom teeth *since* I was married, said a lady to her Physician—I am sorry for that madam, replied he, as this is no favorable argument in the *cause* of matrimony.

A gentleman who was requested by the artist to give his opinion respecting 'the resemblance of his Portrait, replied—Sir, I am perfectly satisfied with the *Likeness*, but I do not approve of the set of the coat—I paint from *God's* works! Sir, not from *Tailors*, [*replied the indignant Philosopher of Heads.*]

The author of the best *TALE* which may be presented for the 'Bower of Taste,' on or before the 15th of June, will be complimented with a volume of approved American Poetry, splendidly bound and lettered with the name, or signature of the successful writer.

The Tale will be embellished by a fine lithographic print, illustrative of some interesting scene. On no account will the envelope inclosing the name of the writer be opened unless the piece is accepted.

Errata.—In the above article last week the word *piece* was by a mistake of the publisher rendered *Poem*.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.—*All communications for or relative to this work, should be addressed [post paid] to the editor, MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE. It is published every Saturday by SAMUEL G. ANDREWS, No. 80, Market Street, Boston Terms \$2.50 in advance, or \$3 at the expiration of six months.*

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

The following lines were founded on the melancholy story of a young man of high birth and talents, who had long paid his successful addresses to a beautiful girl. The period of their marriage was appointed, but his friends perceiving some indications of declining health, proposed to him a voyage to some more congenial climate and that their union should be postponed till his return. On the eve of his departure he consigned his heart's best treasure to the protection of an *only brother*—who in his absence, (faithless to his trust) invented a most plausible story of his death, by which, with other artifices, he obtained from the lady the promise of her hand at the close of the year. On the bridal night, just as the *husband* was leading her from the altar, the *lover* suddenly burst into the church! and in a paroxysm of phrenzy and despair, rushed through the crowd and *stabbed him to the heart!* horror and consternation prevented the arrest of the rash fratricide and he fled. At length, many years after this event he was found the wretched inhabitant of a solitary cave, in a state of savage fierceness and mental derangement. Those who discovered him, vainly attempted to draw him from his cell by assurances that *they knew him*, and would relieve his wants; this he strongly resisted, until compelled by force, after which a few weeks of suffering terminated his existence.

THE MANIAC.

Away! *ye know me not*—ye cannot know
The deed!—*'twas dark*—none but the fiends below
Bore witness to that scene! and ye have lied—
You never knew me, in my hour of pride!
You never saw me, when the brightest flower
That ever bloom'd to deck a bridal bower
Was mine—yes *mine!* thou jeering elf—
Nay—*glare* not on me thus! Am I myself?
Who slew my brother? hark! heard you that groan?
Hence! leave me men—for I would be alone.

I feel I am a wretch—the verriest one
That ever shrunk before yon glorious sun!
Year after year in this dark, cold recess—
Meet home for wild despair and wretchedness,
I've pray'd—oh! no—I could not *pray* for death—
But—I have sought him in the whirlwind's breath!
I've bared my bosom to the midnight storm,
Whose blasts were to its mad'ning pulses, calm!
I've seen yon mountain cliff by light'ning riven—

Nor shrunk, e'en from the wrathful bolt of Heaven—
 Yet *Death* flies from me, though this weary frame
 Is tired of life! its pale and wasted flame
 Burns dim and sickly—yet I fear to die
 With all this weight of guilt and misery!

* * * * *

What do you here? *you know me not*—begone!
 He whom you seek, died on the *altar's stone*.

AUGUSTA.

OUR DEAR NATIVE SHORE.

Blow briskly ye breezes! and press the white sail:
 See the broad swelling canvas invite the strong gale!
 How proudly our bark the blue billow divides,
 Which sparkles with foam as it cleaves her dark sides.
 Blow briskly ye breezes! and bear us safe o'er
 Old Neptune's domain, to *our dear native shore*.

When at eve the grey cloud over ocean impends,
 How fondly soft fancy her influence lends;
 Then groves, plains and streams as by magic arise,
 And scenes dearly cherished revisit our eyes.
 Blow freshly ye breezes! and swiftly restore
 Us to those whom we love on *our dear native shore*.

How freely each bosom expands with delight!
 How gay and how sweet are the visions of night—
 As through meadows and lawns we again seem to rove,
 With the friend of our youth, or the maid of our love!
 Blow strongly ye breezes! your aid we implore—
 Oh! waft us in peace to *our dear native shore*.

But hark! that glad shout from the mariner brave—
 '*A sail!*'—see—her *EAGLE* soars proud o'er the wave!
 'Tis a FRIEND, with glad tidings from home greets the ear,
 Dispelling each doubt and allaying each fear.
 Blow blithly ye breezes! and bear us once more
 To the blessings of home and *our dear native shore*.

See! at morn what bright column ascends from the West,
 Spreading forth like a snow-wreath on ocean's fair breast!
 'Tis the cloud* that hangs over our favor'd land,
 Like the star in the East over Palestine's strand.
 Blow fairly ye breezes! there's pleasure in store,
 For ourselves and our friends, on *our dear native shore*.

And mark yon blue speck on the ocean's far verge—
 As the gale wafts us on, see its features emerge!
 Green hills, blooming vales and proud turrets appear,
 As swiftly with joy the lov'd landscape we near.
 Blow softly ye breezes! our perils are o'er,
 See! the welcome of joy gaily waves from *the shore*.

Blow gently ye breezes! our bark's safely moor'd;
 To friendship and love now each wanderer's restor'd,
 While our orisons rise and our bosoms expand
 To the Power that protects us on ocean and land—
 Breathe softly ye breezes! 'tis rapture, once more
 To meet friendship and love on *our dear native shore*. N.

* The clouds over land assume this peculiar appearance and by sailors are called *land clouds* in contra distinction from sea clouds.

THE CAPTIVE INDIAN CHIEF.

Sullenly, yet proudly, firm the captive stood!
 And on his persecutors cast an eye
 That beam'd insufferably bright—it seem'd
 To say—tyrants, behold—I'm in your power—
 But mark—I sue not for your mercy—no!
 My spirit yet is unsubdued; my soul
 Is free—this hardy frame is used to toil,
 And will not shrink from torture, or from death!
 No shriek of mine shall feast your savage hearts,
 In even nature's deepest agony!
 Your cruelty shall not extort one groan,
 To tell ye this poor frame is made of clay.
 Like the tall oak amid the forest trees,
 He stood in all the majesty of pride—
 A cloud was gather'd on his ample brow,
 While his compress'd lips and widen'd nostril,
 Spoke strongly of the spirit's mastery!

* * * * *

The death pile was prepar'd—but struck with awe
 At his high bearing, his foes shrunk from him—
 Scathed as it were, beneath his light'ning glance!
 All but their noble leader—and he stood
 With his keen eagle eye fix'd on the chief!
 (There's a communion between brave men's souls,
 The victor paus'd—then grasp'd the hand
 Of his indignant captive! while he struck
 From his Herculean limbs, vile slavery's chains!

It was a noble deed—the chief was free!
 The first expression of his thanks came low
 And broken as the lisping of a babe—
 But soon, the tide of gratitude rush'd o'er
 His soul! and then, he wept—he whose stern eye
 Till now, had never glisten'd with a tear!
 And bending on his knee, that ne'er before
 Had bow'd but to his God! he kiss'd the hand
 That rest his chain, and pointing to the cloud capp'd cliffs afar,
 With bounding step he sought his mountain home. ROMONT.

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE BACHELORS' JOURNAL.

PAST AND FUTURE.

Who lives, but oft has turned his truant glance,
 Along life's sunless ocean, he hath pass'd?
 Review'd the terrors of that drear expanse,
 The rock, the whirlpool, or the wint'ry blast?

How few the joys that danced upon its flood,
 How dim of happiness the transient rays,
 How thick the shallows of ingratitude,
 The faithful chart of memory portrays.

But yet in boyhood's hour, the scene seem'd bright,
 And joys and honors waited manhood's prime;
 Fancy unroll'd a field of rich delight,
 Which Hope had pencil'd on the scroll of Time.

But manhood's prime has come—the mist of woe,
 Rests where the vision promised bliss and fame;
 Where flowers were look'd for, tides of sorrow flow,
 And nought remains of pleasure, but the name.
 Still floats this fancied Eden down life's stream,
 And still its cheated followers pursue;
 Still Fancy's fingers weave the sleepless dream,
 To please, entice, and then deceive anew.
 Where beams a prospect truth herself can praise,
 Without assuming Guilt's deluding wile?
 Where shall frail man direct his searching gaze,
 When Love, and Hope, and Friendship all beguile.
 There is a clime which prophets have foretold,
 Than light more pure, than Eden's land more fair;
 The narrow gates of death its stores unfold,
 To give an endless day of pleasure there.

HENRY.

FROM THE BALTIMORE EMERALD.

TO A LADY....BY RUFUS DAWES, ESQ.

I've listen'd at eve, by a tranquil lake,
 To the sweetest song that love could wake,
 When the moon shone down through her blue serene,
 To silver the leaves of the woodland green.
 I've listen'd at morn, when the west wind came,
 To cool the rose's blush of shame;
 When the nightingale's voice thro' the tangled rees,
 Gladdened the bosom with ecstasies.
 But ah, when I heard thy eloquent lay,
 It drove ev'ry charm of their music away,
 And I thought some spirit had left the spheres,
 To soothe our sorrow and dry our tears.
 Thy lay was like the Æolian Lyre's
 When an angel breathes o'er its silken wires;
 For memory slept with the rising strain,
 In a dream of bliss till it ceased again.

LINES.

Spring may come, and chase the gloom,
 That winter o'er our path has spread;
 Spring may come, but can the tomb

Give back its dead?

The sun his brightest beams shall shed,
 And earth her fairest flowers shall give;
 But suns, nor flowers can wake the dead,
 And bid them live.

What tho' all nature wears a smile,
 And spring's sweet birds are warbling near;
 From warbling birds we'll turn awhile,
 And drop a tear.

When last our hearts with lightsome bound,
 Sprang forth to meet thee, joyous May,
 Were there not those amongst us found
 Who've pass'd away?

We hail thy glad return sweet Spring,
 But not as then—our bosoms thrill,
 Thou com'st, but those thou can'st not bring
 Whose hearts are still.

LILLA.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



'With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
'We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,'—*Paine*.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1828. No. 18.

THE EXILE OF THE ALLEGHANY.

We hope for the honor of our country, that the following authentic Tale, exhibits a solitary instance of National ingratitude.

—'Egregias animas, quæ sanguine nobis
Hanc patriam peperere suo, decorate supremis
Muneribus.'—

VIRGIL.

I HAVE always been an attentive, if not an intelligent observer of human character, as displayed in the various situations of life. Whether it has been a study more fraught with pain than with pleasure, I am not prepared to say; but if it be a pursuit that needs justification, it is enough that I have found it a source of moral instruction. I have learned to despise the fool of unbridled and insolent prosperity; to hate and condemn the profligate of successful cunning, and to bow respectfully before virtue and honor, which

VOL. I.

the world is too busy to seek out, or too vile to appreciate. A mind, naturally restless, and untrammelled by the ties or connexions which ordinarily render men stationary, has urged me over 'many a shore and may a sea.' In the course of my wanderings, I have often witnessed scenes that might well claim the interest of those (are there any such?) who can feel for sufferings which do not form a part of their own destiny; in other words, who are sincerely philanthropists without vanity or ambition beneath the cloak of benevolence. The subject of the present narrative will not flatter individual self-sufficiency, nor pamper national pride: in some it may excite asperity by recalling unwelcome recollections of violated faith and spotted honor; nevertheless, it shall be fearlessly told.

In the winter of 18—I was tra-

velling in Pennsylvania. When I reached the base of the Alleghanies, I left my horse in the charge of a peasant, and ascended on foot. I climbed ridge after ridge, braced by the pure air, and excited by the increasing majesty of the scenery, until I wholly forgot the flight of hours and my remoteness from the inhabitants beneath. When I attained the summit, the day was fast waning, and the rising wind moaning through the defiles of the hills and shaking the bare branches of the trees, warned me of a coming storm. I immediately began to descend, in the vain hope of reaching the foot of the mountain before night fall. Darkness had already gathered in the eastern vallies, and the last ray of light was beaming on the western ridge when I observed a rude cabin, sheltered beneath the branches of a hemlock. I approached and raised the latch of the door, which was not barred, although on my entrance I perceived the room to be unoccupied. The desertion, however, seemed only temporary, as a few embers were decaying on the hearth. I threw some pieces of wood on the brands, and seated myself on a rough bench, began by the dim and imperfect light to scan the apartment. All around me spoke of barrenness and destitution; it seemed the very temple of poverty where she had gathered all the symbols of her worship. 'What miserable outcast,' thought I, 'can be the tenant of so comfortless a habitation? What could have impelled the most poverty-stricken wretch to abandon the crowds of life, where the overflowings of the rich man's table may find their way to the poor man's board, and to dwell in this mountain solitude, whither the footsteps of charity cannot pursue him?—Is it crime, is it pride, or is it misanthropy?'

Musing on this theme, and fatigued with the toils of the day, I sunk into a reverie. The forest storm was now raging without in all its destructive violence, which, added to the loneliness and desolation of the spot, produced a feverish excitement of mind that encouraged wild and fantastic ideas. Shade after shade flitted across the dream of my imagination, and I could hear in the howlings of the gale, the cry of distress and the shout of rapine. All the vague apprehensions of an overheated fancy came crowding and pressing on my heart, and although reason struggled for the mastery, yet she could not overcome them. While thus wrapped in a waking dream, with my eyes bent downwards, a shadow like form of a man suddenly darkened the floor: I sprang hastily upon my feet, and the action recalled my scattered senses. A man coarsely clad, but of a majestic and venerable bearing, stood before me. In one hand he held a hunting-gun and in the other some forest game, which, little as it was, seemed a heavy burden to his aged frame. 'A stranger in my cabin,' he exclaimed, in tone of surprise, but not of apprehension. 'A stranger,' said I, 'who is in need of hospitality.' A slight flush apparently of pain rose to his cheek as he replied, 'If a seat by my hearth-fire and a repast of mountain game, deserve the name of hospitality, you shall freely share them; they are all it is in my power to offer.' With these words, he laid aside his burthen, and divesting himself of his outward garments, kindled a light, and sat down by the fire. I had now an opportunity of studying his appearance more narrowly; it was remarkable and interesting. His form was tall and graceful, though bent with years; his forehead high and bold, and his temples partially covered with locks that rivalled

winter in whiteness. His clear grey eye had a military quickness in its motion, and seemed as if it should belong to one who had watched the movements of armed bands rather than the flight of the forest bird, or the bounds of the forest deer. His face had that educated expression which invariably characterizes the cultivated man, and that well-bred aspect which can only be obtained by habitual intercourse with polished society. Struck by the incongruity between such a man and such a habitation, I determined to learn if possible, the cause of his situation and the history of his life.

With this design, after our frugal repast was ended, and conversation had inspired mutual confidence, I ventured to touch the string. The character of his mind as it became developed, and the style of his remarks had awakened an intense interest, which I had neither the power nor the design to conceal. I was confident that I was in the presence of no ordinary man. 'How happens it,' I said 'that you have chosen this solitude, so bare and so comfortless, for the asylum of your age? Methinks that splendid mansions and courtly society might claim, and proudly too, a form and mind like yours for an inmate and an ornament. What can have driven you across the circle that encloses social life, to this solitary abode?' 'Young man,' the stranger replied, 'it is but a common tale, and why should I obscure the fair light of youthful feeling with the shadows of aged suffering? My tale is one which, when told, will leave a dark remembrance, that will hang like a cloud on your brightest and happiest hours. It is one which I shall tell in sadness, not in wrath, but which you will hear with feelings swelled by both.

Listen to my words, and if while I speak, your voice should break forth in curses upon injury and ingratitude, remember that I *curse* not, but *forgive*.—You ask what has made me an exile from life, and a tenant of this wild spot; my answer is, the ingratitude of others and my own just pride. Could I have tamed my own high spirit, to bear insulting pity and scornful charity, I would never have forsaken the haunts of men, but I prefer the savage independence of a mountain hunter to the polished servitude of a courtly parasite. You will understand the reason of my exile from the events of my life:

'Young stranger, you see before you one whose name once sounded far and wide across the fields of America; one, whose banner your fathers followed to battle forty years ago; one who afterwards presided in the councils of your nation, and whose head was raised high among the great ones of the land. In the tent of this wretched hut you behold a man of lofty ancestry and once princely fortune; the last of a time-honored family, on which the cloud of misfortune has settled darkly and forever. What boots it that I should tell you that years and years ago, long ere the freedom of America was yet in embryo, the name which I bear was made famous by my gallant ancestors on fields where the British Lion waved bloodily and triumphantly—that the war-cry of our family was the loudest in the conflict, and its flag foremost in the charge of the brave? To the young and untamed spirit, such recollections are like the rays of morning which herald a glorious and shining day; but on the old and withered heart they fall like sunset beams, fraught with memory but not with expectation. But,

to my story:—my father left his European home for America, when America was yet an appendage of Britain. His wealth and his influence descended to me. I was in the prime of my days when the aggressions and tyrannies of the English ministry gave birth to the revolution of the colonies. Although my inheritance placed me high in the aristocracy of Britain, and my fortune pleaded strongly against the perils and chances of such a struggle, I did not hesitate for a moment. I embraced the righteous cause, ardently and firmly; and from that instant, ancient ties were severed, and America was the land of my allegiance. I became one of the leaders of her armies. My country was then poor, and I was rich; the brave men whom I commanded were suffering for the necessaries of life: the treasury was bankrupt, and I advanced from my own purse the means of support to my soldiers who would otherwise have been compelled to disperse. The events of the revolutionary contest I need not relate to you, for they must be familiar to every man between the Mississippi and the Atlantic. After its triumphant termination, as the fortunes of my country were on the increase, my own were on the wane. Ill crowded on ill, and the destiny which overturns the haughtiest and the proudest families, decreed that mine should lie prostrate in the dust. When the last and deadliest vial of fate was poured upon me, and the last leaf of my prosperity had withered, and *not till then*, I applied to my country, not for charity, but for the repayment of a sacred obligation. I asked from her abundance a return of the money I had loaned her in her destitution; and how, think you, was I paid?

‘Surely,’ said I, ‘with heartfelt

gratitude and boundless liberality.’

‘With inhuman neglect and with heartless insensibility!’ exclaimed the aged man: ‘the men who then represented the nation, were nursed in prosperity, until their hearts were hardened, and they scorned and neglected the veteran warriors who had trampled the bravest and the best of England’s chivalry to the earth, that their sons might be free.’

‘What,’ said I, ‘were not such claims as yours, which stood on the double foundation of justice and gratitude, promptly acknowledged and cheerfully cancelled?’

‘Promptly acknowledged!’ he replied with mingled grief and irony, ‘know you not, that an American congress is a *deliberative* body, and that deliberation is never prompt? Cheerfully cancelled! know you not, that its ruling principal is *economy*, and that economy is never cheerful in parting with its ore?’

‘But surely,’ I interposed, ‘the nation was *just*, and paid its debts fully, if not with good will?’

‘Listen to the sequel, and marvel at national justice,’ was the reply:—‘When I exhibited my accounts against the government, there were some trifling items not sufficiently authenticated, which required examination. This examination was postponed from time to time; more interesting questions arose, on which members displayed their rhetorical abilities; congress did not choose to be hurried in its proceedings; the importunities of an aged, forlorn, and famished man, were considered as froward obtrusions. I was friendless and uninfluential, I could neither uplift the aspiring nor prop the falling; and my prayers was as ineffectual as that of the oppressed Israelites to the stern Egyptian, and heaven did not inter-

pose in my behalf its supernatural afflictions to force them to their duty. A winter passed, and left my claims undecided; another and another rolled away, and still saw me neglected. True, I was lingering out a comfortless old age, obtaining subsistence in summer from the game of the woods, and inhabiting in winter a miserable lodging in one of the narrow alleys of the national metropolis. But what of that? the men who were to canvass my claims, fared sumptuously and lived in splendor, and felt not the wretchedness of justice deferred. Business must take its course, and my claim was an affair of business. One generous man, who had known me in better days, did not shrink from my adversity.—He followed me one wintry day from the hall of the capitol to my obscure retreat in the metropolis, and with a benevolence that the proudest heart could not resist, forced me to his own house, and gave me the most honored seat at his own hospitable board. He would listen to no refusal, and I remained his guest until Spring. If heaven has blessings in store for generous deeds, may the eye of heaven beam benignly on that generous man!* At last my claims were heard, after years of anxiety and endurance, during which I was once seized by the fangs of law and thrown, in mid-winter, into a prison at Georgetown, which would have been my grave, but for the active and warm-hearted charity of a

* A friend of the writer heard this from the lips of General St. Clair himself. He mentioned it in terms of warm gratitude. Although a generous man does not wish his good actions to be blazoned forth, we trust that the veteran's benefactor will forgive us for mentioning his name, it is William H. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury.

woman.† It is about a month since a pension of a few hundred dollars a year was awarded me in lieu of my claim for some thousands.'

'How,' I exclaimed, 'a pension! then government has made a profitable bargain, for your exhausted frame already leans over the grave, and long ere the receipts of the pension can equal the amount of your claim, the clod will rattle on your coffin.'—Little did I imagine how soon my prophecy was to be fulfilled! fate had already given the last turn to the hour-glass of his life, and its sands were nearly wasted.

'I came hither yesterday,' continued he, 'to take a last look at my mountain hut, and to prepare for removal a few family memorials, the only valuables which it contains. I have pursued the game to-day for the last time in these wilds:‡ to-morrow, when we descend the mountain I will acquaint you with other particulars in my eventful life, and I will then tell you who I am. And now, good night, we both need repose.'

That morrow dawned upon his lifeless body! I had observed, during his recital, that his frame frequently shook as if struggling between mental excitement and physical debility. Paleness and flushes alternately crossed his cheek as his excited feelings contended with his languid frame. An undefined foreboding hung like lead upon my heart, as I bade him good night and entered the adjoining apartment. I wrapped my cloak around

† A fact.

‡ General St. Clair was, in his old age, reduced to the necessity of keeping a miserable tavern on the high-road of the Alleghanies, while at the same time he had demand against the government which, had they been promptly met, would have rendered his situation comfortable. It is on this fact the present tale is founded.

me and threw myself upon the floor, but I could not sleep. About midnight I was startled by a sound which seemed like the groan of one in pain. Was it the wind sighing through the trees, or was it the agony of suffering humanity? I listened; it was repeated again and again, in tones that struck shrillingly on my heart. I sprung to the door, and entered the other room; the hearth-fire was decayed, and I vainly stirred its brands for light. I opened the narrow casement; the night was dark and sullen, and cloud upon cloud rose in frowning masses from the horizon to the zenith. I could see nothing, but from a corner of the apartment the moans came distinctly to my ear. I groped my way to the spot—it was indeed the moan of that aged man. I laid my hand upon his brow, it was damp and cold; I touched his breast the heart-pulse beat faintly and almost imperceptibly. ‘Merciful God!’ I exclaimed ‘he is dying! here, in solitude and in darkness, with no aid to cherish that spark of life which timely interference might yet keep burning.’ ‘Benevolent stranger,’ he murmured, brokenly and faintly, ‘what aid can arrest the wheel of death, when it rolls over a form so aged as mine? My hour is come, and I have so lived that I can brave its horrors. The tardy justice of my country has come too late, and’—His voice ceased; I heard the death-rattle rising in his throat; I raised him gently in my arms, and the heart-broken veteran of the Revolution expired peacefully upon my bosom!

The storm was yet howling without as I laid the dead softly upon its pillow, and approached the window of the hut. ‘Yes,’ I exclaimed, ‘on such a spot and in such a scene should an injured hero die; nature at least may

mourn his death, though cold and selfish man will learn it without emotion.’

At last the grey dawn of light specked the horizon, and gradually ascended the East, ushering in the morrow on which the old man was to have quitted his rude cabin for a better home. He had indeed quitted it and forever, for a home where the memory of coldness and ingratitude can not darken the brightness of the blessed; but the memory of his wrongs may yet, in the hour of retribution, be a pointed steel in the breast of each and all of those whose neglect traced on his faded cheek the furrows of anguish amidst those of time. He forgave, but heaven will punish.

I descended the mountain, after a last look at the dead, and stopping at the first habitation gave the necessary orders for his burial, and the hero, whose bier should have been followed by a nation, was laid in the earth by a few hireling peasants. Such is national gratitude! Previously to my leaving the cabin, I observed on a small shelf a few books. I opened one that was old and worn, and on the inner cover I discovered a family escutcheon subscribed with these words, ‘ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.’

J. G. B.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

NATIVE SKETCHES NO. VI.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

MANY authors have written on the subject of Somnambulism—the act of walking, conversing, and even transacting business while sleeping, of which the person when awake is totally unconscious. Some authors have endeavored on physiological principles to trace this singular abstraction of the mind to physical causes—such as late suppers, intemper-

ance, extreme anxiety of mind, &c. while others believe it to be a rare and peculiar gift of nature, and as such entirely unassociated with any habits of the body, or any extraordinary mental excitement. Although we know that the mind in this state, as in ordinary sleep, may sometimes be impressed by objects or circumstances during the day, which may influence its dreams at night, yet this is not always the case—for instance, I once knew a lady who was happily married and the mother of several fine children: she was of a decidedly domestic character—and never was known in her waking hours to sacrifice a moment at the shrine of the muses, or ever indulge herself in reading, excepting books of morality on Sundays, and yet I have been told she would often rise in her sleep, take her night lamp and search for a book, which having found, she would seat herself at the table and read perhaps an hour with apparent interest and understanding. She has also been known to write tolerable verses during her somnific excursions in the regions of fancy—yet these when shown to her next day, she was perfectly unconscious of having written, although she could not deny the hand writing.

* * * * *

During the revolutionary war there was a gentleman of large property residing in Brookline, who was addicted to the habit of walking in his sleep—panic-struck at the invasion of the enemy he daily expected that his dwelling would be ransacked and pillaged. Under the influence of these fears he rose one night, and taking a strong box which when awake he never attempted to lift without assistance—he proceeded down stairs, furnished himself with a lantern and a spade, and in a deep

woody glen about a quarter of a mile from his house he buried his treasure, carefully replacing the sods so as to create no suspicion of their having been removed.—This done, he returned, undressed and went to bed. Next morning, he was the first to discover the absence of the 'strong box' without having the slightest remembrance of what had passed. Enraged at its loss, he immediately accused his domestic of the robbery, as no traces of violence were perceptible either on the locks, or doors of his house that could induce him to suspect strangers. Month after month elapsed, and still the mystery was not solved, and his family began to want the necessaries of life, without the means of procuring them: at that period of public calamity no money could be raised on real estate, and it was at that season of the year when agricultural labors had ceased, which left him no means of earning a support for his family. To augment his misery, his only son lay confined by a violent fever without any of those comforts which his situation demanded. The mind of the despairing father was strongly affected by this melancholy view of the future, his rest became more frequently broken, and he would often wander from room to room all night with hurried and unequal steps as if pursued by an enemy. His wife and daughter who were accustomed to these nightly wanderings never attempted to disturb him, unless they were fearful some accident might befall him, in this case it was necessary to employ the most violent means to awaken him, upon which he would exhibit so much fear and distress that they usually suffered him to recover gradually from his trance, which was always succeeded by a drowsiness, after which he would

sink into a light and natural sleep, which generally continued for several hours.

One night as his daughter was watching at the couch of her sick brother, she heard her father descend the stairs with a quick step and immediately following him she perceived he had dressed himself, and was lighting a lantern at the hearth, after which he unbolted the door and looked out, he then returned to the kitchen, and taking the lantern and spade he left the house. Alarmed at this circumstance, which was not usual, (though it sometimes occurred as above related without the knowledge of his family,) she hastily threw on a cloak and followed him to the wood, trembling with apprehensions of she knew not what, both for herself and her father.

Having gained the place where he had 3 months since buried the box, he set down the lantern so as to reflect strongly upon that spot, he then removed the sods and striking his spade against its iron cover, he laughed wildly and exclaimed my treasure is safe! and we shall be happy—and shouldering his heavy burthen with the strength of a Hercules, he stopped not as before to replace the sods of earth, but snatching up his lantern pursued his way directly home, to the joy of his daughter who could scarcely support herself from the fears she had experienced which were, that he was about to dig a grave, and either commit suicide, or perhaps murder some one of his defenceless family.

Inexpressible therefore was her joy, on seeing him ascend the stairs and place the box in its former recess; after which, as usual, he retired to rest. His wife and daughter however, were too anxious to sleep themselves, the one sat impatiently watching the dawn

of day, and the other retired to the apartment of her suffering brother, to relieve his mind by communicating the joyful event, and her consequent hope of his immediate recovery.

When the gentleman arose in the morning, his wife observed the same settled gloom upon his countenance as he anxiously inquired about the health of his son, and expressed his sorrow at not being able to procure those comforts for his family which were so much needed. Finding him perfectly unconscious of all that had passed the preceding night, she watched the effect which the restoration of the box would have upon his mind—and (as she expected) with an astonishment almost amounting to phrenzy he exclaimed—'who has done this? from whence came that box?' Not until he had listened to the evidence of his daughter, could he be convinced of the possibility of his performing such an act while asleep. Suffice it now to say, that health, peace and competence were once more restored to his dwelling, and the result of these blessings had a salutary effect upon his mind, and although he still continued his mid-night excursions, yet his friends were gratified to find them much less frequent than formerly, and his future dreams also (to judge by his appearance) seemed to partake of the mild and serene character of his waking thoughts.

W.

EAST INDIA MANNERS.

SKETCH OF THE HINDOOS.

THE villages and cottages of the Hindoos, though built of mud, are many of them exceedingly neat and clean. In front, they have wide seats of hardened clay raised two or three feet from the ground, with or without small verandahs.

The roofs of this first class of cottages are flat; and the walls inside and out are painted, or rather daubed with white and red, alternately in broad longitudinal stripes.

In most villages, you will see near the bazaar one or more lofty wide spreading trees, with broad beds of hardened clay raised round their huge trunks. Here, at the burning hour of noon, the cooly deposits his load, the traveller his bundle, or the horseman ties his steed, and all under the favor of its shade compose themselves to sleep. Even here they contrive to avoid any accidental defilement of cast; and a very high-cast wealthy man would take sole and undisputed possession, without he encountered one of the faithful sleeping on his horse-cloth with a scimitar beside him.

Tanks, or reservoirs of water, and topes, or small groves of trees, are commonly found side by side at the entrance of Indian villages; and in such spots, if native travellers be numerous, they halt for the night, bathe and perform their ablutions in the tank, cook, take their food, and rest in the tope. Here you may see the bearded Mahometan sitting cross-legged on a carpet, smoking his hookah, with a ragged boy shampooing his tired horse beside him;—the Hindoos, according to their casts, boiling their rice and mixing their curry-stuff within small circles cut on the ground, for you to pass which, would be defilement both to their food and to themselves;—and far apart, despised and rejected of all, the wretched Chandalah eating his ten cash worth of flavorless cold rice, and enjoying (for it is his enjoyment) a short respite from labor, if not ill usage.

In poor villages, the small temple for the idol will be of mud,

white-washed; and ornamented with clay figures, the work of the potter. Here and there too, in different spots, are always to be seen small lingams (stone pillars of a peculiar shape) for daily prayer, or some strange-shaped stones of ancient trees, long since consecrated by the craft of a Brahmin, and daubed over or decked with flowers, to secure the veneration of the credulous and consenting people. In and near towns or populous places are stone choultries for travellers, supported by handsome pillars, curiously carved with figures of men, women, and animals, regarded as sacred. In such spots, moreover, the pagodas are solidly built of granite. Their walls, columns, and lofty gateways, elaborately sculptured with images in full, demi, or bas-relief of gods and monsters.

The Hindoos are not destitute of moral excellence; but, to speak generally, the standard of it is miserably low. The ryot, who toils all day and sleeps all night, is peaceful;—the parent is fond,—the husband tender,—friends are united. But let us pause!—look at your Brahmin, stepping in haughty wrath from his cottage:—that a poor wretch, of lower cast, faint with a mortal sickness, has fallen *too near* his threshold, and may, though he has not yet, defile it! He does not stoop to aid the dying man; administers nothing to his crying, though speechless wants. No!—such charity would pollute him,—he hurries off, and returning, with two obedient villagers, has him borne away, to breathe his last, perhaps unsheltered; and to rot in an unfrequented spot near the village, without the last poor privilege of a funeral pile. Look again at these aged Brahmins in earnest converse. In the garden from whence they are passing forth

sits the widow of a respectable native just deceased. She was only 15 years of age, and was betrothed to the husband she had but once seen. She has just heard from them how it is expected she should honor God, and attain heaven. Terrified she looks, and is.—The sun shines bright, the earth looks green to her,—she would live, and taste the bounties of a merciful Creator. She must not.—Ere the shadows of evening close, her ripening form and delicate limbs will be wrapped in flames. Sad nuptials these, to be embraced on the funeral pile by death! yet the horn, the drum, the cymbal, and the shouts of a glad multitude, speak joy.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

SOME years since, being attached to a ship of the line, that was laid up in ordinary at the Charlestown Navy Yard, I happened to fall in company with two accomplished British officers, with whose courteous manners I was pleased. On their suggesting a wish to visit our Navy Yard, and view the shipping, &c. I requested the favor of their company to dine with me on the ensuing day, and I would attend them through the Yard with pleasure—which was readily accepted and we parted. The next morning early, I was ordered out on a survey, which occupied my time until two o'clock. On going on board, as I was just on the point of ordering my servant to serve up my solitary dinner of soup, I was thunder-struck on observing my two British gallants pass the sentry at the Navy Yard Gate! the fact of the invitation I had given them to dine, until that moment, had been entirely forgotten! owing to my unexpected engagements elsewhere. What was to be done? I was half a mind to

jump over board, but as I was neither in love or in debt, I thought there would be no excuse for this act, and so I determined to brave it out. And advancing boldly forward, I welcomed them with an air of the most perfect nonchalance—and after walking round the yard, we went on board—having requested them to be seated, I stepped into the cabin in order to collect my scattered senses, and invent some apology—but what apology *could* I make for asking two men to dine on nothing but a joint of mutton! Recollecting an obliging lady in the neighborhood, whose husband was my particular friend—I went to my desk, and wrote the following stanzas, and calling old Cowel, I dispatched him post haste to the lady, with my compliments, and bade him wait for an *answer*.

Madame—some ill conditioned imp

Has sent two friends to dine,
But I have not one decent dish—
Not e'en a glass of wine!

Your dinner now, I well do know
Is smoking on the board—
Then oh vouchsafe to send to me
Part of your generous hoard.

A table cloth I also wish,
Some pepper, salt, and mustard,
Tureen and ladle, knives and forks,
And half a dozen custards.

For what to do I cannot tell,
Unless your aid you lend,
By sending me these articles,
You'll much oblige your friend!

In about half an hour, old Cowel returned with a covered basket, containing a pair of fine roasted chickens, an excellent boiled ham, a custard pudding, and a mince pie; and added to these, was three bottles of madiera! He made signal to me, and having examined the contents of the basket, I told him to stand ready to obey my orders, and starting into the cabin after apologising to my friends for my absence, I rang the bell with an important air, and bade Cowel

serve up dinner. This order was instantly obeyed, and my friends as they commenced their attack on the ham and chickens, passed some high ecomiums on my *Cook!* Our dinner was enlivened by several fine stories, and national jokes on both sides of the question, and having nearly exhausted our wine and cigars, they arose to depart, and while I was stepping out of the cabin to order my servant to restore the *empty* dishes in safety to their owner, I heard one of my guests exclaim to the other—e'cod! I say—how these Yankee officers *live!*

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.
ESSAY.

DECORATING CHURCH YARDS.

THE custom of building tombs, and erecting monuments in honor of our departed friends, may be traced to the remotest period of antiquity, and for the finest models, for the most glorious specimens of art, in the construction of these vast and splendid repositories of the dead, we look on the Pyramids of Egypt, the Cemeteries of Rome, and the Mausolems of Greece. Many of these proud vestiges of former grandeur still remain inspiring the poet with enthusiasm, and furnishing the most sublime subjects for the imitations of the pencil, and the chisel.

The fancy of decorating tombs and church yards with flowers and emblematic shrubs, is, we believe of later origin. In France and Italy, where the passion for cultivating flowers is carried to an extravagant excess, these fields of mortality (from their embowering shadows and luxuriant blossoms) are said to resemble gardens of taste, and pleasure, rather than the cold dwellings of the unconscious dead!—Here, the powerful and affluent, unite the splendors of art, with the beauties of nature,

to signalize the spot where their friends repose—in this they are emulated by the poorest peasant; every grave, however humble, has its 'votive wreath' and bears upon its slab, beside the 'name and years,' some tribute of respect, or love, even though 'spelt by the unlettered muse.'

Each simple village presents at least, one highly cultivated enclosure, *the home of death!* in the vicinity of which, stands the decent church like a sober moralist, directing us to compare the bloom of vegetable life, with the decay of the grave! Each sabbath day within these gates, may be seen the widowed father with solemn step, leading his bereaved children to the grave of their mother, who unconscious of their loss, smile as they pluck the wild flowers from the sod that shrouds her bosom. Here, also, the venerable matron, bending with grief and infirmities over the grave of an only son, (her last earthly comfort)—strives by virtuous resignation to repress her repining spirit which longs to share his peaceful home.

The young lover, whose sunny brow was never before darkened by a cloud of sorrow, may here be seen musing by the flowery mound, raised and decorated by his own hand, as a testimony of fond remembrance of her who sleeps beneath it.

Here too, the recent widow clad in the deep habiliments of wo, stands, like the genius of despair, surveying the works of death. She brings *no roses* to deck the tomb of her lost one—for her heart's bloom is withered, her hopes are decayed. The bosom riven by deep affliction seek no type to express its feelings for the loss of a beloved object; its language is the language of nature, nor until the tide of grief has subsided, can the consolations of

friendship, or the cool arguments of philosophers reconcile it to its fate.

K. A. W.

Bower of Taste.

FEMALE HIGH SCHOOL.

WE regret that any prejudice should be entertained, or that any opposition should be made against supporting, at the expense of the public, so valuable an institution as the Female High School, particularly by those whose power and influence must be effectual from the eminent stations they hold in society. This interesting Seminary, as conducted by Mr. Bailey, afforded the most complete satisfaction to all who examined into the principles, and rules of that establishment—and the astonishing progress of the pupils, who were committed to his charge, [notwithstanding their large number] was an undoubted proof of the benefits that would have resulted to society, had this school been continued.

Was it because the children of affluence, together with those of poverty, were alike permitted to drink at the same fountain, that it was discountenanced? or was it that, a general diffusion of knowledge among females, might, by exalting their characters, minds, and manners, have a tendency to place them on an equality with the favorites of fortune in the enjoyment of cultivated society, and thereby interfere perhaps with those exclusive grades which aristocracy may prescribe, but wealth *alone* cannot dignify.

It has been observed that the ultimate result of continuing the High School, would be encouraging females too generally in pursuing classical studies, and inducing thereby a departure from that course which nature, and custom, have marked out for their observance. Physiologists have admitted, that there is no sex in soul—why then may not woman be permitted to improve those faculties with which Heaven has endowed her?

with reference always to the duties of her own sphere, which is as distinct from that of man, as are the planets above us, from each other.

Besides the pleasure resulting to herself, from an early cultivation of mind.—In after life, she may become the instructor of her children, or at least capable of appreciating the worth of their mental acquirements, though derived from other sources.

THE BACHELORS' JOURNAL.—The Editor of this paper acknowledges having had an interview with the *Demon* of our press, in order to learn the contents of the '*Bower*.' We have not the least objection to this, and only hope he was pleased with his company.

It may be remembered that the prospectus of the Bachelors' Journal, expressly stated that it would be published the *first of May*. Now we certainly think their patrons owe us an acknowledgement for *accelerating* its publication, which we have undoubtedly done by announcing that it would appear on '*May day*,' by which we are convinced that Gentlemen *sometimes* like to be *contrary*, as well as Ladies may to have the '*first and last word*;' for behold! on the 24th of April, forth it marched, with all its '*blushing honors thick about it*,' without waiting to be greeted by butterflies and *Daffy-down Dillies*. But for the future we mean to let them go on their own way rejoicing,' without a comment, as they candidly acknowledge in their Journal, '*if it were not for the Ladies we should do well enough*.' Spirit of Chesterfield! what a speech.

However we honestly confess we like the plain neat appearance of their paper, and with few exceptions, the matter it contains, if we may judge of it by a bird's-eye view, which is all we have yet been able to obtain, on account of the numerous young Lady borrowers, who express much anxiety to learn what the Bache-

lors' have to say for themselves on this occasion.

Dreadful Accident. A very serious accident occurred, on Wednesday morning, during the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new Methodist Church in North Bennet street. The first floor of the church had been formed of loose boards, and a part of the congregation assembled, was crowded together thereon: the corner stone had been laid, and the religious services of the occasion were nearly finished, when a section of the floor suddenly gave way and precipitated more than two hundred persons into the cellar below, a depth of about twelve feet. In a moment all was consternation and alarm; the screams of the mass who by the breaking of a principal beam in its fall, were thrown upon one another, in the centre, and the cries of the surrounding spectators were heard at a distance and soon brought together a crowd of persons. No one was killed on the spot, but scarce an individual escaped without some slight injury. It is difficult to obtain accurate information of the number and state of all severely wounded; but it is probable that from twenty to thirty, mostly females, have limbs broken in one or more places. The greater part, it is hoped, may recover, but the lives of some, are still despaired of. The disaster is attributed to the insufficiency of the brick pillar, which had been, but a day or two previous, laid with mortar not the most cohesive, and which constituted one of the chief supports of the floor timber. As a majority of the sufferers were females, we have thought it our duty to take some notice of this heart rending accident.

To Readers and Correspondents.—We learn that a very sensitive lady correspondent has been pleased to take exceptions at our omitting several of the most striking beauties of her poems, which

we, however, mistook for false imagery, grammatical blunders, &c.

It was sent as an original article, to a respectable Journal in this city, partially revised by us, but with several of its original beauties unpruned, from which, willing to gratify their author, we extract the following.

Addressing her Æolian Harp, she says,
When tempests roar! when thunders roll!

And lightnings awe my inmost soul—
Thy notes come stealing o'er my breast,
And all my terrors sink to rest!

The first Æolian lyre probably, that ever 'come stealing' amid a storm of
Thunder and Lightning!

Thy strains are pensive, pleasing, wild,
They turn the harsher thoughts to mild!
They cause *misgivings all to flee,*
And brighten dark futurity.

So much for beauty—and now for sublimity!

But hark! rough notes strike swift-along,
Gone my Æolian's gentle song.
Winds rise! clouds *lower!* the sky is dark,

Uptossed and shattered is my barque
That lately sailed so happily,
Upon the sea of memory.*

A touch of the pathetic.

To me is given a *saddened* fate,
For I am written desolate!

*Original MS.

We have been favored with the first and second number of the Worcester Talisman. It is of the octavo form and printed on fine paper. Among the original matter the poem of P. is more to our taste than any other article. The first number contains a fine engraving of the Faneuil-Hall Market, which will form a handsome frontispiece for the ensuing numbers.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.—All communications for or relative to this work, should be addressed [post paid] to the editor, MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE. It is published every Saturday by SAMUEL G. ANDREWS, No. 30, Market Street, Boston.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

SPRING.

[TRANSLATED FROM HORACE, VOL. I. ODE 4.]

Stern winter yields to Spring's more genial reign—
Favonian zephyrs whisper through each grove,
The ships released glide o'er the bounding main,
And flocks and herds through blooming pastures rove;
No more the ploughman seeks his evening fire,
And from the plains, the chilling frosts retire.

Now bright Cytherea leads the joyous dance—
While Cynthia's beams irradiate the scene!
The sportive graces, with the Nymphs advance,
And trip alternate o'er the flowery green;
While ardent Vulcan with his flaming brand,
Inflames the forges of the Cyclop's band.

Now is the time to wreath the shining hair
With myrtles green and flowers that deck the field—
Now is the time to seek the forest fair,
And to the rural god an offering yield—
Whether he choose the tender lamb should bleed,
Or claim for sacrifice the sportive kid.

Pale visaged death at the low cottage stops—
Alike, the palace of the King invades!
Life is too short to cherish distant hopes—
For oh, too soon the ghosts of Pluto's shades,
Will lure us to that dark and gloomy shore,
Where beauty, love and wine, shall charm no more

May 1, 1828.

—
AUGUSTA.

TO HAPPINESS.

I've sought thee in the mirthful crowd
When peal'd the voice of laughter loud,
Where burn'd the glittering chandelier,
And music burst upon the ear,
And found thee not;
Then turn'd away and shed a tear
O'er human lot.

I've sought thee in the peaceful vale,
 When the soft moonbeams fell so pale—
 When gem-like stars beam'd in the sky,
 So clear and beautiful and high,
 And found thee not,
 But turn'd again and heaved a sigh
 For human lot.

I've sought for thee in ruder forms,
 In midnight darkness and in storms,
 Down on some lone deserted shore,
 And heard the mad'ning billows roar,
 And found thee not,
 But turn'd away and sighed the more
 For human lot.

I've sought for thee in woman's smile,
 Oh, sweet delusion to beguile
 The wo of man—I heard her sigh
 And gazed upon her dewy eye,
 And found thee not,
 And tried in vain to reconcile
 Poor human lot.

Thou art alas! a fabled thing,
 The prelude to a fiercer sting
 Of disappointment, and the blight
 Of hopes that end in endless night
 I'll seek thee not—
 But with my kindred earth unite
 And be forgot.

EDWIN.

 NAMES.

I wish it was the law to name
 All people by their *looks*!
 'Twould save much trouble, and besides
 All sorts of turns and crooks.

The ancient ones were in the right,
 They named folks by their *marks*—
 They'd Round Heads, Crook Shanks, Lion Hearts,
 E'en for their Royal sparks!

But here in our poor yankee land
 We go by fathers' names,
 So all that dims or brightens it
 Must rest on our own fame!

Pity it is so, for I am
 Descended from a Howard,
 But—(keep the secret) uncle was
They say, shot for a coward!

So now I s'pose it rests with me
 To clear up our escutcheon—
 But that in fact's an article
 I never have thought much on.

But to return to people's names—
 They're never what they should be,
 And I should like this thing revised
 If possibly it could be.

I patronized an Irish boy
 One day—(not for a blunder)

But 'cause he had a barking dog,
And call'd him little Thunder!

I'll give you now a list of belles
Who once shared my attention,
For I have loved them one and all—
(But that you need not mention!)

Miss *Julia Brown* was white as *snow*—
Miss *Nancy Short* was *tall*,
The fair Miss *Swift* was very *slow*,
Miss *Little* was not *small*.

Miss *Bliss* and I had many a *spat*!
But fair Miss *Cross* was *kind*—
Poor *Sally Sharp* was rather *flat*!
Miss *Joy* with *sorrow* pined.

Miss *Lilly's* cheek was like a *rose*,
Miss *Bond* was always *free*,
Miss *Fro* had far too many beaux—
Miss *Bates* could not *catch* me!

Miss *Ann Still* led me a *chase*!
Miss *True* was such a *quiz*—
But *still* though I've a single face,
I'm *true*—TOM DOUBLE PHIZ!

(his ♂ mark.)

MOTTO OF AN ALBUM.

How fair the simple flowers appear,
If hands beloved the *garland* braid!
And *friendship's* flowers collected here,
Tho' Spring's must die, will never fade.

THE LOVER'S SERENADE.

BY F. S. HILL, ESQ.

Light bounds my bark o'er the glistening billow,
The spray in white coronals flies o'er the prow;
The sea-bird rests now on her watery pillow,
And the young moon discloses her vestal brow.
O, wake! love, wake! for beauty's eye
In slumber's bondage should not lie,
While night puts on so bright a dress,
And nature shines in loveliness.

The willow bends the clear streamlet to meet,
And its fresh-perfum'd tresses carefully dips;
And yon pine-tops are murmuring music, sweet
As the ardent breathing of love's dewy lips.
Then wake! love, wake! for beauty's eye
In slumber's bondage should not lie,
While night puts on so bright a dress,
And nature smiles in loveliness.

O then while the dark waters gently curl,
Let thy fond lover's bosom with gladness swell,
One look—and my sail I will then unfurl,
While shrin'd in my heart thy dear image shall dwell.
O, wake! love, wake! list to my song,
That winged echo bears along,
O wake! the lustre of thine eyes
Will make the scene a paradise.



'With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
 'We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,'—*Paine*.
 The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
 From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1828. No. 19.

PICTURE OF A YOUNG PARSON.

It was soon known at Summerford, that the living was already bestowed, by its young titled Patron, on a college friend of his own standing, just qualified to hold it; and rumor prepared the parishioners to expect in him a pastoral guide of a very different character from that of their late venerable minister. Mr. Seale's curate was, however, continued in his functions *protempore*, and for a few weeks nothing decisive was known of the new rector.

In as far as was compatible with the great change which had taken place in her earthly circumstances—and in spite of her approaching removal, so omnipotent is habit, that Mrs. Helen had again fallen quietly into the routine of her accustomed occupations and household cares; and a superficial observer would have perceived little alteration in her deportment and

person, except that the former was somewhat more subdued and serious—that her quiet movements were more slow and feeble—and that she looked considerably more aged, partly from an increased stoop in her gait, and from the exchange of her usual attire for a still closer garb of the deepest mourning. Her soft fair hair, scarcely silvered till her brother's death, but now completely blanched, was no longer smoothed up over the roll beneath her clear lawn cap, but parted and combed straight on either side, under the broad mourning hems of a close mop; and a large black silk handkerchief, crossed over her bosom, almost concealed the under one of thick white muslin. Thus habited, Mrs. Helen was one evening engaged in her store-room, superintending and assisting in the homely office, of which

I have before made mention,—that of sugar-nipping. One of Mrs. Betty's aprons was pinned before her own, but Mrs. Betty herself had been dispatched on some errand to a distant part of the house; and the former comely *en bon point* of that faithful handmaid having amplified to a vast weight of portliness, she moved with corresponding majesty of gait, and was long absent on her five minutes' mission. It was near midsummer—not a leaf stirred in the glow of a cloudless sunset—not a domestic creature, fowl, beast, or biped, was visible about the rectory, every door and window of which were flung wide open, so that a stranger might have entered unnoticed, and found his way unimpeded into every chamber of the mansion. Suddenly wheels were heard rapidly approaching the entrance gate. Then the short pull up, and knowing check of some dashing Jehu, as he flung the reins with various charges to an attendant groom—then the clinking of spurs and the creaking of boots across the court—in the entrance hall, (for no regular summons was sounded, and no servant appeared to question the intruder)—in the parlor—along the vestibule—and at last in the very passage conducting to Mrs. Helen's sacred apartment—the whole progress being accompanied by certain musical variations between a song and a whistle, and the pattering of four-footed creatures, and the admonitions of—'Down, Ponto, down, sir!' 'Back, Di, back, you load!'—apparently unheeded by the canine offenders, for in they rushed, a brace of noble pointers, into the very presence of Mrs. Helen—and immediately their noisy owner stood, *in propria persona*, on the very threshold of her sanctuary. There stood the dear old lady, not exactly

'With locks flung back, and lips apart,
Fit monument of Grecian art;'

but certainly with 'lips apart,' and slightly quivering with surprise and trepidation—her mild blue eyes, expressive of strange perplexity, the nippers in one hand, and a lump of sugar in the other; and, as I told you, Mrs. Betty's apron (a checked one as it happened) pinned over her own of snowy muslin. And there stood the intruder, a handsome, good-humored looking coxcomb, six feet high, in a pepper-and-salt frock, tight buckskins, and yellow topped boots; a most unclerical beaver rakishly set on one side,—a silver whistle dangling from his button-hole, and an eye-glass round his neck, through which he took deliberate cognizance of the apartment and its venerable occupant. The latter soon became aware, that in the phenomenon before her, she beheld the successor of her late revered brother; and before the shock and amazement incident on that discovery had any way subsided, the young parson, evidently mistaking her for a house-keeper, or upper servant, proceeded to make very unceremonious observations and inquiries, almost immediately, however, cutting short the string of his own queries, by the still more cavalier address of,—'But that will do by-and-by—time enough to ransack the old kennel—and now I'm starving—so dispatch, old girl! Do ye hear? and get me something to eat, if you've any prog in the house.'

Mrs. Helen was aware of his mistake, and neither mortified nor indignant at the unaccustomed salutation; on the contrary, when she heard this pressing appeal to her hospitality, the natural disgust excited by his unclerical appearance, gave place to her innate kindness; and anxious to supply

his wants—and, if possible, with the particular sort of viand which she imagined him to have specified, she looked up in his face with grave simplicity, and very seriously inquired—‘Pray, sir, what is prog?’

The question set him off in a roar of laughter, and before the fit had half subsided, Mrs. Betty’s entrance undeceived him as to the rank of the person he had been so jocularly addressing; and then the young man, who, though very unclerically disposed, was neither unfeeling nor ill bred, became really confused and distressed at the recollection of his absurd behavior, and endeavored to atone for it by the most respectful apologies. They were very placibly accepted, and a servant having been summoned to show the new rector to a sitting-room, or to his chamber—or, if it suited his convenience, to take a brief survey of the mansion to which he came, with a master’s right. Mrs. Helen gave directions for the preparation of such refreshments as could be served up with the least delay; and her famished guest found them so excellent in their way, that his respect for the hospitable entertainer increased with every mouthful; and it was magnified to absolute veneration by the time his repast was concluded.

A breakfast table, supplied with the finest Mocha coffee, the most perfect ‘green imperial,’ the most savoury potted meats, the richest orange marmalade, and the thickest cream he had ever regaled on, put the climax to his ecstatic admiration of the venerable hostess; and if that moment he did not actually conceive the idea of addressing her with matrimonial proposals,—the possibility of detaining her as superintendant of his future establishment did certainly suggest itself,—‘For, what could

I do better?’ he very rationally soliloquised; ‘a nice kind, motherly old lady!—gives capital feeds!—never tasted such potted shrimps!—makes tea like an angel!—won’t be much in the way—(not half so bad as a wife,)—and I must have somebody.’

Very rational cogitations! for a parson, but the young rector was too politic and well-bred to broach the subject abruptly to his lady-like hostess; and having informed himself of all particulars respecting her—of her respectability and perfect independence, that knowledge, though it confirmed his desire to detain her at the rectory, made him aware that his only chance of success would be to ingratiate himself by respectful attention, and, if possible, to interest her kind feelings in his behalf, before he ventured on the grand proposal. It was by no means difficult to effect the latter object. Mrs. Helen’s benevolence extended itself over every thing that lived and breathed; and her new inmate, besides that he sedulously cultivated her good opinion, really possessed many amiable, and sterling qualities. Left in his earliest infancy to the sole care of a doating widowed mother—he had been a most affectionate and dutiful son, and tender recollections of his lost parent (whose death was yet recent) made him more feelingly alive to the maternal kindness of his new acquaintance. He was by no means viciously disposed, though the world, and the world’s ways, had too much influence over a heart, of which the clerical profession was not the free disinterested choice—and though it was too probable that in many and material points he would fall far short of the late rector’s amiable example, he showed an early and sincere intention to emulate it in benefi-

cence at least, and only required to be directed in the distribution of his bounty by Mrs. Helen's judgment and experience. He could scarcely have urged a more efficient plea for the venerable lady's continuance at Broad Summerford; and, moreover, he succeeded in exciting her compassion for his utter inexperience in house-keeping, and the management of a family, and for the loneliness to which he should be condemned if she persevered in her intention of departure; and, by a masterstroke of policy, he so craftily insinuated himself into Mrs. Betty's good graces, as to enlist all her influence in his favor, so that the ancient hand-maiden lost no opportunity of observing to her lady, that it would be almost a sin to leave such an innocent, open-hearted young gentleman, no more fit to keep house than the babe unborn, to be preyed upon and devoured like a lamb among a flock of wolves, by a pack of idle rogues and hussies. 'And then,' said she, 'though to be sure he falls far short of what *has been* at the rectory, and can come *never up to that*, yet who knows ma'am, what *we* might make of him in the end; and, at any rate, you would not think of leaving him, just as the pickling and preserving-time is coming on, and there is not so much as a pot of black currant jelly left, (and he told me he was subject to bad sore throats,) and all the tincture of rhubarb, and the senna walnuts, are out, and Betty Hinks had the last of the palsy-water yesterday; and I am sure you would not choose to leave him only the bare shelves, poor young gentleman, or without a handsome stock of every thing good and comfortable. Besides, I've just set Cicely about a set of new shirts for him—(I got the cambric a bargain;) and there's all his

household linen to be provided, though, to be sure, if *we* were to stay?—

If Mrs. Betty had studied the art of oratory, she could not more happily have timed the *pause politic*. Her incomplete sentence—'If we were to stay'—left Mrs. Helen to ponder over all the real good she might do, if she *did* stay—and *her secret* enumeration went farther, perhaps, and extended to nobler views, than were particularized in Mrs. Betty's catalogue. 'To do good,' was the most influential of all motives with one of Mrs. Helen's truly christian character—and to bless had been the business of her life.

But she had some thousands at her sole disposal, and the tender solicitude with which her distant kindred had pressed her to reside among them, was so far from suffering any abatement by 'hope deferred,' that it kindled into a glow of inexpressible impatience for her removal from Broad Summerford, when they became aware that the unexpected conduct of the new rector had more than half reconciled her to continue there; so they zealously bestirred themselves in assisting her to arrange the affairs which still required her presence in England. Business that (as they had lately averred) would require months to settle, was now disposed of in as many days. Difficulties were smoothed, objections levelled, obstacles removed, (no such pioneer as interested zeal,) promises insisted on; claims of blood, of affection, of propriety, urged imperatively, almost reproachfully, till the object was effected; and the good old lady, with her ancient Abigail, the said Cicely, and Job Somers's grand nephew, [now advanced to his uncle's office,] were uprooted from their peaceful home, and transported the weary

way by sea and land, to that which had been provided for them under the roof of the maiden sisters, whose capacious and commodious dwelling had obtained for them the warmly contested privilege of receiving, or rather making prize of their 'dear cousin.'

I wish I could tell you—I wish I could persuade myself, that the remaining years of my dear old friend found a happy and serene asylum in that which she was rather compelled than persuaded to accept. At best, the contrast between the latter home, and the one she had so long inhabited, must have been felt painfully. But I fear, I fear, all was not done that might have been done, to render the change less striking—that when the removal was finally effected—and the 'dear cousin' safely deposited within a ring-fence of kindred surveillance, that love grew cold—and zeal relaxed—and respect abated of its observances; and as the meek spirit bowed down with the declining frame, advantage was taken of those affecting circumstances; and she, who, under the fostering care of watchful affection, or even in the quiet independence of her own free home, might still have supported her honored part in society, and tasted the sweets of social intercourse, sunk into a very cypher, obviously treated as such, in an establishment, of which, though spoken of as a household partnership, she bore the entire charges. And when, about two years after the removal from Summerford, it pleased God [by a sudden stroke] to deprive her of her faithful friend and servant, whose indignant spirit, and honest zeal, had in some measure stemmed the tide of encroachments on the independence of her more gentle and passive mistress, when it pleased God to take away from her this

faithful creature, under various frivolous pretences, it was soon afterwards contrived to remove from about her the two other attached servants, who had followed her fortunes from Summerford.

'What need of two?' they said, 'what need of one?

To follow in a house, where twice so many

Have a command to tend you?

'I prithee, Lady! being weak, seem so,
All's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so'——

But the mild nature so heartlessly aggrieved took no offence—complained of no injuries—resisted no indignities. Unhappily, perhaps, she was too silent—too passive; for a word of appeal from herself would have brought friends, and firm ones, to her rescue. But she was timid by nature, and her mental energies gave way at the first shock of unkindness. Her life was protracted to an unusual extent, but for many years before her death, repeated, though slight paralytic seizures had partially deprived her of use of speech. *Partially* only; for though unable to express her wants and wishes in explicit language, or to utter a sentence in common conversation, she could recite the Psalms—the whole book of Psalms, with unflinching accuracy, and unflinching articulation; and whose sacred songs became *her language*, adopted and applied to all such subjects as she was inclined to notice, with an aptness and promptitude which bespoke an inspired, rather than a disordered intellect. And hers was not disordered. The fearful spirit sunk under oppression and neglect; but the believing soul took refuge with its God—communed continually with him in the sublimest of all strains; and it is not presumptuous to believe, that when the faltering tongue

breathed out that pathetic appeal—'Leave me not in the time of mine old age—neither forsake me when my strength faileth me'—it is not too much to believe that an answer was immediately vouchsafed, and that the inward ears were blessed with the sound of that gracious assurance—'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' To the last (for such sublime colloquy) her utterance, and her intellect, failed not. From that period that those divine songs had become her sole language, she had continually recited them in the accents of her mother tongue, and one who stood beside her death-bed told me, that the moment before her departure, she slowly and audibly articulated—

'Mon ame, retourne en ton repos, car l'Eternel t'a fait du bien. Je marcherai en la presence de l'Eternel, dans la terre des vivans'—

A.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

ESSAY

ON SELF KNOWLEDGE.

To increase in knowledge, is one of the grand objects of human pursuit, and from nothing do we more assuredly infer the true disposition of the mind, than from the particular kind of knowledge after which it aspires. It is natural to conclude, that men differ as much in their tastes and dispositions as in their outward appearance. What constitutes the pleasure of one, is little regarded by another; and the condition exactly fitted to one taste, would be intolerable to a man of opposite desires and habits. Some delight in the pursuits of science and extensive research, while others are content with observing the varieties of human life, and bending to the manners of the world. Some are allured to the vale of Tempe,

by the songs of the Muses; others are hurried away to the field of battle, by the maddening sound of the trumpet, and the clangor of arms—while but a few retire to the peaceful seclusion, and there listen to the monitory voice, '*know thyself.*' By far, the greater part of mankind, place their happiness more on the surrounding objects, than in communing with themselves—and live so much from home, that they know little of the operations of their own minds. A person may embark in schemes of enterprize and spend a whole life in the pursuit of wealth and fame, and at last, with all his 'blushing honors thick upon him,' die utterly ignorant of himself. He may have traversed continents, and examined minutely all their curiosities, interpreting the half obliterated characters on their monuments; and all the while neglect to trace the characteristics of a mind more lasting than marble. He may have penetrated into the bowels of the earth, and explored many a cavern, and yet may have left undetected a darker recess in his own heart.

To one who considers the extensive range of the mind, an attempt to explain this phenomenon by referring it to any want of intellectual power will appear vain. The intellect engages in the pursuit of remote truths, with an accuracy and ardor, which are truly astonishing. The objects presented to it, are revived in all their relations, and these relations are examined with scrutiny the most minute. It is not then to any incapacity in the mind, that we are to ascribe its aversion, to contemplate its own propensities and feelings. Nor is our mental constitution such as necessarily to confine our attention to the passing scene, to the

exclusion of all solicitude, for our future interest—so far from this, the present in a great measure borrows its completion from the prospect of what is to succeed—and we are ever either harrassed by fear, or hope is directing us to a period when our joys if not perfect, shall leave us little to want; when the fever of desire for sublunary objects, shall have died away, and our sky shall wear a brighter aspect. In whatever light this subject may be viewed, and with whatever ingenuity we may seek to color it, the fact still remains—inexplicable perhaps, except on the supposition that there exists a moral cause, universal in its extent, and most operative in its nature. The philosopher teaches us that the wisdom of the world is folly, and therefore the study of the world tends more to vitiate, than to improve. The moralist assures us, that crowds and scenes of amusement are not fit places for cool and mature deliberation; that ambition, avarice and a love of pleasure incessantly mislead us; that these passions produced a scenic representation of the world, while in retirement and at home, man is himself.

In life, there are a great variety of parts in which all are compelled to appear—but there are seasons also, when the world with all its varied scenes, may be shut out from the view, and the whole attention divided to the more noble part of man; and this would more frequently be the case, were it not that the heart is preoccupied with the trifles of earth, which most emphatically perish with the using. The current of the soul moves in a contrary direction—the passions have fastened themselves around other objects. There are a thousand feelings, each of which if arrested and made the subject of reflection, would show

us what is our character, and what it is likely to be. The smallest thing appears worthy of regard, if it is known to be the beginning of what is advancing to magnificence. The little streamlet hurrying down the rugged declivity, or gently winding through the vale, is an interesting object to an observer, when he is told that it is one of the sources of the largest river in the world. So the man of wisdom reflects with deep solicitude on every disposition and secret working of his mind, when he considers the endless progress on which he has entered, and the august destinies which are before him.

In this way, he may attain self-knowledge and self-government—may rise to the true dignity of his nature, and by studying his own will, learn the disposition and character of others:—and find
 'That virtue only makes our bliss
 'below,
 And all our knowledge is, ourselves
 know.' R. L. F.

EMIGRANTS.

THIS day, (March 5th) the large ship *Camillus*, Capt. Peck, leaves the port of Greenock, for New York, taking along with her about 150 Emigrants from different quarters in Scotland and Ireland, the greater number of whom are operative weavers and cotton spinners, who have been chiefly induced, by the persuasion of friends already settled at New York and the neighborhood, to go out thither with a view of bettering their condition in life. Many of the intending passengers went down the Clyde on Monday by the steamboats to join the *Camillus*, and some affecting, though in one or two instances, rather ludicrous scenes, were exhibited on the quay, at the parting of old friends and acquaintances, who were per-

haps destined never again to see each other's faces. One old woman was observed to take a pretty little girl, her grandchild, into her arms, and after fondly kissing her, the tears rolling down her furrowed cheeks, she said in a low broken tone, 'Fareweel, my bonny wee Jean, ye'll never mair see ye'ers auld grannie. May the God o' heeven proteck ye on ye're passage o'er the wide deep sea ! Fareweel !' The child wept, it seemed it scarcely knew why, and the poor woman turned about and bent her steps homewards, with a countenance betokening what was felt within. Among other similar scenes, there was one which attracted particular attention, and which, though to some it might appear a little ludicrous, we could not help regarding as an affecting picture of unsophisticated attachment. A young man and an interesting looking girl, were observed among the emigrants in close and ardent conversation when the signal bell for the sailing of the boat was sounded.—Their countenances suddenly changed—they looked upon each other, and little regarding the crowd of gazers that had assembled to witness the embarkation, the youth clasped the girl, who was doubtless 'his ain and only joe,' to his heart, gave her an affectionate salute, and after bidding her adieu, he jumped into the boat, which soon disappeared in the first winding of the Clyde, while the desolate maiden gazed after it with a look which seemed to say—

'Farewell ! if ever fondest prayer,
For other's weal availed on high ;
Mine will not all be spent on air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.'

The emigrants, at the starting of the boats, were loudly and encouragingly cheered by their friends

upon the quay. They appeared generally in good spirits, and all in the hope that, if they were in the mean time subjecting themselves to self-expatriation, they were about to secure to their families a comfortable subsistence in the land of the stranger, the means for obtaining which had long been withheld from them in their own.—*Glasgow Free Press.*

TILLING TO SOME PURPOSE.

A few days ago, two gentlemen, who had been left executors to the will of a friend, on examining the property left by the testator, found they could not discharge the legacies by some hundreds of pounds; astonished at this circumstance, as the deceased had frequently informed them he should leave more than sufficient for that purpose, they made the most diligent search possible among his papers, &c. and found a scrap of paper on which was written, 'Seven Hundred Pounds in *Till.*' This they took in the literal sense of it; but, as their friend had never been in trade, they thought it singular he should keep such a sum in a till: however, they examined all apartments carefully, but in vain, and, after repeated attempts to discover it, gave over the search. They sold his collection of books to an eminent bookseller, and paid the legacies in proportion. The singularity of the circumstance occasioned them frequently to converse about it, and they recollected among the books sold there was a volume of Tillotson's Sermons. The probability of this being what was alluded to by the word 'Till,' on the piece of paper, made one of them immediately wait on the bookseller who had purchased the books, and ask him if he had the edition of Tillotson, which had been among the books sold to him.

On his rep'y in the affirmative, and the volumes being handed down, the gentleman immediately purchased them; and on examining the leaves found bank notes singularly dispersed in various parts of the volume to the amount of 700*l*! But what is, perhaps, no less remarkable, the bookseller informed him that a gentleman at Oxford, reading in his catalogue of this edition, had written to him and desired it might be sent to him, which was accordingly done, but the bindings of the book not meeting with the gentleman's approbation, they had been returned, and laid upon his (the bookseller's) shelves until the day the notes were found.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

NATIVE SKETCHES, NO. VIII.

MADAM—Is it because I am an Old Bachelor, that I cannot submit to any innovations upon my old habits and customs? or any change in my domestic accommodations (for the *worse*) without being a little *crusty*? (as the married ones term it;) or are these the reasons *why* I am an old bachelor? My landlady came to me a few days ago with a knowing twinkle in the corner of her eye, and told me she wished to accommodate a young lady for a few days—an heiress, who was on a tour of pleasure with her papa—'I dislike to refuse them' said she, 'as I thought their company would be an honor to my house, beside the young lady is so beautiful'—(what was that to me?)—and you are always so obliging'—(hah!) 'that I thought to myself maybe you would give up *your room* for a day or two, and take the chamber above.' I know not whether I said yes or no, but my landlady has a tact of reading faces as she calls it, and generally translates mine to her own con-

venience.—'Thank ye, sir,' said she, nodding, 'for your consent; I'll send Bill up with your boots, umbrella, and writing desk, and *them* I guess is all you'll want at present:' so saying she left the room—and now—to mount, or not to mount—that was the question: whether it was better for me to jog quietly up stairs, and resign my lodgings to a butterfly, or argue with a woman?—there was the rub! I was half a mind to call her back and say most heroically—'Madam, I will not *budge an inch*—not even for the Venus de Medicis herself!' I had my hand on the door, but presently a thro't crossed me, (although heaven defend me from harboring a thought upon matrimony) that this speech might not tell well among the ladies; I was therefore resolved to make the best of it, and so up I marched to my attic, which was within speaking distance of the moon: here I sat ruminating on my sudden exaltation, when I received a summons to tea. I went see her said I, (supposing she had arrived) so buttoning up my coat and brushing my hair à la Byron, I sallied forth to the club. On descending the stairs I observed in the hall, a calash and a Rob Roy cloak, but having no curiosity about ladies I kept my appointment—next morning not wishing to appear at the breakfast table at the plebian hour of seven, (and thereby forfeit my character for gentility, though I knew we must eventually meet) I sat reading till eight—on entering the parlor I found no one there but my landlady and one fellow boarder—a good old General who is laid up in ordinary with the gout—without inquiry, she informed me that the new boarders had breakfasted an hour ago and gone riding into the country. I said nothing—for what had I to say?

Just at this moment one of those vociferous animals, commonly called 'Printers' Devils,' came in and reminded me of a promise I had made his master of giving him an article on *May-day*, (a most delectable subject for an old bachelor) wherein I was to anticipate sunshine and flowers, although said day might come blustering forth fierce as old Boreas himself.

Well, I ascended to my seventh Heaven, and began to locate myself for scribbling—but I did not feel *at home*—my table was too high—then I missed my *old chair*—notwithstanding which I tried to compose my thoughts, and took an attitude of inspiration! It wou'd not do—the sun burst with all his power through my only window, full on my pericranium, and made me blik like an owl!—hate the sun, except in poetry, which I always write at midnight. I arose and closed the blinds, but the Circulean imps had gathered round me so thickly that the muses were frightened out of their wits, nor could all my powers of persuasion lure them to my service—

'I bit my nails and scratch'd my head—
But found my wit and fancy fled!'

at length after cogitating two hours, I produced the following.—

Welcome lovely blooming *May*,
Clad in Nature's bright array.

An almanack bard, or a sugar-cockle poet might have envied me these lines, but my *inspiration* went no further, and throwing *May*, in her bright array, out of the window, I took a stroll over the Mill-Dam to enjoy in reality what I had been vainly striving to describe.

At dinner I met the pretty little southerner, who bore the scrutiny of our regards with the most fashionable composure—'I say our as

there were 'four of us' old bachelors at the table.) She was dressed in a grey silk habit, ornamented with black, which adhered closely to her perfect figure—her hair unconfined by a comb, was simply parted on her fair forehead and clustered in glossy curls round her neck; a splendid opera glass, suspended by a rich chain, and six rings on each finger of her *best hand*, were all the ornaments I could discover. At first I thought her only pretty, next, handsome, then beautiful! and she was fast rising to the climax of perfection, when, a'as! she opened her mouth—on being asked her opinion of the city and its environs, she said she was '*terry much pleased* with her ride and *wished* it had been longer—thought the *only beauty* of our city was the *ouses*! Cornhill was nothing to *Broadray*, and the people of *New'rleans* would laugh at *Washington Gardens*.' Very civil, truly. After having partaken of the dessert she dipped her fingers into a tumbler of water, and wiping them on a napkin, she arose, and walking listlessly round the room, she looked over her quizzing-glass at some portraits of my landlady's family, and turning to her father she asked him if he supposed the collection in the Atheneum Gallery *could* be worth looking at! Cupid—thou art a clever fellow! for often when thou dost send forth a poisoned arrow, thy next proves an antidote. And as for *thee* my pretty 'heiress,' if every *wigger* on thy plantation, was divided into six *parts*, and every part a *wigger*, I would not wed thee.

Y. Z.

NOTE.—We had an idea of transferring the above article to the '*Bachelor's Journal*,' believing it might have been sent to us through mistake.

The Goodman of Cross-Riggs and the Tinler.—‘Cross Riggs used to walk out in the evening-time, with Isaac to meditate and review the by-gone day. One evening there came to the house a sturdy-like man, a Tinlar, as he said, by trade, and earnestly sought lodgings all night. Cross-Riggs told him he would not allow him to lodge in his house—there were many thieves of his trade; and, by no means he would permit him. The fellow turned exceedingly importunate, and begged him for the Lord’s sake, to give him lodging, since it was late, and he was not able to go farther. Cross-Riggs said, ‘I cannot allow you; what caution will you give, that nothing shall be amissing?’ ‘Sir,’ said he, ‘I’ll give you a good cautioner.’ ‘Who is that?’ said the other. The man said, he would give God to be cautioner. Come, says he, go thy ways in; ‘I’ll give thee lodging for thy cautioner’s sake. Next day, before day break, the fellow got out, and carried with him a fine large copper-pot, of a considerable value, and went off with it. It was sometime before the servants missed the pot, and too late to pursue the fellow.—However, Providence so ordered it, that the next day there was an exceeding dark and thick fog, and the thief missed his way, and wandered all day in the neighboring moores, till at night he came just walking to Cross-Riggs, when he was a little way from his own house, with the pot on his head, completely fatigued. When he came up to the gentleman and knew him, he saw it was impossible to escape, and resolved to put the best face he could on it; and so coming up to Cross-Riggs, he pretended to weep, and said, ‘O! sir, this is your pot: and my conscience has risen upon me all this day, and I behoved to bring it

back again.’ The gentleman answered, ‘you villain; I suspected you, yesternight, to be what you are, and I am more obliged to my cautioner, than your conscience; go in with the pot.’ I heard not what he did with the fellow.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

‘*Tempora Mutantur, et nos Mutamur cum illis.*’

THERE is certainly nothing more desirable in this world, than an affectionate and *sincere* friend, who can sympathise with us in our misfortunes, and heighten the pleasures of prosperity. Nor is there any calamity which falls to the lot of man, more distressing than the *loss of such a treasure*. I once had such a friend, younger than myself, notwithstanding which, I felt and acknowledged him my superior—We pursued our studies under the same roof—under the same parental guardian. In his company all was gaiety—many a pleasant moment did we spend together. But little, at that time did either of us think that those innocent pleasures and amusements in which we participated, were so soon to vanish, Destiny ever imperious in her calls, decreed, that we should part. He was then in the bloom of youth, and beloved of all who enjoyed his acquaintance, the pride of his parents, and relations. A few months after his departure—casting an eye over the columns of a news-paper, conceive of my surprise and the sensations I felt, at the announcement of his *Death!* He who a short time since was all hope, gaiety, and animation, was now no more!—Lost forever, to society, to friendship, and the world. By his death the Father has been deprived of the proudest ornament of his family—the Sister of an affectionate

and devoted brother, and his friends, of a sincere and generous companion, whose goodness and intelligence added lustre to their social circle. Ye have seen the rose bud, e'er the sunbeam has dissipated the dew from its unfolding leaves, severed from its parent tree, to be conveyed to the bosom of purity and innocence.

Such was the fate of my friend. Scarcely was his form ripened to the perfection of manhood—scarcely were the virtues of his heart expanded to the admiration of that society, to which his graceful manners would have given a charm—e'er he was riven from his parent tree, to be transplanted to a purer soil! Philosophy may reconcile his friends to the loss they have sustained, and piety may suggest to them a lesson of resignation; but a few tears of sorrow will fall to the memory of one so fondly beloved; even though hope assures us, he is heir to an imperishable crown of glory.

The dawn of manhood, and the blushing
ro-e—

Seem all too bright, too glorious for
decay!

They smile at death! but *he* is not of
tho-e

Who wait maturity, to seize their prey!

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

We are but the vendors of other men's goods.

Stocking Occurrence.—On the 29th of February, at Manchester, a large flat was launched full rigged, and having on board about three hundred persons, men, boys and girls. As it struck the water she turned on her side, and immediately after overset. All the persons were precipitated into deep water. Many swam ashore, many were taken out in a state of insensibility, and were restored to life, and a great number were

drowned. In the space of an hour thirty bodies were taken out. On the following day, forty-seven bodies had been found.—*Lon. pap.*

A beautiful thrush, which had, for some weeks past, perched himself on a favorite spray in the garden of a gentleman in this town, and 'warbled his native wood notes wild,' to the delight of the neighborhood, was a few days since, whilst in the midst of his song, observed by the gardener to drop from the bough; he immediately picked up the bird which was quite dead; upon examination, it was found that the pretty warbler, in his over exertion to give full effect to his melody, had ruptured a blood vessel, which caused its instant death.—*Sixes Advertiser.*

Matrimony.—A great portion of the wretchedness which has often embittered married life, I am persuaded, has originated in the negligence of trifles. Connubial happiness is a thing of too fine a texture to be handled roughly. It is a sensitive plant, which will not even bear the touch of unkindness: delicate flower, which indifference will chill and suspicion blast. It must be watered with showers of tender affection; expanded with the glow of attention, and guarded by the impregnable barrier of unshaken confidence. Thus mutual, it blooms with fragrance in every season of life and sweetness even in the loneliness of declining years.

Lord Howe.—When the late Lord Howe was a captain, a lieutenant, not remarkable for courage or presence of mind in dangers, (common fame had brought some imputation upon his character) ran to the great cabin and informed his commander that the

ship was on fire near the gun-room. Soon after he returned, exclaiming, 'you need not be afraid as the fire is extinguished.' 'Afraid!' replied Capt. Howe, a little nettled, 'how does a man feel, sir, when he is afraid? I need not ask how he looks.'

Bower of Taste.

Charlotte Temple.—The applause with which this play was received at the Tremont Theatre, must have been gratifying to the feelings of the accomplished author, [a son of the Emerald Isle.] As a *first attempt*, it is highly commendable. To connect the leading events of a novel between which a long lapse of time may have occurred, so as to render these transitions easy and conformable to the unities of the Drama, requires no small share of judgment; to preserve the style and sentiments of the novelist, the interest of the plot, and the original freshness of the characters, is the great art of the dramatist, and in these points we think he has been successful—but should he be induced to make a similar excursion, we would suggest to him an untrodden field, as it is less laborious to cultivate our own talents, than to depend on those of other people for our future advancement either in fame, or fortune.

Editorial errors.—Noticing the '*fox paws*' [as we say in France] that so often occur, even in our best periodicals, almost reconciles us to the blunders that we frequently perceive in our own. Major Noah, in an editorial notice of the immense legacies bequeathed to several religious and literary institutions, by Mr. Barr of Vermont, says—'this gentleman was a *Butcher*, and had no relatives!' from which some might infer that he had practised his trade to free himself from these incumbrances. The fact is, *Bachelor* was the proper word, which not be-

ing altogether synonymous with *Butcher* should stand corrected.

The Chrystal.—This gem has lately been added to our literary coronal, and will no doubt, if suffered to diffuse its rays abroad, prove one of its fairest ornaments. It is perfectly neat in its external appearance and is embellished with a fine engraving of Thomson's Lavinia, with an extract from the poem. This is succeeded by a well written article entitled 'A mother's precepts, by a lady.' Most of its contents are original and display much grace and spirit; this work is partially conducted by a lady, who offers its pages as a vehicle for the contributions of her own sex, for whom it is principally designed.

We extract the following paragraphs from Mr. Neal's Review of '*some remarks on Education, &c.*' by the Teacher of the High School, for Ladies—Fortland. As the Reviewer's opinions, on this subject are correspondent with our own, we are happy to present them to our readers. *The Yankee*, (with his characteristic candor,) after a free exposition of the errors of the Pamphlet, shews his liberality, by thus noticing its favorable points—'But with all its faults, this Pamphlet is remarkably well written, the style is free, unaffected and clear, every paragraph abounds with satisfactory and sensible views of the subject.

On the intellectual equality of the sexes, the author remarks thus:—

'LET no one doubt whether the minds of females are capable of accomplishing, under favorable circumstances, *any task of an intellectual nature that has ever been accomplished by man.* The time for disputing the natural mental equality of the two sexes is far gone by. We have long had an opportunity of weighing the faculties of each in opposite scales, and whenever, under equal advantages, we have observed any difference, *this difference has uniformly been in favor of the fair sex.*'

To which Mr. Neal replies,

Now, I deny this. I say the thing is impossible. It is contradicted by all history and all experience. The mental *equality* of women with men may be admitted, just as you admit their physical equality,—if, by *equality*, you mean their suitability to the purposes for which they were created, their approximation to the beautiful of their respective standards—of what either should be [*for we are not to have one standard for both.*] But if, by *equality*, you mean bodily power, stature, capability of enduring fatigue, they are unequal and ever must be, as a body. But to say that either is *inferior*, because the two are not *alike*—or not the *same*, rather, would be to say, that sunshine is *inferior* to lightning, or the blessed dew of the sky, to the fertilizing drops of a thunder-shower.

If the author of this book has *uniformly* found the difference to be in favor of the fair sex*—that would only prove that he has never attempted to teach what the strongest minds only have power to grapple with. What should we say of a man, who pretending to believe in the *equality* of the sexes, should assert that whatever man could do, he had found by experience women could do? Should we not say—Then sir, you have had but small experience, or—but no matter for the alternative. With *their* shoulders women cannot upheave such weights as men do. But if it were otherwise—would such *equality* be flattering to either party? As well might men be employed in nursing their own children, or in clearing away the tea-table and washing the cups, as women be employed in the laborious occupations of man.

When you are able to make Milos and Sampson of women, by education, you may make Newtons and Laplaces of

* As for what he says about '*equal advantages*'—that we take to be an absurdity on the very face of the proposition; for so long as women are women, or men men, their *advantages* cannot be equal. Education at school, education by books—what is it good for? Education is a knowledge of the world, a knowledge of man, a knowledge only to be obtained by trial, suffering, and exposure, such as no woman ought ever to be put in the way of. The well-informed, well-educated man would shudder at the bare idea of having a daughter go through such an education as he is ready to expose a son to.

them. But till then, you had better be satisfied with leaving them their *equality*, not their *simeness* with man. We said they should have more to lose than to gain, if it were possible for us to make men of women, or women of men (as the fashion is now.) Let us leave them—not as they are—that is not to be wished; but as they should be.

The Maker of women did not fill the air and sky with beauty, nor the blue waters with life; nor the green earth, merely for man. It was for the companion of man also—for his beloved, for the mother of his children, for the wife of his bosom. Let her therefore be educated. Strengthen her heart. Strengthen her understanding. Leave her no hing to complain of in your administration of power—but never take it into your head to teach, that women may be made to do *all* that men do, any more than that men may be made to do *all* that women do. They are unlike, and must forever continue to be so; in spite of education; for education will not give a mane to the lioness, nor gay plumage to the female bird. But if it were otherwise, if we might resemble each other in the very things, for which we are separately distinguished, we should be miserable.

I am glad madam, said a young Virginian who was examining our exchange papers, that you receive the '*Richmond Visitor*' (query—should this read *Victor*?)—because it is a very valuable paper. I consider it a very *fair* specimen of our Southern prints. It is true, its language is *plain*, and so was one *half* of the paper; for on expanding it not *one word* was printed on the inside.—This however was probably accidental.

To Correspondents.—Our grateful acknowledgments are due to R. L. P. for his interesting essay on an important subject. We also thank our poetic correspondents N., Romant, Edwin and Ophelia.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.—*All communications for or relative to this work, should be addressed [post paid] to the editor, MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE. It is published every Saturday by SAMUEL G. ANDREWS, No. 30, Market Street, Boston. Terms \$2.50 in advance, \$3 at the expiration of six months.*

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

FRIENDSHIP'S SEAL.

Oh, say, Augusta—tell me where
Is that slight ring thou once didst wear—
Graced with a seal of braided hair?
 'Tis not upon thine hand!

Yet oft, near gems of brighter rays,
On that small ring I've seen thee gaze—
'Twas once a seal of happier days,
 A type of friendship's band.

Thus said fair 'Elouise'—a sigh
Scarce heav'd her bosom, yet her eye
Beam'd as beseeching a reply—
 Say—where is friendship's token?

'Lady—thy ring my hand retains,
The golden circlet still remains
An emblem of false friendship's chain—
 For mark—the seal is broken!

AUGUSTA.

THE BLASTED TREE.

Thou stand'st alone—e'en in thy native soil—
Though bright ones bloom around thee, thou'rt alone!
Unfelt by thee, is Spring's returning smile,
Unfelt by thee, was Winter's chilling moan.

Like some dark temple o'er whose ivied brow,
Hath swept wild ruin's desolating storm—
Frowning in gloomy pride o'er all below,
Thou rear'st thy blacken'd isolated furin.

Why art thou here, the wreck of what thou wert?
Has Heaven's own lightning seared thy vernal bloom,
That thou from living things should'st stand apart—
The sod that gave thee birth, is now thy tomb!

I saw thee once—the forest's gayest pride!
When thy young blossoms to the breeze were given—
With all thy verdant honors spreading wide,
Nurtur'd and cherished by the dews of Heaven!

I also knew in life a lovely form,
 Glowing with health, with happiness elate,
 Whose very being seem'd a woven charm
 O, all the blessings that on joys await.

Till, in one fatal hour, grief's syrcé blast
 Swept o'er health and joy, o'er youth and bloom,
 And when the desolating storm had past—
That form, like thine, was hovering near its tomb!

Yet still she lingers on this orb of clay,
 Her weary spirit panting to be free!
 Although around her bloom the fair and gay,
 She stands *alone* like *thee*, thou **BLASTED TREE.** AUGUSTA.

PLEASURE.

Pleasure, thou vain, thou transitory thing!
 We court thee from the infant, to the sage,
 Vain child of fancy ever on the wing,
 The toy of either sex and every age.

Observe the expansion of the feeble mind,
 Before sage reason gains her steady sway,
 The ardent love of pleasure here we find,
 Emplur'd deep and thriving with each day.

The sanguine youth her fairy form pursues,
 She haunts his morning walks—his evening dream;
 Maturer man in fair perspective views
 His prospects brighten in her sunny beam.

Not even fell disease, or Time's cold grasp,
 Can from the human mind thy influence drive—
 Bound to the soul thou art with strongest clasp
 And kept in view till the last ebb of life.

And e'en when summon'd by the voice of fate,
 To explore the dark the deep recess of death,
 To meet thee in a blest a purer state,
 Is our last wish e'er we resign our breath. ELLEN.

Heard you the wailing shriek at midnight hour
 Of the Storm-king? heard you the sulphurous shower
 Rush'd down the steep, while through the stygian gloom
 The bird of darkness chanted from the tomb!
 Heard you the dead men's mouths to and fro,
 And ghastly grin, and chatter tales of wo?
 Heard you the frenzied monk's despairing cry—
 As fir'd by lightning, blazed their monastery?
 Heard you all nature shudder with affright,
 Fearful her reign was closed in endless night,
 While the fierce Storm-king rode wild through the sky!
 Heard you these horrors?—no! *no! did not I!* PLAGIARISTES.

We extract the following lines from a Poem just handed us—to say the least, they are very expressive; we should think the author derived his poetic taste, from perusing the Poems of Sternhold and Hopkins. Describing his friend in rural retirement—he says:—

His foot it rested on the ground,
 His elbow on his knee—
 And in his hand his head it found,
A place all for to be!

CABIB.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



'With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
'We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,'—*Paine.*
The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1828. No. 20.

AUNT MARTHA.

ONE of the pleasantest habitations I have ever known is an old white house, built at right angles, with the pointed roofs and clustered chimneys of Elizabeth's day, covered with roses, vines and passion flowers, and parted by a green sloping meadow from a straggling picturesque, village street. In this charming abode resides a more charming family: a gentleman—

'Polite as all his life in courts had been,
And good as he the world had never seen,'

two daughters full of sweetness and talent, and aunt Martha—the most delightful of old maids! She has another appellation, I suppose—she must have one;—but I scarcely know it: aunt Martha is the name that belongs to her—the name of affection. Such is the universal feeling which she inspires, that all her friends, all her acquaintances, (in this case the

VOL. I.

terms are almost synonymous,) speak of her like her own family; she is every body's aunt Martha, and a very charming aunt Martha she is.

First of all, she is, as all women should be if they can, remarkably handsome. She may be—it is a delicate matter to speak of a lady's age!—she must be five-and-forty; but few beauties of twenty could stand a comparison with her loveliness. It is such a fullness of bloom, so luxuriant, so satiating; just tall enough to carry off the plumpness which at forty-five is so becoming; a brilliant complexion; curled, pouting lips; long, clear, bright grey eyes—the color for expression, that which unites the quickness of the black with the softness of the blue; a Roman regularity of feature, and a profusion of rich brown hair. Such is aunt Martha. Add to this a

38

very gentle and pleasant speech, always kind, and generally lively; the sweetest temper; the easiest manners; a single rectitude and singleness of mind; a perfect open-heartedness; and a total unconsciousness of all these charms; and you will wonder a little that she is aunt Martha still. I have heard hints of an early engagement broken by the fickleness of man;—and there is about her an aversion to love in *one* particular direction—the *love* matrimonial—and an overflowing of affection in all other channels, that seems as if the natural course of the stream had been violently dammed up. She has many lovers—admirers I should say—for there is, amidst her good-humored gaiety, a coyness that forbids their going farther; a modesty almost amounting to shyness, that checks even the laughing girls, who sometimes accuse her of stealing away their beaux. I do not think any man on earth would tempt her into wedlock;—it would be a most unpardonable monopoly if any one should; an intolerable engrossing of a general blessing; a theft from the whole community.

Her usual home is the white house covered with roses; and her station in the family is rather doubtful. She is not the mistress, for her charming nieces are old enough to take and adorn the head of the table; nor the housekeeper, though, as she is the only lady of the establishment who wears pockets, those ensigns of authority, the keys will sometimes be found, with other strays in that goodly receptacle; nor a guest, her spirit is too active for that lazy post; her real vocation there, and every where, seems to be comforting, cheering, welcoming and spoiling every thing that comes in her way; and, above all, nursing and taking care. Of all kind em-

ployments, these are her favorites. Oh, the shallings, the cloakings, the cloggings! the cautions against cold, or heat or rain, or sun! the remedies for diseases not arrived! colds uncaught! incipient tooth-aches! rheumatism to come! She loves nursing so well, that we used to accuse her of inventing maladies for other people, that she might have the pleasure of curing them; and when they really come—as come they will sometimes in spite of aunt Martha—what a nurse she is! It is worth while to be a little sick to be so attended. All the cousins, cousins' cousins of her connexion, as regularly send for her on the occasion of a lying-in, as for the midwife. I suppose she has undergone the ceremony of dandling the baby, sitting up with the new mamma, and dispensing the candle, twenty times at least. She is equally important at weddings or funerals. Her humanity is inexhaustible. She has an intense feeling of fellowship with her kind, and grieves or rejoices in the sufferings or happiness of others with a reality as genuine as it is rare.

Her accomplishments are exactly of this sympathetic order; all calculated to administer much to the pleasure of her companions and nothing to her own importance or vanity. She leaves to the syrens, her nieces, the higher enchantments of the piano, the harp, and the guitar, and that noblest of instruments, the human voice; ambitious of no other musical fame than such as belongs to the playing of quadrilles and waltzes for their little dances, in which she is indefatigable: she neither caricatures the face of man nor of nature under pretence of drawing figures or landscapes: but she ornaments the reticules, bell-ropes, ottomans, and chair-covers of all her acquaintance,

with flowers as rich and luxurious as her own beauty. She draws patterns for the ignorant, and works flounces, frills, and baby-linen, for the idle; she reads aloud to the sick, plays at cards with the old, and loses at chess to the unhappy. Her gift in gossiping, too, is extraordinary; she is a gentle newsmonger, and turns her scandal on the sunny side. But she is an old maid still; and certain small peculiarities hang about her. She is a thorough hoarder: whatever fashion comes up, she is sure to have something of the sort by her—or, at least, something thereunto convertible. She is a little superstitious; sees strangers in her tea-cup, gifts in her finger nails, letters and winding sheets in the candles, and purses and coffins in the fire; would not spill the salt 'for all the worlds that one ever has to give;' and looks with dismay on a crossed knife and fork. Moreover she is orderly to fidgetiness;—that is her greatest calamity!—for young ladies now-a-days are not quite so tidy as they should be—and ladies' maids are much worse; and drawers are tumbled, and drawing-rooms in a litter. Happy she to whom a disarranged drawer can be a misery! dear and happy aunt Martha!

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

A GHOST.

'Ha! who comes here? is it the weakness of mine eyes that form this monstrous apparition. Speak to me, what art thou?

BEING on a visit to my native town, I was returning one morning about 2 o'clock from a party perhaps a mile distant from my father's house, wishing to shorten the distance, I did as I had often done before in the day time, crossed through an old church yard whose walls in many places had

fallen to decay. The moon was shining in unclouded brightness, and all was calm, serene, and silent as the graves by which I was surrounded, not an emotion of fear or apprehension crossed my mind until from a distant tomb I saw a female figure in white, slowly rising; she stood for a moment gazing on the sod beneath her feet, her face exhibited the most ghastly paleness, and the bandage that passed under her jaws bespoke her to be an inmate of the tomb over which she was bending. Clapping her hands together, she uttered a low and indistinct moan and walking slowly around the tomb, she stooped to gather some shrubs or leaves which she carefully examined by the light of the moon. I was petrified to the spot!—never before had I seen an object for which I could not account,—I felt the blood curdle coldly through my veins, and each separate hair seemed to stand erect on my head, till summoning all my fortitude, I asked or rather shrieked forth, in the name heaven who are you? the Ghost started and seemed about to depart—this encouraged me to advance and calling in a louder voice I enquired who are you, and why are you here; finding herself pursued, the Ghost paused and stood still before me, the fresh leaves which she had plucked from the grave still waving in her hands; retreating a few steps from this terrifying form I said why have you left the tomb—what do you here? Lord! Sir, exclaimed she with a most unghostly voice—you dont think I come out of a tomb do you? Why I live in *that* are house *long* side of the gate, and I was half dead with the tooth ache and so up I got and come here to get some plantain leaves to bind on my face,—but were you not afraid of Ghosts my good

girl said I—not I replied she, I've been so long a neighbor to 'um that it would take more than one to frighten me; so saying she vanished into the house and left me ashamed of my superstitious fears, to re-cross the grave yard, which I did in despite of Ghosts. The next hour found me snugly located in bed calmly cogitating on my adventure.

JACOB.

ANOTHER GHOST.

IN all ages, persons of weak intellects have believed in apparitions: yet we may confidently affirm, that stories of ghosts are mistakes or impositions, and that they may always be detected by a proper exercise of the mental faculty. In all situations of this kind, there is manifestly an endeavor to make the events as supernatural, wonderful, and as well attested as possible, to prevent the suspicion of trick, and to silence all objections which might be made to their credibility. In compliance with this custom, we will recount a story of a ghost, which seems to possess all the desired requisites.

At a town in the west of England, twenty-four persons were accustomed to assemble once a week, to drink, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Like the academy of Rubens, at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the president's was more elevated than the rest. As one of the members had been in a dying state for some time, his chair, whilst he was absent remained vacant.

When the club met on the usual night, inquiries were naturally made after their associate. As he lived in the adjoining house, a particular friend was to inquire after him, and returned with the melancholly intelligence, that he could not survive the night. This

threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual. About midnight the door opened; and the form, in white, of the dying or the dead man, walked into the room, and took his seat in his accustomed chair. There he remained in silence, and in silence was he gazed at. The apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to assure all who were present of the reality of the vision. At length he arose, and stalked towards the door, which he opened, as if living—went out and shut the door after him. After a long pause, some one, at last, had the resolution to say, 'If only *one* of us had seen this, he would not have been believed; but it is impossible that so many can have been deceived.' The company, by degrees, recovered their speech, and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention. They broke up, and went home. In the morning, inquiry was made after their sick friend. It was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly about the time of his appearance in the club-room. There could be little doubt before; but *now*, nothing could be more certain than the apparition, which had been simultaneously seen by so many persons. It is unnecessary to say, that such a story spread over the country, and found credit even from infidels; for in this case, all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to a plain fact, attested by three-and-twenty witnesses. To assert the doctrine of the *fixed* laws of nature, was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to prove that they might be *unfixed*. Years rolled on, and the story was almost forgotten.

One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice, he was called to an old woman, whose business it was to attend sick persons. She told him that she could leave the world with a quiet conscience, *but for one thing*, which lay upon her mind. 'Do you not remember Mr. ***, whose ghost has been so much talked of? I was his nurse. On the night of his death, I left the room for something I wanted. I am sure I had not been absent long; but, at my return, I found the bed *without my patient!* He was delirious, and I feared that he had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir; but, after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room, shivering, and his teeth chattering, laid himself down on the bed and died! Considering my negligence as the cause of his death, I kept this a secret, for fear of what might be done to me. Though I could have contradicted all the story of the ghost, I dared not to do it. I knew by what had happened, that it was *he himself* who had been in the club-room (perhaps recollecting it was the night of meeting:) but I hope God and the poor gentleman's friends will forgive me, and I shall die contented.'

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

Mrs. WARE.—Looking over the papers of a deceased friend I found the well known eastern story of the traveller asking for his friends, who being answered by an echo only, describes it in the following manner. If you think it worthy, you will oblige a reader by giving it a place in your Bower. J. K.

IALOGUE BETWEEN A TRAVELLER
AND A SPIRIT.

Trav. (*Standing near the tomb of his friends.*) Where are the

friends whom I left here?

Spir. Here!

Trav. Who is't that answers me?

Spir. Me!

Trav. Art thou a mortal or a spirit?

Spir. A spirit!

Trav. Where my friends are, I would fain be—place me (whoever thou art) there.

Spir. Thou art there!

Trav. Are they then dead?

Spir. Dead!

Trav. Say, are they happy? I ask no more—

Spir. Ask no more!

Trav. What then, even to thee their fate is a mystery?

Spir. Is a mystery!

Trav. Does our life end in this?

Spir. In this!

Trav. Relate their doom and I will be satisfied.

Spir. Be satisfied!

Trav. Say, unrelenting spirit, what is thy name and use, for thou dost nought but echo?

Trav. Nay, then farewell.

Spir. Farewell!

Trav. Life is not unlike thee, a repetition of vain sounds and all is over.

Spir. All is over.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

NATIVE SKETCHES, NO. IX.

IN perusing the many periodicals with which the world abounds at the present day, it is truly amusing to observe the variety and uniqueness in many instances, of the signatures attached to the various original communications contained in them. If it were possible, that a person could read all of these, and still be unacquainted with the ways and condition of the world at this time, he would imagine that the ashes of all the great heroes, sages, and poets, that had long since

ceased to exist, have become re-animated, and were again fighting their battles, reforming the world, or writing sonnets as heroic, grave, and pathetic as ever; all with the end of a quill. We suppose, in general, that the character of a man corresponds in some measure with writing, and so with his signature; but this conclusion, however probable, in almost every case, differs widely from the truth; for instance, how common is it for us to read the essays and poems of mere beardless boys, to which are appended the grave names of Cato, Socrates, or Homer. And how frequently it is, that we are amused with the lucubrations of an *Ichabod*, or some other pretended old Bachelor, when if the truth were divulged, the writers, notwithstanding their vauntings of single blessedness, are quivering at the very verge of the gulph of matrimony.

Now for my own self, I have determined to follow the fashion in particular, and be as preposterous in a signature as others. The why I have done this, must remain a profound secret, otherwise it would lose its desired effect.

Taking the common rule as above stated, for a guide, all your fair readers, would affirm that a writer over the signature of *Edwin*, must be a meek, blushing, melancholy, romantic, love-sighing, and love-ogling young strippling; one whose whole taste and merit consisted in conning love ditties, and writing sonnets to some cruel coquettish *Dulcinea*, and bless their dear souls, I half wish it were the case. But the sad reverse in all but one instance, is too apparent in my truth telling mirror, to warrant even an attempt at deception or concealment. Oh age, withered age, and

deformity—why couldst thou not for once, have made thy appearance unattended by thy retinue of wrinkles, grey hairs, and frosty beards; but alas, thou hast come in thy usual manner, and I cannot but sigh deeply when I behold the lank, lean, spectral representation now exhibited to my eyes; with a drab colored phiz, bald head, and cheek bones projecting like the angles of a fortified castle. Again, again, I cannot but sigh for the colour that has come upon me. As for *love*, I could hardly define the term, so utterly ignorant am I of it, and when I hear of broken-hearted belles, and broken-hearted beaux, all for love, tis an excuse notwithstanding all my untiming researches that puts even conjecture at rest; and I am obliged to imagine it contagious mania. Not many of my race I believe were ever afflicted with this malady; true, there is a tradition extant in our family, relating to one whose Christian name was *Zadoc*, called the one eyed; a grandfather of mine, in about the twentieth degree, on the mother's side, who when he had attained the age of thirty-two, was bereft of his reason for a certain space of time. The case of this *Zadoc*, was truly deplorable, and the result unhappy and aggravated in the extreme. In his youth he was a mild lad, and like most of his ancestors and posterity, shunned all companionship with those troublemakers of men's hearts, and brains, called women. 'His sole female companion was a favorite one horned cow, which he had milked and driven to pasture, from his youth upwards, as regularly as the sun had arisen and set. Towards the close of his thirty-first year, he had divers signs and presentiments pertaining unto, and forewarning him of approaching misfortunes,

and it was but a short period e'er they were verified. One mild summer evening when the cool zephyrs were rushing softly over the meadows and corn-fields that surrounded his father's dwelling, and the twilight and moon were contending for ascendancy, Zadoc took up his milking pail, and was proceeding to his usual occupation at the hour, when his mother spoke to him. It was a rare thing for his mother to speak, and its variety caused much tremor in the limbs of Zadoc, and the blood in his veins all rushed back into the citadel of life. 'Zadoc,' said his mother, 'your father and myself, are waxing aged, and it behoves you to take unto yourself a help-mate, to superintend the affairs of our family.' There was a sensible change in the countenance of Zadoc at the close of his mother's speech—for his blood had had just time enough to return back again into its proper channels. He proceeded to the yard, and was approaching the cow, when a light airy being suddenly rushed between, and prevented further operations. Zadoc's heart fluttered within him like a new caged bird, his brain whizzed round him, like a pair of mill-stones, and it was some time doubtful, whether he would retain his equilibrium or not. However, he at length became stationary, and fixed his gaze with so much intensity on the being that stood before him, that one of his eye-balls absolutely fell from its socket; still he stirred not, and the fairy being, that had so suddenly discomfited him, remained all the while facing him, with diamond eyes, bonny face, rosy cheek, and cherry lip, and a form that like a ripe peach seemed bursting with its own loveliness. Soon she burst into a fit of loud merry laughter and van-

ished. The night advanced, and Zadoc still remained in the same position; morning came, and yet he moved not. Suffice it that he was removed to the house, but his reason was gone. From that time, until the expiration of three years, he spoke not; after which he is said to have committed a deed which has involved thousands in its consequences.

You will excuse the vanity I have exhibited, in thus giving you some description of myself, and this exploit of my ancestors, although it does not redound much to their credit.

EDWIN.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

ESSAY

ON FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is perhaps no subject that has been more universally discussed by writers of every class, than that of '*friendship*;' it is usually the first theme that employs the pen of the youthful scholar, who delights to expatiate on the charms and blessings of friendship, in the most glowing language that a romantic imagination can suggest, while the object for whom these sentiments are entertained is often portrayed in the most fascinating colors. Although experience may not invariably dictate the expression of these sentiments, yet we are unwilling to believe they are always fictitious. At a very early age we are susceptible of the power of friendship; even young children at school select their favorites, who from constantly associating together in their studies and amusements, insensibly become necessary to each others happiness. Although at this period, as in after life, many of those passions that are incidental to our nature may arise and threaten a disunion, yet the sentiment of friendship in its singleness,

and purity, is never more truly realized, or more sincerely expressed than in childhood. It may be argued, that at this period the fancy is capricious, and the judgment unformed; admitting this—the mind is also unprejudiced by the glare of worldly distinctions, and uncontaminated by those little jealousies which develop themselves as we mix in society. The love of fame, and the spirit of emulation unless they are under the immediate control of the judgment, have a direct tendency to nourish the seeds of envy: this weed, if suffered to expand, will suppress the growth of every nobler plant, and effectually destroy the sensitive blossoms of friendship. It is true none but persons of weak or ignorant minds are capable of cherishing envious feelings; these malevolent beings require nothing but a conviction of the superior talents of those with whom they may be accidentally associated, to provoke their most acrimonious censure; although these may truly be regarded as the greatest pests of society, yet with all their *mental insignificance*, they have generally art enough to infuse into the minds of the unsuspecting, prejudices that may be highly detrimental to those whom it would be their happiness to destroy. Envy, is one of the most demoniac passions that can deform the human mind. It was *this sin* that ruined Heaven's Archangel. Who can witness the malignant regards of envy, or listen to the insidious whisperings of detraction, blasting the peace, happiness, and friendship of society, without remembering that dark foe of man, who, as he hovered over paradise, at sight of human bliss.

Each passion dimm'd his face,
Thrice chang'd with pale ire, envy, and
despair,

Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and
betray'd
Him counterfeit! if any eye beheld—
For heavenly minds from such distempers
foul
Are ever clear—whereof, he soon aware,
Each perturbation smooth'd with *out-ward calm*—
Artificer of fraud! he was the first
That practis'd falsehood under saintly
show. K. A. W.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.
SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY is said to be one of the greater charms of the female character; that it imparts beauty to the face, grace to the form, and softness to the voice and manners: This may be—yet sensibility is a peculiar gift of nature, and cannot be acquired any more than other intellectual endowments; we may cultivate, and improve the talents that are given us—but a whole life of study can not add one spark to the original boon of nature. Sensibility is by no means always the attendant of virtue, the vain, the licentious, and the ignorant, often exhibit proofs of strong susceptibility. With respect to reclaiming the vicious, greater hopes may be entertained of those who possess a keen sense of right and wrong, (however they may have gone astray) than those dull and stupid beings whose lives appear governed by instinct.

Sensibility does indeed impart a charm to the character of either sex, but the affectation of it, is more disgusting than the most chilling apathy, or the most unconquerable dulness. I was lately in company with a lady who on hearing of the death of an affectionate relative (at whose residence she had always been welcomed with the truest friendship) express her sorrow *only* on being obliged to put on *mourning in summer*. Yet this lady fainted at

the death of her Canary bird! and spoiled half a dozen sheets of paper endeavoring to write a sonnet on her loss. ROSALIA.

SERVANTS.

THERE is one foible among house-keepers, that cannot be too severely reprobated. It is a contemptible itching for a knowledge of their neighbors' affairs. This curiosity leads them to encourage and listen to the scandalous prattle of their own servants, concerning the domestic affairs of other families in which they have been employed.

Servants are always ready to take advantage of the slightest advance towards familiarity on the part of a mistress; and where they find one weak enough to relinquish a relation of vices or follies of others, the appetite will be always administered to so long as prolific brains can coin a lie. Mistresses should recollect while encouraging this practice, that their own household affairs will probably be served up, with no exaggeration of defect, whenever their domestics pass into another family. Two or three instances have lately come under our knowledge, where comfort and reputation have been sacrificed by falsehoods propagated by females.

And where is the remedy for this evil? It lies in the hands of every head of a family. This tattling tendency should be stopped in its very commencement, and if a refusal to listen to the scandalous catalogue of private weakness or error were accompanied by severe reprimand, the state of society would be very much benefited.

OMNIUM GATEBRUM.

'We are but the venders of other men's goods.'

Joseph Bonaparte.—The citizens line of coaches through New-Jer-

VOL. I.

sey, pass the residence of the late king of Spain, at Bordentown, on the Delaware. His estate occupies a large territory.—His house is in the French style, but not splendid. His lands, on which immense sums have been expended, are well cultivated. In all public improvements he contributes liberally; something like four thousand dollars, [I am told] he paid on one road. He is much beloved, and his memory will be ever dear to the villagers.

There is scarcely now a poor family in the village, so many does he employ on his lands. He pays liberally; punctually fulfilling all his contracts; no law suits; no disputes, and the intemperate and immoral are at once discharged. He is constantly, in the season of agriculture in the fields with his men, and is constantly with an elegant pruning hatchet in his hand. Strangers who are introduced, partake liberally of his hospitality. He has thus exchanged a coronet of thorns for that of a peaceful agriculturist, and become a citizen of our happy republic.

New-York Sunday Schools.—The anniversary of the Sunday Schools was celebrated yesterday afternoon within the precincts of the Castle Garden—and the sun, which for a time had been hid behind the clouds, shone out upon the animating spectacle of some several thousand children, meeting together to acknowledge, in the face of man and Heaven, the benefits they derive from education—and to pour out their thanks for that munificence which has supplied to them what their own circumstances denied the means, that of education. They were addressed by Dr. Milnor and some other clergymen; sang the Old Hundred, and then separated, to

their homes, with grateful hearts, and happy faces.—*Amer.*

Castle Garden.—Castle Garden has at length been fully opened for the season. We are told the decorations and accommodations are every way neat and elegant. The lights and sky-rockets were seen at a distance, more brilliant, from this long intermission, than ever. We attempted to take a view of the place, on the anniversary of the Sunday Schools; but ten to fifteen thousand heads, chiefly bonnetted, left but little else to be seen. The establishment is a great ornament as well as convenience to the city, and should be liberally as well as fairly supported.

Hermits.—As early as 1700, there were four *hermits* living near Germantown—John Seelig, Kelpius Bony, and Conrad Matthias, they lived near Wissahiccon and the Ridge: and Benjamin Lay lived in a cave near the York Road.

‘John Kelpius the hermit was a German of Sieburgen or Transylvania, of an eminent family, (tradition says he was noble) and a student of Dr. John Fabritius at Helmstadt—He was also a correspondent at Mæcken, chaplain to the Prince of Denmark in London. He came to this country in 1694, with John Seelig, Bernard Kuster (Coster,) Daniel Falkener and about 42 others, being generally men of education and learning, to devote themselves for piety’s sake, to a solitary or single life; and receiving the appellation of the ‘society of the woman in the wilderness.’ They first arrived among the Germans at Germantown where they shone awhile ‘as a peculiar light,’ but they settled chiefly ‘in the Ridge,’ then a wilderness. In

1708, Kelpius who was regarded as their leader, “died, in the midst of his days,” (said to be 35)—after his death the members began to fall in with the world around them, and some of them to break their avowed religious intentions by marrying. Thus the society lost its distinctive character and died away—but previous to their dispersion they were joined about the year 1704 by some others, among whom were Conrad Matthias (the last of the Ridge hermits) a Switzer, and by Christopher Witt (sometimes called Doctor De Witt of Germantown) a professor of medicine and a “*magus*” or *diviner*.

Benjamin Lay, the hermit, called also the “Pythagorean Cynical Christian Philosopher, dwelt in a cave on the York Road, near Doctor Le Benevilles—he left it in the year 1741 and went to reside with John Phipps, near Friend’s Meeting-house at Abington. He was suddenly taken ill when from home, and desired he might be taken to the dwelling of his friend Joshua Morris, about a mile from Phipp’s, where he died on the 3d of February, 1659, aged 82 years.—He was the first public declaimer against the iniquities of holding slaves. He was in communion with the Germantown *Friends*. It is to the honour of the German *Friends* of Germantown, that as early as 1688 they addressed the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting at Burlington, “protesting against the buying, selling, and holding men in slavery, and declaring it in their opinion an act irreconcilable with the precept of the Christian Religion.”

Melancholy Catastrophe.—We understand that the dead body of a man was recently found on an

island in the Ohio, near the mouth of the Tennessee river, which from an examination of the pocket-book and papers about it is confidently believed to be the corpse of our fellow citizen, Nelson Patteson. The melancholy fate of this misguided and unfortunate man, furnishes a most impressive and salutary lesson. A few weeks since, he was found in our gayest social circles, was cordially taken by the hand and unsuspected of a mean or dishonourable act. Suddenly he is detected in repeated acts of *forgery*, he disappears and is found only a lifeless corpse! Mr. Patteson was not hardened in crime. He probably had no intention to defraud, but hoped and confidently expected to take up all his forged paper. In a moment of pressure from pecuniary embarrassment, he committed his first fatal error, and finding himself able, by a repetition of similar acts, to escape detection, and to obtain temporary relief, he went on, plunging deeper and deeper into crime, until an explosion suddenly arrested him in his mad career, and awakening from his delusion, in a fit of desperation, he *destroyed his life*. The principal source of all this guilt and misery, and ultimate ruin is, we understand, to be found at the *gaming table*. Had Mr. Patteson applied himself with diligence to his profession, or to any other laudable pursuit for which he was competent, he was surrounded by friends able and willing to encourage and assist him, and he might have been sure of a competent support, with a respectable standing in society. But he resorted to gambling, to trick, and at length to *forgery*—and his ruin was inevitable. We sincerely mourn his melancholy fate. He was gentlemanly in his

department, social and lively in his disposition, a pleasant companion, of insinuating manners, loquacious and humorous. The estimation in which he was held may be inferred from the fact that he was appointed to the responsible stations of Secretary of the Texas Association, and Secretary of the Jackson Corresponding Committee in this place.
—*National Banner*.

Sacred Literature.—‘A Visit to the Seven Churches of Asia,’ by a British Chaplain has appeared; giving minute accounts of the present condition of those places, in which the Apostles once taught. If executed with even tolerable accuracy, it must be a highly interesting work.

Another Newspaper.—We have received a new paper called the *Juvenile Gazette*, printed at Providence, with the request to exchange. We find upon measurement, that this paper is about 5 inches long and 3 inches wide, very decidedly the smallest newspaper in the world. It is edited with ability, but without much labor, and is published by O. Kindal, jr. Market-square—price *twenty-five cents per annum, payable Quarterly in advance*. *N. Y. Enq.*

A country clergyman was boasting of having been educated at two colleges. ‘You remind me,’ said an aged divine, ‘of an instance I knew, of a calf that sucked two cows.’ ‘What was the consequence?’ said a third person. ‘Why, sir,’ replied the old gentleman, very gravely, ‘the consequence was, that he was a very *fat calf*.’

A showman who was exhibiting a menagerie of living animals, in Eastern Flanders, had an enor-

mous Boa Constrictor in his collection, which escaped a few nights ago from his caravan, and immediately made its way to the country. This animal, which is twenty-four feet long, devoured a shepherd, three dogs, and several lambs. A general battle took place, but we have not heard whether the colossal reptile has been destroyed.—*Paris Paper.*

Sheridan.—the late R. Brindsly Sheridan, Esq. threatened to cut his son Thomas off with a *shilling*; he immediately replied, ‘Ah, father, but where will you borrow *that shilling*?’ This humor, so like his own, procured the desired pardon.

The murdered man come to life.—It will be recollected that some time last summer, the magistrates and civil authorities of this village were called upon to use their exertions in searching for the body of one John Coffield, who, it was suspected, had been murdered in this vicinity, about a year previously. The citizens of the town were rallied, and an ineffectual search of several days was made. Suspicion, however, rested upon Mr. Peter Brooks, an inhabitant of this town, as the perpetrator of the horrid deed, and he has consequently, ever since, been viewed by many as a murderer. It is due to his injured reputation, to state, that this same John Coffield, the supposed murdered man, a few days since returned to his family in this town, alive and in health, and was seen and recognised by hundreds of our citizens. The writer of this has seen and conversed with him. He states that on leaving this place, about three years since, he went immediately to Albany, and has worked upon a farm about six miles from

that place till his return to this town—that he never had the least difficulty or dispute with the above named Mr. Brooks, and positively avers that he is *not a murdered* but a *living man.*—*Whitehall Rep.*

A most distressing case of hydrophobia occurred to Mr. Bryan, of Six Hills, in this county. About two months ago Mr. Bryan requested his son to go and feed a shepherd dog, when the boy returned and told his father he looked so very savage that he dare not go near him. His father after gently remonstrating with him, went himself, when the dog snapped at and bit him in the hand. Mr. B. immediately took the precaution of having medical advice, to prevent any mischief arising from it; and on Wednesday morning last, when he arose at his usual hour, about 6 o'clock, in attempting to swallow some water, the first symptoms of this distressing case shewed itself, and he immediately ejected it, and was shortly afterwards seized with spasms; the best medical advice was immediately obtained, but he lingered till early on Saturday morning in the most excruciating agony, when death terminated his sufferings; nothing could surpass the fortitude with which he bore them. He told his professional attendants that he knew he must die, and, if it was necessary to try any experiment upon him that was likely to benefit mankind, he particularly requested them to do it.—*Leicester Journal.*

Bower of Taste.

WE intended to have said something very expressive upon “*May day*,” because it is the fashion to do so, but to say the truth, the atmosphere has been as yet, too chilly, to inspire us with any

very poetic ideas on the subject. We intend to await with patience the visitings of fancy, and perhaps by the first of June, we may catch a glimpse of her rainbow smile, if so, we will most cheerfully transfer her inspiration to our pages. It is said of the British poets, that some of their finest Episodes on spring, and Odes to May day, were written beside the warming influence of a — good fire! and while they were industriously toiling to win the bay's and the laurel's to adorn their brows, they were not unmindful of the superior comforts of a *flannel night-cap* or the *baize* lining of their morning gowns.

It is true nature is beginning "to put on her gayest livery," while May like a beautiful child smiling through its tears, sweetly promises soon to be cheerful. Yet June is the loveliest month in the annual circle; like a young bride she comes blushing forth crown'd with the "first rose of summer," the offerings of spring are beneath her feet, and the fragrance of heaven is breathing around her, her smile, is the smile of joy, and her voice is the music of nature.

Maying in the Picture Gallery.—

One of the most delightful excursions which we have made since the commencement of the 'season of flowers,' has been a stroll to the Antheum. In surveying the variegated embellishments of its extensive gallery, we remarked many fine specimens of art—wrought from the school of Nature. With a truth that bids defiance to criticism—among these, is a son of Vulcan at his anvil, (No. 197) this figure, from its bold relief, vivid coloring, and exquisite finish, appears to us, as exhibiting the highest perfection of the art of painting. Of this class also, we recognised in several portraits, the smooth and delicate touch of Peale, the glowing life-tint of Stuart, & the harmonious coloring, and graceful contour of Sul-ly. Copley, notwithstanding the marble

coldness and rigidity of his flesh, and the formality of his attitudes, will ever be admired for the prominence of his figures, and the unrivalled beauty of his drapery. In this particular, it would be well if some of our modern artists would condescend to imitate him, we mean those whose works discover not ignorance, but a contempt for drapery-painting—who, after having finished a head in a style not unworthy of their profession, seem to have painted the dress from the remnants of the pallet promiscuously thrown on; without reference to order, beauty, or finish.

Although there is much to admire in this splendid collection of paintings, and many specimens that are highly honorable to the talents of our *Native Artists*; yet there are also several pictures (as might be expected,) which only serve as foils, to render the beauties of the former more striking. These do not indeed 'hide their diminished heads,' but they shrink into utter insignificance amid the sun-light of superior talent.

In this wide field of taste and genius, we are also presented with some of the most beautiful creations of fancy—embodied visions of poetry, that seem in their 'dreamy loveliness,' like things too pure for earth. With very few exceptions, the landscapes are admirably executed; these speak of the sublimity and beauty of nature in a language plain as her own. Such as exhibit scenes of rural repose, happiness, and industry, inspire the mind with the most pleasing sensation, although, perhaps, the young enthusiast might prefer the picturesque grandeur of the mountain cataract, or the midnight storm.

'How this world is given to quizzing.'

It is said, the reason why the Editor of the Morning Herald, has thought fit to omit that shocking head-piece of his paper, (which was indeed the very type of time) was because some ladies, who were not acquainted with him, believed it to be

a likeness of *himself*. How queer! as if the public ought not to be satisfied with the effusions of an editor's brains, without claiming his head also.

This reminds us of a little gentleman somewhere, who absolutely identified us with the Demure Lady, that sits in the garden chair, beneath the *Bower of Taste*. No doubt, he actually supposed that we sat to the Engraver for the Picture! What an idea—we hope however, not to be accused of an extraordinary share of vanity, by disclaiming the resemblance.

COMMUNICATED.

A Challenge.—A little fop, conceiving himself insulted by a gentleman, who ventured to give him some wholesome advice—strutted up to him, with an air of importance and said, Sir, you are no gentleman! here is my card—consider yourself challenged! Should I be from home when you honor me with a call, I shall leave word with a friend, to settle all the preliminaries to your satisfaction. To which the other replied—Sir, you are a fool! here is my card—consider your *nose pulled!* and should I not be at home when you call on me, you will find I have left orders with my servant, to shew you into the street for your impudence.

LOGERIAN ACADEMY.—Mr. Spear's second Musical Exhibition took place on Thursday afternoon, at his Rooms No. 1, Bulfinch street. Having never previously witnessed the performances of his pupils, we cannot judge of their proficiency since placed under his tuition, but from their prompt and intelligent answers to the questions he proposed, and the readiness with which they exhibited their knowledge of the theory of music, together with their admirable performance of several of the most difficult pieces both in concert and solo, convinced us, that whatever prejudices may exist

against the "*Logerian System of Musical Education*," it is undoubtedly the only mode of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the art; during the exhibition the perfect order and decorum that was observed by the pupils, and the gentlemanly deportment of their instructor was remarked with pleasure by the spectators, and we are happy to learn that Mr. Spear's talents as a musical instructor are appreciated as they should be.

A young lady of Cincinnati is about publishing a novel entitled the *American Patriot* or a *Tale of the Revolution*.

Theatre.—Mr. Stanley, takes a benefit on Monday evening next—we hope his merits as an actor, will not go unrewarded.

To Correspondents.

Among the many communications that have been sent us, by Competitors for the *Premium Volume*, we have received several, which, from their being simply directed to the Editor of the *Bower of Taste*, leaves us in doubt, whether they were designed for our pages, or to be submitted for the prize. T. & S. will favor us by replying to this notice.

☞ All communications relative to the prize, will on the 16th of June, be submitted to a lady, and two gentlemen of literary taste, to decide on their merit.

We have heard many encomiums on the fine essay of R. L. P. and solicit his further favors. We also thank N., Alice, & Romont, for their visits to the *Bower*.

Tommy Double Phiz is a queer genius.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.—*All communications for or relative to this work, should be addressed [post paid] to the editor, Mrs. KATHARINE A. WARE. It is published every Saturday by SAMUEL G. ANDREWS, No. 30, Market Street, Boston. Terms \$2.50 in advance, \$3 at the expiration of six months.*

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

I love to watch the sun's retiring ray
Beaming across the ocean's heaving breast—
To catch the last warm blush of glowing day,
As languid Nature sinks in balmy rest.

I love the moon—whether o'er half her face
Like a young bride, her snowy veil is drawn—
Or, as full orb'd she moves with spherul grace,
Through halls of æther, to her star-lit throne.

Oh! at such hour—to contemplation given,
The soul exempt from every earth-born care—
Turns to the clear cerulean arch of heaven
And views its hopes of peace reflected there!

*This is the hour to retrospection dear—
And while she fondly weaves her magic chain,
The friends that blest our youth seem hovering near
To share with us the moonlight walk again.*

AUGUSTA.

This little poetic effusion, which was hastily written by a Miss of fifteen, gives evidence of a poetic talent worthy of cultivation.

MAYING.

Welcome sweet blooming Spring, thy fragrant breath
Diffuses health and stays the shafts of death.
Warm'd by thy torch the cheek with beauty glows,
The tide of life with new-born rapture flows;
Each blossom feels thy renovating power,
And spreads its bosom to the genial shower;
The flocks exulting gambol o'er the hills,
And music murmurs from the sparkling rills—
Joined with the warbling wild bird's cheerful lay,
Whose notes harmonious, hail the blush of day.
The sun is up! come let us seek the glade,
And from the wild flowers blooming in the shade,
(That on the morning breeze their fragrance fling)
Let's twine a garland for the brow of Spring.

SARAH ANN.

In the writer of the following beautiful stanzas we recognize a favorite 'daughter of song.'

'For 'woman's lot' is on you, therefore pray'— *Mrs. Hemans.*

Though woman's lot is on me, must I bear
To see the idols of my youth decay,
To mark the flickering waste of hopes that were—
Gaze on and watch them slowly sink away?

Oh, what is life to woman! 'tis a dream,
A shadow, an imagination vain;
There's scarce a thought of hers that doth not seem
A very curse.—Her life is one long pain.

Her happiest hours are clouded oft, like show'rs
That darkly hover in a summer morn—
The bright sun shining on—so woman's hours
Of bliss are clouded, e'en in youth's young dawn.

But when the rain-cloud passeth, all is o'er,
The warm sun-beams have kissed those drops away;
Not thus with woman, wasting sorrows pour
From bitter chalice e'en to life's decay.

Her pleasures are but as the meteors flash,
Quick glancing 'thwart the dark sky, then forgot,
Leaving behind no trace—for sorrow's dash
Effaces all—they were, or they were not!

ALICE.

A SKETCH.

She stood before me as a playful child
Through her dark locks her slender fingers twining;
From her full eye beam'd forth a radiance mild—
A chasten'd light, like to some planet shining
In the blue vault of Heaven, and I gaz'd
In rapture, as on me those eyes were raised.

Her playfulness soon ripen'd to a glow
That to her bosom gave a deeper heaving;
Well did I mark the new-born passion grow,
Which my heart beat responsive at perceiving;
Nor strove she with dissembling art to hide
A love, at once her happiness and pride.

Fortune withdrew her smiles, and, one by one,
Those who had seem'd my veriest friends departed,
Yet their desertion found me not alone,
Still was she left, the firm, the noble-hearted;
And poverty, which others shrunk before,
Without a murmur or regret she bore.

EPIGRAM.

Once at a masquerade, a *painted* fair
Was wandering o'er the room, in piteous case;
'I've lost my mask,' she cried, with mournful air—
'No,' said a friend, '*you have it on your face.*'

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



'With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
'We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,'—*Paine*.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1828. No. 21.

THE SEXTON OF COLOGNE.

In the year 1571 there lived at Cologne a rich burgomaster, whose wife, Adelaide, then in the prime of her youth and beauty, fell sick and died. They had lived very happily together, and, throughout her fatal illness, the doating husband scarcely quitted her bed-side for an instant. During the latter period of her sickness, she did not suffer greatly; but the fainting fits grew more and more frequent, and of increasing duration, till at length they became incessant, and she finally sunk under them.

It is well known that Cologne is a city which, as far as respects religion, may compare itself with Rome; on which account it was called, even in the middle ages, *Roma Germanica*, and sometimes the *Sacred City*. It seemed as if, in after-times, it wished to compensate by piety the misfortune of having been the birth-place of

the abominable Agrippina. For many years nothing else was seen but priests, students, and mendicant monks; while the bells were ringing and tolling from morning till night. Even now you may count in it as many churches and cloisters as the year has days.

The principal church is the cathedral of St. Peter, one of the handsomest buildings in all Germany, though still not so complete as it was probably intended by the architect. The choir alone was arched. The chief altar is a single block of black marble, brought along the Rhine to Cologne, from Namur upon the Maas. In the sacristy an ivory rod is shown, said to have belonged to the apostle Peter; and in a chapel stand a gilded coffin, with the names of the holy Three Kings inscribed. Their skulls are visible through an opening,—two being white, as belong-

ing to Caspar and Baltesar; the third black, for Melchoir. It is easy to be understood that these remarkable relics, rendered sacred by time, make a deep impression on the imagination of the Catholics; and that the three skulls, with their jewels and silver setting, are convincing proofs of genuineness to religious feelings, though a glance at history is sufficient to show their spuriousness.

It was in this church that Adelaide was buried with great splendor. In the spirit of that age, which had more feeling for the solid than real taste,—more devotion and confidence than unbelieving fear,—she was dressed as a bride in flowered silk, a motley garland upon her head, and her pale fingers covered with costly rings; in which state she was conveyed to the vault of a little chapel, directly under the choir, in a coffin with glass windows. Many of her forefathers were already resting here, all embalmed, and with their mummy forms, offering a strange contrast to the silver and gold with which they were decorated, and teaching, in a peculiar fashion, the difference between the perishable and the imperishable. The custom of embalming was, in the present instance, given up; the place was full; and when Adelaide was buried, it was settled that no one else should be laid there for the future.

With a heavy heart, had Adolph followed his wife to her final resting-place. The turret bells, of two hundred and twenty hundred weight, lifted up their deep voices, and spread the sounds of mourning through the wide city; while the monks, carrying tapers, and scattering incense, sang requiems from their huge vellum folios, which were spread upon the music desks in the choir. But the service was now over; the dead

lay alone with the dead; the immense clock, which is only wound up once a year, and shows the course of the planets, as well as the hours of the day, was the only thing that had sound or motion in the cathedral. Its monotonous ticking seemed to mock the silent grave.

It was a stormy evening in November, when Peter Bolt, the Sexton of St. Peter's, was returning home after the splendid funeral. This poor man was indeed an object of pity, a recent increase to his family, and the usual expences attendant on sickness, had reduced him to the utmost distress, and rendered him unable to obtain the least comfort for his wife. In this distress, he bethought himself of the Jew, Isaac, who had lately advanced him a trifle on his old silver watch; but now unfortunately, he had nothing more to pledge, and was forced to ground all his hopes on the Jew's compassion—a very unsafe anchorage. With doubtful steps he sought the house of the miser, and told his tale amidst tears and sighs; to all of which Isaac listened with great patience—so much so, indeed, that Bolt began to flatter himself with a favorable answer to his petition. But he was disappointed; the Jew, having heard him out, coolly replied, 'that he could lend no monies on a child—it was no good pledge.'

With bitter execrations on the usurer's hard-heartedness, poor Bolt rushed from his door; when, to aggravate his situation, the first snow of the season began to fall, and that so fast, that, in a very short time, the house tops presented a single field of white. Immersed in his grief, he missed his way across the market place, and, when he least expected such a thing, found himself in the front of the cathedral. The great clock

chimed three-quarters; it wanted then a quarter of twelve. Where was he to look for assistance at such an hour, or, indeed, at any hour? He had already applied to the rich prelates, and got from them all that their charity was likely to give. Suddenly a thought struck him like lightning; he saw his children crying for the food he could not give, his sick wife, lying in bed, with the infant on her exhausted bosom; and then Adelaide, in her splendid coffin, and her hand glittering with jewels that it could not grasp. 'Of what use are diamonds to her now?' said he to himself. 'Is there any sin in robbing the dead to give to the living? I would not do such a thing for myself if I were starving; no, Heaven forbid! But for my wife and child,—ah! that's quite another matter.'

Quieting his conscience, as well as he could, with this opiate, he hurried home to get the necessary implements; but, by the time he reached his own door, his resolution began to waver. The sight, however, of his wife's distress, wrought him up again to the sticking-place; and having provided himself with a dark lantern, the church keys, and a crow to break open the coffin, he set out for the cathedral. On the way, all manner of strange fancies crossed him; the earth seemed to shake from under him,—it was the tottering of his own limbs: a figure seemed to sign him back,—it was the shade thrown from some column, that waved to and fro as the lamp-light flickered in the night wind. But the thought of home drove him on; and even the badness of the weather carried this consolation with it, he was the more likely to find the streets clear, and escape detection.

He had now reached the cathedral. For a moment he paused on

the steps, and then, taking heart, put the huge key into the lock. To his fancy, it had never opened with such readiness before. The bolt shot back at the light touch of the key, and he stood alone in the church, trembling from head to foot. Still it was requisite to close the door behind him, lest its being open should be seen by any one passing by, and give rise to suspicion; and, as he did so, the story came across his mind of the man who had visited a church at midnight to show his courage. For a sign that he had really been there, he was to stick his knife into a coffin; but, in his hurry and trepidation, he struck it through the skirt of his coat without being aware of it, and, supposing himself held back by some supernatural agency, dropt down dead from terror.

Full of these unpleasant recollections, he tottered up the nave; and, as the light successively flashed upon the sculptured marbles, it seemed to him as if the pale figures frowned ominously upon him. But desperation supplied the place of courage. He kept on his way to the choir,—descended the steps,—passed through the long, narrow passage, with the dead heaped up on either side,—opened Adelaide's chapel, and stood at once before her coffin. There she lay, stiff and pale,—the wreath in her hair, and the jewels on her fingers, gleaming strangely in the dim light of the lantern. He even fancied that he already smelt the pestilential breath of decay, though it was full early for corruption to have begun its work. A sickness seized him at the thought; and he leaned for support against one of the columns, with his eyes fixed on the coffin; when—was it real, or was it illusion?—a change came over the face of the dead! He started back; and

that change, so indescribable, had passed away in an instant, leaving a darker shadow on the features.

'If I had only time,' said he to himself,—'If I had only time, I would rather break open one of the other coffins, and leave the lady Adelaide in quiet. Age has destroyed all that is human in those mummies; they have lost that resemblance to life, which makes the dead so terrible, and I should no more mind handling them than so many dry bones. It's all nonsense, though; one is as harmless as the other, and since the lady Adelaide's house is the easiest for my work, I must e'en set about it.'

But the coffin did not offer the facilities he reckoned upon with so much certainty. The glass-windows were secured inwardly with iron wire, leaving no space for the admission of the hand, so that he found himself obliged to break the lid to pieces, a task that, with his imperfect implements, cost both time and labor. As the wood splintered and cracked under the heavy blows of the iron, the cold perspiration poured in streams down his face, the sound assuring him more than all the rest that he was committing sacrilege. Before, it was only the place, with its dark associations, that had terrified him; now he began to be afraid of himself, and would, without doubt, have given up the business altogether, if the lid had not suddenly flown to pieces. Alarmed at his very success, he started round, as if expecting to see some one behind, watching his sacrilege, and ready to clutch him; and so strong had been the illusion, that when he found this was not the case, he fell upon his knees before the coffin, exclaiming, 'Forgive me, dear lady, if I take from you what is of

no use to yourself, while a single diamond will make a poor family so happy. It is not for myself—Oh, no—it is for my wife and children.'

He thought the dead looked more kindly at him as he spoke thus, and certainly the livid shadow had passed away from her face. Without more delay, he raised the cold hand to draw the rings from its finger; and what was his horror when the dead returned his grasp! his hand was clutched, aye firmly clutched, though that rigid face and form lay there as fixed and motionless as ever. With a cry of horror he burst away, not retaining so much presence of mind as to think of the light, which he left burning by the coffin. This, however, was of little consequence; fear can find its way in the dark, and he rushed through the vaulted passage, up the steps, through the choir, and would have found his way out, had he not, in his reckless hurry, forgotten the stone, called the *Devil's Stone*, which lies in the middle of the church, and which, according to the legend, was cast there by the Devil. Thus much is certain, it has fallen from the arch, and they show a hole above, through which it is said to have been hurled.

Against this stone the unlucky sexton stumbled, just as the turret-clock struck twelve, and immediately he fell to the earth in a death-like swoon. The cold, however, soon brought him to himself, and on recovering his senses he again fled, winged by terror, and fully convinced that he had no hope of escaping the vengeance of the dead, except by the confession of his crime, and gaining the forgiveness of her family. With this view he hurried across the marketplace to the burgomaster's house, where he had to knock long before he could attract any notice. The

whole household lay in a profound sleep, with the exception of the unhappy Adolph, who was now sitting alone on the same sofa where he had so often sat with his Adelaide. Her picture hung on the wall opposite to him, though it might rather be said to feed his grief than to afford him any consolation. And yet, as most would do under such circumstances, he dwelt upon it the more intently even from the pain it gave him, and it was not till the sexton had knocked repeatedly that he awoke from his melancholy dreams. Roused at last, he opened the window, and enquired who it was that disturbed him at such an unseasonable hour? 'Its only I, Mr. Burgomaster,' was the answer. 'And who are you?' again asked Adolph. 'Bolt, the sexton of St. Peter's, Mr. Burgomaster; I have a thing of the utmost importance to discover to you.' Naturally associating the idea of Adelaide with the sexton of the church where she was buried, Adolph was immediately anxious to know something more of the matter, and, taking up a wax-light, he hastened down stairs, and himself opened the door to Bolt.

'What have you to say to me?' he exclaimed. 'Not here, Mr. Burgomaster,' replied the anxious sexton; 'not here; we may be overheard.'

Adolph, though wondering at this affectation of mystery, motioned him in and closed the door; when Bolt, throwing himself at his feet, confessed all that had happened. The anger of Adolph was mixed with compassion at the strange recital; nor could he refuse to Bolt the absolution, which the poor fellow deemed so essential to his future security from the vengeance of the dead. At the same time he cautioned him to maintain

a profound silence on the subject towards every one else, as otherwise the sacrilege might be attended with serious consequences—it not being likely that the ecclesiastics, to whom the judgment of such matters belonged, would view his fault with equal indulgence. He even resolved to go himself to the church with Bolt, that he might investigate the affair more thoroughly. But to this proposition the sexton gave a prompt and positive denial. 'I would rather,' he exclaimed, 'I would rather be dragged to the scaffold than again disturb the repose of the dead.' This declaration, so ill-timed, confounded Adolph. On the one hand, he felt an undefined curiosity to look more narrowly into this mysterious business; on the other, he could not help feeling compassion for the sexton, who, it was evident, was laboring under the influence of a delusion which he was utterly unable to subdue. The poor fellow trembled all over, as if shaken by an ague fit, and painted the situation of his wife and his pressing poverty with such a pale face and such despair in his eyes, that he might himself have passed for a church-yard spectre. The Burgomaster again admonished him to be silent for fear of the consequences, and, giving him a couple of dollars to relieve his immediate wants, sent him home to his wife and family.

Being thus deprived of his most natural ally on this occasion, Adolph summoned an old confidential servant, of whose secrecy he could have no doubt. To his question of 'do you fear the dead?' Hans stoutly replied, 'They are not half so dangerous as the living.'

'Indeed!' said the Burgomaster. 'Do you think, then, that you have courage enough to go into

the church at night?' 'In the way of my duty, yes,' replied Hans; 'not otherwise. It is not right to trifle with holy matters.'

'Do you believe in ghosts, Hans?' continued Adolph. 'Yes, Mr. Burgomaster.'

'Do you fear them?' 'No, Mr. Burgomaster. I hold by God, and he holds me up; and God is the strongest.'

'Will you go with me to the cathedral, Hans? I have had a strange dream to-night: it seemed to me as if my deceased wife called to me from the steeple window.' 'I see how it is,' answered Hans: 'the sexton has been with you, and put this whim into your head, Mr. Burgomaster. These grave diggers are always seeing ghosts.'

'Put a light into your lantern,' said Adolph, avoiding a direct reply to this observation of the old man.—'Be silent and follow me.' 'If you bid me,' said Hans, 'I must of course obey; for you are my magistrate as well as my master.'

Herewith he lit the candle in the lantern, and followed his master without further opposition.'

They at last got to the high altar. Here Hans made a sudden step, and was not to be brought any farther.

'Quick!' exclaimed the burgomaster, who was beginning to lose his patience; for his heart throbbed with expectation.

'Heaven and all good angels defend us! murmured Hans through his chattering teeth, while he in vain felt for his rosary, which yet hung as usual at his girdle.

'What is the matter now?' cried Adolph.

'Do you see who sits there?' replied Hans.

'Where?' exclaimed his master; 'I see nothing; hold up the lantern.'

'Heaven shield us!' cried the

old man: 'there sits our deceased lady on the altar, in a long white veil, and drinking out of the sacramental cup!'

With a trembling hand he held up the lantern in the direction to which he pointed. It was indeed as he had said. There she sat with the paleness of death upon face—her white garments waving heavily in the night wind, that rushes through the aisles of the church, and holding the silver goblet to her lips, with long bony arms wasted by protracted illness. Even Adolph's courage began to waver—'Adelaide,' he cried, 'I conjure you in the name of the blessed Trinity to answer me—is it thy living self, or but thy shadow?'

'Ah,' replied a faint voice, 'you buried me alive, and, but for this wine, I had perished from exhaustion. Come up to me, dear Adolph; I am no shadow—but soon shall be with shadows, unless I receive your speedy succour.'

'Go not near her!' said Hans: 'it is the Evil One, that has assumed the blessed shape of my lady to destroy you.'

'Away, old man!' exclaimed Adolph, bursting from the feeble grasp of his servant, and rushing up the steps of the altar.

It was indeed, Adelaide, that he held in his eager embrace, the warm and living Adelaide!—who had been buried for dead in her long trance, and had only escaped from the grave by the sacrilegious daring of—The Sexton of Cologne.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

ESSAY.

THEATRICAL EXHIBITIONS.

ALTHOUGH I do by no means agree with many of those enthusiastic lovers of the drama, who are of opinion that a frequent attendance

at the theatre is necessary, in order to give us a correct view of fashionable society, and although I do not admit that the stage may be always *justly* termed a 'school of morality,' yet I consider *theatrical representations* as among our most innocent and rational amusements. It is true, the modern guardians of the drama profess to discountenance vice, and exalt virtue, but like other sentinels, they sometimes *slumber* on their posts; and it would often *puzzle* even the most liberal, to twist some of our 'favorite melo-dramas' into the inculcation of one moral principle. Yet among the benefits that may be derived from *theatrical exhibitions*, those of the most importance are, teaching propriety of gesture, and a correct modulation of the voice with the sentiment which we would express. These observances, which constitute the power and beauty of eloquence, may be acquired from the stage, and are consequently advantageous to the student, whether he be destined for the pulpit, the bar, or the Senate. Many, I am aware, would spurn at the idea of admitting any affinity between the stage and the pulpit; but this prejudice exists only in *idea*. What minister of the gospel, though possessed of the piety of St. Paul, united with the holy enthusiasm of the psalmist of Israel, would disdain to promulgate his doctrines, (if within his power to do so) with the bold energy, the appropriate gesture, and the splendid elocution of a MACREADY.

These remarks, as applying to the pulpit, regard only the *manner*, not of the *matter* of the stage. *Here* a strong line of demarkation is fixed, which it is *sacrilige*, to pass. However fascinating a flowery discourse from the pulpit may be, yet the slightest approach to the language of the stage is inad-

missible, and more disgusting than the most absurd affectation of the graces of gesture, and the ornaments of declamation. Y. Z.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

FEMALE education is of immense importance, as connected with domestic life. It is at home where man generally passes the largest portion of his time; where he seeks a refuge from the vexations and embarrassments of business, an enchanting repose from exertion, a relaxation from care by the interchange of affection; where some of his finest sympathies, tastes, and moral and religious feelings are formed and nourished; where is the treasure of pure disinterested love, such as is seldom found in the busy walks of a selfish and calculating world. Nothing can be more desirable than to make one's domestic abode the highest object of his attachment and satisfaction.

Well ordered home, man's best delight
to make,
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle, care eluding art,
To raise her virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life—
This be the female dignity and praise.

Neither rank, nor splendid mansions, nor expensively furnished apartments, nor luxurious repasts, can accomplish these actions. They are to be obtained only from the riches of elevated principles, from the nobility of virtue, from the splendor of religious and moral beauty, from the banquet of refined taste, affectionate deportment, and intellectual pleasures. Intelligence and piety throw the brightest sunshine over the dwellings of private life, and these are the results of female education.

Female education is extremely valuable from its imparting an el-

evated and improved character to domestic discourse. Conversation is one of the greatest joys of existence; and the more perfect it is made by the resources of learning, enlarged views of morality, refinement of taste, the riches of language, and the splendors of imagery, the more exquisite is the joy. It is from education that discourse collects all its original drapery, 'its clothing of wrought gold, its thrilling eloquence, its sweetest music, and all its magical influence over the soul. Intelligence and animated discourse eminently exalt the dignity and multiply the charms of every female that can excel in it.

It is a sacred and homefelt delight,
A sober certainty of waking bliss.

She who can sustain an elevated course of conversation, whose mind soars above the trifles and common things of time and sense, who is distinguished for well digested opinions, sensible remarks, habits of thinking and observation, good judgment, and a well disciplined temper, is a perpetual source of blessing and exhilaration to all within her circle. She will make home all that is desirable, so that none of her household will need or wish to seek elsewhere for happiness. They will be able to 'drink waters out of their own cisterns, and running waters out of their own well.'

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

NATIVE SKETCHES, NO. X.

'Are there no phantoms, but such as come
By night, from the darkness that wraps
the tomb ?

A sound, a scent or a whispering breeze,
Can summon up mightier far than these.'

It was in the Lowlands of Georgia, that a party of young men wandering for pleasure and curiosity, were overtaken by the shades of evening; having travelled a

considerable distance in search of some habitation where they might pass the night secure from the unwholesome atmosphere, and the attacks of wild beasts. They had almost yielded to despair, when one of the company who had proceeded some distance in front, returned with the joyful news of success. They immediately followed him, and in a few moments were enabled to discern the faint glimmerings of a light, which appeared to be but a short distance from them; on a nearer approach, they discovered it to be an inhabited house, and to heighten their felicity, a house of public entertainment. They were met at the door by the landlord, who had the appearance of an *honest* man, and possessed all the insignia generally attached to that class of citizens; he conducted them into the house, and gave orders respecting the horses. The young gentlemen having regaled themselves with a light supper, expressed their desire of retiring and also of an early breakfast, 'as they wished to complete their journey on the following day.' Much to their surprise and consternation the landlord remained silent, and something was certainly discernible upon his brow, which indicated no good omen—their desires were reiterated still more forcibly. 'Well gentlemen,' said he, 'since I perceive you are peremptory in your demand, I must confess that I am at loss how to accommodate you, unless one of you consent to occupy a chamber which has been vacated for many years on account of the common belief that it is *haunted*.' At this declaration all were struck with a panic. After a short pause, one of them possessed a of little more courage than the rest exclaimed—'pshaw! pshaw! my friends, I hope none of you believe in supernatural appearances;

I do not for my part, and will occupy the chamber alluded to, with the greatest pleasure imaginable.' 'Well sir,' says the landlord, 'it shall be put in readiness for you; but what I have told you is actually the case, and for the honor of my house, I would rather you would not put yourself at that peril.' The young gentleman, however, still persisted in his determination, declaring that he would like to have a view of some of these nocturnal visitants, as he had often heard of them—but as yet had never known the person that had seen one. Every thing being put in order for their accommodation, each one retired to his respective apartment. And now picture yourself as our young friend in his *haunted* chamber—what thoughts then took possession of his mind, or whether he repented his rashness, I shall not pretend to say. At any rate fearing lest there might be some truth in the assertion, he came to the resolution not to divest himself of any of his garments, in order that he might in case of necessity, extricate himself the more speedily. After commending himself in a fervent petition to the care of his guardian angel, oppressed by fatigue he soon resigned himself into the arms of Morpheus.

About twelve o'clock, he was awakened as he thought, by some dismal sounds proceeding from under the bed. Listening attentively for a few moments and hearing nothing, he very wisely attributed the sounds, not to any supernatural agency, but to the working of his own overheated imagination. Again he fell into a slumber, when his ears were again assailed by a still more dismal and distressing nature. He listened—they increased—his courage gaining the ascendancy over every fear, he threw himself off the bed, and

called upon the fiend to make his appearance and confront him as a *man!* At this defiance there immediately appeared before him a young female clad in white, with long dark tresses falling negligently over her neck and shoulders, her face though beautiful was of the most palid hue, and her eyes bedewed with tears. At this sight our young hero was astonished—he descended from his haughty tone, and supplicated her in the most fervent manner to disclose the cause of her grief and extraordinary appearance, assuring her that if mortal assistance could be of any avail to her in her apparently distressing condition, she might expect it from his hands. Young man, said she, I am aware that my appearance is singular, but be not startled, since I intend you no harm; you can be of assistance to me, and I thank you for the offer of your services. I wish you, without asking any questions to follow me. He bowed submissively,—having passed from the house by winding and obscure avenues, they walked a few hundred yards in a direct line, observing all the while a strict silence. Our young friend with his strange and mysterious guide found himself apparently in the midst of a wide and extended plain, interspersed with flowers of almost every hue, the spontaneous production of a most luxuriant soil. His guide stopping suddenly, addressed him in words to this effect—'Young man, the request which I have to make, and which it is necessary you should obey, though a disagreeable one, is this: under your feet repose my relics—tomorrow, ere the sun has dispelled the morning dew, repair hither, disinter them, and convey them to the tomb erected under the willow tree in the garden of——.' Ere our friend had time to express

his willingness to perform the task his guide had *disappeared*. In vain did he look around him for something wherewith to mark the spot—but he could see nothing, not even the smallest pebble. At length perceiving there was no other alternative, he took his watch from his pocket and placed it as he was directed. He then returned home, conducted as it were, by a supernatural agency, through the same mysterious passages that he had traced before, fully impressed with the belief that he had *seen* what man had never *seen* before, and in the firm determination of complying with the injunctions which he had voluntarily placed himself under, and which now it was absolutely necessary for him to perform. The company early the next morning, being assembled at the breakfast table, were surprised at our hero's non-appearance. With one accord, and as if by one impulse, all rushed into his chamber. They found him reclining on his bed, enjoying a most tranquil *morning* slumber. Having awakened him, he commenced in almost breathless agitation to recount the adventures of the past night; but just as he had concluded, conceive of the surprise and astonishment of all present, when the landlord entered, bearing in his hand the watch,* which he had found in the middle of the floor of the adjoining apartment.

T.

* From this circumstance we may infer that his imaginary excursion extended no farther than the next room, and that the fair ghost and her warning was but a dream.

THE CEREMONY OF TAKING THE VEIL.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

Palermo, —.

MY DEAR M—. On Sunday evening last, we had an invitation from the Duke and Dutchess of Montalba,

to the convent of the Sacred Virgins, to see two of their daughters take the veil. When the daughters of the Sicilian nobility undergo this ceremony, it is customary for the royal family, and the nobility of rank, to attend by invitation of the parents. The company so invited, occupy the parlor, or entrance hall of the convent. The door which leads from the hall to the interior of the convent, is always open on these occasions. On each side of the entrance sat the young ladies who were now soon to renounce the world and all its vanities. One of them was extremely beautiful—the other was a fine interesting girl, with a sweet expression of countenance. They were dressed in court-dresses, agreeably to the custom which prevails on these occasions.

The eldest daughter wore a pink satin slip, with a lace dress of the same color thrown over it, which was richly embroidered with silver. Her neck was nearly covered with diamonds, and her bandeau was profusely ornamented with the richest jewels. Her head-dress was tasteful and elegant, beyond any thing I had ever seen, either in my own, or any other country. Her hair, which was dark brown, fell in ringlets down one side of her head and neck, and the whole of her tresses sparkled with diamonds. A white lace veil, embroidered with silver, was fastened on the back of her head with a brooch of diamonds; a little below the first fastening the veil was tastefully braided again with diamonds, and from thence fell gracefully over her shoulders down to her feet.

On the front of her head, she wore a rich fedra of the largest diamonds I had ever seen, which were disposed of in the form of a crown: in short, her head was nearly covered with the most precious stones, save where a few stray ringlets crept from among them over her beautiful forehead. A plume of the bird of Paradise, tastefully disposed on one side of her head, completed the *coup d'a'il* of her dress. The other sister was dressed in the same manner, with the exception that her dress was white. Thus adorned, the two females waited the approach of that hour which was destined to shut out the world, and all its hopes and joys forever. Immedi-

ately around the young ladies, sat their mother and sisters, and their nearest friends, all as richly habited as themselves, excepting the diamonds, which, on this occasion, were all literally heaped on the intended nuns. All the visitors were dressed in the same style of splendor. Diamonds glittering, and white plumes waving, threw over the whole of this part of the convent a gay and brilliant effect, which was increased by the profusion of lights, and still more by the contrast produced by the simple, sable habits of the nuns, who crowded the interior of the room behind the two sisters, who were thus splendidly decorated and numerous attended. I wish some eminent painter had been present—the scene altogether was wonderfully imposing, and presented one of the most interesting pictures I ever beheld.

You may probably imagine that this religious ceremony, in connexion with the idea of something like an eternal separation from the world, and all we love within it, would have thrown a melancholy sadness over the party that were here assembled. Nothing could possibly exceed the gaiety and joy that prevailed all around. The elder sister was in particularly high spirits. Her arch eye, and lively countenance, appeared but ill adapted to a nun; they would have much better become the coquetish Italian beauty, laughing at a world of lovers at her feet. The younger was in good spirits, but she wanted that archness and playfulness which seemed natural to the elder. Having taken refreshment, we left the parlor of the convent and proceeded to the church, where the ceremony of taking the veil was to be performed.

On these occasions, the churches are ornamented with great splendor. The walls and columns are hung with rich silks, which are literally covered with gold and silver embroidery, and festooned with wreaths of artificial flowers. The altars are adorned with similar magnificence. From the ceilings great numbers of chandeliers are suspended, and the churches are full of lights, which, combined with the brilliant and sparkling decorations of the walls and columns, have, on the first entrance, more the effect of enchantment than reality.

Previously to the ceremony commencing which we had attended to witness, a procession of the nuns of the convent, bearing the cross and the image of our Saviour, passed slowly along the gallery of the church. They were dressed in black, with a veil of white lawn hanging from the back of the head to the ground, and each nun carried in her hand a lighted torch. As they moved along, they chanted some melodious strains, that, at intervals, swelled upon the ear, then gradually sunk into a soft and dying close, like the retiring sounds of an Æolian harp: the effect was solemn, and awfully impressive.

Near the high altar, there is a small room in which the ceremony takes place, and a narrow grate is the only communication between this interior apartment and the church; behind, stand the nuns who take the veil,—consequently they are but partially and imperfectly seen. The manner in which the two sisters conducted themselves on this important and trying occasion was not only calm and serious, but even dignified; though some of their intimate friends were at the same time, extremely agitated, and in tears.

Here the scene is indeed changed, and the gaiety which had before prevailed in the convent parlour, was now succeeded by more solemn and sacred feeling. When the young noviciates have vowed to quit the vanities of the world, and unite themselves to Christ, the elder nuns prepare them for the change they have to undergo. Their rich ornaments and costly clothing, the fit habiliments of a gay and sinful world, are now taken from them, and the plain, simple dress of the nun, with a rosary of beads, is substituted in their place. Their beautiful ringlets are next cut off, and the head covered with a white lawn veil. A dead and solemn silence ensues. A funeral pall is thrown over them, and the death bell tolls their departure from this world of care and woe. I never felt half so solemn and awful as at this moment;—the bell 'froze the genial current of the soul,' and suspended for a moment the functions of life. If all ended here, an impression of grief and sadness would be left upon the mind; but the com-

pany adjourn to the convent, the young nuns come to life again, with the difference of dress only, to enjoy a little longer the society of the world, and the evening ends with the same life, spirit, and gaiety with which it began.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

THE GRAVE.

NATURE appeared desolate and mournful—the clouds passed heavily on, shrouding all things in their gloom. The winds sighed sadly through the dark boughs that waved among the tombs; these stood around like the ghosts of the evening, pale, silent, and motionless. Beneath the cold, but speaking marble, lay the bodies of the departed, crumbling to their primitive dust; bodies which were once among us, in all the joy of life. Our relations and friends—where are they now? Wrapped in the damp clay! Cold, emaciated and haggard, when sickness tore them from us. My soul was melancholy!—I thought upon the scenes of former times, when those who now lie buried were with us. They were once dear to us, but now they are alone and cold beneath the earth. On the ground fallen leaves were scattered—the emblems of man's mortality, killed by the frosts of winter, and torn from their parent stems—from us, all that we hold dear. But the shadows of evening approached and all was cold, and dreary, and comfortless; the sepulchral arches and upright monuments of the dead were losing themselves in the uncertainty of the gloom. Do the ghosts of the departed now stalk abroad? Have they burst from cemeteries to walk amidst these shades? I beheld a figure gliding across the mounds; pensively it stole among the graves, like the wandering spectre of the night. It approached—it was a beautiful spirit! The raven tresses were too rudely blown by the chill

breath of Winter, and his frigid hand was upon her ivory neck, but the sweet spirit was regardless of it. Her white drapery flowed loosely around, as she leaned in sorrow over a tomb, which marked the repose of innocence. She spoke not; but the unutterable meaning of the look she cast to heaven, and the deep sigh she heaved, betrayed the—Mother.—*Phil. Ev. Post.*

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

• We are but the venders of other men's goods.

Tribute to the memory of Clinton.
By particular request, we have obtained for publication a copy of the subjoined letter of condolence from Gen. LA FAYETTE, addressed to Charles A. Clinton, Esq. of this city. Its contents will be found peculiarly interesting to our readers, as expressing in unaffected language the lamentation and eulogy of one illustrious man upon the death of another. The warm, the generous, and sympathetic feelings of La Fayette breathe in every line; and the tribute of respect to the memory of his friend is not less creditable to the writer than to the statesman whose loss he deploras. It is worthy of remark, that the seal of the letter bears the impress of a miniature likeness of Washington, thus associating in idea three of the greatest benefactors of our country:

‘PARIS, March 30, 1828.

‘*My dear Sir:* Your particular and friendly attentions to me, make you the natural organ of the melancholy and affectionate feelings, which I wish to be conveyed to the family of your lamented father. I regret the mournful and unexpected event, as an immense loss to the public, and a great personal cause of grief to me. Bound, as I was, to the

memory of my two beloved revolutionary companions, your grandfather and grand uncle, I had found a peculiar gratification in the eminent talents and services of their son and nephew, and in his kind and liberal correspondence, until personal and grateful acquaintance had impressed me with all the feelings of a more intimate friendship. I beg you to be to your afflicted family the interpreter of my deep sympathies, and to believe me forever,

Your most sincere friend,

LIA FAYETTE.

COL. CLINTON.

P. S. My son and Le Vasseur beg to be mournfully remembered.

N. Y. Statesman.

ROCHESTER, May 15.

Intrepidity.—An instance of heroism has been mentioned to us, which deserves to be made public. On Sunday last, a child fell thro' the old bridge in this village, a few rods south of the Falls of the Genesee. Its cries attracted the attention of a person named *Peter Keyser*, who immediately plunged into the river—followed the child, rapidly drifting towards the Falls, and, at the imminent risk of his own life, preserved the object of his pursuit! The high water, the rapidity of the stream, and the proximity of a fall of 97 feet perpendicular, will enable those acquainted with the locality to form a pretty accurate idea of the noble daring of the intrepid man. A more perilous act can scarcely be conceived.—*Roch. D. Adv.*

An automatum whist-player has been invented at Rochester, and is now exhibiting in New-York. He calls out, and answers the call of his partner. His owner asserts that, with an equal hand of cards, and a good partner, he will beat any two persons in the world.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Travels of Lafayette in the United States.—This work, by Col. Levasseur, private secretary of Lafayette, which we mentioned a few days since as being about to be published in Philadelphia, by Messrs. Carey, Lea and Carey, was not translated as then erroneously announced by the novelist, Cooper; but we understand that it has been rendered into English by an accomplished writer, and one who perhaps has devoted more attention to the task than could have been expected from the other, with his habit of hasty composition which is evident in most of the vivid productions of his masterly pen.

Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq. of Downton, England, has transmitted to the Massachusetts Agricultural Society, in testimony of his thanks for a medal presented him by the Society, a box of plants and grafts of several new varieties of fruits, comprising Nectarines, Figs, Pears, and the Elton cherry.

Lightning.—We are informed, that on Monday week, Mr. David Miller, of German Valley, in this county, lost three valuable horses by lightning. His team, consisting of four horses, was at the time at the village of Dover, Morris county, standing near a store in which the driver was attending to some business, when the lightning struck the horses, killing three instantly, and injuring the fourth.—(*Flem. Paper.*)

Bower of Taste.

The New York Mirror.—The 45th No. of this neat and interesting publication, is adorned with a splendid engraving.

ing, by V. Balch, from a drawing of Mr. Davis—accompanied by an article descriptive of the building, &c.—Since these occasional embellishments, which certainly add much to the value and beauty of this work, the subscription list of Mr. Morris, has been greatly augmented, which is a gratifying proof, that his unremitting exertions to please the public, have not been unrewarded—we learn that its circulation is more extensive than any other Literary paper in the United States.

England—by a Yankee.—Under this head, John Neal, Esq. Editor of the Yankee, has favored the public with a general view of the state of society in England, as also some animated sketches of the character, customs, and manners of the people—his comparisons between that country and our own, shew an accurate observance of men and things, notwithstanding his caustic satire, on the affected dignity, and national prejudices of John Bull, his writings are constantly copied into the London Papers.

The Ariel—Philadelphia.—The first number of the second volume of this paper, contains a very beautiful picture of *Harper's Ferry*, Virginia; engraved expressly for its pages. The Editor has promised to furnish an article, descriptive of this romantic scene for his next number, which will be highly acceptable to his readers.

An honest farmer, wishing to give his son and daughter, some farther advantages of education, wrote to the principal of a country Academy, requesting information respecting the branches which he professed to teach, the preceptor, willing to impress him with an idea of his importance, after enumerating a variety of studies, added that he paid equal attention to the health and improvement of his pu-

pils; and while he 'taught the young idea how to shoot,' he also indulged them with the recreations of the Gymnasium. To whom the farmer literally replied, thus:—Sir, I want my boy and girl to learn *this much, and no more*: the Geography of every part of the globe that was visited by Captain Cook—to cipher far enough to know how many barley corns it takes to go round the world, and to study grammar, so as to *pass* the hardest sentence in the English Language with ease; as to Jim Nation, I take it he's a horse jockey, or a juggler, and my children want none of his tutoring—and with respect to teaching 'um 'how to shoot,' there'll never be any *military characters* in my family—so that is all *useless!*

Should our patrons in the southern and western sections of the city not receive their papers as usual, we trust the circumstance will be overlooked, as we have been obliged to procure a new Carrier.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr. Thomas Beale to Miss Mary Potter, both of Milton.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Jotham Wade to Miss Lucy Smith.

On Thursday evening, by Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Mr. E. Copeland, Jr. to Miss Harriet Perry, youngest daughter of Mr. John Perry.

Same evening, by Rev. Dr. Lowell, Mr. John F. Kimball, of Monson, to Miss Caroline Matilda Roulstone, daughter of Col. Michael R. of this city.

In West Cambridge, same evening, by Rev. Dr. Homer, Henry Whittemore, Esq. to Miss Eliza Ann Cotter, both of that place.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.—*All communications for or relative to this work, should be addressed [post paid] to the editor, MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE. It is published every Saturday by SAMUEL G. ANDREWS, No. 30, Market Street, Boston. Terms \$2.50 in advance, \$3 at the expiration of six months.*

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

I've been where Beauty's cheek was bright
And joy's gay flowers were wreathing,
Where forms were glancing like beams of light,
To music's dulcet breathing.

But I found there was many a brow of gloom
Encircled by the roses bloom,
That many a bosom fraught with care—
Heav'd 'neath the gems that were sparkling there.

I've been in love's enchanted bower
Where youth was gaily smiling,
Where innocence, life's morning hour
With pleasure was beguiling.

But I found that envy was lurking there,
To blast the buds that bloom'd so fair,
That falsehood was hovering in disguise,
Like sin 'mid the flowers of paradise.

I've been in the circles of the gay—
In the halls of the titled great,
And I've seen the pomp and the proud display
That on wealth and power await.

But I found even *here* were those who sigh'd,
E'en 'mid their palaces of pride,
For the 'shelter'd lot' of their early youth,
The smile sincere, and the speech of truth.

While many a scene by memory traced
Upon the shrine of feeling,
Came like soft music o'er the waste
Of moonlight water stealing.

AUGUSTA.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Sing me a song of sorrow, love,
One that tells of hope's first blight—
Leave lightsome ones till the morrow, love,
For my soul is sad to-night.

Vain were their notes of gladness, love,
 To win one answering tone,
 For the heart that is turned to sadness, love,
 Will wake at its touch alone.

Some other hour for lightness, love,
 Some other hour than now;
 When the eye is dimmed in its brightness, love,
 And cloud is on the brow.
 Then sing me a song of sorrow, love,
 One that tells of hope's first blight—
 Leave lightsome ones till the morrow, love,
 For my soul is sad to-night.

W. G. C.

We are indebted to our generous correspondent, *TR.* for the following delicate effusion of fancy; he remarks that it was written by a fair friend who had no idea of its passing beyond a private circle, and was obtained by him 'by a sort of innocent larceny,' in which he invites us to join by giving it a niche in the Recess of the Muses.

THE SPRING BIRD TO M*****

'I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau,
 'If birds confabulate, or no.' COWPER.

Why, lady, gaze on so earnestly,
 And bend thy listening ear?
 Say, would'st thou seek from melody
 Thy future fate to hear?

But, lady, look not mournfully,
 No omen sad I bear,
 Fair nature smiles too joyously
 For heralds of despair!

Thy gentle breath thou need'st not hush,
 In fear that I should fly;
 'Tis sweet to view that eager flush—
My spells are in thine eye!

Thro' trackless air, on pinion light,
 I've sought thee, to impart
 Each odor's scent, or beauty bright,
 To shed them o'er thy heart.

From every bird some note I stole,
 That I might rival thine;
 And bade each blossom's leaf unroll,
 To offer at thy shrine.

In spicy realms, the nightingale
 Sheds perfume from his wings;
 The rose, deep blushing, at the tale
 That soft, her lover sings.

Why marvel—if in foreign clime
 A denizen of air
 Has wooed a flower of earth and time,
 That *I* thy soul would share? S.

Where is the scene when the sorrowing soul
 Can find a sympathy on earth?—
 'Tis when the last splendors of sunlight roll
 From their golden tomb,—and the night hath birth!



'With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
 'We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,'—*Paine*.
 The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
 From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1828. No. 22.

THE LEGEND OF BETHEL ROCK.

FROM THE LEGENDARY.

IN the picturesque State of Connecticut, there is not a spot more beautiful than the village of Pomperaug. It is situated not very far from the western border of the State, and derives its name from a small tribe of Indians, who once inhabited it. It presents a small, but level valley, surrounded by hills, with a bright stream rippling through its meadows. The tops of the high grounds which skirt the valley, are covered with forests, but the slopes are smooth with cultivation, nearly to their summits. In the time of verdure, the valley shows a vividness of green like that of velvet, while the forests are dark with the rich hues, supposed to be peculiar to the climate of England.

The village of Pomperaug consists now of about two hundred houses, with three white churches, arranged on a street which passes

along the eastern margin of the valley. At the distance of about forty rods from this street, and running parallel to it for nearly a mile, is a rock, or ledge of rocks, of considerable elevation. From this, a distinct survey of the place may be had, almost at a glance. Beginning at the village, the spectator may count every house, and measure every garden; he may compare the three churches, which now seem drawn close together; he may trace the winding path of the river by the trees which bend over its waters; he may enumerate the white farm houses which dot the surface of the valley; he may repose his eye on the checkered carpet which lies unrolled before him, or it may climb to the horizon over the dark blue hills which form the border of this enchanting picture.

The spot which we have thus

described, did not long lie concealed from the prying sagacity of the first settlers of the colony of New Haven. Though occupied by a tribe of savages, as before intimated, it was very early surveyed by more than one of the emigrants. In the general rising of the Indians in Philip's War, this tribe took part with the Pequods, and a large portion of them shared in their destructions. The chief himself was killed. His son, still a boy, with a remnant of his father's people, returned to their native valley, and lived for a time on terms of apparent submission to the English.

The period had now arrived when the young chief had reached the age of manhood. He took, as was the custom with his fathers, the name of his tribe, and was accordingly called Pomperaug. He was tall, finely formed, with an eye that gleamed like the flashes of a diamond. He was such an one, as the savage would look upon with idolatry. His foot was swift as that of the deer; his sagacity penetrating as the light of the sun.

Such was Pomperaug. But his nation was passing away, and but fifty of his own tribe now dwelt in the valley in which his fathers had hunted for ages. The day of their dominion had gone. There was a spell over the dark warrior. The Great Spirit had sealed his doom. So thought the remaining Indians in the valley of Pomperaug, and they sullenly submitted to a fate which they could not avert.

It was therefore without resistance, and, indeed, with expressions of amity, that they received a small company of English settlers into the valley. This company consisted of about thirty persons, from the New Haven colony, under the spiritual charge of

the Reverend Noah Benison. He was a man of great age, but still of uncommon mental and bodily vigor. His years had passed the bourne of three score and ten, and his hair was white as snow. But his tall and broad form was yet erect, and his cane of smooth hickory, with a golden head, was evidently a thing 'more of ornament than use.'

Mr Benison had brought with him the last remnant of his family. She was the daughter of his only son, who, with his wife, had slept many years in the tomb. Her name was Mary, and well might she be the object of all the earthly affections which still beat in the bosom of one, whom death had made acquainted with sorrow, and who but for her had been left alone.

Mary Benison was now seventeen years of age. She had received her education in England, and had been but a few months in America. She was tall and slender, with a dark, expressive eye, whose slow movements seemed full of soul and sincerity. Her hair was of a glossy black, parted upon a forehead of ample and expressive beauty. When at rest, her appearance was not striking; but, if she spoke or moved, she fixed the attention of every beholder by the dignity of her air, and the tone of tender, yet serious sentiment, which was peculiar to her.

The settlers had been in the valley but a few months, when some matter of business relative to a purchase of land, brought Pomperaug to the hut of Mr Benison. It was a bright morning in autumn, and while he was talking with Mr Benison at the door, Mary, who had been gathering flowers in the woods, passed by them and entered the hut. The eye of the young Indian followed

her with a gaze of entrancement. His face gleamed as if he had seen a vision of more than earthly beauty. But this emotion was visible only for a moment. With the habitual self-command of a savage, he turned again to Mr Benison, and calmly pursued the subject which occasioned their meeting.

Pomperaug went away, but he carried the image of Mary with him. He retired to his wigwam, but it did not please him. He went to the top of the rock, at the foot of which his hut was situated, and which now goes under the name of Pomperaug's Castle, and looked down upon the river, which was flashing in the slant rays of the morning. He turned away, and sent his long gaze over the checkered leaves of the forest, which, like a sea, spread over the valley. He was still dissatisfied. With a single leap he sprang from the rock, and, alighting on his feet, snatched his bow and took the path which led into the forest. In a few moments he came back, and, seating himself on the rock, brooded for some hours in silence.

The next morning Pomperaug repaired to the house of Mr Benison to finish the business of the preceding day. He had before signified an inclination to accede to the terms proposed by Mr Benison, but he now started unexpected difficulties. On being asked the reason, he answered as follows:—

‘Listen, father—bear a red man speak. Look into the air and you see the eagle. The sky is his home, and doth the eagle love his home? Will he barter it for the sea? Look into the river, and ask the fish that is there, if he will sell it? Go to the dark skinned hunter and demand of him if he will part with his forests? Yet, father, I will part with my

forests, if you will give me the singing bird that is in thy nest.’

‘Savage,’ said the pilgrim, with a mingled look of disgust and indignation, ‘will the lamb lie down in the den of the wolf? Never! Dream not of it—I would sooner see her die! Name it not.’ As he spoke he struck his cane forcibly on the ground, and his broad figure seemed to expand and grow taller, while his eye gleamed, and the muscles of his brow contracted with a lowering and angry expression. The change of the old man's appearance was sudden and striking. The air and manner of the Indian, too, was changed. There was now a kindled fire in his eye, a proud dignity in his manner, which before was not there; but they had stolen unseen upon him, with that imperceptible progress, by which the dull colors of the snake, when he becomes enraged, are succeeded by the glowing hues of the rainbow.

The two now parted, and Pomperaug would not again enter into any negotiations for the sale of his lands. He kept himself, indeed, aloft from the English, and cultivated rather a hostile spirit in his people towards them.

As might have been expected, difficulties soon grew up between the two parties, and violent feelings were shortly excited on both sides. This soon broke out into open quarrels, and one of the white men was shot by a savage, lurking in the woods. This determined the settlers to seek instant revenge, and accordingly they followed the Indians into the broken and rocky districts which lie east of the valley, whither, expecting pursuit, they had retreated.

It was about an hour before sunset, when the English, consisting of twenty well armed men, led by their reverend pastor, were marching through a deep ravine, about

two miles east of the town. The rocks on either side were lofty, and so narrow was the dell, that the shadows of night had already gathered over it. The pursuers had sought their enemy the whole day in vain, and having lost all trace of them, they were now returning to their homes. Suddenly a wild yell burst from the rocks at their feet, and twenty savages sprang up before them. An arrow pierced the breast of the pilgrim leader, and he fell. Two Indians were shot, and the remainder fled. Several of the English were wounded, but none mortally, save the aged pastor.

With mournful silence they bore back the body of their father. He was buried in a sequestered nook of the forest, and with a desolate and breaking heart, the orphan Mary turned away from his grave, to be for the first time alone in their humble house in the wilderness.

* * * *

A year passed. The savages had disappeared, and the rock, on which the pilgrim met his death, had been consecrated by many prayers. His blood was still visible on the spot, and his people often came with reference to kneel there, and offer up their petitions. The place they called *Bethel Rock*, and piously they deemed that their hearts were visited here with the richest gifts of heavenly grace.

It was a sweet evening in summer, when Mary Benison, for the last time went to spend an hour at this holy spot. Long had she knelt, and most fervently had she prayed. Oh! who can tell the bliss of that communion, to which a pure heart is admitted in the hours of solitude and silence.—The sun went down, and as the veil of evening fell, the full moon climbed over the eastern ledge,

pouring its silver light into the valley, and Mary was still kneeling, still communing with Him who seeth in secret.

At length a slight noise, like the crushing of a leaf, woke her from her trance, and with quickness and agitation she set out on her return. Alarmed at her distance from home at such an hour, she proceeded with great rapidity. She was obliged to climb up the face of the rocks with care, as the darkness rendered it a critical and dangerous task. At length she reached the top. Standing upon the verge of the cliff, she then turned a moment to look back upon the valley. The moon was shining full upon the vale, and she gazed with a mixture of awe and delight upon the sea of silvery leaves, which slept in deathlike repose beneath her.—She then turned to pursue her path homeward, but what was her amazement to see before her, in the full moonlight, the tall form of Pomperaug! She shrieked, and swift as his own arrow, she sprang over the dizzy cliff. The Indian listened—there was a moment of silence—then a heavy sound—and the dell was still as the tomb.

The fate of Mary was known only to Pomperaug. He buried her with a lover's care amid the rocks of the glen. Then bidding adieu to his native valley, he joined his people, who had retired to the banks of the Housatonic.

* * * *

More than half a century subsequent to this event, a rumor ran through the vilage of Pomperaug, that some Indians were seen at night, bearing a heavy burthen along the margin of the river, which swept the base of Pomperaug's castle. In the morning a spot was found near, on a gentle hill, where the fresh earth showed that the ground had been recently

broken. A low heap of stones on the place, revealed the secret.— They remain there to this day, and the little mound is shown by the villagers as Pomperaug's grave.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

ESSAY.

PLEASURES OF SCIENTIFIC ATTAINMENTS.

To increase in wisdom, and to enlarge the sum of happiness in life, are subjects which seem to occupy the first place in the thoughts and actions of men; and it is interesting to notice the diversity of opinion which prevails with respect to the sources whence this pleasure may be derived.

All seem to agree with regard to what *ought* to be the chief object of human pursuit; and all are exerting their power and skill in some way, for the improvement of their condition; yet so various are the notions, and so dissimilar the standards of enjoyment formed by mankind, that it is obvious some must fail in their attempts, and never realize that complete success which they anticipate. On one side, we see numbers employing every method which ingenuity can devise, or the patience of industry accomplish, for the accumulation of treasures, believing that the mere *possession* of wealth will afford them uncorrupted enjoyment. Others imagine that in the gratification of the senses, they shall discover that high state of felicity which is the common object of pursuit. Yet how small is the number of the successful, compared with the crowd who have labored in vain, and who have found not only dissatisfaction in enjoyment, but uncertainty in possession. Others seem to be impressed with the belief, that great human happiness is enjoyed in the exhibition of cour-

age or military prowess; in gaining signal victories or extensive conquests; or in having their noble deeds recorded, and their praises sung. But such cannot forget, that the garland of honor, which crowns the head of the warrior, is at all times stained with blood; the record of his deeds wet with the tears, and the song of his praise accompanied with the cries of the widow and orphan. Even that class of society, who delight much in the pleasures of kindness and affection, will not deny that these frequently operate to lead them into anxieties and troubles which they might otherwise have escaped.

And by far the greater part of mankind fix upon objects of pleasure which are obvious to all; and in their endeavors to attain them, pursue the same open road, which is trodden by the multitude with such various and unequal success. They are wholly ignorant of the pleasures derived from the improvement of those noble faculties, which among so large a proportion are but imperfectly cultivated. They may observe the nearest and most evident relations of things, and feel a sort of delight in dwelling upon their outward charms; yet they pay little regard to the higher and more remote relations of objects. This refined and elevated class of conceptions and feelings is reserved for the man of profound science and extensive research. It is perfectly natural, that persons should put but little value upon objects which do not attract their attention; or upon improvements which are unappreciated by them: hence it may be easy to see why so many look upon the pursuits of science as wholly uninteresting, or important only in the affairs of life, rather than as the sources of pleasure and gratification. But if

the *limited* power of man be capable of procuring happiness in any degree; if his *contracted* views of the splendid greatness of nature's fabric, be a source of enjoyment, certainly the extension of his knowledge, the exercise of his genius, and the enlargement of his reasoning powers will not diminish it. Such is the direct tendency of scientific investigations and researches—and though the pleasure received, is to the mind, of a perfectly different kind from that enjoyed in the contemplation of gay and verdant scenery, or nameless and gigantic ruins, yet we denominate the object that produces it as beautiful. The demonstrations of Euclid are, and will remain, the admiration of the wise and learned, though they be little esteemed by the idle and heedless. Here we are habituated to a mode of reasoning which cannot possibly deceive us—here we can drink of the pure waters of truth uncorrupted by error and doubt—and though our progress may be slow, our acquisitions will not be superseded by any subsequent discoveries—but we shall enlarge our fund of enjoyment, from the intelligibility of every step, the clear and regular train of argument, and the connected order of the whole. There is an inclination for inquiry implanted in our very natures, from which we have a pleasure in arriving at any truth, whether it be of consequence or not; and the more remote is this truth, the greater is the pleasure received, having overcome the difficulties in the way to it :

' For man *loves* knowledge; and the beams
of truth
More welcome strike his understanding's
eye,
Than all the blandishments of sound his
ear;
Than all of taste, his tongue.'

Besides, his gratification will not

be a little increased, if the result is of great importance to mankind, or of extensive and constant application to the affairs of life. Of this character are many of the propositions in Natural Philosophy—those by which we are enabled not only to bring before us the geometrical forms and construction of the face of nature, but to discover its wonderful mechanism, the different laws by which it is governed,—and the various operations and changes to which it is subject ;—those by which we are informed not only of the present state and appearance of things, but what they have been in years gone by, and what they will be in centuries to come. If there be any pleasure in reviewing present scenes and objects with a natural eye, would it not be greatly enhanced—should we not feel the liveliest sensations of pleasure, in being enabled, as it were, with a prophetic eye, to pierce the veil of futurity—to roll on, as it were, with infinite velocity, ages yet to come; and trace the effect of causes, which will require thousands of years for their full development.

The illiterate person may look upon the celestial sphere as some inexplicable phenomenon; his eyes may be directed to the stars, as to some wonderful appearance, yet comparatively speaking, he sees nothing. But when conducted from the abodes of ignorance and error by the enticing rays of science, which illumine his path, with delight he beholds the planetary system, and all those 'luminous points' that beautify the night. The man of taste, the follower of the muses, may be charmed by the sweet influences of nature, and delighted with the contemplation of the spangled concave; yet how will his joy be increased, and his felicity perfected, when admitted to the temple of science as

———' a guest at Nature's feast!'

Then his limited imagination is permitted to roam in more distant space, and his mind conducted to the hidden beauties of creation—the heavens put on a new and *pleasing* aspect, not to the understanding merely; but to the senses—new worlds burst upon his sight, and all the phenomena of the heavens are magnified vastly beyond their former appearance—even those little stars that twinkle over our heads, and seem only particles of light, become immense globes, like the sun in size and splendor, and giving light and life to other systems.

How different must be the situation,—how widely different the enjoyments of the man of science from those of the person who is educated only in the vulgar opinions of the day, and conversant only with error. The latter seems but little superior in the faculties of his mind to the wild beast of the forest—instead of pressing forward to penetrate the wonders of creation, he stands neglectful and careless to all the mysteries that throng about him, without the least desire to investigate them—

' Comets may blaze unseen, and worlds decay,
While error leads, and man pursues its way.'

But the other appears noble in faculties, and eager to examine the different laws and properties of the material world, and trace it through all its variegated forms—with joy he embraces the open volume of nature, and culls the sweets from every page. To him the thorn and the briar display beauties equally with the rose; the mountain's massive cliffs, as well as the valley's rich treasures yield to his scrutinizing eye; and objects which before disgusted him

or failed to delight, are now sources of real pleasure.

The pursuits of science are calculated also to add a charm and a sweetness to virtue. Aided by this, man is enabled to discover legible traces of the deity in every thing he meets—he sees divine wisdom and goodness enstamped upon the whole face of nature. By witnessing the perfect order and regularity of the works of creation, and being sensible of his own insignificance and entire dependance, he is led to raise his affections, with the warmest sensations of gratitude, to that Being who overrules and governs all.

While reflecting upon the pleasures of science, and the sweets of that pure enjoyment flowing from its pursuits, may we not look forward, with anxious hope, to a time when ignorance and superstition shall yield their dominion to the more powerful empire of reason and truth—when knowledge and taste shall be more widely diffused; and native works of imagination and genius encouraged; when the pages of our future history shall be gilded with the names of those men, who have extended the bounds of natural science, by exploring the mysteries of our own country. Then will be justly esteemed, and duly appreciated the *pleasures arising from scientific pursuits.*

R. L. P.

A SCRAP.

' Oh! let me court Lethean streams,
The sorrowing sense to steep,
And drink oblivion of the themes
On which I cannot weep.'

IN that season of life, when the heart's enthusiasm gives fervor to all its affectations, first commenced that unfortunate attachment between Augustus and Amelia.—The genius and accomplishments of Augustus were the themes of

every tongue. He possessed a proud and aspiring soul—he anticipated with sanguine confidence, the time when his talent and industry would be an honor to himself and service to those around him. His own Amelia, with a heart that could so well appreciate his excellences, found a proud enjoyment in those plaudits so often associated with his name, and happiness in those warm affections which her own charms had created. O! there was not one thorn among the roses of their own Eden—there was not one cloud in the pure skies that illumined its powers; there were no sounds but those that told of happiness, in cheering whispers to the heart. If Amelia's voice was heard in song, the strain was of the most joyous melody—her harp had not one sound of sadness in its varied notes—and lightest in the dance were her own footsteps among its graceful evolutions. Thus passed those days away, till Augustus, in the tumults of the world, exchanged the dreams of those romantic hours, for the cold realities of life—and cold they were to one so enthusiastic! rugged indeed, to one so ambitious, were those steep towards the temple of fame, over which not even genius could give wings to bear him—but step by step his wearied feet must tread, till even the hope which carried him along seemed to sicken with delay. Deep in his susceptible heart were the stings of disappointed ambition! In those woods which surround the beautiful village where so many of his days had been passed, where breathed the murmuring of his discontent, and even those haunts which endeared his adopted home were sought not at once, to indulge in dreams of love and hope—but to hide amid their shades the dark despondence of his spirit. Amelia

too, whose presence was once so replete with bright associations, served but to increase his gloom—vain was all the gaiety with which she hoped to dissipate his care. If in brighter hours Augustus was beloved with the fervor of her feeling nature, he was now, in his moments of gloom, cherished in her heart with an affection yet more impassioned. But why, (thought she) the gathering shades upon his brow? Can he not be happy without the applause of a multitude? Can he not leave the scenes where his hopes have failed and seek refuge in love and friendship alone, a joy worth all ambition could have promised? Amelia was happy still—for Augustus was the same to her as in her best day—and in losing the fickle favors of the world, she knew he had not lost that which ought to have secured them. But with all the splendor of talent, Augustus was deficient in firmness of mind and independence of spirit. His time was wasted in gloomy indolence, till he at length sought in intemperance a fancied oblivion of his ills. The companions of his virtuous days forsook him—his friends, while they mourned his degeneracy, left in the haunts of dissipation one who might command the respect and admiration of all. But Amelia, with woman's constancy, was faithful still.—Many were the efforts of her family to lead those affections from an object no longer worthy her regard—but Augustus, scorned and forsaken, found one, at least, whose look would not reproach, whose tongue would never censure. For him the music of her harp was still awakened—but at times a melancholy tone would steal into those strains meant for gaiety alone—that eye, though its glances were all its own, was fast losing the lustre of its hue—and

that cheek, where the rose once bloomed so brightly, had not now one trace of its crimson tinge.—Each day, as it passed, brought deeper melancholy to the heart of Augustus—and fainter, with every morning's dawn beamed the eye of the unfortunate Amelia—till at last it was shrouded in death! She died the victim of love and grief. Deeper, still deeper in the intoxicating bowl, Augustus sought to steep his distracted senses. 'Thou'rt nothing—all are nothing (thought he)—he dare not think upon the past—he would not dwell upon the future—his constitution, exhausted by excess, and wasted by the desponding melancholy which so long had cherished, warned him of his approaching end. He waited it with impatient despair * * * * and Augustus too found an early grave—the victim of disappointed ambition and of blighted affection. But alas!

'The only heart—the only eye
Had bled or wept to see him die;
Had mourned above his stone—
That heart had burst—that eye was
closed,
Yea—closed before his own!'

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

NATIVE SKETCHES, NO. XI.

'Consult with reason, reason will
reply,
Each lucid point which glows in
yonder sky,
Informs a system in the boundless
space,
And fills with glory its appointed
place.
With beams unborrow'd brightens
other skies,
And worlds, to thee unknown, with
heat and life supplies.

I am no astrologer, nor have I made the science of astronomy a study; yet who, not excepting the most rude and uncultivated peasant, can look upon the vast expanse of the heavens, on a clear and still summer's evening, and

not give way to the train of associations which such a scene is calculated to inspire—and is it not consoling and delightful on such occasions to view the myriads of stars that surround us, and conceive each to be like our own an inhabited world? For why may not this be the case? Is it unreasonable to suppose, that the same power and wisdom, which causes the whole solar system to move in a regular and prescribed order, that power which adapts all upon earth to its particular element might not by a similar adaptation, cause every planet in the heavens to resound to the praise of its creator. It is not my intention to enter into a discussion of this sublime subject as I have not the power to do so, but I merely beg leave to relate the adventures of a tourist among the planets (taken from his Journal) which, with making due allowances for historical licences are doubtless as true as half the terrestrial perignations with which the press abounds from the pens of our modern travellers. The gentleman alluded to above was an astrologer and the resident of a planet scarcely discernible from this earth; vain of distinction he had endeavored to promulgate some absurd and dangerous theories among his countrymen respecting his own as well as the numerous planets that surrounded them, and having by the ingenuity and plausibility of his conclusions, gained many proselytes, was arraigned at the bar of justice, and sentenced to be banished from the planet, on the charge of being an insidious subject. In disgust and indignation he heard the sentence pronounced against him, and having taken an affectionate farewell of his relatives and friends, he prepared to

bid adieu to the country, 'without any expressions of regret,' at what he considered ungrateful treatment. By what means he escaped from his planet, whether by ladders or ropes, our learned historian has not been pleased to inform us,—nor shall I at this late period make it a subject of speculation, but we can easily imagine our young astrologer pursuing his way to some more favorable climes.—Having visited many of the nearer planets, he was rejoiced to discover that his theories were not altogether incorrect, and as information was his principal motive in travelling, he was determined to leave no path unexplored. He found the inhabitants in those orbs he had already visited, very little dissimilar. His attention, at length, was arrested by the appearance of the moon, especially on account of its diminutive size. He had not proceeded far upon this new planet before he met one of its inhabitants, whom he regarded as one of the rarest curiosities he had yet discovered. He immediately entered into conversation with him, and was surprised to find so much information displayed by one, whom he esteemed as a mere child. The Lunarian being only fifteen miles high, about one half the height of the astrologer.

The Lunarian happening to be a secretary to one of the most learned societies in the kingdom, the astrologer was enabled to obtain all the information respecting the moon and its inhabitants, that he desired, and thus the necessity of prolonging his visit was entirely superseded. He was so much pleased with his new friend, that he prevailed upon him to join his airy peregrinations in the capacity of a travelling companion. Having provided themselves with

optical glasses, speaking trumpets, and other necessaries, they embarked upon discoveries still more important and interesting. During their various travels, they had frequently perceived a small black spot, which they had always passed by unobserved, thinking that its examination would not recompense their researches. Having, at length approached it rather nearer than usual, they were so much struck with its external appearance, that they formed the intention of visiting it, and of determining what it could be. After a very narrow inspection, they discovered it to be that most celebrated of all the planets, the earth! In the course of a short time, they were able to explore it from pole to pole, but as yet had discovered nothing which appeared to be endued with animation. Even the ocean presented no obstacles to impede their progress, for when the waters actually proved too deep for the Lunarian, his companion very generously placed him upon his shoulders till it again became passable. During one of these excursions, they discovered a small insect moving in the water; so very small indeed was it in their eyes, that they were surprised to find it possessed of life, and placed it among the number of their most rare curiosities. This insect as they were pleased to call it, we denominate under the class of *whales*,—on another occasion they made still more extensive discoveries—they perceived something moving upon the surface of the water, but which was certainly void of animation; on the application of their glasses, they were enabled to discover insects moving upon it, appearing to be in the greatest bustle and confusion.—The young astrologer had re-

course to his trumpet and was thus able to hold a conversation with them, and was informed, that they were certain philosophers, deputed by the king of France to measure the arc of the meridian, and owing to the roughness of the sea, 'occasioned by the presence of the astrologer and lunarian,' they were in imminent risk of their lives as they expected the vessel to go to the bottom every moment and thus end their important project; at this declaration, the astrologer was confounded. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'Yon insects, that with the naked eye I cannot discover, are engaged in an undertaking, which even we, on account of its magnitude, have never permitted ourselves to think of!' T.

We suspect the writer of the above story to have derived his inspiration from recent observations, made through the wonderful '*microscope*.'—Ed.

PAINTING.

THE first and indispensable requisite towards forming a painter, is genius; for the absence of which divine gift, no human acquirements can compensate; for, without that spark of ætherial flame, study would be misapplied, and labor thrown away. Painting bears a very near resemblance to her sister, poetry; and the painter, like the bard, must be born one. A picture, as well as a poem, would afford little pleasure, though formed according to the strictest rules, and worked up with the most indefatigable attentions, were genius wanting to complete the design; which may be said to be like the celebrated statue, fashioned by Prometheus, lovely, but lifeless; unless genius (like the fire which he is fabled to have stolen from Heaven,) darts its invigorating ray, and gives a soul to the finished piece.

But though genius is absolutely necessary, since nothing can be well done without it, it will not alone, do all things, but must be assisted by calls, reflection and assiduity. The memory may not be improperly called the repository where genius treasures up the ideas which pass before it in continual succession: from this repository, the artist selects such materials as the occasion demands, directed by his judgment. Above all, nature is the grand object of his meditation, and ought never to be out of his sight—nature is the only source of beauty—for nothing can be pleasing that is not natural.

The designer who oversteps the modesty of nature, may court applause from the ignorant and vulgar, but must not expect the approbation of the discerning and polite. Design, comprehends invention and disposition; invention, furnishes the subject, and disposition, places that subject in the most proper relation for exhibition; nature, supplies the objects; art, contrasts, diversifies and groups them.

But, as every painter may not have time or an opportunity to view nature in all its various lights, he will do well to contemplate the works of those great masters, who know how to make a judicious choice of subjects, and to execute them with taste and effect. On these he may rely almost as confidently as on nature herself, and will find them of the utmost use to assist his invention. Genius need not disdain to call to its aid the productions of kindred genius; and (as a wit has remarked) the young painter who shall neglect his study of the most eminent professors of that science, on pretence of setting up for an original, would be esteemed really an original.

'THERE is something venerable in the very name of 'fountain.' We say the 'fountain of life,' and the 'fountain of knowledge;' and the image of truth [the daughter of time, and the mother of virtue] is fabled to have been discovered at the bottom of a fountain, clad in a white robe, of a symmetrical figure, and of a mild, modest, difficult and attractive countenance: truth? 'Of all the divinities which nature has discovered to the mind of man,' observes Polybius, 'the most beautiful is truth. Her power is as great as her beauty; for, notwithstanding all conspire to overwhelm her, and notwithstanding every artifice is employed by her adversaries, espousing the cause of error, to effect a conquest over her, yet, I know not how it is, she never fails, by her own native force, to make her way into the human mind. Sometimes she displays her power immediately; sometimes only after having been for a long time enveloped in darkness. She nevertheless surmounts every opposition, and triumphs over every error by her own essential energy.' She is, as a Hebrew writer has sublimely expressed it, The strength, kingdom, power and majesty of all ages.—*Burke's Beauties of Nature.*

'My hair is gray, but not with years.'

Lord Byron.

WE have heard of many instances wherein fright, it is said, has produced very strange effects upon the human system. The following account we give upon the authority of a highly respectable medical gentleman resident in London. At the time of the funeral of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, a gentleman well known for his antiquarian researches, whose name we withhold, descended into the Royal Cemetery at Windsor, after the interment had taken place, and busily enga-

ged himself in copying inscriptions from various coffins. While thus engaged, and absorbed in thought, he heard the door of the cemetery close with an appalling sound, the taper fell from his hand, and he remained petrified by the knowledge of his awful situation, entombed with the dead. He had not power to pick up the taper, which was soon extinguished by the noisome damp, and he imagined that the cemetery would not be re-opened until another royal interment should take place; and that thus he must soon, from the effects of famine, be numbered with the dead. He swooned, and remained insensible for some time. At length, recovering himself, he rose upon his knees, placed his hands upon a mouldering coffin, and, to use his own words, 'felt strength to pray.' A recollection then darted across his mind, that he had heard the workmen say, that about noon, they should revisit the cemetery, and take away some plumes, &c. which they left there. This somewhat calmed his spirits. Soon after 12 o'clock he heard the doors turn upon their grating hinges; he called for assistance, and was soon conveyed to the regions of day. His clothes were damp, and a horrible dew hung upon his hair, which in the course of a few hours turned from dark black to gray, and soon after to white. The pain which he felt in the scapula during the period of his incarceration, he described to our informant to be dreadful. This is, perhaps, the best authenticated account on record of a man's hair turning gray from fright.—*Macclesfield Courier.*

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

NEW YORK, MAY 27.

Great Fire—Destruction of the Bowery Theatre, &c.—A fire occurred last evening, which destroy-

ed all the buildings on the east side of Bayard street, between the Bowery and Elizabeth street—most of those on the Bowery from Bayard to Pump street, including the Theatre, and nearly all on the same square in Elizabeth street.

The fire broke out, as we understood, in Chambers & Underhill's Livery Stable in Bayard st. about a quarter past 6 o'clock, P. M. and communicated with great rapidity to the adjoining buildings, no less than six or seven being enveloped in flames in the course of a few minutes. On the arrival of the engines, the flames had gained such ascendancy as to baffle for a long time the efforts of the firemen, and extended to the Theatre in the rear on Elizabeth street, and to the front on the Bowery, totally destroying the intervening buildings in each direction.

The extensive and elegant edifice, the Bowery Theatre, was entirely consumed and the rear fell to the ground. The flames communicated to the wooden cornice gutters, and spread through the roof, and interior, destroying nearly the whole of the scenery, furniture, wardrobes, &c. This disaster occurred just before the time for opening the Theatre. The play of the Gamblers' Fate was to have been performed on that evening for the benefit of Mrs. Gilfert, the wife of the Manager, and a full house was expected. The performers were dressing for their parts when the fire broke out; and reports were spread during the conflagration, that some of them were injured, but we learnt that this report was incorrect.

A Singular Stranger.—A wonderful and strange animal never before seen in this country has been lately caught on the premises

of a gentleman residing at Reading, Yorkshire. It has a head like a cat, fore feet like a leopard, hind feet like a ferret, purple eyes when seen in the light. It has three white marks over the right eye and three black over the left. It is of a whitish brown color, spotted with red. The tail of a beautiful white, tipped with blue.—*Athenian, (Geo.)*

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

• We are but the vendors of other men's goods! •

Melancholy Circumstance.—On Sunday, the 13th ult. the only son of James Gibson, of the township of Melbourne, about seven years of age, proceeded, accompanied by his elder sisters, to their sugar place about one and a half miles distant from their dwelling. After stopping a short time at the boiling place, the little boy said he would go to an adjoining sugary, about 40 rods distant, to which he had frequently been previously. The remainder of the children, after stopping some time, went after the boy to bring him home, but found to their surprise, on proceeding to the other sugary, that the boy had not been there. The children proceeded home, but on arriving, they, with their mother, (Mr. Gibson being from home,) were greatly alarmed. The neighbors commenced a diligent search for the boy, where the snow remained in the woods; the boy's track was at length found, but it was with difficulty followed, as the snow was only in patches, and they were obliged to proceed with candle light. The track was however followed to where it appeared as if the boy had returned from the brook; the search was continued till daylight on the other side of the brook without effect. This search was joined in by the almost distracted father who returned

home about midnight. The night being cold for the season, all hope of the boy being found alive the ensuing morning, was almost given up. The search was however, prosecuted at day light with renewed vigor, by from 100 to 150 men, all anxious to do their utmost. After some time, the boy's track was found on the other side of the brook, which was with difficulty followed for about five miles to where the body of the boy was found lifeless and cold.—*St. Francis Gazette.*

During the thunder storm on the evening of the 17th instant, a tree near the fish-house on Howell's Island in the Delaware, about two miles above Trenton, was struck by the lightning. Nine of the hands employed in the fishery were at the time lying down in the fish house. All were more or less affected by the electric fluid.—Some were stunned, others disabled in their limbs, backs, &c. One had the skin partially taken off his forehead, but no one was killed, and all appear to be recovering from the effects of the shock they received.

Bower of Taste.

THE LEGENDARY.

'So prolific is our pen.'

THIS is indeed the very age of books. Every day some new aspirant to fame advances to claim a niche in her temple, while those whose names have already been spoken in her courts, are still ambitious of enriching our literature, by renewing their offerings at the shrine of public taste.

Yet the admiration of the world, however grateful it may be to the sons and daughters of genius, is in its substance too ethereal for the support of their physical existence. Although authors have been not unjustly

likened to the Camaleon, yet they find it difficult to subsist *entirely* upon air. To encourage with liberality the efforts of intelligent and well cultivated minds whether in the walks of science or the fields of fancy, is a strong inducement to the exercise of native talent. This will not only conduce to the improvement of society, but will ultimately reflect honor on our national literature. To promote this appears to be the object and design of the *Legendary*. America exhibits a vast, and as yet, almost untrodden field for the excursions of the poet and the historian, whom we hope and believe will be rewarded according to their deserts. We wish to please our readers by extracting the following beautiful sonnet:

SUNLIGHT AT EVENING.

BY H. PICKERING.

How beautifully soft it seems to sleep
Upon the lap of the unbreathing vale!
And where, unruffled by the gentlest gale,
The lake its bosom spreads, and in its
deep,
Clear wave, another world appears to
keep,
To steal the heart from this! for thro'
the veil,
Transparent we may see tree, rock,
hill, dale,
And sapphire sky, and golden mountain
steep,
That real seem, though fairer than our
own;—
Still, picture faint of that pure region
drawn
By prophet's pen, but not to mortal
shown,
Where flow rivers of bliss—and vale,
and lawn
Are strewn with flowers immortal—
where, alone,
Night never comes, and day is without
dawn.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.—All communications for or relative to this work, should be addressed [post paid] to the editor, MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE. It is published every Saturday by SAMUEL G. ANDREWS, No. 30, Market Street, Boston. Terms \$2.50 in advance, \$3 at the expiration of six months.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

Mrs. WARE: If you think the enclosed lines deserve a place amid the variegated blossoms of your Bower, you will please accept them.

TO, CONSTANCE.

Like a vision from heav'n was my lovely maid,
Or an angel from yonder blue sky—
Or a flow'r that blush'd as it lonely stray'd
From its native bower—the pride of the glade;
She smil'd and passed on from my watching eye,
When a voice breathed soft as the notes of the grove,
I sigh'd—and I felt 'twas the *sigh of love*.

'Twas heaven that lighted that sacred flame,
At her shrine, and its pure steady ray,
Burns brightly to honor her virgin name—
My hearts fond oblation her virtues shall claim;
And its fervor can never decay!
For my bosom to know has just began,
That a heav'n on earth may be won by man.

Hail! rosy power of love divine!
Reciprocal be thy sacred bliss,
Lead on a fond pair to thy hallow'd shrine,
And with Hymen the nuptial wreath entwine,
As a boon of our earthly happiness!
Farewell sweet girl—yet true to thee
Until we *meet* this heart shall be!

THADDEUS OF ERIN.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM A POEM ON PLEASURE.

—'T is like the act
Which oft we laugh at in a giddy boy;
Where unreflecting and unthinking mind
Grasps not a substance, but a shadow.
He sees upon the topmast shaken bough,
A beauteous bird; and longs, within his hand
' obtain it. He makes full many attempts,
But all in vain; at least, with murd'rous aim,
He points the deadly weapon, Down at length
The lovely victim falls, beauteous no more.

—And even so
 It is with pleasures still in years mature,
 The syren yet can sing, and still her song
 Has charms as soft, deceitful, luring, false,
 To cheat and disappoint us now, as then;
 Alas! how oft it is, that, like the boy—
 The fairy bubble bursts by our attempts
 To gain possession of it.—

A—y.

—TI—

STANZAS.

‘Of joys departed, never to return, how painful the remembrance!’

Flow on, sweet stream! flow gently on!
 Thy flowery banks seem proud of thee;
 Thy waters mingle many a charm,
 But oh! they mingle none for me!

Roll onward to thy final doom,
 Through nature’s grotts, sublime and free,
 O’er tow’ring cliff, through fields of bloom,
 To the deep bosom of the sea.

Time was, when on thy banks so fair,
 With *one beloved* I used to stray,
 And listen to thy murmurs there—
 But ah! those hours have pass’d away.

Oh why, Alphonso, didst thou roam?
 Thy absence teaches me thy worth—
 Make not a foreign land thy home,
 Thou dear companion of my youth!

Yet though by Heaven it is decreed,
 That we on earth should part forever,
 When we from this dark world are free’d,
 Our souls shall meet, no more to sever!

JUSTICE

DREAMS.

‘We retrace
 All early time in dreams; and hear the low,
 Deep cadences of prayer, and press the hand
 That led us to our happy slumbers then.
 We look on riper seasons with the eye
 That painted them all sunshine, and forget
 That we have found them shadows; and we trust
 Life’s broken reed as lightly, and repeat
 Our first young vow as movingly, again.
 Such dreams refresh the feelings, like a pure
 And high communion; for the spirit wears
 No fetter of a poor, particular world,
 And waits no cold and selfish reasoning,
 To measure out its fervor, but goes back
 Upon the purer memories, and lives o’er
 The brighter past, alone; and when the heart
 Hath buried an affection, it unclothes
 Its image from the drapery of the grave,
 And wins it to its olden tenderness.’

WILLIAMS.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



'With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
'We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,'—*Paine*.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1828. No. 23.

TRAVELLING BY NIGHT.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER'S FURLOUGH.

TRAVELLING by night affords a pleasure, which in some degree compensates for the interruption occasioned to observation by darkness and obscurity. The outside of a mail-coach is the best of all situations for enjoyment of this pleasure; and while journeying rapidly in such a manner through the heart of the midland countries, he must be a strangely insensible creature who is incapable of feeling the changes, which, from the first fresh hour of morning, to the deepest repose at night, are continually occurring. The revelry of noontide, rich and joyous, as if the elements had agreed to club their sweetest influence to heighten it; the tempered warmth, the soberer gladness and the beauty of the afternoon hours; and then the eventide, sparkling with something of the morning's brilliancy, and only contrasted with it by the

sighing of the night breezes that are heard murmuring among the distant hills; there are few who have not enjoyed watching these progresses of the day, but rare it is that we find any one equally alive to the solemn pomp and language of the night as it passes on from one silent watch to another. Nothing, however, can be finer than the calm and silent manifestations of nature working under its deep shadows, and carrying on the great mystery of being independent of man's intervention or control. As the evening dies away into a cold clear twilight, the huge world seems gathering up itself and settling into repose; then the broad heavy shadows, that lay like a folded up curtain in the valleys, are spread out over hill and plain; the hush of the wide universe becomes deeper and deeper, and the midnight comes in the

fulness of its hours, brooding over the earth, like a mighty spirit of embodied time. As this watch of the night wanes away, hour after hour produces some change in the face of nature, in the floating sounds of the air, the hues of the overhanging clouds, or the forms of the shadows; and we feel that nature is finishing her work of renovation and preparing again to unveil herself. There is a mystery of beauty in these changes of night, that awakens many a sweet and solemn thought; and when aided by any circumstances of individual feeling, produces sensations of the most exquisite kind. In travelling, also, as we have said, the changes of the road are sure to present some object to heighten the feelings thus awakened, and to give the heart a vent for the deepened and hallowed stream of its humanity.

I was once travelling by the mail, through a part of the country, which being only famous as an agricultural district, afforded little to amuse one unacquainted with any of the signs that foretell whether crops will be good or bad. There was, however, among the objects of rural life that it presented, a sufficient degree of simple picturesque beauty to console me for the absence of other and less familiar sights; and as we passed rapidly through little slumbering villages, or by the door of some lonely cottage on the road-side, a variety of pleasing images presented themselves, that my heart seized on as the types of human happiness in its least variable forms. Deep and unbroken was the repose of these quiet spots; not a foot was stirring near them, nor a waking sound to be heard; peace had smoothed the pillow of the peasant, and was now keeping her watch round his habitation.

I had been for some time enjoying such reflections as these, as the changes of the night progressively took place. It was now a little past one in the morning, and I had arrived near the place at which it was necessary for me to leave the mail, and wait for a conveyance to pursue my route on a different road. The country about here happened to be more thinly inhabited than any of the surrounding districts, and it was only here and there that a cottage was to be seen, and that far off among the fields. I looked forward as well as the dim light of the atmosphere would let me, on each side of the road, but I saw nothing that indicated the presence of a single living thing. The little quiet hovels that I every now and then saw, were all hushed, and sharing in the same repose as those we had before passed; and I left the vehicle to pursue my path in perfect loneliness.

I had walked for about half a mile down one of those narrow country roads which lead from one village to another, when at the distance of a field or two, I caught the glimpse of a light glimmering through the unshuttered window of a cottage. I was not displeased at first at finding I had not the whole world to myself, but as I contrasted the appearance of the little dwelling I was looking at, with the deep slumbering peace of the others I had seen, there was something almost unnatural in its look, and a hundred conjectures arose in my mind to account for the watchfulness of its inhabitants. The idea, however, which took strongest hold of me was, that sickness, or perhaps death, had invaded the humble family; and, as I had not been altogether unaccustomed to the cottage fire-side in such seasons as this, and had an hour or two on my hands,

I jumped over a stile hard by, and walked up the narrow pathway to the dwelling. As I tapped at the door, I heard the sound of two or three voices speaking in a tone different to that we are used to hear in a sick room; and when I entered, in answer to the salutation of 'come in,' I found myself in a snug little kitchen, as light as the day, with the blaze of a fine wood fire, and presenting every appearance of having been the scene of an evening's merry-making.

The cause of my intrusion was soon told, and some inquiries as to my nearest way, and the time at which the coach passed the place I was walking to, as quickly answered by an invitation to stay at the cottage during the intervening hour or two. I was not backward in accepting the civil and kind offer thus given and I drew a chair into the rustic circle with no misgivings as to the sincerity of my welcome. I now looked round at the little party of which I had so unexpectedly become a companion. It consisted of the master and mistress of the cottage, two hale ruddy looking people, whose free and contented hearts had evidently made the toils of life easy; a man and his wife from a neighboring village, near whom sat a pretty girl, their daughter, whose bright blue eyes, and innocent countenance, fitted her to be the heroine of any rural romance; next to her was a young man in a soldier's dress, the son of my good hosts, and his sister; who with two or three children that lay sleeping in the chimney corner, made up the entire party.

It was some little time before my new friends felt sufficiently at home with me to resume their discourse, and I therefore addressed myself to the young soldier, from whom I learned the occasion of

the present meeting of friends and neighbors, and the reason of the late hour to which they prolonged their stay. It was the last day of his furlough, and as he was about to set off before the first peep of morning, his parents had determined on keeping up the merriment of their cottage till the very moment of his leaving them.

As the kind-hearted friends of the young man began to forget my being a stranger, I had an opportunity of observing the different manner in which their feelings were occupied. The father was as glad at heart as man could be, at seeing his neighbors looking contented with their cheer, and spoke of his son's departure with such a happy hope of seeing him come back to them safe and well, that he must have been sadly disposed to melancholy who could have doubted it would certainly be so. The mother and her female neighbor turned themselves to me to inquire about the country to which the young man's regiment was going, and listened to every thing I could remember about it, as if life and death were in my words. The object of all this solicitude was, in the mean time, closely engaged with the fair girl whose pretty form I had observed on entering, and who was obviously his sweetheart; and the sister was silently and busily employing herself in tying up in a handkerchief a variety of little articles which her affection for her brother had induced her to ransack together. As the time, however, for taking leave approached, every individual in the party seemed less inclined to talk, and I even felt myself partaking of the disinclination. Youth and age were before me, sharing in the same common hopes and common dread; suffering from the same sadness of

heart that springs from a separation of either lover or mistress, or parent and child, and internally calculating how much of life would be taken up with these blanks in affection and happiness. I knew that the labors of the next day would brush away the clouds that I saw gathering on the hearts of my rustic friends, and that the healthy breeze and cheering voices of nature, meeting with no contradiction in their free unburdened consciences, would make them happy as before. But I had often calculated the chances of human existence than they were ever likely to do, and I knew better what such a parting was.

The young soldier now rose and prepared to set out. His father took his hand, and called on 'God to bless' him, with a low and subdued voice, while the mother and sister hung on his neck, sobbing out their prayers that he might soon come back to them. Their neighbors looked as if their farewells would be out of place at such a time, and waited patiently by; and the young girl, whose gushing tears showed how fondly her heart was longing to pour itself out, hung her head in silence. At length the door opened, and the lovers took farewell of each other, with as much true-hearted affection, I am persuaded, as lovers ever felt.

I now found it was time for me to pursue my own journey, and I left the cottage with many a wish that every hope of its simple inhabitants might be realized.

LES ROCHERS DE MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

BY LADY MORGAN.

'Travellers ne'er did lie, though fools at home condemn them.'—*Shakspeare*.

IT is no longer possible to exclaim with Madame de Sevigne, 'C'est une chose étrange, que les

grands voyages!' *Les grands voyages*, on the contrary, have become the most common and every day events of life! A 'good traveller' is no longer 'something at the latter end of a dinner,' as La Feu has it: and to talk of the 'Pyrenean and the river Po,' would now incur for the prosing delinquent the character of a bore, and the penalty of being once heard and ever after avoided. Travelling, even to 'Juda's barren sands,' has ceased to be a distinction; and the Traveller's Club has so completely become every body's club, that it has been proposed, by way of something really exclusive, to start a *croccchio ristretto* of those who have never travelled at all. To talk of a visit to Paris has long been deemed as cockney as to prate of the lakes of Cumberland and their poets; to boast of having seen the Pope *pontificate*, is as pure a John-Gilpinism as to chatter of Fonthill; and to have 'swum in a gondola' is no more thought of, God save the mark! than a voyage in the Richmond steamer. The Pacific ocean and the British channel have become subjects equally common-place; and if another Peyrouse should disappear from the world, it is odds but he would be picked up in a month by some 'wandering darling' from Bond-street, or discovered on an *uninhabited island* by some roving detachment from the Yacht Club. —'How came you to alter your route last year? I thought to have met you at Thebes!' 'Oh! I changed my mind, on hearing that half Bloomsbury were there before me; and so cut off for the North Pole with Parry.'—'Did you meet any one there one knows?'—'No, that's the charm of it. White bears excepted, one has the place to oneself. Whom did you have, by the by, at Athens last year?'—'Scarcely a soul; at least, scarce-

ly a soul 'above buttons.' There were a few third rate English and first rate Irish to be seen, sauntering about the Acropolis, and making *goutés* in the Parthenon; but *pas ame qui vive*—that one ever heard of before. The A's pushed on for the Pyramids, the B's have been some time settled on the brow of Mount Caucasus, C. left us in the spring for the Crimea, and D. joined his eternal Pylades at Ispahan.'—'At Ispahan! what a fellow that D. is, with his pretensions to taste! Go to Ispahan! when one is sick of it, and its Hadgi Babas of Bond-street, and all that sort of thing. No one turns his horse's head to the South now, unless indeed it were in search of the *terra incognita*. It is the merest *point aux aces*. One's very tailor passes his *vacances* at Smyrna (where mine, by the by, picked up some charming cachemirs, for cool coats for next winter;) and you know the old story of Lady Lydia's maid and Monsieur Forbin, and the silk parasol, in the ruins of Thebes. The North, Sir, the North is the only thing now,—the Frozen sea, or Kamschatka, *via* Moscow, that's my *carte du voyage* for the next travelling season. Have you seen my *Droshka*?—'No; but I have a Britska waiting for me at Petersburg. I am going to join Lord Frederick J——, who has the prettiest thing on the Sea of Azoff, built by Potemkin. Will you be *des notres*?—'With all my heart. Let us rendezvous at Novogorod, embark at Smolenski on the Dneiper, and so proceed by Kerson and the steppes.'—'Exactly; and that will bring us within two verstes of Lord F's villa.'

It is thus that the home bred youths 'prate of their whereabouts.' Not only *il n'y a plus de Pyrenees*, but the total annihilation of time and place seems to

have realized the poet's rant, and to have turned the nursery dream of Peter Wilkins and his flying men to a 'flat reality.' While British travellers are thus illustrating the 'march of mind,' by marching off to all parts of the globe, and

'When pleasure begins to grow dull in
the East,
Just order their wings and fly off to the
West,'

there is a nation which keeps its ground with all the tenacity of a toad on a tile*—a nation which, compared by some to tigers, by others to monkees, and by Voltaire to both, appears to have been the least understood of any nation on earth. For while the North in hordes come swarming, as of old, over the sunny region of the South, and while the South seems to change sides, hands across, down the middle and up again, in a cosmopolitical country dance with the natives of the frozen North, the French, who stand between them both, are sure to be always found at home. For one French traveller, of either sex, to be met on the high roads of Europe, one thousand, at least, of any, or every other nation, may be seen scampering from the Tagus to the Neva, and from Thebes to the Giant's Causeway. The French are, in fact, the most grave, sedentary, and immovable people of Europe. Even their women, so falsely accused of vivacity and activity, expend the whole powers of their rigid organization in perpetual loquacity and the mobility of grimace. Under the old regime (when the women in France led the lives of the sultanas in the harem, one particular only excepted,) all the

* A friend of mine kept a pet toad in his cellar, and for nine years it never stirred off the tile which it had chosen for its habitation.

institutions, both political and social, tended to encourage habits of indolence, in which, in free states, and under happier moral combinations, the sex can never indulge. The very forms and language of high society were borrowed from the inveterate habits of a slavish, idle, and sedentary existence. Did any affliction befall a lady of rank, she forthwith went to bed, to receive the condolence of friends *dans la ruelle*. If she went to drive, it was but to *promener en voiture*; and even in modern Paris, a promenade extends but to a seat in the gardens of the Tuileries, or a chair on the Boulevards. I had a friend in Paris, some few years ago, who was the most charming and most indolent creature in the world.— She was one of the last remains of the old regime of rank and fashion, who had survived the plebeian bustle and democratic activity of the Revolution. Though past her grand climacteric, she was, as she often assured me, still ‘as active, vivacious, and locomotive as she had been in the flower and bloom of her youth.’ Yet, like others of her caste and creed, she had changed in nothing; and, witty and indolent as Madame du Deffand herself, she was a finely preserved specimen of a genus, now rapidly disappearing, which philosophy might have contemplated with rapturous curiosity. Madame de — was a perfect impersonation of a lady of fashion of the days of Marie Antoinette.— Her *ruelle* was her empire; her *chaise longue* her throne. She took her chocolate, and received visits in bed, during the day; rose late, dined at the hour of the old French *souper*, between eight and nine, and sat up half the night, surrounded by her *habitués*, among whom were to be numbered all the *bel esprit* of Paris. I was as much

with her as my health and our very opposed habits would permit, for she was a perfect study; and I generally left her in the midst of her *media nocte*, in all the vigor of spirits which are vulgarly supposed to belong to the early part of the day. As I made many sacrifices to these habits of indolence, I occasionally required them in turn; and I sometimes succeeded in digging her out of her hotel, in the Rue St. Honore, where she had for years been niched, motionless as the priestesses of the temple of Pompeii, which modern *virtu* excavates from their domicile of centuries. I once routed her from her bed at mid-day; and had her dressed and driving at Longchamp just as the *beau monde* were turning their horses heads’ homeward. I also once produced her at the opera, before the ballet was half over; and I actually had her at a *seance* of the *Institut* before the expected *discours* of the long-winded Mons. Quatremere de Quincy had quite concluded. My indolent and agreeable friend, notwithstanding this decided *vis inertia*, talked in raptures of the country (like all French women,) and had a *campagne* three leagues from Paris, about which he raved, and from which her *jardiniere* was daily replenished with March violets, April hyacinths, and *immortels* of the year. Daily projects were made, and as daily broken, for taking me to this ‘Delices;’ and, it was not till after a thousand ‘*Nous remettrons cela a un autre jour,*’ that the day at last arrived, when, having myself made all the necessary preparations for a formidable journey of three leagues, assisted at the *levee*, hurried forward to the toilette, and bribed over Felicie, her unfelicitous *femme de chambre*, to unusual expedition, I at last got Madame de — under weigh, and absolutely trans-

ported her from her *dormeuse au coin du feu*, to her *caleche*. With horses and a coachman as lazy as herself, it was late in the evening when we arrived within view of the iron gates of the *campagne*; and before we had reached the end of the straight avenue of limes, it was so dark that we could scarcely discern the grim, grotesque stone statues of Arlequin and Colombine which guarded the flight of marble steps leading to the broad paved terrace on which the *maison de campagne* was perched. Before we had reposed from the fatigues of the journey, and swallowed our *goute*, it was what is vulgarly called pitch-dark; and as the motive for making this *course* was to see the gardens, the *serres chaudes*, and the luxuriant beds of hyacinths, then in all their 'redolence of bloom,' I could not help expressing my disappointment, with a capaciousness which afforded infinite amusement to Madame de —, whose bursts of laughter were interrupted with 'Et tout cela pour une fleur! pour un promenade! pour une fatigue manquee!' My ill humor, however, was at once vanquished on beholding the gardener enter the room with a lighted lantern, and equipped with a nightcap under his hat, to conduct us to the garden. We immediately followed our guide; and accompanied by Felicie picking her short steps over the dewy gravel, and her mistress' fat dog, Sylphide, waddling beside her, we actually saw the hyacinths, and noticed the fine growth of the precocious *petits pois*, by candle-light!

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

Mrs. WARE—Having met with the following singular account of Catholic superstition, I thought it might possibly gratify some of your readers; I therefore submit it to your disposal. ALICE.

A Dutchman making his confes-

sion to a mass priest at Rome, promised to keep secret whatever the priest should impart to him, till he came into Germany, upon which the priest gave him *a leg of the ass on which Christ rode into Jerusalem*, very neatly bound up in a silken cloth, and said, 'This is the holy relic on which the Lord Christ did corporeally sit!' The Dutchman was wonderfully pleased, and carried the holy relic with him into Germany, and when he came upon the borders, boasted of his holy possession in the presence of four others of his comrades, at the same time shewing it to them; but each of the four having also received a leg from the priest and promised the same secrecy, they inquired with astonishment, 'whether the ass had five legs?'

Spalatine, the celebrated secretary of Frederic, Elector of Saxony, drew up a curious catalogue of sacred relics preserved in the principal church at Wittemberg. It contained the enormous number of *nineteen thousand three hundred and seventy-four*. But the relics in the churches of Hall were still more curious. These precious specimens of superstition are of very high antiquity. In the year 359, the Emperor Constantius caused the remains of St. Andrew and St. Luke to be removed to the temple of the twelve Apostles at Constantinople, from which precedent the search for saints and martyrs, whose bodies were supposed to possess extraordinary virtues, became general. The wonder seems to be how a sufficient number could be procured, to serve even by peacemeal for the purpose of so many ages and churches; but this apparent difficulty is solved by father John Ferand, who asserts, that 'God was pleased to multiply and re-produce them for the devotion of the faithful.' Instead of swelling the in-

ventory to thousands, a specimen of a few may afford the reader some data, by which to ascertain whether the probability is that they were multiplied by Divine Omnipotence, or by human credulity.

The rod of Moses, with which he performed his miracles.

A feather of the angel Gabriel.

A finger of a cherub.

The slippers of the antedeluvian Enoch.

The spoon and pap dish of the holy child.

A lock of hair of Mary Magdalene.

A tear our Lord shed over Lazarus, preserved by an angel who gave it in a vial to Mary Magdalene.

One of the coals that broiled St. Lawrence.

The face of a seraph with only part of the nose.

The nose of a seraph, supposed to belong to the defective face.

Some of the rays of the star that appeared to the magi.

The bishop of Mentz boasted that he had *a flame of the bush which Moses beheld burning!*

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

ESSAY.

'BUSY IDLENESS.'

I WAS much-amused the other day in reading a short essay upon 'busy idleness.' Its very title amused me, as I thought, that must be a strange idleness, which could be called busy. I hastily read it, and found it true, that there is in the world, a kind of idleness, which is busy—very busy.

To illustrate this kind of idleness, I will cite the author's own words: 'Charlotte, after much indecision, and saying 'I have a great mind to,' three several times, without finishing the sentence, at last took down a volume of Cowper,

and read in different parts, for about half an hour; then, throwing it aside, she said she had a great mind to put the book-shelves in order.'—She begun, but did not finish. This one example shows that there is a kind of idleness which is busy. And this 'busy idleness' finds many an advocate in practice, though but few are willing to think themselves very busily engaged in this very busy idleness. But Charlotte is not alone, in reading a few pages, then doing this, then doing that, then going here, then going there, and so on, day after day, perfectly idle, though very busy. She is not the only one, that promises well for the future—that is going from one thing to another, without accomplishing any thing of importance.

Yes, we might, without doubt, make out a long list of those, who do a little of every thing, but who in fact, do nothing; or at least, every thing is ill done. They have a great share of this 'going to do,' and when they commence, they verily believe patience will have her perfect work, and perseverance follow on of course. They prepare to meet no obstacle—they do not suspect that work will be work. But patience is soon tired and overcome; then some new plan is on foot, and all must be left for the new project; then again, things go on briskly, till in about the same space of time, another new thing is started. In fact, life has very much of this 'busy idleness.' None are exempt from it. There is one exception, however, (for every good rule has an exception;) that is, there is one class of wise folks, who never project any thing. Now, this kind of idleness is worse than the 'busy idleness,' and equally as common.

Its effect is, that it makes its

possessor a mere machine. He has not the power of setting himself in motion, or continuing it after being put in motion. Such a person lives without an object, unless merely to live be an object. Indeed, such a man does not live, in an intellectual sense—his is merely a passive existence. But the busy idle man can live a little at a time, for sometimes he will be engaged in mental pursuits; in fact, always doing, always in great haste; for ever projecting, but never finishing. He tells you that he is going to do something, but it will be with a *bye and bye* to it. He will always be ready with an apology for past faults—tell of obstacles—of better plans—of things which were unnecessary, or if necessary, that they can be done better at some future time. Thus conscience is quieted—friends kept in hope—many strong resolutions formed for *reform*—but no resolution to execute the resolve. Now, all must see, that this ‘busy idleness’ is a very mischief-making-sort-of-a-thing; and if there are any who give quarters to this enemy of good works, we advise them to drive the intruder away, and persevere in doing it, until it can find no resting place. Then, and not till then, will such patients be perfectly cured.

GAMING IN HIGH LIFE.

THERE was a barrister in this society, not many years ago, whose name is associated with painful recollections. His fate left a considerable gloom for some time upon our mirth; for he was a cheerful, lively, goodnatured member. He too was an excellent scholar, and entered the law with prospects as encouraging as usually beam upon its early votaries. But he was the smallest man, the most abridged specimen of humanity,

not absolutely drawn, I ever knew. This, with a most plebeian monosyllable for his name, (these are greater disadvantages than they are generally considered,) not a little damped the ardor of his legal studies; and a most inauspicious hour it was that saw poor B— enrolled amongst the festive band of the beefsteaks. It called up a different tribe of enjoyments to his fancy, and law became every day more distasteful to him. The whim and humor of the club quite alienated him from all graver pursuits; owing, probably, to some natural defect in his mind, which converted, as it were, into its necessary aliment, excitements that should only have been its occasional indulgencies. In this unsettled disposition, he joined the shoals of English that swarm in the streets of Paris. B— had a turn for calculation, and prided himself upon it. A scheming Abbe, whose calculations were built on a different basis, insinuated himself into his confidence, and brought him an ingenious plan to win at play, with the certainty of large gains, and a probable chance of breaking the banks. B— investigated it closely, and worked day and night at it till he thought he understood it—a most wretched delusion! The Abbe accompanied him to the *Rouge et Noir*. It was the first experiment of the new talisman. It was agreed, that its operations were to commence by fifty successive throws upon the red; and that the stake, with all its augmentations, should remain there for that number of games, or, if lost, to be renewed. The luck was on B—’s side. He won fifty times the amount of his venture. This was as it should be. It was exactly what the Abbe had predicted from the scheme, which was to regulate the caprices

of fortune. At this point, B—— took up half the money, leaving, in conformity to the Abbe's instructions, the other half on the black. This also succeeded; and B—— left off, his pockets stuffed with Napoleons and bank of Paris billets. For this miraculous invention, the Abbe claimed and received the moiety of the profits, the amount of which was twenty five thousand francs. Two nights successively the mystic tablet was auspicious; they won, and participated, as before. The next night the goddess shook her light wings: the towering structure of the Abbe's arithmetic tottered to its fall. They carried home nothing; and B—— was obliged to draw upon England for the last sad remnant of his resources. 'Beware of Paris!' said M. Clermont, the amiable and respectable partner of La Fitte's house, as he told the cashier to count out the money. The caution sank for the time into his heart; and it was seemingly confirmed (the wretched are always superstitious) by a slip, as he mounted the steps of the Frescati, in consequence of which the bag which held his whole wealth fell to the ground, and emptied its contents. On that night B—— lost it to the last livre, and had nothing left to retrieve his losses, or to sustain his family (a wife and child,) who resided with him at Paris. He looked to the Abbe for consolation. The Abbe had none to give him 'Give me back,' said B——, 'some of the money I shared with you.' 'Ma foi!' exclaimed the Abbe with a despairing shrug, 'I have placed it in the rentes for *ma pauvre famille*.'—*Lon. Mag.*

MARY AND ELLEN.

THESE little girls left the church yard together, and slowly took the way that led to their own houses.

They spoke but little, for their minds were full of thought. B—— was thinking of heaven, and how happy her grand-mother was in that blessed and holy place, where she had so long wished to be. Ellen was very sad; she felt that she had never done before, and she was that she was more like her. She thought that she would go to pray and try to love Jesus, she was sure Mary did. B—— felt that her heart was weak and that she was not able to do these things of herself; and this made her sorrowful. She had never had so much opportunity of instruction as Mary had. She had not been taught to read and understand the bible, and she had never been to Sunday school, and had not heard so much of the love of Jesus for children, and that she even called, 'little children to come unto him.'

'There,' said Mary, as they stood opposite the door of a very humble dwelling, 'that is where poor Mrs. M—— lives, you have often heard me speak of her, let us call and see how she is to-day. This aged female had been for great many years afflicted with tedious disease, and her palsied limbs seemed scarcely able to support her, or to assist in providing the smallest necessary comforts. She was very poor, and lived entirely alone, except that now and then some of her neighbors' children kindly visited her, and offered her their little services. Yet she was always cheerful and happy. She enjoyed the firm support of religion through all her trials, the comfort of a good hope in the mercy of that blessed being whom she had ever known and loved. Mary was among her most frequent visitors, and she now seemed pleased to see both the little girls, and them she felt quite as well as

al. She then added, 'I thank you my dear children, for your kindness in coming to see such a poor old woman. But do not think I mean to complain, my neighbors are all very kind to me, and though you may think I am very lonely here, yet I am not, for my Saviour is with me. 'His rod and his staff, they comfort me. Seek this blessed Saviour, my dear children, she continued, now in your early days. I am sure, if you should live even so many years as I have you will never think that you found him a day too soon. Be sorry for your sins and go to him as humble penitent children, and He will not cast you off.' The little girls looked at each other, but Ellen did not speak, though her heart was full. Mary busied herself for a few moments in making some arrangements for the comfort of Mrs. M——, and as it was getting late, bade her good bye. They then separated from each other, and hastened to their respective homes. *N. Y. Pap.*

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

NATIVE SKETCHES, NO. XII.

'LECTION.

WHEN Boston was a *town*—(blessings on that word! it sounds to my old fashioned ears so much better than *city*), before the streets were McAdamized, or the frog-pond converted into a well; or the old monument of our independence torn down; or the new one begun, which (unless it meets with the fate of Babel's structure) will doubtless be finished before the expiration of this century; before our land of notions obtained the title of the Literary Emporium, or the arts and sciences were congregated in Pearl-street, where all of 'ocean, earth, and air,' form an assemblage more incongruous than that of the Ark of Peace—

where priests, poets, fiddlers, belles and witches, smile, frown or glare at ye from their high or low estate, as you pass the proud review—before these vast acquisitions were made in the regions of taste, or the flood-gates of foreign luxury were opened upon us, honest Yankees—there was *no day like 'Llection*. Scarcely the 'jubilee of freedom' itself was an era of more rejoicing, than the 'first Monday in June.' By sunrise, our beautiful, but now almost forsaken mall, exhibited preparations for the approaching festival; a long range of tables were spread beneath the shade of the trees, while the white tents formed a fine contrast with the surrounding verdure of the mall and common, (I love to be sentimental!)—there, whilom, might have been seen some of our most respectable citizens, leading a string of rosy girls and boys, with eyes full of joy, and hands full of gingerbread; there also the hale yeomanry of our country villages, with their parsons, deacons and doctors, accompanied by their wives and blooming daughters, with their cheeks outblushing their ribbons, might be seen, happily promenading the expansive green, and surveying with delight the evolutions of the military, and retreating occasionally to the mall to refresh themselves with the good things of this world, in the shape of oranges, sugar-plums, lobsters, and gingerbread.

But oh! and alas! these days of republican simplicity are over.—Miss from the country, now, sports her quizzing-glass, tips on her *Navarino* with the air of a Broadway belle, and trips to the Athenæum; talks of style, expression, and costume, without once dreaming of *the Common!* Lost to us now are all those delightful sights that would sometimes present them-

selves in case of a *shower*. How picturesque it was of yore to see a blooming nymph looking like a Naiad, with her uncurled hair and adhesive drapery, flying across the Common with the speed of an Atalanta, to find shelter in the tents!

'Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life.'

But it is to be feared that 'Lecture Day will soon be disregarded, otherwise than for the purpose for which it was appointed, and that our Common will possess no charm but for candy-munching urchins, or the sable members of our community! There, too, are the refined amusements of the Circus, and the lions, and the monkeys, hand organs and all; and there is Washington Garden, 'wasting its sweetness on the desert air!'—O.....h! how polite we do grow! SIMON.

A TEACHER'S PLEASURES.

MESSRS EDITORS,—Were you ever schoolmasters? It is one of the most bothersome, pleasing, aggravating, teasing employments that ever man undertook. 'What letter is that,' said I, half out of humor with a young chuckle-head, who had hammered three months at the alphabet, without knowing the first letter. 'Why—why—it is B.' 'Master,' cries one, 'Sam pinched me!' 'Silence! what letter is it!'—'Why—why—it is H.' 'Master, call to Tom; he crowds!' 'Thomas, come here, you young rascal! what have you been at!' 'Why, sir, the rest crowded me, and I could'n't help it.' 'Take your seat, sir, and mind in future. Well what letter did you call it?' 'Why I've said it two times a ready.' 'It's not rightly named.'—'Well, pray master, what is it, then.'—'Why, it is A, booby.' 'Ha, ha—a booby! why master, you never called it that way afore.' 'Well, A, then.' 'He, he

—a then.' 'You numscull, A' (loud.)—'A!' (louder.) 'There—take your seat, sir—you are among the incurables.'

Reading Class.—'Chapter Thirty-tenth.' 'Halt, sir—who ever heard of a thirty-tenth chapter?' 'Why master, the other was the thirty-ninth.' 'Very well then, call it fortieth.' 'Chapter forty-eight.' 'Stop, I said call it fortieth.' 'Yes, sir—chapter forty-et.' 'Master, please to let me fetch water?'—'Is this my lesson?—where did I leave off last week?' 'Is house a verb or an adjective?' 'Are there more than one state in Pennsylvania?' 'Have patience till I have done with the reading classes.' 'Pray sir, is not Spitzbergen in the hundred and fortieth degree of south latitude? How many degrees of north or south latitude have we? One hundred and eighty, is there not?' 'No, sir, you certainly mean longitude, which extends 180 degrees east or west from a given meridian, which brings it in the same meridian on the opposite side of the earth. But latitude is the distance from the equator to the poles, north or south, which can never exceed ninety degrees.' 'Master, what does p-p-p-h-t-t-t-his-ic spell?' 'Why tistic.' 'Master, what day of the month does the Fourth of July come on next year?' 'Can't tell, I've seen no new Almanacks.—Who is it makes that noise?' 'Why Billy Banter says the master don't know much, or else he could tell what day of the month the fourth of July comes on!' Now what think you of such a life as this. ALCANZOR.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

'We are but the venders of other men's goods.'

Maria Louisa. The widow of Napoleon, lives with her father, the Emperor of Austria. It is

said that she holds a Court, and receives ministers from her brother sovereigns. The banishment and death of Napoleon were severely felt by her, and she still exhibits a settled melancholy occasioned by those events. Her son lives with her. He commanded a regiment when six, and was made a duke when seven years of age. He is now about seventeen years old, and it is said that his endowments of mind, both natural and acquired, give promise of his becoming great, should a proper theatre be presented to his exertions.

On Wednesday morning se'n-night, a number of men employed in the repair of the old part of the Shepley mill, near Glossop, were alarmed by certain indications of the mill falling, and immediately left it. One young man, however, who had forgotten his shoes, contrary to the entreaties of his fellow-workmen, re-entered the mill, and had scarcely done so, when the building fell, and buried him in the ruins. Assistance was speedily obtained, and he was dug out, but life was quite extinct.—When found, his head was completely doubled upon his breast, so that he must have died from suffocation, as none of his limbs were broken, nor were there any external marks upon his body which could have produced death. An inquest was held on Thursday, and a verdict of 'accidental death' returned.

This week was discovered by Mr. Whettle, the quarry-man at Ridgeway stone-quarry, a human skeleton, two feet six inches under ground. An earthen urn was laid by the side of the skull. The back bone was crumbled to dust, but the arms and legs were perfect, which is found to be usually the case with decayed bodies. When

the skull was touched, it fell to pieces, and so did the urn. Mr. Whettle found the upper jaw perfect, but the under one reduced to ashes. The grave was sunk thro' the depth of the soil, and rested on the solid rock of stone. There seemed to be no trace of a churchyard near the place.—*Dorset Chr.*

We have heard of a horse which was led through the entry of one of our colleges, in ridicule of the manner in which many use the common phrase, 'go through' the University; but the tour of the following enterprising Houyhuhum is, we believe, unprecedented. A horse in Easton, Pa. with harness on, ran away, entered the dwelling of Mrs. Brown, and went up stairs in the second story. Continuing a little further, he tumbled down a stair-case, broke the banisters, and with a terrible crash came rolling into the kitchen, causing no small dismay and scattering of the family, and a great derangement of the supper table.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

A pretty little girl was brought to this office, by some individual, who stated that he found her in Broadway, wandering about, and that she could not give any other account of herself, than that she had been left and deserted by her friends in the streets. She was habited in a plaid frock, figured bonnet trimmed with blue, red shoes, and wore a necklace of small coral beads. She mentioned a number of places where she had been, but could give no account as to whom and where she belonged. Proper inquiries will be made respecting her, and in the mean time she has been entrusted to the Managers of the House of Refuge. The little creature had her hair *en papillotes*. *N. Y. Pap.*

A man died lately in North Carolina, of a slight needle puncture received in his hand;—and another in Norfolk, of a scratch on the lower joint of a middle finger, got while thrusting the hand into a pork barrel.

MR. COOPER, author of the *Spy* and other popular American novels, and who is now in Europe, has in the press at London, a work entitled 'America, by a Travelling Bachelor; or Facts and Opinions relative to the United States.'

A complete edition of Walter Scott's Novels, in English, is now publishing in Paris. Explanations of the Scottish words and phrases are given in the margin of each page.

Bower of Taste.

HISTORY OF THE EMPERORS.

THIS work is an abridged history of all the Emperors who have reigned in Europe from Julius Cæsar down to Napoleon; it was translated by MRS. SARAH ANN HARRIS, of Savannah, (formerly of Boston) and published in New York, in 1824. It is a neat duodecimo, and admirably calculated for the use of schools, for which it was designed. Considering the necessity of often alluding to the intrigues of a licentious court, as also of delineating with truth some of the most abandoned characters, this Lady has observed the utmost purity of language throughout her translation, which is sufficiently literal to give a perfect idea of the original work. The liberal encouragement which the translator of this book has received, from its being adopted as a classic in some of the most respectable seminaries at the south and elsewhere, induces her to print a 2d edition, which will be published in New York in September next. A few

specimens of the work will shortly be forwarded to Mr. Samuel G. Goodrich, No. 141 Washington Street. The following letters were addressed to Mrs. Harris, respecting her work:

Mrs. Harris's translation of an *Abridged History of European Emperors*, from Julius Cæsar down to Napoleon Le Grand, written originally in the French language, appears to be executed in a fine style of composition; and as the subject is particularly interesting to all classes of readers, I do not hesitate to recommend it to the patronage of the public.

J. CRAWFORD.

Mrs. Harris—From the particular examination I have made of your translation of the *History of the Emperors of Rome*, and other parts of *Europe and Asia*, and comparing it with the original, I can without hesitation recommend it as a *good translation*, and as a useful book to young students, and a convenient remembrance even to those who have read history more extensively. For the encouragement of *native female genius*, I wish it may meet with the reception in the world which it merits.

Respectfully, yours,

R. A. BLOUNT.

MILLEDGEVILLE, }
July 1, 1824. }

Mrs. S. A. Harris,

MADAM—I have examined your translation of the '*History of the Emperors, &c.*' and cheerfully contribute the mite of my approbation, not only to the fidelity of the translation, but also to the purposes, as they are set forth in your prospectus, for which the work was undertaken. If it should meet with the encouragement from the public to which its merits fairly entitle it, you may rest assured that you will be the last individual who will have reason to be dissatisfied with the enterprise.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient Servant,

JAMES CAMEL.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.—*All communications for or relative to this work, should be addressed [post paid] to the editor, Mrs. KATHARINE A. WARE. It is published every Saturday by SAMUEL G. ANDREWS, No. 30, Market Street, Boston. Terms \$2.50 in advance, \$3 at the expiration of six months.*

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

COFFEE. The lovers of this delightful beverage may be pleased to learn how highly it is esteemed by the Persians—they believe it was planted by the angel Gabriel, who prepared it for Mahomet to renovate his youth, which it effectually did. Bonaparte also says, that coffee was the ambrosia of the Gods, equally imparting nutriment and exhilaration.

COFFEE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Hail sacred plant! which like the genial clime
That gave thee birth, exhilarates and warms—
Rouses the hero's soul to deeds sublime,
Or soothes to soft repose with gentle charms.

Flower of Arabia! to thee we owe
The classic lay of Homer's deathless lyre:
'T is thine, to bid the soul of genius glow,
And sportive fancy's blissful dreams inspire.

O'er that fair soil that nurs'd thy infant bloom,
The gods unbarr'd the radiant gates of day,
Where not one sombre cloud of wint'ry gloom
Rises to chase the genial blush away.

Fragrant exotic—flower of paradise,
Through thee we hold communion with the skies. AUGUSTA.

SONNETTA.

TO MY EOLIAN HARP.

Harp of the breeze! how sweetly o'er thy strings
The gentle south its inspiration flings!

How wildly on the breathless list'ner's ear
There seem to swell a thousand mingling notes,
Now faint and distant, now, more loud and clear;

And as thy fairy warbling round me floats,
Methinks an angel tunes thee to his song;

For more than earthly strains to thee belong—
But hark! how rushes now the rising gale
Upon the tender chords with ruder sweep!

Struck by the tempest, awful is thy swell,
Thy notes more grand—thy tones more richly deep!

But now—they melt like twilight's fading hue,
As dies the breeze away; sweet lyre, adieu!

BALLAD.

Cold blew the blast across the heath
 And darksome was the hour,
 While the ill omen'd bird of death,
 Scream'd from the ruin'd tow'r.

Cold blew the blast across the heath,
 When Ellen left her home—
 Regardless of night's chilling breath,
 Through cheerless wilds to roam.

Around her sylph-like form so fair,
 Her silken plaid she threw,
 While on the blast her auburn hair,
 In wild disorder blew.

She hied her to the battle plain,
 Though the hour was dark and dread,
 For oh! she cried my love is slain—
 He has for freedom bled!

For he came not with the morning sun,
 To deck my favorite bower—
 And he came not at the blush of morn,
 Or twilight's shadowy hour.

What voice was that, so low and drear—
 Was it the groan of the dying?
 Ellen she paus'd, and listen'd to hear—
 Was it the voice of my Henry dear
 Or the hollow night breeze sighing?

Among the dead the youth she sought,
 With courage unappall'd
 While anxious hope possess'd each thought,
 As on his name she call'd.

Soon as the maid her love descried,
 And saw the bleeding wound—
 She wildly shrieked, then sunk beside
 Him, on the ice-cold ground.

They found her there at the dawn of day,
 But her reason had fled forever!
 Though they hurried her from the scene away,
 From her memory it faded, never!

For oft would she come to his lonely tomb
 To breath her evening prayer—
 While many a flower of brightest bloom
 Diffused its fragrance there;

And she would list to the swelling breeze,
 And whisper a fond reply,
 For she said he spake in the waving trees,
 And beckon'd her from the sky!

Poor phrenzied maid—peace to thy breast,
 For long hast thou been laid
 In misery's only home of rest,
 Beneath the willow's shade.



'With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
 'We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,'—Paine.
 The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
 From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1828. No. 24.

THE PRIZE OF VIRTUE.

Miss Henrietta Garden, born at Paris, and residing in the *rue de la Vererie*, was but eight years of age when she lost her mother. Her father confided her to the care of three ladies, who were capable of giving her but a very common education; from them she learned to sew, and to take care of a household.

At the age of fourteen, she returned to her father, who gave her the direction of the domestic concerns. Happy in anticipating even his slightest wishes, she determined to pass her days with him; and so pleasing to her was this prospect, that she refused several offers of marriage. On a sudden, her father declared to her his intention of forming a second matrimonial engagement, upon which, although it surprised her, she suffered no remark to pass her lips; she often smiled at see-

ing him flatter himself with the idea of happiness. The marriage was concluded, and Miss Garden had the grief of not being permitted to follow her father to his new wife's residence.

She was then aged 20 years, and was obliged to take lodgings in a small chamber. In order to obtain subsistence, she was constrained to sew linen, but even then her utmost exertions could not procure more than twenty sous a day. Her only happiness consisted in visiting her father, but it was easy to see that her presence was not at all agreeable to his wife. The simplicity of her manners and the poverty of her dress, contrasted strongly with the air of elegance which prevailed the house. She supported without complaint the slights of her stepmother, and never ceased to testify the liveliest tenderness

for her father, and for a young child, his son, by this second marriage.

Soon, she was prohibited from paying any more visits to her father, except at those periods of the year which are consecrated to filial piety; and even then, she was permitted to appear only at the house when the family were alone, entering by a private stairway reserved for the servants. If her father was sick, she obtained with great difficulty the favor of placing herself beside his bed, but under the condition of not naming herself before strangers, and causing herself to appear, even to the eyes of the physician, but a simple hired nurse.

Thirty years elapsed from the time of Mr. Garden's second nuptials. Nearly the whole of that period, he resided in the country, and his daughter, after he removed thither, was ignorant of even the place of his residence, when one day he presented himself before her, told her that his affairs obliged him to take up his residence for a short time at Paris, and that he had resolved to remain during his stay in the city in her humble asylum. Mr. Garden had lost his fortune; discord had separated him from his family; he had but a single friend in the world—that was his daughter. She received him with transport, and eagerly yielded up to him her only bed. Mr. Garden, from that moment till his death, which happened two years afterwards, spoke no more of returning home. Never did his daughter ask him the slightest question concerning the motives which had estranged him from his wife and son. She was suffering under a dreadful malady, but she exerted her strength so far as to serve and take care of him.

The mornings, she employed in mending the clothes of her father,

in washing his linen, and preparing his repasts. The persons with whom she worked had consented to her beginning her labor at mid-day; but in order to regain the time lost, she remained at it until eleven o'clock in the evening.—Her little salary could not suffice for the maintenance of two persons, and her pious delicacy caused her to conceal from her father a part of her necessities. She saw herself obliged to profit by the good will of some benevolent neighbors, and contract debts with them, which augmented by the last sickness of her father, amounted, at his death, to the sum of five hundred francs.—How enormous was this sum for a poor girl who had to depend on her labor for subsistence: Her father expired in her arms.

Filial piety is a duty; but are there not circumstances which give a character of eminent virtue to an action in itself obligatory? Besides, Miss Garden has other titles.

During the time she was living alone, before she had the happiness to receive her father, she had shared her home with Sophia Valley, her friend, and like herself, poor and without assistance. After a lapse of eight years, Miss Valley was attacked by a malady of the breast, which lasted for two years.—Henrietta, although an invalid herself passed her nights in watching by the bedside of her friend, and her days in laboring with ardor, in order to procure for the poor patient the necessaries which her situation required, and even in some degree those delicacies which she fancied.

An old man, a relation of Miss Valley, succeeded her in the affections of Miss Garden; she received him in his turn, maintained him by her toil, and assisted him in his dying moments.

Since the death of her father she shares her scanty means with a poor septuagenarian widow, Madame Brosette. Nothing is more touching than the harmony which reigns between these two persons; nevertheless, at the time of receiving Madame Brosette, Henrietta was already harrassed by the idea of her debt of five hundred francs; but how could she shut her door and her heart against this unfortunate Madame Brosette? Thus she drudges with all her strength, she imposes many privations upon herself without inflicting them upon her companion, in order to pay her debt, and her most ardent wish is, not to die before she has attained that object.

She is entirely a stranger to the designs formed by charitable persons, to make her a candidate for the prize of virtue. If she had been consulted, she would never have permitted her poor conduct towards her father to be published to the world. The Academy has decreed her a prize of *three thousand francs.* *Paris Pap.*

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

· ESSAY

ON THE NATURE AND IMPORTANCE OF OPINION.

OPINION is a conclusion or judgment of the mind, supported by probable evidence. The conviction produced by this evidence may depend both upon the weight which is attached to it, and the light in which the subject is viewed. Different views of a subject may produce not only different degrees, but different kinds of evidence; and, by consequence, the opinions we form will be not only more or less convictive, but different in character. Hence that great variety of opinion peculiar to almost every subject;—a variety, in many cases, seemingly as

extensive, as the differences are conceivable between coincidence and contradiction. Nearly all our speculative as well as practical knowledge is a mere matter of opinion; and, as in both kinds of knowledge, there may be evidence for, as well as against a subject, our opinion is formed on that side, the evidence of which, in our judgment, preponderates. And, in the conduct of life, we act, if we act rationally, in that way, which, upon the whole, we think for our interest. If this account of opinion be correct, it is certainly a gross insult upon the understanding where its judgments are ridiculed and treated with contempt. We are endowed with certain faculties, and are placed in situations which necessarily call them into action. In judging of what particular course of conduct we ought to pursue, or of the right of any case, or of the truth of any proposition, we are to act upon, every circumstance which occurs to the mind, has its weight in the scale, and the judgment is formed from superior evidence. But if, from incorrect views of the subject, or from our not giving to every circumstance its proper weight, our judgment should err, and consequently should mislead us in practice, ought we therefore to be exposed to contempt? surely not—opinion should always be respected as long as there is evidence of its truth, and, as regards the conduct of life, we should conceal the errors of our friends beneath the mantle of charity. To ridicule them, is, to reflect not only upon the understanding, but upon him who bestowed it; since he did not endow us all alike, with sufficient capacity to cope with the difficulties of our situation. Wit and ridicule may be usefully employed in correcting vice, or errors of fancy, or absurdities in

the manners of men: but never let them be arrayed against mental imbecility; employed thus, they are the weapons of *impiety*, and have done more mischief in the religious world than ignorance, persecution, and all the haggard train of war.

S. L. M.

THOUGHTS.

WHAT a difference between the country girls, and the girls in town! How very proud the latter are—they must understand music and dancing and know how to work lace—but to employ themselves in any thing that is useful, they would think the most degrading thing in the world.—How are men, who have to make their own fortunes, to get along with such women for wives; women who know nothing of economy or housewifery, who think it quite beneath them to do house-work, or even to take any concern in the affairs in the kitchen, and who let their hired girls waste and manage as they please? I wonder if they in town call these delicate, proud, idle wives, who make slaves of their husbands, *help-mates*! Very likely! for they say that we, who live ten or fifteen miles from town, know but little of civilization, and they treat us too as if they thought we were as *ignorant* as savages.—This may be true—if so, I for one am quite happy in my uncivilized, savage state. The girls here think it so disparagement to be honestly employed in useful labor—and if they have not full employment at home, they hire out to get something for themselves, and instead of spending their earnings for gewgaws, they purchase raw materials, such as sheep's wool, cotton-wool and flax, and in the winter, when they would be otherwise out of employ, they work up these materials into coverlets,

quilts, blankets, sheets, table-cloths, towels, &c.

'The active, industrious young man, who has a farm, with a neat house and barn upon it, takes one of these girls for a wife, and he gets a treasure; a woman who undertakes the management of his household affairs with cheerfulness; she feeds the pigs and poultry, milks the cows, makes butter and cheese—spins and weaves, mends and makes her husband's clothes, darns his stockings, and is always very particular to have her victuals well cooked, and ready in due season. Now it appears to me that these *country* women are a more useful class, and make much better *help-mates*, than the town-women. Yet the Editor of the Yankee has the *impudence* to call us 'gawky and slab-sided.' If we screwed ourselves into the *shape* of an hour-glass, as the town girls do—he might indeed ridicule us, but for him to do so because we have the good sense not to torture ourselves into different shapes from those which nature gave us, is very impolite and very ungentlemanly, that's poz.—If he would visit our farm-houses and see how cheerful, happy and useful we make ourselves, I am sure he would say, 'how much more interesting those rosy-faced, honest-hearted, lively *country* girls are, than our insipid, starched up, mincing misses.'

The foregoing are plain, unstudied thoughts, thought down in black and white as they came along. If I get stung by a goose-quill for these, I must try to think better in future. I wonder if Loveright supposes that people study over their subjects before they begin to write upon them? If I did, I should never write any thing at all, for if I only form the whole of a compound sentence in my head before I begin to write

it down, I entirely forget the first part. When I begin a subject, I don't think of it at all; I know what the subject is, but I mean that I don't think how I am going to manage it—I begin it any how, then word comes after word and sentence after sentence. I always clap them down as they come along, till they quit coming; then I look over what I have written, copy it over and correct it, and when I have done, I not unfrequently find that my correct copy and the original are upon entirely different subjects.

ASTREA.

Bagdad, May 24, 1828.

Yankee.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

NATIVE SKETCHES, NO. XIII.

EDWIN and ANN had been companions from infancy, they were highly favored by nature, both with regard to mental and personal endowments, and from the congeniality, apparent in their dispositions, together with their early and continued attachment to each other, it was the general opinion of their friends that they were destined to become partners for life.—One of those beautiful little villages on the borders of the Connecticut river, was the place of their residence; from the circumstance of having an academy of some celebrity in its vicinity, the inhabitants of the village possessed rather more than ordinary refinement of manners, as almost every family, however poor, contrived to give one or more of their children a few months *polishing* at the academy. Upon this principle all became equally or partially intelligent—there was something truly republican in the manners and characters of the people, the most perfect harmony reigned in every class of society,

if classes indeed they might be termed where no one was distinguished but for talents or worth, and from which no one was excluded but for vice, or folly.

Edwin was the only son of a worthy man, who was deacon of the church, and had for many years cheerfully fulfilled its sacred duties, as well as those of social life, without any affectation of extraordinary piety, because he was in truth its possessor. He could have wished his son to have followed his steps or ascended still higher, to the ministry, but he was evidently fond of the law, and although his native village presented but a circumscribed theatre for the display of professional talent, yet a lawyer he resolved to be; but for the honor of the neighborhood it should be remarked that he was seldom busy in his profession, for the people were too honest to steal, and too proud to be in debt, and they seldom quarrelled, except on political subjects, which, yankee like, generally ended in a war of words, yet had the rigours of the law been enforced on a criminal, there could scarcely have been found in the village a building capable of securing him, had he been disposed to change his quarters—their jail was an old two story wooden house, without grate or cell, *very pleasantly* situated under the shade of two embowering elms and look'd like anything but a house of confinement—its only inhabitant was a poor indolent old man who had been placed there for stealing corn, and who rather than be at the trouble of raising it, preferred remaining in jail and actually grumbled on being discharged, saying he was sure *now* he did not know what he *should* do—a poor prospect for lawyers!

Ann was the eldest daughter of an industrious and affluent farmer,

she had been deprived of her mother at the age of fifteen, at which time she was taken from school and placed at the head of her father's family, and although she had made a considerable proficiency in her English studies, and cultivated advantageously a very pretty taste for drawing, yet such were her early habits of domestic industry, that she readily transferred without regret her attention from her books and works of fancy, to these more important duties that the death of her mother had obliged her to perform, in watching over, and supplying the wants of the younger children, and directing the concerns of the family, and such was the propriety with which she appeared in her new character, that the blooming little house-keeper was the admiration of every one who knew her. Ann's beauty was of the same character as that of Thompson's Lavinia; there was a dignified modesty in her mild blue eyes, a grace in her youthful figure which at seventeen rendered her a perfect model of unaffected beauty—by sunrise she might be seen in her neat home-made frock and white apron spreading forth the linen upon the grass to whiten, or tying up the luxuriant woodbine, and honey-suckle that clustered over the porch and windows; in this task she was sometimes assisted by her rural beau, who often paid her the *first* compliment of the morning—during the city holidays, the farm-house was often a scene of festivity. Ann had several cousins in Boston and Providence who were delighted to visit her at such times, to enjoy for a few weeks the novelties and luxuries of a country life—and the honest farmer with his amiable daughter did all in their power to heighten the enjoyments of their guests.

One fine afternoon in August, a splendid barouche and pair, suddenly wheeled up to the neat *door-yard* of the farm-house, from which sprang a sylph-like figure clad in a graceful travelling dress, whom Ann instantly recognised as one of her city cousins: this young lady had just returned from a tour to Niagara and the several fashionable watering places in that route and had prevailed on her friends to leave her for a few days at the farm-house, which she had promised to visit on her return—the fathers of Ann and Emily were brothers, the latter was a merchant of Boston, and had married a southern lady of fortune who had initiated her daughter into all those extravagancies of fashion in which she herself was educated.—Emily possessed a susceptible heart, and a mind capable of high cultivation; a continued routine of amusements lost much of their value, in her estimation, yet a throng of fashionable admirers induced her to think more of adorning her person than her mind. Emily too was beautiful, although totally different from her cousin, her joyous spirit seemed ever on the wing to express itself either by glance or gesture—'every step was a spring, every look was a smile, and every feeling was a joy,' but Emily was selfish, without being conscious of it, for she would gratify her taste for amusement even at the expense of her dearest friend.—At a party made in honor of her visit to the village, Emily appeared in all the blaze of beauty and fashion, with the lovely Ann at her side arrayed only in a simple muslin with her sunny hair clustering round her neck with almost childish simplicity—Edwin had not seen Emily for many years, and the improvement in her person and manners seemed

to strike him with astonishment; at first he only drew near to gaze at her sparkling and intelligent face, and listen to the lively sallies of her wit, but by degrees her fascinating powers of conversation, so replete with taste, sentiment, and a knowledge of the world so completely absorbed his attention, that he seemed almost unconscious that any other being beside Emily existed, to share this admiration. A conquest obtained any where, was always an important achievement with Emily, and regardless or rather thoughtless of the character in which he stood with regard to her cousin, she favored the illusion by an affected interest excited by his admiration of her beauty and talents; while that lovely and artless being, who had with the almost singleness and purity of heart given her affections to Edwin, saw with undisguised distress the supposed alienation of his love. The next evening while Emily was dressing for a new excursion of pleasure, on inquiring for Ann, Edwin found her weeping in the garden—he took her hand, conscious, perhaps of being the cause of her sorrow, and affectionately pressing it to his lips, he led her to the door and departed—reassured by this new mark of his attachment, the faithful and innocent Ann believing all were as artless and sincere as herself, flew up stairs to her beautiful cousin whom she found wreathing amid her luxuriant hair some wild flowers which they had gathered in their morning ramble, who declared that while she was surrounded by so many of the beauties of nature she had no respect for things of art.

This speech struck full upon the heart of the sensitive Ann and rushing into the arms of Emily, she wept without restraint; astonished at her emotion, her cousin tender-

ly inquired its cause, when with a voice scarcely audible, she exclaimed, 'oh! my dear Emily, I love you more than I can express! you are beautiful and accomplished, and I know you are idolized by society; but your walk in life is widely different from mine—your views are and should be more elevated—the calm and simple pleasures of a country life would not long accord with your taste, even though blest with one you *may love*—the world of fashion is your sphere, and I trust I am not wrong in believing the report that your fascinations have not been vainly employed in securing one of its brightest ornaments as the companion of your future life.'—Emily blushed while Ann continued, 'do not then wrong *him* by permitting another even for a moment to occupy his place in your thoughts; and oh! do not agonize my heart by seeking to interest one whom I know you would not marry, were he to present you with the Indies, for let me tell you, my own honest Edwin, (at least he whom I thought all sincerity and truth) should he forsake *me* can never make *you* happy! Yes—but he will and he has the power to do so, said Emily, (fixing her keen black eyes on the tearful ones of Ann) and he is only waiting for me to name the day. Perceiving a deadly hue overspread the features of Ann at this reply, Emily clasped her affectionately to her heart and added, and the day has been named, both to him and to your father by myself, and I am resolved not to leave this house until I dream upon a piece of *your wedding cake*—what say you to the next Sabbath—it is fixed as fate, and here am I a bride-*maid* at your service! The tale is told—on Sunday this amiable pair were united amid the blessings of their numerous friends, and among

the congratulations received, none were more sincere than those offered by their satirical cousin, who likened the constancy of their attachment to that of *Darby and Joan*.

Y. Z.

PRECOCIOUS TALENT.

WE behold those in whom genius has early arrived at maturity, with the same pleasing admiration which captivated our feelings, on witnessing a few blossoms of spring unfolding themselves with unlooked-for rapidity and rise to full strength and vigor before those of the same species have regularly completed the first process of expansion. Nor is the pleasure which we experience, solely to be attributed to that agreeable state of mind which is induced by sudden excitation. We owe it to a more rational cause. A splendid proof of the buoyancy and power of the human soul is thus afforded us—an agent which, like a mighty and ever active prisoner, will sometimes burst its bonds, and cast from its energies the shackles of mortality.

We have been led into these reflections by the appearance amongst us lately, of a celebrated child of genius—Master Burke, who, though only seven years of age, performs upon the violin with a skill which rivals that of the very ablest masters, while in dramatic acting, his conception of character, and turn for the comic and ludicrous, entitle him to rank by the side of Garrick. He also sings with great sweetness and elegance, and to such as have witnessed his performances in these three departments, his memory must long be a source of wonder and endearing contemplation.—This astonishing child is a native of Galway in Ireland. His father is a respectable surgeon in that town, and is connected with sev-

eral families of distinction whose names occupy an honorable place in the history of their country. When only three years old, little Burke exhibited unequivocal proofs of genius, particularly in music, and was therefore accommodated with a small violin, which he still bears about with him as a curiosity, and on which he made such progress, that at the age of five years he was brought upon the stage, and received with unbounded admiration and applause. Since then he has pursued his career with increasing ability and reputation, and, favored with a fine voice, and inimitable dramatic talent, he has contrived to vary his evening entertainments with singing, acting, and performing on the violin, that people of all tastes and hues of feeling, behold him with equal interest and delight. To this effect the personal appearance of the little prodigy also greatly contributes. He is slender and delicately formed, and is distinguished by a serene beauty and softness of features, that are lighted up by a bright versatile eye, every motion of which is indicative of genius. The sentimental, and almost pathetic air, which during his quiet moments, dwells upon his countenance, is uncommonly interesting; and when he smiles, few can behold him without loving him. In private, he is modest, artless, and unassuming, obedient to his parents, who travel along with him, and uncommonly eager and persevering in his studies. In these he is assisted by a French tutor, who also accompanies him, and who seems affectionately attached to his gifted pupil. Master Burke performed in Dumfries, during several evenings, to highly respectable audiences, every individual of which beheld him with rapture, and even affectionate astonish-

ment. He still forms a subject of animating discourse or remembrance to many, and to none in a more eminent degree than the writer of these cursory remarks, in whose book of memory he is enrolled, as one of those few objects to which his thoughts may at all times revert with unmingled regard and pleasure.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

• We are but the venders of other men's goods. •

The Athenæum Gallery of Paintings.—The design of this institution, located in Boston, was, that an honorable competition might be awakened among our native artists, tending to the growth of their genius, and to the encouragement of fine arts throughout our country. While its object was to assist artists by affording them a convenient sale for their productions, it was no less intended to cultivate and enlarge the public taste. All these patriotic intentions are likely to be frustrated, and the institution to be knocked in the head; for we would have a mean opinion of any artist who in future could send his pictures to a place so ungenerous in its treatment of their productions.

There are a set of quill-drivers whose narrow-minded observations will do nearly as much harm to the public taste, as good they might have done to the community by sawing wood, or dipping candles. Artists are treated with as little respect by them, as they themselves deserve from a liberal community. No encouragement is offered to candidates for honor, who are obliged to pocket their insignificant reproaches without a murmur. One would suppose that there was too much good sense abroad, to apprehend a perversion of public opinion, from the reflec-

tions of these writers; but experience will prove the contrary, and it is to be lamented, that they have the influence which many of them unquestionably possess. Destitute of the proper abilities for criticism, they have not taste enough to discern beauties; and as they deem themselves called on to talk, they 'cannot choose' but blackguard. Pictures are sent to the Athenæum gallery, from all parts of our country, and some of the best have gone from Baltimore. We have many artists of powerful talent, but few of matured genius. Are they, who are struggling for distinction, to be crushed by fellows, who were they themselves painted in true colors, would be libels on American taste. We refer our readers to the Boston newspapers, *passim*.

Emerald.

A Frenchman, describing to an English lady, said 'it is *superbe! magnifique! enfin* what you call in English, pretty good.' The praise of Mademoiselle Sontag will bear about her this manner of translation. We will leave out the *pretty* and say just the *good*. She is good—a good singer, but no goddess; and we are tolerable confident that hanging, drowning, and fighting for her will not be fashionable in this land of beauty. She has good eyes, from which she keeps up what soldiers would call a rolling fire, not particularly maiden-like, but rather more closely resembling the knowing looks of a smart lady's maid. She has good teeth, and a mouth which, from a capacity of extension of which she liberally avails herself, affords excellent conveniences for exhibiting them from flank to flank. Her face is of the German shape, which truth to say is not the best model. The *ensemble* of her figure is not remarkable. In the details,

her hand is pretty; and, strange in a German, she has a beautiful foot. Her execution is wonderful, but we have heard many singers who have pleased us more.—Ronzi de Begnis, the lost pearl of the opera, we would especially instance; also Feder. The idea of her playing in serious opera, strikes us at this moment as perfectly absurd. The Herald writer who seems to think that the turn-up nose, like the turn-up card at whist, shows the trump, confidently infers intellectuality from that index; but we have our physiological doubts whether the *retrousse* will ever rise above the earth.—*Lon. Examiner.*

Ladies commonly bring into good company minds already too much relaxed by petty pursuits, rather than overstrained by intense application; the littleness of the employments in which they are usually engaged, does not so exhaust their spirits as to make them stand in need of that relaxation from company, which severe application or overwhelming makes requisite for studious or public men. The due consideration of this circumstance might serve to bring the sexes more nearly on a level in society; and each might meet the other half way; for that degree of lively and easy conversation, which is a necessary refreshment to the learned and the busy, would not decrease in pleasantness by being made of so rational a cast as would yet somewhat raise the minds of women, who commonly seek society as a scene of pleasure,—as a refuge from intense thought or exhausting labor.

It is a disadvantage even to those women who keep the best company, that it is unhappily almost established into a system by the other sex, to postpone every

thing like instructive discourse till the ladies are withdrawn; their retreat serving as a kind of signal for the exercise of intellect. And in the few cases in which it happens that any important discussion takes place in their presence, they are for the most part considered as having little interest in serious subjects. Strong truths, whenever such happen to be addressed to them, are either diluted with flattery, or keep back in part, or softened to their taste; or if the ladies express a wish for information on any point, they are put off with a compliment instead of a reason; and are considered as beings who are not expected to see and to judge of things as they really exist.

Lord's Prayer. The following is a literal translation of the Lord's prayer in Cherokee:—Our Father who dwellest above, honored be thy name. Let thy empire spring to light. Let thy will be done on earth as it is done above. Our food day by day bestow on us. Pity us in regard to our having sinned against thee, as we pity those who sin against us. And lead us not in any place of straying, but, on the other hand, restrain us from sin. For thine is the empire, and the strength, and the honor. So let it be.

Walking arm in arm, with a *belle* is unfashionable, and to come within hailing distance is only in the power of an *exquisite*, who has studied the graces minutely. Contrasted with the 'drab bonnet,' 'the old fashioned bonnet,' or merely the veil, it cannot be worn by any lady of taste, but for a short time. The drab bonnet, a more than usual number of which are seen in our streets at this time, is neat and full of taste. Ladies who wear Navarinos, com-

plain of the narrow side-walks along Broadway, and wish the Corporation to take into consideration the propriety of widening them—while six feet gentlemen are puzzled to ascertain whether they have grown an inch or two, or the Corporation law had reference only to awning *posts*, instead of the awning.

Matrimonial Taste. We copy the following instance of *juvenile* indiscretion, on the part of a lady, from a provincial paper. At Staunton on Wye, Herefordshire, Mr. Samuel Jones, *aged nineteen*, to Jane Allcott, *aged eighty-six*,—
'Hail wedded love!'

'Aunt Nabby Mayhew' has arrived in this city from 'Varmount.' She has already attended one or two fashionable parties, and will await the arrival of her nephew 'Joe Strickland,' from the Mediterranean, who, it is said, is the bearer of thanks from the Greek ladies, accompanied with a trifling *douceur* to one of the editors of a daily evening paper, who has interested himself so much in the Greek cause.—*N. Y. City Gaz.*

Dark and Light Piety. Wanted, a *pious* man, to make himself generally useful on a *Coal Wharf*—beer and coals allowed. A steady *religious* young man is desirous of obtaining a situation in a religious family, to drive a *light cart*, &c.—*Evan. Mag. for April.*

A Grammatical Pupil. A school master, after giving one of his scholars 'a sound drubbing for speaking bad grammar, sent him to the other end of the room to inform another boy that he wished to speak to him, and, at the same time, promising to repeat the dose, if he spoke to him un-

grammatically. The youngest, quite satisfied with what he had got, determined to be exact; and thus he addressed his fellow pupil: There is a common substantive, of the masculine gender, singular number, nominative case, and in an angry mood, that sits perched upon the eminence at the other side of the room, wishes to articulate a few sentences to you in the present tense.

Yankee Trick. A few days since a man who belongs to a gang of Yankee turnpike makers, who are for the present at Bushwick, committed an assault and battery on a peaceable inhabitant of that town. A warrant was issued against him, and the constable apprehended him; but the fellow was rather pugnacious, and easily effected his escape. A few days afterwards, the constable discovered Mr. White Hat, (as he was called for want of a better name) and immediately gathered a *posse*, and chased him into a house occupied by his turnpiking companions. The party surrounded the house, and while they were summoning courage to enter, White Hat was seen to issue from a back door, and fly swiftly across the fields, and the whole party immediately joined pursuit. The chase continued some distance, but at length White Hat was overtaken, when behold! it was not the *real* White Hat, but one of his companions, who had assumed the disguise, and led the whole pack off on a false scent. On returning to the house, the offender was not to be found, and the constable had only to enter it as an *escape*.

Frank Enough! A Western paper says, 'that a package, franked by a member of Congress from Kentucky, was lately discovered

by the Post-master at Blue Licks, to contain a *new gingham frock pattern*, which he was sending home.'

[We have been credibly informed that another member put his wife and four children in a package, franked them, and sent them home at the expense of the Government—a pretty good use, if not abuse of his privilege.]

On Wednesday week, a violent thunder storm occurred at Warrenton, in North Carolina. The lightning struck an Academy, and killed the eldest daughter of Mr. Carter Nunnery. The unfortunate young lady, whose fate has excited much grief among the inhabitants of the town, was seated between two others, neither of whom was injured.

An architect in London has circulated a prospectus for building a Pyramid, for enclosing the dead; the length of the base to be 1200 feet, the height 1500.—He estimates the expense at *forty millions sterling*, which he wants the government to advance at the rate of one million per annum!

Suicide. Capt. Winckenbach, of Waldoborough, Me. drowned himself a few days ago. No reason can be assigned for this act. His worldly affairs were in a prosperous state—his character good, and he never exhibited any signs of mental derangement. He has left a wife and twelve children. The circumstances preceding this event are singular and peculiar. About the first of April, he purchased cambric for a shroud, and a few weeks since had it made: when questioned upon the propriety of this, he remarked, that as he was becoming old, and the term of his existence might be short, he conceived such a preparation to be needful. Until within a few days

of his death, he had been engaged in making out his accounts and arranging his papers. He at one time observed to his brother that, as he expected soon to be taken away, he wished him to take charge of his pocket book and papers, and should his prediction prove true, to dispose of them as he thought proper. The day before his death, he sent one of his daughters to purchase articles of mourning, and on Wednesday, after dinner, he procured from one of his neighbors a piece of rope, went to the narrows, a distance of one mile, and tied one end of it to his body and the other to a stone weighing about thirty pounds, and plunged into the water where it was nearly fifteen feet deep. His body was found after it had remained in the water 36 hours.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

On Tuesday afternoon, between the hours of two and three o'clock, a woman, in a state of derangement, precipitated herself from the roof of a house at the corner of Staple and Jay streets. She was terribly bruised, and died in a few minutes after being taken up, from the effects of the concussion. *N. Y. City Gaz.*

The rear building of the Coffee House, No. 9 Warren-street, occupied by Mr. Tyrrell, fell to the ground, on Tuesday, in consequence of being undermined in digging for the foundation of a building to adjoin. The second story of it was occupied by the family of Mr. T., who were first alarmed by the falling of a section of the wall, of the lower story, and fortunately escaped without injury, before the main building tumbled into ruins.—*ib.*

Mademoiselle Celeste and her sister, Miss Kepler, lately arrived

from Paris, are engaged at the Park Theatre. Negotiations are on foot for a strong corps de ballet, and arrangements are making to ensure a stock company, equalled by no theatre on the continent. It is decided to make four private boxes on each side; the second tier, and two below, which will be very elegantly embellished, and so dispose of the lights, as to dispense with the centre chandelier, and throw the glare of light from the circle of boxes altogether.—*N. Y. Enquirer.*

A Shower of Herrings.—The Inverness Courier, received by the Florida, states that Major Mackenzie, a gentleman of Foddington, in Strathpeffer, while traversing a field on his farm, lately, discovered a portion of ground covered with fresh herrings. The fish, it was supposed, had been transported thither by a water-spout—a phenomenon that is common at that place.

Bower of Taste.

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION.

IT is amusing to listen to the various opinions that are expressed relative to the wonderful Automata of MAELZEL, particularly the old Turkish Professor of Chess. There are some persons who actually believe him to be under the immediate influence of supernatural agency, animated *pro tem* by the same spirit that inspired the celebrated Faustus, of brimstone memory; while others endeavor to account for his mysterious movements, and apparent intelligence, upon more rational principles,—contented, however, with tracing the former to the operations of a well organized machine, without even endeavoring to account for what appears the transfusion of soul into a body of material wood and iron. While he was exhibiting in New-York, a gentleman who

professed to have beaten some of the best players in Europe, informed us that when confronted with the old Turk, such was the effect produced on his mind by viewing this strange *mockery of life*, that his thoughts were entirely abstracted from the game, which was consequently lost.

The performances of the smaller figures upon the slack rope, are also most astonishing specimens of the perfection of mechanism. The trumpeter is less wonderful than the others, as he is undoubtedly a *musical instrument* himself, whose internal construction is somewhat similar to an organ, and may be acted upon either by the power of some correspondent machinery of its own, or by the hidden agency of its inventor.

The interest of this exhibition is much increased by the splendid panorama of the Conflagration of Moscow. It has a most grand and imposing effect. It would have been well, however, had Bonaparte been conspicuous in some part of the scene, which we believe he is not.

The Minstrel's Companion. Among the many fanciful periodicals that have presented themselves to the public, since the commencement of this year, none, we should think, would be more likely to obtain an extensive patronage, than the *Minstrel's Companion*: this work, which is of the quarto size, is printed on handsome paper, and will be issued monthly, at thirty-seven cents per No. It is designed to comprise all the most fashionable songs, duetts, glees, &c. and will be a valuable acquisition to the lovers of harmony. At the close of the year, it will form a neat volume of choice and fashionable music, at a much cheaper rate than can otherwise be obtained.

Public gratitude.—We understand that the Vases presented to the late Gov. Clinton by the merchants of New York as a proof of their respect for his *talents and character*, and their sense of his *great public services*, were sold at auc-

tion on Tuesday at Albany, for the sum of *six hundred dollars*. The original price of them was three thousand dollars.—It is expected that the family carriages and horses will also be sold in order to satisfy the demands against his estate.

N. Y. Paper.

Can it be possible that a City so justly celebrated for its munificence and hospitality, should disregard the stigma that must unavoidably attach itself to the character of that state, for suffering the least indignity to rest on the memory of Gov. Clinton; a man, whose fortune, talents, and energies, were ever subservient in promoting its prosperity and honor. Under the weight of these obligations which they *cannot forget*, is it possible that the people can witness with indifference, the feelings of his bereaved family outraged by the claims of a *Sheriff* merely to satisfy the demands of a few mercenary individuals—can they calmly behold the laurel which their own hands so recently conferred upon him, rudely torn from his tomb!—those splendid testimonials of *gratitude* which were tendered to him, in recognition of his '*high and important services*,' submitted to the hammer of the *Auctioneer*? be the motive what it may—this act is of a nature too indelicate to admit of palliation; the gold and the silver, may pass into the hands of the usurer, but the fame, and the glory of Clinton, are above the grasp of human avarice! Who *could* have prophesied this event, that witnessed the regal pageantry of the 4th of November? and heard the joyous acclamations of the grateful multitude which thronged around his triumphal charriot! who would have predicted this change, or rather apathy of public feeling who saw him at the '*evening festival*' surrounded by all the splendor of art and nature, while the enthusiasm with which he was greeted, was scarcely inferior to the ardor of pagan devotion.

Inconsistencies like these, have a tendency to dim the lustre of our national

character: this fact may perhaps furnish a paragraph for Blackwood.

To Correspondents.

Rusticus, W. & T. in our next, (as we have *several* correspondents who use the *same* initials, it would please us if our writers would generally, instead of these, adopt a name in order to prevent their communications from being ascribed to wrong persons: we have however but *one*—TI— and but *one* R. L. P.

MARRIED,

In this city, on Sunday evening, by Rev. Mr. Sharp, Mr. Joseph Wallace to Miss Susan Townsend, formerly of Bolton.

By Rev. Mr. Beecher, Mr. George C. Beckford, formerly of Providence, to Miss Ann Beckford, of this city.

In Charlestown, Mr. Joshua R. Seaver to Miss Harriet Johnson, both of C.

In West Cambridge, Mr. Eleazer Homer Jr. of Boston, to Miss Louisa Wellington.

In Brattleborough, Vt. on Saturday last. Mr. Frederic S. Hill, junior—editor of the Boston Statesman, to Miss Mary W. Blake.

In New-York, Mr. Charles La Forest to Miss Sophia C. Eberle, both late of the Washington Garden Theatre in this city.

In Annapolis, Lieut. Charles Dimmock of the U. S. Army, to Miss Henrietta Johnson.

DIED,

In this city, on Tuesday last. Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of Mr. Dana Fay, *Æt.* 23; Mr. Nathaniel Prentiss, 50; Elizabeth C. Miller, 20; Owen McGraham, 23; Mary Boyd, 64; Susan Henley, 44.

In Manlius, N. Y. Doct. Hezekiah L. Granger, aged 48 years.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.—*All communications for or relative to this work, should be addressed [post paid] to the editor, Mrs. KATHARINE A. WARE. It is published every Saturday by SAMUEL G. ANDREWS, No. 30, Market Street, Boston. Terms \$2.50 in advance, \$3 at the expiration of six months.*

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

Mrs. WARE:—I found the other day in my work basket, a piece of poetry from the pen of a young lady when she was but fourteen; I thought a perusal of it would gratify the lovers of poetry, and its merits entitle it to a place in the 'Recess of the Muses.'

L. S.

EVENING.

When night ascends her starry throne,
And when the day's bright visions fly,
When mirth and folly far are flown,
And sleep hath fallen on every eye—
When from her star-bespangled car,
The soft moon sheds her chastened light,
And all the boundless fields afar,
Rejoice beneath her radiance bright.

Then, will memory recall
Visions of joy that far have fled,
The friendly forms that once were dear,
The friendly words that once were said—
The smiling lip, the beaming eye,
That never must enchant us more,
Hope's fairy visions born to die,
And all our transient pleasures o'er.

When every moon-beam tells a tale
Of blighted friendship, vanished bliss,
What heart so thoughtless that would fail
To shed a tear in hours like this?
For in this soft and pensive hour,
Will memory muse upon the past,
The blasted hope, the blighted bower,
And fleeing gifts that would not last.

E.

'ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.'

I've seen the beauties of the opening rose
Unfolding all its loveliness in Spring;
I've watch'd the unassuming violets close,
And mark'd th' expansion the mild evenings bring.

I've traced the modest daisy blossoming fair
 Upon a waste where nought else seem'd to smile,
 Observed the lilly perfuming the air,
 Or paused to view the gaudy pink awhile.

I've marked the rainbow's rich and varied hues
 The utmost stretch of art's great boast defying,
 Or stroll'd at eve—midst the refreshing dews
 Mused on the tints of twilight sweetly dying.

I've seen those flow'rs, when withered sear and blight,
 Their beauty, fragrance, all their sweets had flown;
 The radiant rainbow vanish from my sight—
 Or the last shades of twilight fled and gone.

And I have thought of all their recent charms,
 Their transient bloom and premature decays,
 And sigh'd to think how like their faded forms
 Had fled my fondest hopes of other days. α

'Eternity! thou pleasing—dreadful thought.'

—————Eternity, unfathomable gulph!
 How deep and boundless are thy vast domains,
 Space unexplored, save by the Deity!
 Who rolls his countless planets through thy realms,
 Power incommensurate with human thought,
 Thou strikest terror to the soul of man
 When he reflects that Nature's last cold sleep
 Is but the passport to eternity!
 Anticipation tells of future bliss—
 Hours fraught with love and joy come rolling on
 Like ocean's waves, till they at length are lost
 In dark eternity's profound abyss!
 A few short years our bark plies round
 Life's flowery shores, a fair breeze fills it sails
 And wafts us on—beneath the sparkling tide
 The chrystals blaze, and gems of various hue
 Allure our gaze—but soon fate's gathering clouds
 Darken the scene—the blossoms wither, and
 The troubled waves rush wildly on, bearing
 The freight of human happiness—then comes
 The storm! life's fragile bark awhile stems the
 Rude current of oblivion's tide, till one
 Dark o'erwhelming wave engulphs the whole,
 And leaves no trace behind!

R. J.

DESPAIR.

I saw on the top of a mountain high
 A gem that shone like fire by night;
 It seem'd a star that had left the sky,
 And dropp'd to sleep on the lonely height.

I clomb the peak, and found it soon
 A lump of ice in the clear cold moon—
 Can you its hidden sense impart?

'Twas a cheerful look, and a broken heart. *Percival.*

Despair
 Doth strike as deep a furrow in the brain,
 As mischief or remorse. *Barry Cornwall.*

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



'With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
'We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,'—*Paine*.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1828. No. 25.

HISTORY OF A GENIUS.

The actors are at hand, and by their show
You shall know all, that you are likely to know.—*Peter Quince*.

I BEGAN life unluckily by having some wit and a very weakly constitution. The former made me the favorite of a large family, and the latter exempted me from the tasks which the rest of my brothers and sisters were obliged to perform. My father was a mechanic and an honest man; but he had many of those prejudices about him which are commonly found in the humbler walks of life. Among the rest, he was a firm believer that there was one genius in every family. I was pitched upon unfortunately as the brightest child in ours—the real genius—*magna opus domi*. I was flattered into the idea that I was a mighty prodigy, and at fourteen was always able to turn the laugh against both my parents, and treated the whole house as my servants. All this was borne from me patiently—nay, received

with pleasure, as so many marks of superior intelligence.

After enjoying the most absolute sway for several years in the school of my native town, I was sent to an academy. Here my forward confidence and age gave me also the ascendancy over most of my fellows. I contrived to form a society from among the best scholars of the school for purposes of declamation and extemporaneous discussions. We called it the Demostheni Ciceronian Association, there existing a doubt in my mind to which of these great orators the palm of eloquence rightly belonged. As the president of this society I figured gloriously for four years, deciding with ludicrous gravity upon a multitude of important questions in natural philosophy, literature and politics; and making speeches that would have puzzled the wis-

dom of Sanconiathon, Menetho and Bewsus, to comprehend. At last the time came for my departure. The learned fraternity were overwhelmed with sorrow, and individually beseeched me not to forget them in my future greatness. I made a thousand splendid promises, which I sincerely meant to keep, and went home to determine what profession I should adorn by the acquisition of my prodigious powers. Like a dutiful son, I consulted the wish of my parents; though I gave them to understand at the same time that I was quite too great a man to be influenced in the least degree by their desire or advice—of course the matter was left to my own opinion. Though it may surprise you, I was in some doubt as to the way in which I should break in upon the world. I was like a general at the head of an invincible army, secure of conquest whenever he makes the attack, yet hesitating at what point the most spoil and greatest fame may be attained with the least pains. I determined to spend three days to fix my choice upon either law, medicine or divinity.

I shall not trouble you with my profound speculations upon the three learned professions. On the third day at half past six P. M. I resolved upon divinity, I recollect the very hour and minute, for I set it down at the time expecting it would be considered an epoch in the history of the church. When the family met at evening prayers, I communicated to them the result of my meditation. All acquiesced with submissive reverence at my choice: yet none dared express their pleasure so freely as my mother, who was quite overjoyed, because her grandfather was a minister—'a man,' she assured me, 'who could drink more flip, and stir up a re-

vival quicker than any preacher in these parts.'

As I had now fixed upon a profession, the world ought not, I deemed, to be deprived of the benefit of my genius for a single moment longer than was absolutely necessary. The next morning I started off for a neighboring clergyman's with my father's blessing on my head and ten and sixpence in my pocket. My name was entered, and I began the journey that Barlow, Sawin, and Massillon had travelled before me. Here I seated myself at the desk, for I felt a generous compassion for the fate of these illustrious men—for a moment I almost regretted the possession of that marvellous genius that was soon destined to throw into shade and darkness names that had hitherto shone the unrivalled lights of the world.

I never shall forget the glorious feeling of complacency with which I closed the first, and only day, of my theological studies. At seven I shut my book, and determined to retire from the library to enjoy the rest of the evening otium cum dignitate; which in my case meant to display myself before Mrs. S—and her daughter. Miss had an album—yes, an album—a thing unknown to antiquity, the most accursed of all modern inventions. She urged me 'to favour her with an original piece.' I of course declined, for of all the mighty characters which my vanity led me to assume, that of a poet had never entered into my head. She urged me again—'I am sure,' said she, 'you can write poetry; there is something in your countenance that tells me you are a poet.' The thought struck me; I looked up, saw my face in the glass, and was persuaded of the truth of her remarks. I meditated an hour, and produced four lines. Here you have them

the words of my death warrant
—the work of my ruin—

Hail great Apollo, and ye Muses all,
Stand forth and listen to your master's
call;

Here, take these lines and hand them down
to fame,—

You'll find within these lines the lovely
Amy's name.

Mother and daughter were both
in raptures—what fire—what sen-
timent—how like Byron—how
like Scott—what spirit—what
grace—what dignity! In fine the
lines were declared superior to
any thing, ancient or modern.
The truth is, both were inveterate
Blues. They longed to have the
honor of bringing out some new
genius; to find some poor devil
to raise with their patronage. I
was destined to be the miserable
victim of their vanity.

The next day I wrote eight
lines more. These were more di-
vine than the first—they must,
they should be published. I was
a second Burns—nothing could be
more natural. I thought so too;
and the verses were sealed up and
sent to the printer. It was a
week before the world could be
delighted and astonished by their
appearance. Heavens! what a
week of bliss it was to me. The
same unbounded vanity that made
me the generous rival of Masillon,
Barlow, made me also the rival of
the whole poetical world. The
services of that week are still
fresh in my memory—they lie
within that concentrated circle,
which the destroying demon, time
can never, never enter. During
the seven days, I made up the
skeletons of two epics, seven sa-
tires in the manner of Horace,
several small pastoral poems, and
a multitude of songs and humo-
rous pieces. I saw in bright per-
spective a thousand monuments of
fame, more durable than marble
or brass. I fancied myself the

greatest being alive, and anticipa-
ted the glorious time when the
eyes of the whole world would be
turned toward me in admiration.
I also endeavored to conduct my-
self as became a young immortal.
I was solitary, silent, abstracted;
paid no attention to personal
cleanliness, and in fine tried to
conform to all those peculiarities
which D'Israeli has declared to
mark the youth of genius.

At last, the paper came; the
lines were in the poet's corner,
with a bunch of flowers at their
head. This destroyed that little
grain of common sense and mo-
desty that had survived the flattery
of my patrons. I threw by the-
ology, and took to writing poetry.
I finished in a fortnight two pas-
torals, and one epic; and started
to secure fortune and fame.

Gentle reader—should you feel
any curiosity to read my history
father, you can notice me near the
hour of sun-rising in the morning,
or in the dusk of the evening,
emerging from the shaded walk up-
on the Battery, by the west gate,
enshrouded in vestments that
should have been 'out' of service
long since, having been 'out' at
the elbows and divers other parts
such a length of time that they
never can be in, gliding swiftly
along, casting suspicious glances
around like a hunted hare retiring
to her burrow; I retire to my
garret to coin verses for the poet's
corner of some catch penny print,
or write the 'dying speeches' of
some unfortunate student of Jack
Ketch.—Reader beware of rhym-
ing propensities in your youth, as
you would shun the 'Boa Con-
strictor.'—*N. Y. City Gaz.*

SATURDAY EVENING.

ANOTHER week has flown over the
variegated field of Time, and his
votaries have plucked the rose and

the thistle, the joys and the sorrows of a wayward world.—The chequered drama of life, still goes onward to its final and closing scene; but none truly realize what may be the next play, when the curtain of death shall be raised, and the prospects of a future existence be disclosed.

But for this life—we speak not of those conflicting sentiments which agitate the minds of theological controversialists—we trench not upon the realms of poetical imagination concerning another—we speak but of those plain facts which operate in this life, as though there were no hereafter. We would ask of the enthusiastic boy, who imagines that all before him is bright—we would inquire of the son of ambition, whose schemes are founded, as he believes, upon a rock, how much they have either of them progressed in the road of their choice—to the miser, we would propound the question, whether the increase of his hoard has saved him from the gnawings of conscience—to the dishonest, whether he sleeps more soundly, or is relieved from his ugly dreams—to the son of genius, whether the wreath of laurel is nearer within his grasp—to the politician, if his schemes are at their successful acme—and to the fortunate lover, whether he has realized bliss or disappointment, when he has obtained his bauble.

If all these earthly pleasures, which occupy so much of our hopes, and over which the nurse of fancy so affectionately bends, are found, like the bright clouds which are above us, to be a soul compound of vapor, upon inspection, let us turn from our profitless pursuits, to an acquaintance with ourselves, our frailties, our imperfections, our disappointments, our vices—and trim our lamps to light

more distinctly our neglected shrine of virtue. Let us call in our thoughts, which are now hastening over the barren rocks of speculation, and centre them around the bower of home, the castle of self-contemplation. Would that each upon a Saturday evening should hold communion with himself: that he would sketch forth the past of error upon the tablet of memory, and with a correcting touch amend its faults, and resolve upon watchfulness! What more magnificent spectacle could be presented than that of the inhabitants of a world retiring at a given period from the busy scenes of life, to hold converse with themselves, from which they should come forth 'like giants refreshed with wine,' to go onward in their panoply of good resolutions, to a contest with the blandishments and specious allurements of vice—each Saturday evening would find them advancing in the march of virtue, and primitive days of purity and innocence would, in the course of years, again come round, to hallow time and eternity.

—
FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

Mrs. WARE,—I send you the following article from the album of a female friend; if it pleases you, it will perhaps obtain a place in your Bower.

M.

There can be no necessity of an argument to prove an universal influence which woman, 'heaven's last best gift to man,' exercises;—we envy not the man whose frozen bosom has never warmed in the sunshine of beauty, whose heart has never palpitated with rapture at the soft sigh of love—he will find, when too late for regret, that in the wide world he is alone—no throbbing heart to beat in unison with his—no soft

hand to smooth the pillow of care and no angel form to bend with affectionate anxiety over a fevered and suffering frame.—It is with difficulty we could bring ourselves to believe that such a man can be found ;—the clay might have been kneaded into human form, but some unknown cause has made them monsters. If there is any one doubts the influence of woman, let him shun the sparkle of her eye, or the dimple of her cheek, and above all let him beware of woman's tears. From the prince to the peasant—from the throne to the hovel—from the cradle to the grave, the influence of woman is paramount ; and if it is sometimes unacknowledged, it is none the less active and powerful.

On this subject, the education of females, we hail with joy the dawning of a brighter and better day : the experiment has been made, which demonstrates the capability of women to excel in whatever is useful, as well as in that which is merely ornamental. The ridiculous and affected dread, once pretended to be felt of *blue stockings* and literary ladies, has, we thank the superior illumination of the age, passed away ; and is with the belief in witchcraft and other absurdities, considered as a disgusting relic of the barbarous ages.—That a female pedant would be intolerable, we do not deny ; but the idea that every well educated woman would necessarily be such, is too absurd to need a refutation.

REWARD OF HONESTY.

AFTER stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to allow him to go to Bagdad and devote himself to God, Abdool Kadir proceeds : 'I informed her what I had seen, and she wept : then taking out eighty dinars, she

told me that as I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance ; she made me swear, when she gave it me, never to tell a lie, and afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming, 'Go, my son, I consign thee to God ; we shall not meet again till the day of judgment.' 'I went on well,' he adds, 'till I came near to Hamadan, when our kafilah was plundered by sixty horsemen ; one fellow asked me 'what I had got ?' 'Forty dinars,' said I, 'are sewed under my garments.' The fellow laughed, thinking no doubt, I was joking with him. 'What have you got ?' said another ; I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood : 'What property have you got, my little fellow ?' said he. 'I have told two of your people already,' I replied, 'I have forty dinars sewed up carefully in my clothes.' He ordered them to be ript open, and found my money. 'And how came you,' said he, with surprise, 'to declare so openly, what has been so carefully hidden ?' 'Because,' I replied, 'I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised that I will never tell a lie.' 'Child,' said the robber, 'hast thou such a sense of thy duty to thy mother at thy years, and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to my God ? Give me thy hand, innocent boy,' he continued, 'that I may swear repentance upon it.' He did so—his followers were all alike struck with the scene. 'You have been our leader in guilt,' said they to their chief, 'be the same in the path of virtue ;' and they instantly, at his order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on my hand.'

[Sketches of Persia.

Hope, the balm of life, soothes us under every misfortune.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

HUMAN LIFE.

HUMAN life is a very different thing from that which is often represented by poets and novelists, and very different also from what it is frequently regarded by those who are just entering upon the active business of this world. The poet often describes the scenes of life with the feelings of melancholy and despair; the novelist would have us believe that the world is ruled by love and intrigue; and the young are apt to suppose that there is nothing before us but pleasures and enjoyments unalloyed by pain, and perplexity, and that these are inexhaustible.

One cannot progress far in life without finding these anticipations ungrounded and delusive. Human life is the theatre for exercise and activity; there is bustle in every situation, and all sooner or later shall enter into this bustle. Human life is checkered with various evils; there are cares to be endured, there are troubles to be encountered and there are misfortunes and bereavements to be suffered in every sphere of life. The prosperity with which we may be favored, is of uncertain continuance and is often succeeded by adversity; our dearest enjoyments after a time often become wearisome, rather than continue to afford us that high satisfaction with which we once hailed them.

In the diversified scenes of life, the powers of the mind are elicited and exercised; every object that meets the senses, every care that burdens the attention, every labor that wearies the limbs, every enjoyment that enlivens the spirits, has a visible effect upon the whole system.

The principle of activity early shows itself in the sports of children; it shows itself in the forming

period of youth, and it is fully developed in the anxiety we feel in providing for the support of a family in after life; in old age when man has lost his vigor, the mind as well as the body seeks repose, although he is still solicitous of affording his advice and instruction to the rising generation. In every stage of life there is still exercise of some kind to sustain and invigorate the faculties of the human mind.

The cares and troubles of life have an effect similar to that of the necessary activity of man; or rather they are calculated to soften the temper, to humble the spirit, to awaken his serious attention and to make him a thoughtful as well as an active being. Thus, in both these accrues a benefit to the higher part of our nature.— These effects are, it is true, not always produced; but this is the moral design of trial and adversity, and they should produce this result.

There are temptations in life which reduce the reason and judgment, and involve us in most of the ills that are suffered. Good and evil are both set before us, that we may learn to distinguish the one from the other; and from observing the consequence of vice, that we may choose a course of virtue and moral excellence.— There are some however, who from ignorance or mental imbecility, are without the knowledge of moral distinctions; such, therefore, are liable to mistake the path to peace and happiness. Unless we were at first endowed with the intellect of angels, we should most certainly corrupt ourselves before we had been long in this world, exposed as we are to a thousand temptations without the power of distinguishing them in many instances from invitations to virtue.

There is no such thing as re-

treating, or remaining stationary in respect to the moral purpose of our existence without the certainty of misery. Man was created and sent into the world for high purposes, he must go forward in the path that is marked out for his improvement and his happiness, or he is ruined; as the planets in the heavens must keep moving in their orbits; if they stop, it will lead to the confusion and to the destruction of the whole system; to fulfil the design of his creation, man must be faithful in his labors even unto the last.

L—G.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

NATIVE SKETCHES, NO. XIV.

THE WILL;

OR THE EFFECT OF PASSION—(*A true Story.*)

CAPT. ROSWALD, in the early part of his life, possessed a fragile constitution, owing to his rapid growth, to improve which, his physician recommended a voyage up the Mediterranean. With the permission of his friends, he eagerly accepted of this advice, and no sooner was his native land out of sight, than he began to feel a complete renovation thro' his whole system. The salubrious climate and luxurious scenery operated like a charm both upon his mind and body, and he has often since been heard to say, that the happiest year of his existence was spent in touring among those delightful islands. Possessed of quick passions, and a mind naturally prone to research, and sufficiently improved to profit by his observations upon men and things, the varieties of the human character, and the different laws and customs of foreign society, were to him inexhaustible subjects of interest and speculation. The first voyage of young Roswald fixed his destiny for life. Altho'

an only son, the hope and pride of his family, and heir to a considerable property, yet not all these combined advantages, together with an agreeable home, could induce him long to remain on shore. Such were the fascinations of travelling, united with his ardent love for commercial pursuits, that he no sooner became of age, than he made himself owner and master of a neat small vessel, in which, with a good crew, and an intelligent set of officers, he promised himself much future pleasure, as well as advantage, in making such voyages as might conduce to both. His mother, in order to concentrate his views of happiness more within the domestic circle, promoted with great satisfaction his union with a fine blooming girl, the daughter of a prosperous farmer in the vicinity of Providence, of whose beauty he had often expressed the warmest admiration—although he candidly acknowledged, that not even Paradise itself, heightened by the charms of a being fair as our first mother, could induce him to locate for life on one particular spot of earth, without an occasional excursion upon his favorite element. Notwithstanding this free enunciation of his independence of woman's chains, and the charms of that home which it is her province to adorn, the lovers were united, among the congratulations of their numerous friends, many of whom, as they contemplated the neat white cottage, embosomed within a shadowy glade, which seemed like the chosen seat of contentment, wondered that there could be *any* place *dearer* than such a 'home.' And in justice to the gallantry of Capt. Roswald, it should be remarked, that he really *did* consent to breathe his native air, for one year, without any very impatient longings to leave

his nuptial retreat.—But the time came, (for the ruling passion is imperious in its reign) when the Captain bade adieu, yet with somewhat more than usual regret, to the land of his birth; for, upon the claims to his natural love and reverence to his parents, were now engrafted those of affection for the wife of his choice, and an infant boy. On his return, he found the cherub, whom he left sleeping on the bosom of its mother, matured to a fine rosy urchin of three years old, belaboring his mimic drum, in concert with his own treble pipes, on the green grass-plot that fronted his dwelling. Few fathers with less sensibility than Capt. Roswald, could witness such a change without pleasure, and the lovely and intelligent little Joseph soon became an object of pride, as well as pleasure, and many were the hours of solicitude spent by his father, in devising schemes for his future advancement in life. In the course of several years, two daughters were added to his family. As the son was a favorite with his father, he was soon removed from his maternal roof, in order to obtain those advantages of education, which in their neighborhood could not be procured. The care of the daughters therefore devolved more particularly upon their mother, who, from the mildness of her character, (some might term it want of energy) indulged them in every whim that caprice could suggest; in consequence of which, in the absence of their father, they might be said to control the family, as their mother never opposed even their slightest wishes. These girls, however, with their mother's beauty, partook of their father's vivacity, intelligence, and withal his *obstinacy*—while the indulgent manner in which they were educa-

ted, (or rather neglected) rendered them selfish, and regardless of the happiness of all but themselves.

Y. Z.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

A FRAGMENT.

EVERY country has its days of festivity, the celebration of some joyous event, and no country has regarded such days with more sincerity and fervency of feeling than our own. From the first landing of the Puritans we find them keeping their days of feasting and prayer; we find them eager to keep in remembrance every thing which peculiarly favored their undertakings, and kindled in their bosoms the hope that this was to be the spot, peculiarly blessed of God, as the land of freedom. They also established annual celebrations for the encouragement of those who were immured in business, or from other circumstances unable to partake bountifully of the joys of active and uncontrolled life. With them one great object was happiness, and that object was regarded too as of infinite value, for it embraced not merely the transient joy of a moment; but it was an elevating, expanding principle, which could not be satisfied but in rendering others happy—making others better. They were sensible that industry was necessary to happiness—that this constituted a great part of the poor man's enjoyment, and that they needed the watch and care of those whom fortune seemed peculiarly to favor.

Actuated by these noble motives, they established a society for 'encouraging industry and employing the poor.' In 1753, was its first anniversary, and the celebration of this society was char-

acterized by all that simplicity and native show which was so peculiar to the founders of our growing republic. Then the luxuries and extravagancies of the present age were unknown—they all acknowledged the truth that man *should* labor, and woman too. That there were duties beside those of the toilet, and industry beside that which is spent in ornament and dress. With them every thing seemed to be of value, and this value was not estimated by mere fashion, but by the benefit which was to accrue to society. Let me not be understood, however, to say, that their mantle has fallen on us in vain, but merely to remind those who need to be put in remembrance, that there is *now* a higher, nobler, more exalting employment, than that which some may call 'the keeping in fashion.' Societies for similar purposes are *now* existing, and whose benefit will be as lasting as the memories of those who are their recipients and the possessors of their joys; for let it be told that they are often made the food of thought, as well as the blessing of the poor. Though the employment be not the same as occupied those of 1753, still, it may be as beneficial, and afford as much permanent good; and though their anniversaries be not echoed in with as much outward show, there may be as much joy and as much benefit from the example. Yet I *fear* that the future lover of 'days that are gone by,' will not be able to fix his eye upon a page of history, and there find a more simple, artless account of an anniversary of *our* societies, than the following from Pemberton's MS. Chron.:—

'The anniversary of the society in Boston for encouraging industry, and employing the poor, was celebrated with extraordi-

ry attention. In the afternoon, almost 300 female spinsters, decently dressed, appeared on the Common at their spinning wheels. The wheels were placed regularly in three rows, and a female at each wheel. The weavers also appeared cleanly dressed in garments of their own weaving. One of them, working at a loom on a stage, was carried on men's shoulders, attended with music. An immense number of spectators was present at the interesting spectacle.'

ROS.

WOMEN—By John Neal.

It may perhaps be true that the gentlewomen of England have more admirable and wonderful faces than are to be found in any other country—faces more wonderful in their proud beauty, their gravity, their composure; but then they are not wonderful in the same way, nor admirable with the same look as our women. The females of England appear at first of a more heroic and self supported, of a loftier and more showy style of beauty, with a colder, a less engaging, and far less affectionate air. They have more of statuary, and less of poetry in their look; more shape and less fire; a something more of the ideal that we read of, and a something less of the nature we hope for. At first, I say; for such opinions do not abide long in your heart. After a while you would be sure to perceive, whether you acknowledged it or not, that an English woman would be more desirable as a wife, though not so desirable as a play-fellow,—more desirable as a mother, a friend, or a companion for yourself, and a teacher for your children, though not so desirable as a creature to make love to, on a still summer night, with the stars multiplying themselves above you, and about you, and on every side of you—in

the sky, and in the air, and among the green leaves—peradventure on the turf, or in the blue sea.—And this I believe to be owing chiefly to the better physical education of the English woman. She lives better; she lives longer; and she lives happier than her pale, shy sister of the new world. Her wisdom and strength, and beauty are immortal, in comparison with what we observe in this country, and particularly at the south; and they are preserved as they are nourished, by plentiful exercise in the open air, by riding, and walking, and breathing, as God meant his children of both sexes to breathe—not in the over-crowded, enervating atmosphere of a ball room or a house, but abroad where the hills are swept over by the cool winds of the north—where the wood-tops are bending forever to the changes of the sea-breeze—where they may dip their feet in the flashing brook with impunity, or drench their garments without fear in the morning dew, or shake out their heavy tresses to the summer shower, and walk unabashed before the spirit of the universe.

DREAD OF DEATH.

Is a common symptom in nervous diseases, and is here considered with regard to its influence on health. In these cases it seems rather to spoil life than to destroy it. 'Not only the child, but even the young man till thirty never feels that he is mortal;' but after forty a man's thoughts are much occupied by the inevitable prospect, and most of us have our little corps of consolation to protect us from the fear of it. Those of authors come out in their works. One of the most remarkable is a little *Essay on Death* by Lord Bacon; not that in his *Essays*,

but towards the end of his work, near his will. The curate of a London parish, who has great experience of death-bed scenes, we asked how people generally meet their end? And the answer was, 'either they wish for it as a relief from suffering, or they are not conscious of it.' Even Dr. Johnson, who dreaded death so much at a distance, seems to have feared it as little on its arrival as other people; and we believe that to many persons with right views, who have had a liberal allowance of sickness and sorrow, death becomes an object not so much of apprehension as of curiosity and interest. This state of mind is not only necessary for our comfort during health, but for our safety during sickness.

* * * * *

The habitual horror which sometimes overshadows the mind darkens the little daylight of life. An indulgence in this morbid excess of apprehension not only embitters a man's existence, but may often tend to shorten its duration. He hastens the advance of death by the fear with which his frame is seized at its real or imaginary approach. His trembling hand involuntarily shakes the glass in which his hours are numbered.

Contradictory as it may appear, there are well attested instances of persons who have been driven even to suicide by the dread of dissolution. It would seem as if they had rushed into the arms of death in order to shelter themselves from the terror of his countenance.—*Quarterly Review*.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

* We are but the venders of other men's goods.

The admirers of Madame de Genlis will be unwilling to believe

the following description of her, given by the Parisian correspondent of a London journal:

'She seldom quits her bed; but still receives her friends. As to her intellectual faculties, they seem perfectly unimpaired. She possesses a peculiar charm of manner, which becomes a striking contrast to her personal appearance, of which there exist no *beaux restes*; besides, as she considers abstinence from cleanliness, as well as from every comfort, to be a duty—no one can imagine that she could ever have been the charming being described by herself and some of her contemporaries.—Snuff is the only luxury she enjoys, and not even this indulgence constantly;—for whenever she swerves from the laws of self-government, which she has laid down for herself, her nose pays the penance. However simple this punishment may appear to those who are unacquainted with the merits of tobacco, to her it is no small trial of forbearance. She looks eagerly at the watch, and sometimes holds it in her hand, awaiting with agitation the critical moment that she has prescribed for a cessation of penitence. She has a handsome revenue allowed her by the Duke of Orleans, but gives it almost all away to her adopted son, or in charity.

A model of a flying machine, for which a patent has been taken out by the inventor, is now exhibiting at the Masonic Hall in New York. It is said to be very ingenious, and those who have seen, say it looks as though it—*might fly!*

Learning, like travelling, as it finishes good sense, so it makes a silly man ten thousand times more insufferable, by supplying a variety of matter to his impertinence,

and giving him an opportunity of abounding in absurdities.

Talents, when before the public, need not the voice of flattery to incite to perfection or fame;—they have nothing to dread, either from the jealous pride of power, the adulation of sycophancy, or the transient misrepresentations of party spleen or envy. In spite of opposition from any cause, their bouyaut spirit will lift them to their proper grade, and maugre the silly efforts of any empyric editor. Talents, whenever they have had a suitable theatre in which to act, have never failed to emerge from obscurity, and assume their proper rank in the estimation of the world. In every nation and in every age, great talents, thrown fairly into the point of public observation, will invariably produce the same ultimate effect. The jealous pride of power may attempt to repress and crush them—the base and malignant rancour of impotent envy and ire may strive to embarrass and retard their flight—but their efforts so far from producing a discernible obliquity in the ascent of genuine and vigorous talents, will serve only to increase their momentum, and mark their transit with an additional stream of glory.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

A foreigner, it seems, a *common beggar*, was drowned in Boston harbour about a year ago, and buried at the public expense. Last Tuesday two foreigners called upon the sexton, and having ascertained that the deceased was buried with his clothes on, expressed a desire to see the body. Their wish was gratified, and the coffin opened: which was no sooner done than they proceeded to cut from beneath the clothing which cover-

the decaying body, a belt, from which they emptied *three pints of silver coin*—leaving it is said more in the belt. They without delay made off with their booty, and have not been seen since. The fellows who thus uncerimoniously took upon themselves the trust of executorship, were undoubtedly leagued with the deceased in a combination to live and *make money by begging*. This is not the first instance of the kind. Strolling beggars should be discouraged as much as possible; and always regarded with extreme caution.

We are happy to learn that the splendid silver Vases, presented to the late Gov. Clinton by the merchants of New-York, and which were sold at auction for the payment of his debts, have been purchased by the Grand Lodge of the state, and presented to his children. The act is a noble one and worthy of them.

A lamentable accident took place on *Sunday* afternoon, of which we have received the following particulars, believed to be correct:—Nine young men had hired a boat for a visit to the Woodlands, near Gray's Ferry; when opposite to the Arsenal the boat was upset by one of the party springing up the mast, and five of the individuals were drowned.—*Phil. Eve. Post.*

On Wednesday last, a man with his wife and child, was passing Lieutenant's bridge in Lyme, Mass. in a wagon, when the horse took flight at a hole in the bridge. The man sprang out and endeavored to hold the horse, in vain; he backed, broke the railing, and fell 15 feet into the river, taking with him the woman, child and wagon.

The horse cleared himself from the wagon, while the woman, with great presence of mind, held herself by the seat with one hand, and with the other supported her child above the water, until the man swam to them, and brought them both, alternately, safe on shore; neither having received material injury.

Earthquakes.—It is remarkable rather than singular, that at the time when Basse Terre in Guadeloupe was swallowed up by an earthquake, a slight shock was also felt at Rome, and about the same time an extraordinary motion of the sea was felt in the English Channel, in so great a degree that several outward bound vessels could not proceed westward of the Lizard, and were obliged to put back into Plymouth Sound. This motion lasted for eight or ten days—the tide rose to the height of nineteen feet, and produced a terrific burst on the Breakwater, several feet above the crane-heads.

Mrs. Hemans, the first of our living poetesses, is about to publish a new volume of her charming verses, entitled 'Records of Woman.'

Sir Walter Scott.—The London Sun states that Sir Walter Scott has engaged to furnish two Tales and a Poem for the London Annual called the *Keepsake*, and that he is to be paid 'The almost incredible sum of one thousand guineas' for this contribution. At the late York Musical Festival, Madame Catalani received *six hundred guineas* for a few bravuras. Genius, talent, and mature skill deserve to succeed in this way, not less than ability and reputation at the bar, or sagacity and dexterity in strokes of trade.

Bower of Taste.

'LEISURE HOURS AT SEA.'

FROM a beautiful little volume, bearing this title, (presented us by a friend of the author) we extract the following stanzas, which are replete with all that sentiment and pathos, for which his poetic writings have ever been distinguished, from the 'few and far between' effusions of his muse. We fear that his present professional and editorial duties leave him but few 'leisure hours' for the cultivation of poetry.

TO A ROSE.

A sunbeam warm'd thee into bloom;

A zephyr's kiss thy blushes gave;

The tears of evening shed perfume,

And morning beam'd upon thy grave!

How like to thine, thou transient flower!

The doom of all we love on earth!

Beauty, like thee, but decks an hour,

Decay feeds on it from its birth.

Like thee the warrior in his pride;

Morn sees him clad in bright array;

He meets the foe—at eventide

Where is that warrior?—pass'd away!

Like thee, like thee, thou fragile flower!

The doom of all we prize on earth;

Brief as thy date on summer's bower,

Is wisdom, valor, genius, worth!

Before Time's baleful glances fall

Alike the timid and the brave;

One common doom destroyeth all—

Time, thou'rt a Vampire!—Earth's a grave!

Royal Amusements and Occupation.

"It is said that Louis XVI. was an excellent locksmith; Ferdinand the Beloved is famous for his embroidery of petticoats; the present Emperor of Austria makes the best sealing wax in Europe. He examines with care the seal of every letter brought him, and is delighted when he can say, as he usually does, 'My own wax is

better than that!' It is a pity that the employments of kings are not always as innocent. Ferdinand would have no doubt made an excellent linen-draper's shopman, had he been placed where nature designed him to be fixed; and the representative of the Cæsars would have made an excellent managing clerk in the house of certain wholesale stationers.'

(To these illustrious geniuses may be added George III. who might have made a good pastry cook, had he been capable of comprehending the philosophy of an *apple dumpling!*)

Master HAWKS is spoken of in several papers, as possessing a most wonderful talent in cutting profiles with scissors, which he does in 'no time, almost;' and by 'sight alone!'—How astonishing—that 'sight alone' should enable him to cut or trace the *resemblance of an object before him!*

To Correspondents.

Our grateful acknowledgments are due to the fair Amanda, for her interesting communication.

We would inform several of our gentlemen correspondents, that our paper is not a vehicle for political controversy, or for acrimonious remarks upon distinguished individuals.

'Publico' is inadmissible, and 'Rusticus' will also excuse us for declining his favor. The lines of 'R. J.' will scarcely pay for the trouble of revising them.

✂ We have been complimented with several valuable Books, which we shall be happy to notice hereafter.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.—All communications for or relative to this work, should be addressed [post paid] to the editor, MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE. It is published every Saturday by SAMUEL G. ANDREWS, No. 30, Market Street, Boston. Terms \$2.50 in advance, \$3 at the expiration of six months.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

THE MISS PAINTER.—(*A Portrait by Alexander.*)

SRE ATH. GALLERY.

Aye, look around thee, lovely one—raise thy
Fair brow to yonder bright cerulean sky
Warm with the blush of day! thou wilt meet there
The imagings of thy young thoughts, which are
Pure as the glowing pageantry of Heaven,
When the first orient beam of light is given,
Tinting the wreathing clouds with its soft hue ;
Thine upturn'd eye of bright ethereal blue
Hath caught its lustre from that sacred urn,
Around whose fount, the circling planets burn—
Its glow of inspiration from that sky,
Where all thy pictured scenes of rapture lie.

Aye, look around thee—pencil thy gay dreams
Of happiness! to thee, creation seems
A paradise of beauty, love and joy,
And who thy blissful visions would destroy?
Oh, who would stay thy hand, and bid thee mark
The gathering tempest? as it rolls its dark
Wild clouds athwart the radiant face of day,
Chasing those mellow hues of light away—
And bid thee sketch the sombre shades that fall
O'er nature's bosom, like a funeral pall—
Smile while thou may'st, for soon thy path of bloom
May be o'ershadow'd by fate's chilling gloom. AUGUSTA.

SONNET.

CREATION.

Chaotic darkness reigns—his sceptre lay
Upon the mighty void—the deep, deep night!
The blacken'd ocean slept, nor flash'd a ray
Along its fearful bosom, rest of light!
Long, long the Dæmon held his sway high o'er
The dread profound—the dark abyss—no breeze,
Had ever woo'd or kissed its far off shore,
Nor seraph harps flung their glad symphonies!

When lo! the mighty spirit moved upon
 The deep—and from the high empyrean flows
 A voice celestial! and behold the sun,
 The starry coronal—the comet glows,
 And chaos 'buds and blossoms as the rose!'

J. N. M.

Mrs. WARE,—The following beautiful Sonnet 'to the moon' was written by the author of the poem entitled 'evening' which appeared in your last 'Bower.' It was suggested by a delightful walk in one of those calm and delightful evenings in August, when the heart that feels its loneliness, derives a soothing charm from the enjoyment of that soft and stilly hour.

'And oh! to gaze upon that sky
 When all its living fires are shining,
 Might stay the tear in sorrow's eye,
 And hush the anguish'd heart's repining.'—*Amanda.*

TO THE MOON.

Hail! lovely regent of the night—
 That shed'st around thy silvery light,
 Casting a pitying look below,
 Upon this world of care and wo ;
 Say—art thou conscious of the grief,
 The misery hopeless of relief,
 The sorrow that inhabits here,
 Within this cold and earthly sphere?
 And hast thou seen the tears that start
 From many a bleeding, broken heart?
 Or art thou witness to the sighs,
 From many a troubled breast that rise?
 Hast thou beheld the hopes of youth,
 All blighted, and corrupted truth?
 And hast thou known, oh! lovely orb,
 Those feelings that the soul absorb,
 The agony, the heart-felt woe,
 Of those so closely link'd below,
 That the dim word, which dooms to part,
 Must break and crush each bleeding heart?
 Know'st thou the unutterable spell,
 That lies in that sad word—'farewell?'
 Ah no, bright sphere, thou glidest by,
 Along the azure-arched sky,
 All, all unconscious of the strife
 That mingles with our joyous life ;
 Thou journey'st on—thy heavenly form,
 High, high above earth's chilling storm,
 In pensive beauty wandering by,
 Thou heedest not a mortal sigh—
 Fair orb! how many an ardent gaze
 Is fixed upon thy placid rays ;
 How many an eye now darkly turns,
 To where thy gentle glory burns ;
 How many a friendly glance is thrown,
 To see thee beaming bright and lone!
 Oh that each eye might welcome me,
 Which now hath fixed its gaze on thee!
 Would that each beaming glance which now
 Is turning to thy glowing brow,
 Might meet and mingle here with mine,
 Beneath a ray as pure as thine.

STANZAS.

My early pleasures; where are they?
 The hours that gave them birth
 Have melted away, like the close of day,
 When it leaves the beauteous earth;
 Have melted away as the sun's bright ray
 Is lost in the sky of even,
 When the star of the west is in splendor drest,
 In the dark clear blue of heaven.

Dear youthful pleasures! blest employ!
 How oft in fancy's dream,
 Those visions of joy, no time can destroy,
 In happy existence seem;
 Their pensive light, like the moon by night,
 Is hallow'd, though distant far;
 As the gem at rest, o'er the wild wave's breast,
 The mariner's homeward star.

Loved friends of childhood! gentle hearts,
 To memory ever dear!
 The tear that starts when the fondest departs,
 For you has been sincere;
 And the grief that opprest the aching breast
 Could never be more deep;
 Oh, who has not sighed o'er joys that have died,
 And friends who have sunk to sleep? G.H.H.

TO HENRY.

Take back the ring—I may not wear
 The gem I used to prize;
 I would not e'en in memory bear
 This proof of former ties.

Take back this golden chain you gave,
 (With every pledge I'd part,)
 For never, never can it weave
 Its links around my heart!

Take back the 'volume,' that fair 'TOKEN'
 Given in love's fond name,
 For since the sacred tie is broken,
 The gift I cannot claim.

The 'seal of truth,' the page so fair,
 Inscribed by love and thee—
 E'en this bright curl of *auburn hair*,
 No more is dear to me.

These echo's ne'er shall speak *thy name*,
 No thought of thee intrude,
 One sigh from my chill'd heart to claim,
 In this lone solitude. ROBALIA.

ECHO.

Answering as echo doth, some tone
 Of fairy music 'mong the hills,
 So like itself, we seek in vain
 Which is the echo, which the strain. Moore.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



'With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
'We cull the meadow, and explore the waste,'—*Paine*.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems to save,
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1828. No. 26.

A FRAGMENT.

—SHE was yet young; her seventeenth year had scarcely passed by; and though the attentions of some flattered her, as she respected their talents or admired their forms, yet it was long before she really felt that absorbing passion which we call love. She had, however, been visited with strange emotions since the first appearance of Edward; and when she remembered the expression of his eye, and the pleasing tone of his voice, she felt an exhilarating and indescribable sensation, such as youth loves to experience, and old age to recollect. She would not admit even to her own pure bosom that he was more to her than any handsome young man would be; but some how or other, when he entered the room in which she was, her cheek assumed a more rosy hue, and the fine flashing spirit that shone in her eye, grew more

sparkling and more beautiful still. The very attempts she sometimes made to conceal it, betrayed her secret; and it was easy for any observer to perceive that Edward was very often the subject of her thoughts—that her young affections were already beginning to cling to his manly form, and that her enthusiastic spirit was at last bound in those chains which give to slavery a greater pleasure than even freedom can boast.

It was a stormy winter night: the wind was heard whistling around the house—the hail often beat furiously against the windows, and the tempest without was raging with all those tumultuous sounds that give such a pleasing value to the warm shelter of a happy home. Caroline had retired to rest late in the evening, and the 'balmy sleep' that lights only 'on lids unsullied with a tear,'

soon found a resting place on hers. Her fancy, freed from every care, soon began to soar through the gay regions of imagination, and we must not be surprized to hear that it flew with instinctive affection to hover around the form of Edward. It had not long however, ranged in the novelty of its liberty, when her dreams became troubled. Confused ideas of storm and death passed through her brain—a heavy hand seemed to press upon her breast. She thought she was standing upon a high eminence, amidst rocks and craggy mountains, when the whole great mass tumbled with a tremendous crash into ruins, and in the effort to save herself she awoke.

For an instant she thought her dream continued. A strange tumult roared around the house. The room was filled with smoke, and a light gleam shone under her door. It was not till she distinctly heard the crackling of burning timbers, and the roar of flames, that the dreadful truth burst upon her mind. She sprang from her bed—hastily and tremblingly put on a few clothes—and with a determination to rush out, opened the door. The light and heat that now burst upon her were so great, that she was compelled to retreat to the farther corner of the room; and the sight that met her view almost distracted her. The beautiful arched ceilings and carved walls of her father's house were reddening and crackling in the furious blaze—the floor was burned through—the whole room seemed entirely surrounded with flames—timbers fell crashing into the rooms below; and sometimes a gust of wind would bear towards her thick volumes of smoke, that rolled like huge waves wrapping every thing—the very flames—in their dark folds.

The frantic girl found it neces-

sary to close the door to preserve her from being scorched to death. With some difficulty she accomplished this; and her next step was to open the window. Here she paused in mute astonishment at the sublime sight. Thousands of people were standing below: on whose forms the light of the burning house fell so distinctly, that she could perceive the men engaged with the engines—some with trumpets, shouting commands to their companions—others hastily employed in carrying out the furniture—and many standing in inactive silence, watching the progress of the flames. She shrieked with all her might; but what is a woman's shriek amidst the mingled tumult of shouting men, crashing timbers and roaring fire. She could hardly hear herself. The room was heated, the door seemed fast burning away. She screamed until her voice was choked in convulsive efforts, and yet she was unheard. The engines played briskly below, and they alone would have drowned her feeble voice. She almost sickened with anxiety. She looked upon the multitude who stood beneath. Immediately around the house, they were in bright light. The fire flung its lurid glare over the collected crowd, until far away the end was indistinct in the shadows of night, and nothing was observable but a dark mass that heaved like the billows of a stormy ocean.

Her voice had now become so hoarse, that she could scarcely speak, but one idea glanced through her mind by which she might catch the attention of those beneath. She ran to her bed—with the strength of despair she dragged it to the window, and pressed it through the aperture. A cry arose as it darkened the light. Many thought it was part of the wall tumbling from its

height; but it fell harmless, and as it reached the ground, every eye was turned to the spot whence it came—the door of the room burst through at the instant—and Caroline stood lifted high amidst desolation. The blaze shone brightly upon her white garments, and many imagined that she was actually in the midst of the flames—a buz of horror murmured beneath—a bustle ran through the mighty mass—exclamations of dismay broke from every lip—and every one was anxious to preserve her. Ladders were instantly raised—one seemed ready to rescue her, and she prepared to descend, when, with a cry of anguish, she perceived it was too short. The heat of the room became agonizing—the flames were fast proceeding towards her room—every hope was banished from her bosom—her cry grew wild—her senses began to forsake her—the dreadful prospect of burning to death—of being wrapped in the fierce bosom of the blaze! It was too much; any thing but that—she sprang upon the threshold of the window, with the desperate intention of springing from the dizzy height. Her hands were raised—her white robe streamed in the wind—already was her foot flung back, and her position announced that she was prepared to go, when her quick ear caught the bustle, the creaking as of a hasty step on the burning floor—it was a ray of hope piercing into the darkness of despair, and she paused to look: the figure of a man blackened and scorched appeared, almost enveloped in smoke and fire. Springing across a frightful chasm in the floor, he seized a blanket, wrapped her in its folds, and darted again like lightning through the crackling fire. A loud shout from the crowd who saw her disappear in his arms told their interest; the flames were

seen curling around the very spot where a moment ago the lovely girl had stood—a deathlike stillness pervaded the scene without—except as they saw a figure with something in its arms pass a window one story lower than the chamber of Caroline—then indeed a tumultuous exclamation arose; but it was anxious, doubtful, and soon hushed down, and all again was still. Every eye was turned on the door—every bosom beat with hope and fear—an instant elapsed—a brick fell—another—and several more—and a large piece of flaming timber came crashing to the ground. Hope almost vanished for those within, for the greater part of the chimney thundered from the top, and the whole building tottered and shook, and seemed gradually sinking into ruin, when—he appeared at the door, staggering, and blackened, yet holding in his arms the being he had preserved. With one convulsive spring he leaped from the floor—a single moment of silence followed—and the next—the thundering noise of the building that crashed amidst fire and smoke to the ground was almost lost in the long, loud shout that rang on the rent air of that night, and seemed to shake the earth to its centre.

So mighty was the acclamation, that it awakened the suspended senses of Caroline. She started from the arms of her deliverer, and was darting wildly away, when his features arrested her attention. She fixed her gaze upon him, and stood a moment with delirium in every action. Her silence was broken by his voice, 'Caroline.' At the sound, the fierce phrenzy of her looks abated, her eyes softened and filled with tears—she gave a faint shriek—the name of 'Edward,' burst from her quivering lips—and she sank overwhelmed on his bosom!

SATURDAY EVENING.

THE arguments of reason for a future existence for man, are thus condensed:—

‘If there is no future state for man, death is annihilation for him; and he who has consolation for every thing else, has not then the slightest comfort for the severest of all his afflictions—his natural longing after immortality is then a cruel mockery practised upon him by his nature—his reason, which teaches him the foreknowledge of death, is then the most grievous of punishments—his stupendous faculties and powers are then the most senseless waste—he is then a fool to cultivate and apply them to any other purpose than sensual gratifications—every incitement to the noblest actions is then done away with—there is then no perfect administration of justice in the moral world—and the earth and every thing in it then exist for no ultimate end or purpose whatever.

‘But if death is not annihilation for man, if man continues to live after death, he has then for his greatest affliction the greatest consolation—his noblest instinct, like all his other instincts, is then gratified—reason is then the best gift that could be conferred on him—all his faculties and powers are then a masterpiece of harmony—he is then wise if he diligently cultivates and applies them—he has then the strongest inducement to remain virtuous under all the circumstances of life—the most perfect administration of justice in the moral world is then to be hoped for—the constitution of the earth is then the most sublime that can be imagined—in short, there is then every where consistency, whereas otherwise there would be every where contradiction; consistency between the faculties

and instincts of man; consistency in all the arrangements made around him for his benefit; consistency in the whole terrestrial world itself; every where the most complete and the most admirable consistency.’

ESSAY ON LIFE.

‘Say, in this rapid tide of human ruin,
Is there no rock on which man’s tossing
thought
Can rest from terror, dare his fate survey,
And boldly think it something to be born?’
Young.

In the morning of life, the youth begins his career with volatile and elastic spirits; health glows in his countenance, and animates his frame; his unsophisticated heart sees nought but virtue and happiness, in the surrounding world; and hope, like a brilliant beacon, points to the harbor of future promise. To his inexperienced mind, no anticipation presents itself, but that of unalloyed and undisturbed enjoyment. Futurity is painted in bright and glittering colors; and already seems to lift the sparkling bowl of life to his lips, and to quaff its nectarous contents. Not a cloud obscures his sun-illuminated horizon; not a wandering vapor presages an approaching storm. Tell me, are these hopes ever fulfilled; are these expectations ever gratified? Does he place his felicity in pleasure? The showy goddess deceives not long; too soon the poisoned cup palls and sickens to the taste; too soon he feels the insipidity, the cloying sameness, and the shadowy vanity, of his imagined joys: with a wearied, a remorseful spirit, he leaves them. Worn with dissipation, regretting too late his mispent hours, he dies.

Is wealth the end of all his hopes the aim of all his toil? Slow, as:

laborious, and painful, must be his progress towards the goal of his wishes; hard-earned is every penny added to the hoard. With ten-fold difficulty and danger, he amasses heaps of glittering treasure. Present happiness, health, and perhaps honesty, must be sacrificed, to accumulate a store of riches. The more he obtains, the more he covets; every day, the moment of enjoyment is postponed till another time; and that other time never arrives. When all is gained, (if there can be such a time,) is the possessor happy? No! it would be a slander upon human nature, to believe it possible.

Does the idea of military glory fire his imagination? Alas! few can hope to have their names enrolled among those of the warrior band; few are the laurels, which can be spared to the youthful aspirant. He must endure fatigue, anxiety, privation, and hardships; he must take his rest, if rest it be, on the cold, damp ground; he must turn the night into day, and the day into night: he must face the flying death, the bullet, that 'winged messenger' of destruction; he must dare the sword, the bayonet, and the death-doing cannon; and he must have his thoughts embittered by the feeling, that he is far from home, from friends, and relatives! Let those, who envy such a lot, seek it; but they cannot expect happiness.

Is honor the idol of his pursuit? Let him bow and cringe, and study the will of an arrogant patron, or, worse than that, of the mutable mob. Let him employ all his energies, all his cunning, to humor the caprices of a great man, or to acquire the enviable appellation of 'a patriot.' Let him obtain the final purpose of his desires. Then ask him, if the loss of his time, his contentment, and his integrity is compensated, by the empty boast

of being called, like Brutus, 'an honorable man.'

Sighs he for literary fame? Health, wealth, and enjoyment, must be laid at the feet of his idol: the midnight oil must be consumed, in poring over the musty, antiquated lore of former years; the pleasures of society and conversation must be resigned, and the powers of the mind must be tasked, the ingenuity exhausted, and the imagination racked, to gain the good report of the few, who will ever trouble themselves with reading his publications; to obtain 'a name, an empty name alone.'

'Hard is the scholar's lot, condemned to sail

Unpatronized, o'er life's tempestuous wave:

Clouds blind his sight; nor blows a friendly gale,

To waft him to one port; *except the Penrose grave.*

Does he seek to immortalize himself, by doing good to mankind? The historic page would show the futility of such an attempt. The legends of ancient times evince, that celebrity is not to be gained by munificence, benevolence, or moral virtue.

Where are the names of good men, so renowned, so honored, as those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon? There are none, except those whose actions are recorded in the bible; and even they owe their superior estimation rather to the book in which they are found, than to their deeds of worth.

Lastly of all, are there any, who place their hopes in domestic happiness? Do any believe, that they shall find peace in friendship, affection, and select society?

'Ah! what is friendship but a name,

A charm that lulls to sleep;

A shade that follows wealth or fame,

And leaves the wretch to weep!

And love is still an emptier sound,

The haughty fair-one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.' *Goldsmith.*

B.

A STORY OF LAKE ERIE.

AN Indian woman, and her child, who was about seven years old, were travelling along the beach to a camp a few miles distant. The boy observed some wild grapes growing upon the top of the bank, and expressed such a strong desire to obtain them, that his mother, seeing a ravine at a little distance, by which she thought she might gain the edge of the precipice, resolved to gratify him. Having desired him to remain where he was, she ascended the steep, and was allured much farther into the woods than she at first intended. In the mean time the wind began to blow vehemently, but the boy wandered carelessly along the beach, seeking for shells, till the rapid rise of the lake rendered it impossible for him to return to the spot where he had been left by his mother. He immediately began to cry aloud, and she being on her return, heard him, but instead of descending the ravine, hastened to the edge of the precipice from the bottom of which the noise seemed to proceed. On looking down, she beheld her son struggling with the waves, and vainly endeavoring to climb up the bank, which was fifty feet perpendicular height, and very slippery. There being no possibility of rendering him assistance, she was on the point of throwing herself down the steep, when she saw him catch hold of a tree that had fallen into the lake and mount one of its most projecting branches. He sat astride upon this almost beyond the reach of the surges, while she continued watching him with an agony of grief, hesitating whether she should

endeavor to find her way to the camp, and procure assistance, or remain near her boy. However evening was now about to close, and as she could not proceed in the dark, she resolved at least to wait till the moon rose. She sat on the top of the precipice a whole hour, and during that time occasionally ascertained that her son was alive, by hearing his cries amidst the roaring of the waves; but when the moon appeared he was not to be seen. She now felt convinced that he was drowned, and giving way to utter despair, threw herself on the turf. Presently she heard a feeble voice cry, (in Indian,) 'Mamma, I'm here, come and help me.' She started up, and saw her boy scrambling upon the edge of the bank; she sprang forward to catch his hand, but the ground by which he held giving way, he was precipitated into the lake, and perished among the rushing billows!

American Journal of Education
p.p. 344.—From this truly excellent work we extract the following article on the important subject of 'Domestic management.'

Unless urged by imperious necessity, let not girls assist the labors of servants. It is money badly saved to make them perform any humble business, which, for a few shillings, could be performed by a hireling. The mother had better do it herself, if she cannot afford those few shillings, or dispense with smart clothing for herself or her child, to meet the expense, or be present when the child is so occupied.

It is not from a sentiment of pride that this point is so earnestly recommended, but it is from a desire to check the dissemination of error. When a young lady and her maid are engaged together in

some occupation, they must enter into conversation; now, of what nature must that conversation prove. The maid would not understand the wisdom, nor relish the morality, of her polite associate; but both maid and miss could understand, and, we fear, both would relish, the retailed news of the day—anecdotes of neighbors and petty scandal. By this power of communication both maid and miss are contaminated. The menial is encouraged in habits of espionage and scandal, and the mind of the young lady is irreparably vulgarized and poisoned. It were better she should perform the whole labor in the parlor or her own chamber, than that such a fearful risk should be run by association with a servant.

The management of the breakfast and tea-table, will induce some knowledge of performing the honors of the mistress of a house. Occasionally, the whole arrangement of the house may devolve on the young housekeeper. At sixteen she may be invested in all the rights and duties of household superintendance. The mother may sometimes interfere with advice, but let the whole responsibility rest with the daughter, that thus, being thrown on her own powers, she may early learn judiciously to exert those powers. We have seen girls of sixteen very judiciously conduct household affairs; and, when mistakes occur, as occur they must to beginners, in all the offices and businesses of life, it is better they should occur under the paternal roof, where partial relatives are prompt to excuse and remedy; than in the first days of bridal management, when the agitated mind is full of the variety and novelty of its duties, and new friends and new kindred are less disposed to pardon and correct.

Great pains are taken to instil

knowledge into the youthful mind; the memory is loaded with facts and morals, and the various branches of learning, in arts and sciences, are carefully taught. But with this knowledge, and with this learning, it is necessary, at the same time, to inspire a resolution, and to induce a habit of bringing the acquired information into use. By reflecting on the traits of character, and the facts recorded in biography, many excellent maxims could be drawn for the conduct of life, and even our skill in any of the fine arts, and our familiarity in any of the abstruser sciences, might be made subservient to the purposes of domestic duty. A young lady, acquainted with the general principles of chemistry, could, with increased intelligence and precision, direct many of the domestic operations of a household; and, some knowledge of the laws of nature, (as developed in natural and experimental philosophy,) would tend to many useful results in the business of private life. So far from thinking it a degradation to use the information, obtained from such sources; to the purposes of household and domestic matters, it should be impressed on the young mind, that learning and wisdom are only valuable inasmuch as they are useful; and, as women have few opportunities of being of assistance in the higher walks of science, they will have little chance of being serviceable, except in the humble, and often not less important, labors of domestic life. Nor must they, like the hoarding wife, so ably depicted in the *Idler*,* store up their treasures without plan or prospect of bringing them into *daily* use, whilst anticipating future demand for the accumulated stock.

* No. 35.

‘I do not inquire how much you have read and studied on the human powers; but I ask how you exert those powers?’ This is one of many powerful passages in *Epictetus*, as rendered to us by Miss Carter.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

NATIVE SKETCHES, NO. XV.

THE WILL;

OR THE EFFECT OF PASSION—(*A true Story.*)

As Joseph grew up, he exhibited such marks of intelligence and genius as rendered the acquisition of every task a pleasure, which made him not only a favorite with his instructor, but an object of emulation to his companions. Before he had completed his collegiate studies, he had made choice of physic as a profession, and his father, willing to gratify one of whom he was so justly proud, gave him every advantage that wealth could procure, to forward his views; and after having passed a year at the Medical College in Philadelphia, under those celebrated Professors Rush and Redwood, he returned to his native state with diplomas from those gentlemen, honorable to his talents and acquirements. It should previously have been remarked, that during his last college vacation, Joseph became attached to a beautiful and amiable girl, the daughter of a gentleman who possessed but little property, and a large family. For many years, an intimacy had existed between these families, and scarcely a day passed, without some interchange of neighborly civilities, which rendered their love for each other less conspicuous than it otherwise would have been. Joseph had never conversed with his father respecting his union with Sarah Allen, as his reserved habits

seemed to forbid such a mark of confidence unsolicited, but he could not, all devoted as he was to that lovely girl, believe that the wish of his heart was unknown to any of his friends, as he took no pains to disguise his partiality for her. Judge then what must have been his surprise, when he was informed by his father, (who was on the eve of another voyage) that it was his wish that he would marry the daughter of an affluent planter, who was on a visit with her parents in Providence, and whom he now recollected to have met once or twice in the society of that place. His answer was of course dictated by a consciousness of honor—he professed to have no particular regard, not even a slight partiality, for Miss Evans, but urged the contrary in favor of his beloved Sarah. In vain did he represent that their happiness depended on each other—in vain did he portray her worth, and the long and true attachment which she had cherished for him from her childhood. The father was inexorable—ambition was his object, and with the cold calculations of avarice, he railed at his son, in the most severe language, for indulging in a boyish whim, which was beneath the character of his heir: feelingly alive to any reflection on the respectability of the object of his regard, Joseph advanced to the door, and for the first time in his life, exhibited a trait of hereditary obstinacy. ‘Sir,’ said he, ‘I am no longer a child! When I was so, you were entitled to, and received my obedience. I am now my own master—and be assured no human power shall compel me to be faithless to my promises, either to man or woman.—I shall marry Sarah Allen!’ The Captain flew into a rage too wild for expression. ‘Then, Sir,’ said he, ‘your fate is fixed! Not one sir-

pence shall you possess of my estate.' Joseph coolly folded his arms across his breast, and fixing his full dark eyes on the face of his father, he calmly replied, 'My resolution too, is fixed!' and left the apartment.

Fired by passion and resentment, *that night*, the instruments were drawn and witnessed, which made his daughters the sole possessors of his property. The mother, it is true, argued against the injustice of this proceeding, but her pleadings were disregarded, and the fatal will was sealed. Several weeks of indisposition, the probable result of the conflicting emotions of his mind, followed this act, and deferred the period of his departure. His vessel was now waiting, and he found it was absolutely necessary either to go immediately himself, or transfer the command to another. The former accorded best with his present feelings. He had not seen Joseph since their memorable interview, as he had taken this opportunity to transact some business in a distant state. The moment of Capt. Roswald's departure at length came, and while the boatswain was pausing on the steps of his dwelling, to convey the last package on board, he flew to the apartment of his wife, and walking across the room for several moments in the most violent agitation, he said, clasping her hand fervently between his, 'Ann, if I never return, see that justice is done to our poor boy—burn that WILL!' and hiding his face in his handkerchief, he rushed out of the house. 'Never to return' was indeed his fate: a few months after his departure, the vessel was wrecked, and all hands except a sailor, who clung to a raft, perished. Overcome by this intelligence the mother, amid her sorrow, forgot, or thought it not necessary,

in the hour of her present calamity, to obey the commands of her husband, respecting the will. Her son had been married several months before the news of his father's death arrived, and was settled at a distance from his family. As soon as the grief of Mrs. Roswald had in some measure subsided, she mentioned to her daughters, the command of their father, and a look of keen, though mysterious intelligence, passed between them, although they made no comment on her communication. A few days after this, the mother unlocked her desk, to perform this last duty which she owed not only to her husband, as his parting injunction, but more particularly to her son—when her surprise cannot be expressed on finding the lock of the drawer which contained the WILL, broken, and that instrument gone! Who could have perpetrated so strange a robbery, she could not devise. The daughters were of course informed, when what was her horror, as well as consternation, when they coolly remarked, that *they* considered the Will of their father sacred, (a profanation of the term), that it was a legal instrument, legally witnessed, and was *that morning* legally recorded.

This narrative is no fabrication of fancy—it is a tale of truth!

Justice, although she was compelled to allow the claims of these unnatural sisters, has thro' life pursued them with her sword: unhappy in their nearest connections, deprived of their property by fraud deeper than their own, and finally driven from the home of their birth, they have both sunk to the grave unrespected and unwept.

The son, although he deeply felt through life, the effects of his father's unkindness, yet he was infinitely more happy than those who had injured him. Eminent in

his profession, and unexceptionable in his moral character, he passed through the various scenes of this life of trial, in the conscious discharge of his duty to God and man, and when he died, he left his children the patrimony of an *unblemished name!* Y. Z.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

* We are but the venders of other men's goods.

Windsor Castle.—The utmost splendor and magnificence is described to reign throughout the apartments of the Castle. The paper hangings are covered with gold. The silk hangings are wrought in pannels made on purpose. The flowers and borders consist of a species of embroidery never before equalled in this country. In his Majesty's bed room there is a bath. The ceilings are highly ornamented with gold. The windows are all of superb plate glass, most of them five or six feet high, and about three feet wide. There are four huge panes to each window made to lift up, each pane being framed by itself, slipping in a groove, and lifting separately, so as to form a distinct window. There are three hundred rooms, requiring five hundred servants in constant attendance. The hinges of the doors cost 30s. apiece.—Plate glasses are in every door throughout the building, except in the bed rooms. One of the doors leading in a straight line to the long walk, affords a perspective of three or four miles. One of the stone bronzed chimney pieces is supported by two Faunes, each holding two Cupids in his arms and looking towards the fire. The finishing will cost at least half a million. The whole is to be ready by the middle of May, when the King will give a fete, but, accord-

ing to others, by August. The paintings in St. George's Chapel are about to be destroyed, they being in a very bad state. The duke of Clarence, the heir presumptive to the Throne, is said to be by no means partial to Windsor.—*London Observer.*

Antiquities.—The remains of a fine Roman villa have been recently discovered near Helpstone, between Stanford and Peterborough. Mr. Artis, well known for his successful antiquarian researches, has caused the spot to be explored, and his investigation has been rewarded by finding a tessellated pavement, of superior workmanship. The same gentleman (says the York Chronicle) has discovered a complete iron-foundry of the Romans near Wansford.

Constantinople.—It is wonderful how little is known with regard to this magnificent city. Its situation is the most delightful in the world. With a harbor affording room for a thousand ships—with the *Euxine* on its East, the natural current of the wealth of Asia is through the Bosphorus; and with *Marmora* on its South and West, the productions of Arabia, Egypt and Europe, are at the command of its commerce. In the hands of a commercial nation it would soon become the centre of the commercial world. It is encompassed by walls, which have twenty-two gates,—six towards the land, six along the port, and ten on the *Marmora*; these have stairs and landing places.

Constantinople, like Rome, is an 'urbs septicollis.' Its seven hills rise from the shore in the form of an amphitheatre; gardens, cypress groves, palaces and mosques, rise one above the other and present a view worthy of all admiration. The castle of the

Seven Towers is used as an honorable prison. A square tower stands in the sea, memorable as the prison of Belisaribus. Near this, are a great many cannon, level with the water, and guarding the entrance of the port and the Seraglio.

The Seraglio. This word signifies 'a palace.' It is a collection of palaces, a mile and a half in compass, enclosed by a strong wall on which are several watch-towers, where guard is kept by night and day. The principal gate is of marble, and is called *the porte*.—The gardens are very extensive; the buildings are of white stone, are crowned with gilded turrets and spires, and shining in surpassing splendor.

Cheerfulness Recommended.—The editor of the Western Review, (Mr. Fin,) in one of the articles in the last number of his interesting publication, thus recommends cheerful disposition.

'Weeping philosophers may tell us as much as they will, that to smile is a fault, and to laugh, a crime, which God has forbidden. We believe no such thing. We are with Cæsar in his estimation of the lean and gloomy Brutus. Rogues may look gloomy from an evil conscience, and a want of self respect. Hypocrites may effect mystery and gloom, for the authority and consequence it may give them in the eyes of their blind admirers. They, who want intrinsic merit to create respect, may assume solemnity of deportment, to preserve their dignity unimpaired. We believe, that God requires of us to labor for cheerfulness, and that an honest and benevolent man, ought to smile as often as he innocently can. Heaven knows, that these sunshines of the mind, will be sufficiently few and far between the best. We

are not afraid of smilers; but we always beware of Knights of the woeful countenance, and them of the long and tristful visage.

Circulating Library. Among the new establishments which constantly spring up in our enterprising metropolis, we observe a new Circulating Library, kept by Miss Squires, No. 76 Hudson-st. We abominate man-milliners, and have often thought that Circulating Libraries, the *ne plus ultra* of a lady's attachment, should be kept by a lady. There is a thousand delicate titles of novels that a blushing, simpering fair one hesitates to pronounce in the presence of a he creature with big whiskers, just as much as she would decline asking in a music store for 'One kiss before we part,' or any small amatory sonnet. Now although we would not absolutely exclude librarians in inexpressibles—yet there is still a propriety of entrusting this department to a lady, particularly if she has taste, and a little beauty. The gentlemen will never be alarmed, and the ladies will be encouraged; and such we trust, may await Miss Squires, in this her *novel* undertaking.—*N. Y. Enq.*

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Fire. We are informed by a gentleman from West Farms, (about 10 miles from this city) that Mr. Voseburg's extensive paint factory was burnt down yesterday (Sunday) at one o'clock. It is supposed to have been set on fire by an incendiary.—*N. Y. paper.*

Mrs. Duff's first appearance in New York, since her return from London, 'was greeted with enthusiastic peals of applause by a crowded auditory.'

Yesterday afternoon a man named Robert Burns, was drowned at White Fort. He went into the water to show some boys who were playing on the shore the depth of it, and having waded for a short distance he sunk, and was shortly after taken out lifeless. He was in a great perspiration when he undressed himself, and it is supposed he was seized with the cramp.

Monstrous Serpent. A rattle-snake was killed a few days ago at Hamilton, Harris co. Georgia, measuring 6 1-2 feet, and 22 1-2 inches in circumference;—its mouth, when expanded, was six inches between the extremities—there were only seven rattles to the tail, the balance having probably been lost in combat with some of its serpentine tribe. When the snake was killed, it had a large rabbit in its mouth, nearly swallowed, which caused it to become an easy prey to its murderer. Three fangs were extracted and measured nearly two inches long. The rattle snake is very cowardly, and acts always on the defensive. but its bite is instant death, when attacked by an enemy.—*Col. Enq.*

We learn that on Monday evening last, a little after dark, as a countryman was coming to this city with his marketing, and when he had reached within about two miles of the permanent bridge, he was attacked by a footpad, who made a desperate attempt to get into the waggon. The countryman being pretty active, applied his hickory with such effect, that the robber was glad to make a retreat. He succeeded, however, in carrying with him a quarter of mutton.

Phil. Sentinel.

Bower of Taste.

[The gentlemen are requested *not* to read the following.]

Fashion.—Of all the terms that were ever invented to express the vagaries of that capricious goddess, there never perhaps was one more unpoetical in its sound, than that of 'Leg of mutton-sleeves!' the very idea of associating the form of a fair lady's arm with that of a sheep's trotter is intolerable—*Balloon Sleeves* we should think would be a more appropriate name, both as it regards their appearance, and internal construction, being composed of whalebone &c. and covered with silk muslin corresponding with the dress *or not*, according to the taste of the wearer—a lady, however graceful her form may be with a pair of these enormously inflated bodies attached to her shoulders looks like any thing but the fair proportioned creature that nature made her. We have recently seen several fair *exquisites* from the South, who, were they to cross our Common on a windy day would soon loose their hold upon earth, and from the balustrades of Belveu might possibly be mistaken for some of the flying companions of Peter Wilkins.

The *Navarino*, or large Leghorn, we like, notwithstanding all that has been said against its disproportion and vast circumference, it is not the *most* appropriate article that can be worn at church and other public places, but it has its advantages, 'firstly—a woman's face never looks better than beneath a broad brim—and secondly, by affording a light and agreeable shadow, it precludes the necessity of that annoying article a parasol, which is ten times worse on the person than the largest hat ever worn. And the last though not the least of its advantages is, that it keeps the 'lords of the creation' at a respectful distance, for there are very few who have the temerity to ver-

ture their pericraniums within the enchanted circle (if we except the *near sighted*;) by the way, this disorder seems to be spreading in a most *alarming* manner among our young fashionables of both sexes; if indeed the sight be radically defective, the use of *spectacles* cannot be too highly recommended, but we deprecate a '*quizzing glass*.' There are few things more embarrassing in public than to have one of these lady-playthings popp'd into your face as you pass, or to find yourself undergoing the critical observations of a purblind beauty who appears to feel more interest in exhibiting the graceful contour of a fine arm, than in discovering whether the face she is gazing upon is black or white.

Nahant. The fine Hotel of Nahant is fast filling with the beauty and fashion of our City. Several distinguished strangers have also arrived there, who are delighted with the grand and sublime scenery for which that place is so justly celebrated: there can be no greater luxury in a summer day than a 'steamboat trip to Nahant' or a morning ride along its delightful beach. There is something so pure and renovating in the air we breathe from its sea-beaten cliffs, that even the hypocondriac sons of celibacy as they grope about among the rocks, to inhale the fresh breeze, fancy that they have at last discovered the '*elixir vitae*' which is to renew their youth and vigor. Alas—poor creatures!—by October, your dream will be over, and like the silkworm you will again enwrap yourselves within your shell, and sink into a negative existence.

NAHANT.

Where curls the wild wave round the rocky zone,
That clasps the bosom of Nahant's hold shore,
I love at twilight hour to muse alone,
And listen to the ocean's sullen roar.

I cannot speak of all my bosom feels,

While looking forth upon yon bright expanse,
Each pulse a glow inexplicable thrills—
As round my feet the white wreath'd waves advance.

Proud waves! like *human hopes*, full bright ye rise—
Rush wildly on—and then—oh! where are ye?
Gone! with the lovely, and the brave, and wise,
To the deep ocean of *Eternity*.

But there's a charm—there is a soothing charm
E'en amid nature's warfare! when we rest
Beneath thy shadowy rock—secure and calm,
As does the sea-bird in her lonely nest.

Oh, thus for me when life's wild waves have pass'd,
Freighted with hopes, or by misfortune driven,—
May some fair port of *safety* smile at last,
And to my spirit prove a peaceful haven.

Not at home. A gentleman calling one morning on a female friend, was answered by a country servant-boy that 'she was not at home.' 'Thank you to give her this,' said he, handing a card. 'Shall I *go up*, and give it to her *now*, sir?' said the boy!

MARRIED,

In this city, by the Rev. Mr. Knowles, Mr. Wm. Boynton to Miss Sarah C. Butler; by Rev. Mr. Jenks, Mr. Edmund Cottle to Miss Eliza Ann Ridgway.

On Sunday morning, by Rev. Mr. Ballou, Mr. Levi Melcher to Miss Jerueha Capen, daughter of Lt. John Capen, of Stoughton.

In Salem Mr. John King to Mrs. Priscilla Russell.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.—All communications for or relative to this work, should be addressed [post paid] to the editor, MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE. It is published every Saturday by SAMUEL G. ANDREWS, No. 30, Market Street, Boston. Terms \$2.50 in advance, \$3 at the expiration of six months.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

DIAMOND ISLE.

(FROM A MS. JOURNAL.)

This delightful little island situated in lake George is well known to the western tourist, as remarkable for its picturesque beauty, and the brilliant crystals that are found upon its shores.

Bright isle of gems—shined in yon azure lake,
Like a fair star in heaven's cerulean sea,
Where vernal nature's glowing charms awake,
And all is light, and bloom and harmony.

Enchanting isle! oh, that it were my lot
To live embosom'd in thy peaceful glade,
Beneath the shelter of yon lowly cot,
Where curling woodbines weave their fragrant shade.

How sweet to stray along thy flowery shore,
Where crystals sparkle in the sunny ray,
Where the red boatman plies his silver oar,
To the wild measure of some rustic lay.

To watch the shadows as they softly steal
O'er the blue light of George's lucid wave,
Where erst devotion's pilgrim came to kneel,
And in that sacred tide his brow to lave.*

To list, as 'Echo' from her secret cell
Bounds o'er the cliff to meet the *cannon's* roar!
Or softly to the fishers' vocal shell,
Responsive sighs along the twilight shore.

'Bright isle gems!' thou'rt nature's favorite bower
Where she reclines to breathe her glowing soul,
In the soft silence of that mystic hour
When all around confess her bland control.

Oh, ye who rise in fashion's splendid sphere—
Who revel in gay pleasure's meteor smile,
I would not give for all ye hold most dear,
One little gem that lights my 'Diamond Isle.'

AUGUSTA.

* The monks from Montreal used formerly to visit lake George to obtain the water on account of its purity, for sacred purposes.

DEATH OF A CHILD.

I saw her in the coffin ;
 And tearful eyes were looking on the corse.
 She was an only child ; that precious wealth,
 To which all other wealth is valueless.
 The father's grief found vent in sighs and tears :
 But, Oh ! the tender mother !—she, whose heart
 Had mingled in the dear one's pleasures—she,
 Whose love was lock'd up in that child—was calm
 And motionless. No tear was there to quench
 The agony that burn'd her pallid cheek.
 She spake not, look'd not on the corse, but sat
 Apart from the fond friends who came to gaze
 Their last upon the cherub. Oft she sigh'd—
 It was the breath that memory fondly breathed
 On happier days—on days now gone for ever.
 Oh ! if there be a passion eloquent,
 That speaks more forcibly than words—it is
 A mother, gazing on her shrouded child ;
 She feels a pang that mocks the power of words—
 An impassion'd sorrow, far, far too deep
 For tears and lamentations—a quenchless fire,
 That drinks the stream of all her lesser troubles,
 And bows each passion to its master, Grief.
 Such, man can never feel—his love is strong :
 But when the cord is broken, that bound him
 To the dear object of his fondness, tears
 Can almost wash the image from his breast.
 But then, a mother's love !—that holy tie,
 Which, heart to heart, in sweet communion binds.
 Till soul and soul are in each other lost !—
 What sees she when she looks upon her child ?—
 Her pledge of love—her priceless gem—the link
 Connecting her more closely to the heart
 She promis'd, in the presence of her God,
 To love and honor—pulse of her existence—
 An angel in the paradise of home—
 Diamond of marriage !—Nought can chill such love.
 Though clouds of sin may darken his young name,
 And storms of trouble fall upon his head,
 The whirlwind of disgrace uproot all hope,
 Still, still it is her child. When icy death
 Has nipp'd her floweret—when she's called
 To mourn her blighted prospects—look upon
 The beamless eye, the silent tongue which once
 So fondly lisp'd the grateful, rapturous sounds
 Of 'Father ! Mother !'—how vain the effort
 To describe her feelings ! None but mothers
 Know the pangs and joys which agonize
 And bless a mother's bosom.

g****.

THE WANDERER'S FAREWELL.

Farewell to ye ! land of my birth-place,
 Home of my fathers, farewell,
 To the hospitable board and the hearth-place,
 And the faces where joy lit his spell.
 Farewell to the groves and the forests,
 And the warm sunny knoll and the dell

The green grassy fields and the streamlet
 Where shiners and mimic fish dwell.
 Where oft in the days of my boyhood
 I have chased the gay butterfly,
 And the grasshoppers flew from their hiding
 When my wandering feet approached nigh.
 Oh, oft have I stood on that mountain,
 Which wraps its bald head in yon cloud,
 And beheld the broad sun in his setting
 And night weave around me her shroud.
 And yet I have lingered, 'till chillness
 Had benumb'd each muscular power,
 For I lov'd its lone solitude stillness
 And the workings of night's mystic hour.
 Land of my birth;—there's a tear for thee,
 Wrung from my heart's deepest cell—
 Sisters, dear sisters, come near to me,
 And a brother shall kiss his farewell.
 Oh, mother! and what is thy parting?
 A son shall bow down to be blest—
 See the tears! the tears of a mother are starting,
 'God my dear son give thee rest.'

EDWIS.

[SELECTED.]

WHEN WILL LOVE CEASE ?

When Love's own star shall cease to know
 Its station in the skies ;
 And rivers from the ocean flow,
 And suns in sackcloth rise ;
 And vernal showers call forth no flowers,
 And summer make no mirth,
 And birds be mute at morning hours—
 Then love will cease from earth.
 When music's tone no charm shall own
 To thrill the human breast,
 And roses' bloom yield no perfume,
 And doves in deserts rest,
 And Heaven's bright arch, that gilds the show'r,
 The sign of wrath shall prove ;
 Then beauty's spell will lose its power,
 And men will cease to love.
 And when the peace that virtue brings,
 The vicious shall enjoy ;
 And fear, that guilty bosoms wrings,
 Shall innocence annoy ;
 And mercy spurn the humble prayer
 That sues to be forgiven ;
 Then earth, men, angels, all despair—
 For love will cease in Heaven.

CORNELIA.

DECEIT.

As the ivy climbs the tallest tree,
 So round the loftiest souls his toils he wound,
 And with his spells subdu'd the fierce and free.

Scott.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



“ With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
“ We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,”—PAINÉ.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....JULY 5, 1828. No. 27.

A SOLDIER'S FAITH—A Fragment.

NEVER shall I forget their bridal—earth scarce contained aught more lovely than Maria, as she passed the portal of the village church, and hastened to escape the admiring gaze of the rustic crowd. Maria was barely eighteen—the light of beauty danced in her deep blue eye; but on this, her bridal morn, its long silken lash hid more than half its brightness, and the snowy veil which fell over her auburn tresses was not paler than her cheek. I had loved her ere I left my father's roof, but I had no patrimony, except a proud name and a soldier's fortunes; and Maria was a prize too great for one so portioned. I looked upon her bridegroom—every feature was replete with manly beauty, and each well-knit limb might form a study for the fastidious statuary; and yet I gazed upon him till my heart swelled almost to bursting, and I turned once more to look up-

on Maria, and I wished that they had chosen her another lord. Never shall I forget that dark, deep, earth-turned eye, or the haughty lip, with its triumphant and fearful smile! I left my native village; I sighed not one farewell to Maria. After her marriage, we feared to meet; she felt that I loved her, and her own heart, more stubborn than her nature, resisted even yet the harsh mandate of an unyielding parent: she knew it, and she shrank not from her duty. Again I left my home, and the sun of Spain darkened my brow, and her wars nerved my spirit to greater daring; but I retired from her haughty daughters with a sickening soul, for I thought of Maria and of her fearful destiny, and I clung to her remembrance, as if my hopeless truth could now in aught avail her. Years sped on, and my heart yearned to revisit the home of my childhood—the birth-

place of my first hopes. I trod its path with a firm step, but the sun ray which glanced upon me in the home of my fathers, rested on the scarred features of a war-scathed soldier; I shrank from the reflection—"Should Maria now look on me, how would she deem me changed!" It was a foolish thought, and in the next moment I blushed for its conception. My stay was brief, yet ere I again became a wanderer, I once more beheld Maria: she had been the mother of two blooming boys, but they had withered, like roses devoured by the foul worm which feasts on beauty. I saw her lord too; the voice of murmur was on his tongue, and his eye scowled reproachfully, as he threw it on his young bride—the pale cheek grew yet paler beneath the glance—the soft blue eye swelled with the drop of silent suffering—the heaving bosom struggled to repress the sigh which threatened to escape it, and I fled ere my tongue gave utterance to the curse my heart engendered. I became loudest in the revel, but I could not drown the memory of that low stifled sigh; I mingled in the train of beauty, but the deep eye, with its large tear, was ever in the throng—and every pale cheek on which I gazed in my wanderings, recalled the memory of Maria. Again the tented field was my abode, the green sward my resting place; again my night slumber was amidst the brave, and my day-dreams of conquest and of glory; many a bold and buoyant heart slept in death ere the field was fought—many an ardent spirit bounded no more to the battle; but the death-bullet passed me by, and the wound closed, and the scar healed, when a weapon blade struck me in its descent—and I lived on. My brother soldiers dashed the red stream from the gleaming steel, and shouted victory! till the very skies seemed to echo back the pealing of

their voices, and I stood by in silence, and only asked to perish.

We left the fair land of fame and conquest, and I bade adieu to my fellow soldiers forever: they pressed around me with generous warmth, and besought my stay; but I was a moody and a wretched man, and their words were those of courtesy and compassion! There is a spell in the thought of home! "I will return home and die," I murmured: it was a vain idea, for my father was in his grave, my sister wedded in a foreign land—I was alone, but Maria dwelt near the spot where I had once been happy, and her proximity was a resting place for the wounded spirit. But even that link in the cankered chain of existence was unriveted: Maria had drooped beneath the withering breath of unkindness—she slept in the cold ground. I hurried to the churchyard; two marble tombs gleamed pale in the moonlight—they shrouded the ashes of her lovely babes; but her own grave was obscure and unlettered, and the rank grass which covered it, waved darkly to the night breeze like hearse plumes. She had willed a lowly, but not a forgotten resting place; and I cast myself on the neglected grave, and I plucked from it every bitter weed, and trimmed the long dark grass: and I shed no tear as I performed the mournful duty; Maria was at peace—she slept with her children. Ere I left the spot, my eye fell on the medal which hung at my breast—the moonbeams glanced brightly on it, as if in mockery; it was all that now linked me to my fellow men; all that I yet cherished on earth. I scooped a narrow hole in the green turf on her breast, and there I deposited my treasure. It is the only offering of my ill-fated love; it will be my witness with Maria in a brighter world, that I did my duty to my country.

I slowly left the grave yard, and

drew near to take a last look at the habitation which was once Maria's. Feasting and revelry resounded through the apartments: Maria's lord had taken another bride! I paused for one moment to look on her full black eye and deeply tinted cheek;—from that hour life has been a blank, and I have moved amid the world's scenes, as passionless as a breathing corse!

SATURDAY EVENING.

WHAT a curious object of contemplation to a superior being, who casts an eye over this lower world, and surveys the busy, restless, and unceasing operations of the people who swarm upon its surface! Let him select any one individual among us, and confine his attention to him as a specimen of the whole. Let him pursue him through the intricate variety of his movements, for he is never stationary; see him with his eye fixed upon some distant object, and struggling to arrive at it; see him pressing forward to some eminence, which perpetually recedes away from him; see the inexplicable being, as he runs in full pursuit of some glittering bauble, and on the moment he reaches it, throws it behind him, and it is forgotten; see him unmindful of his past experience, hurrying his footsteps to some new object, with the same eagerness and rapidity as ever—compare the ecstasy of hope with the listlessness of possession, and observe the whole history of his day to be made up of one fatiguing race of vanity, and restlessness and disappointment:

“And like the glittering of an idiot's toy,
Doth fancy mock his vows.”

To complete the unaccountable history, let us look to its termination. Man is irregular in his movements; but this does not hinder the regularity of nature. Time will not stand still to look at us. It moves at its own invariable pace. The winged

moments fly in swift succession over us. The great luminaries which are suspended on high, perform their circles through the heavens. The sun describes his circuit in the firmament; and the space of a few revolutions will bring every man among us to his destiny. The decree passes abroad against the poor child of infatuation. It meets him in the full career of hope and enterprise. He sees the dark curtain of mortality falling upon the world, and upon all its interests. That busy, restless heart, so crowded with its plans, and feelings, and anticipations, forgets to play, and all its fluttering anxieties are hushed for ever.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

ESSAY

ON LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

THOSE youthful enthusiasts who derive their ideas of the happiness of wedded life from the pages of romance and poetry, would be astonished to learn how few—how *very few* there are in this cold calculating world, who marry *for love!* nor would their astonishment decrease on being told there are still *fewer*, who, having married under the influence of that all absorbing passion, are happy! Love is proverbially blind;—if then, a union be founded only on the basis of passion, on the perishable charms of external beauty, and accomplishments, it is greatly to be feared that when time, that bold revealer of truth, shall have deprived the cheek of its bloom, and the form of those physical graces, that pertain to youth, the “bandeau will fall from the brow of Love,” and on discovering the vacuum of mind beneath, he will

“Spread his light wings, and in a moment fly.”

There are almost as many speculators in matrimony as in trade, and these will argue, that marriage

ges of interest, or convenience, are often as productive of *happiness* as any other. This is a dangerous theory; there may be a few solitary instances of that negative kind of indifference, that wears the appearance of *contentment*; but the heart which can be so dead to the best principles and feelings of our nature, as to disregard that mystic bond of affection by which kindred minds are attracted to each other, can never be susceptible of happiness in any situation.

To realize *all* those blissful dreams of perfect felicity in which the youthful heart is too apt to indulge on contemplating a union with the object of its choice, is not the lot of frail humanity; for however pure our intentions may be with regard to our moral conduct, yet such are the infirmities of our nature, that our fairest paths will often be o'ershadowed by those passing clouds that occasionally dim the horizon of life.

The only true way to secure our happiness in the wedded state, is to view each others faults with clemency, to reciprocate every enjoyment, and to divide every sorrow. These are duties which we owe not only to ourselves and the being to whom we have entrusted that inestimable jewel, our future peace, but it is a duty which we owe to that power who created us in his own image.

HONORIA.

There is too much truth and good sense in the following to need a recommendatory comment.

EATING.

WE hear every day, and particularly when we are sick, or when our friends are, of light diet and delicate stomachs, and of being allowed a bit of fish, or a boiled chicken, or a jelly, or what not; to every one of which the unlucky patient would object if he could, while the apothecary goes on in the old rout-

ine which he has heard from the apothecary before him. Generally, it requires a powerful and a healthy stomach to dispose of such trash as boiled chicken and veal broth. As to jelly, it is a mere deception; it is as if a man expected to be fed better by ice than by water, because it is solid, and can be eaten instead of drunk. Jelly is broth, and nothing more. If the broth is good, the jelly is good; yet the latter is replete with virtue, new virtues, derived from the glass and the tea-spoon. Such it is, not to think, not to analyse. And thus also, while a quart of good broth would be but a moderate allowance, the nurse and the apothecary both would faint with horror at the convalescent who should devour the same dose in the shape of a dozen jellies. The whole College would be reproved at the renegade who should prescribe turtle soup to the man recovering from pleurisy; and yet the same soup is but the jelly in the cut glass, wine, lemon, and all; the only difference being salt in lieu of sugar. Such are the discoveries of chemistry and common sense.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

NATIVE SKETCHES, No. XVI.

THE DECLARATION.

IT was during my short stay in the village of H—, that I became acquainted with Ellen, the heroine of my story—known by the name of the "Village Beauty." To attempt a description of her charms, would be more than my feeble pen is capable of. I was inclined to believe, however, that her smile was the smile of art, and her blush was the blush of triumph, rather than the "soft suffusion of delicate sensibility," for many a village beau delighted to bask in the genial sunshine of those smiles, while

"Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike.
And like the sun, they shine on all alike."

Edwin was the most ardent and devoted of all her numerous train of admirers. She seldom appeared in public without the youth at her side,—and *Madam Rumour*, ever busy in her vocation, boldly matched the pair; for “village folk will guess.” But notwithstanding the confidence Edwin entertained of his own powers, and the indelible impression he fain would believe he had made upon the tender heart of Ellen, yet the natural diffidence attending the *first declaration* of love, was such, that he could not prevail upon himself in the presence of the fair one, to declare his admiration of that loveliness, which had so enchanted his senses.

“It was one of those beautiful evenings in May, when nature appeared arrayed in all those charms, which tend to enliven the heart and delight the imagination, that small detached parties of villagers might be seen walking along the circuitous paths, into the deep recesses of the forest, to enjoy the evening breeze, and contemplate the sober beauties of twilight. The sun was yet just visible in the western horizon, and the admiring gaze could at this calm and serene hour fix itself upon his radiant countenance, without being overpowered, as by the brightness of his meridian beams.”

Among the foremost were seen Edwin and Ellen, who had wandered unconsciously some distance from the company, and had at length disappeared for a few moments, by a narrow footpath, which led directly to what the villagers denominate “the High Rock,” whose summit would afford them an unobstructed view of all the surrounding country; the ascension was attended with but little difficulty, and in a few moments they occupied the most elevated spot. Though Edwin had often accompanied Ellen hither before, yet he thought the

scenery had never appeared to him so rich and magnificent—and since all nature seemed to be in so much harmony with his own sensations, he was determined on this delightful evening, to make the long intended *declaration*!—

For “Ah! suspense had caus’d a smart
He could no longer brook.”

As Ellen, apprehensive lest the evening atmosphere should have an injurious effect upon her health, was about returning to their party, Edwin gently stopped her, and said, “in the words of the novelist,” pointing to the evening planet—“Behold yonder, my dear Ellen!—The star of love shining auspiciously upon our path—each evening, when I behold that beautiful planet, I will think of *thee*, and this happy hour—I will remember the rapturous pulse, that now throbs in my bosom—and I will say to adversity, if adversity be my lot, thou canst not deprive me quite of happiness—for yonder glorious planet witnessed a scene of rapture, that was once mine, and all thy efforts cannot rob me of the bliss attending *that* recollection; and here, upon this lone summit, do I declare, that to thee alone, of all thy sex, shall this heart and hand be rapturously, exclusively, and forever devoted! Thou hast been my *first*, and thou shalt be my *only* love!”

“Why, Edwin! Edwin!” exclaimed the belle, affecting an air of the deepest surprise, “what can you mean?”—

“Your penetration must be dull,
To let a hope within your skull
Of matrimony! spring—
Your wife!—ha, ha, upon my word,
The thought’s as laughably absurd,
As any thing I ever heard—
I never dream’d of such a thing!”

At this abrupt and unanticipated reply, Edwin was quite confounded. ’Tis true, he had often heard of coquettes, but little did he imagine that such was the character of the delicate, beautiful, and apparently

amiable being before him. Edwin paused for a moment, and suppressing his feelings, he exclaimed, "Madam, I have been the thoughtless victim of a deluded imagination—but "thank my stars," the illusion is *now over!* So, farewell!" and saying thus, he began to retrace his steps down the sides of the rude rock, leaving his fair companion to her own quiet meditation. Ellen, perceiving that Edwin was intent upon his purpose, descended from the haughty air which she had affected, and requested him to accompany her home—since it was at his invitation alone she had consented to come. With the same air of coldness and surprise that Ellen had assumed, the beau replied—

"Take Ellen home! I fain would know
From whence so strange a wish could flow,
Or in your bosom spring!—
Take Ellen home? Upon my word,
The thought's as laughably absurd,
As any thing I ever heard—
I never dream'd of such a thing!"

The haughty beauty, however, soon descended from the mountain cliff, half weeping with terror at the idea of being left alone, or at the literal construction which Edwin had put upon her *poetic* refusal of his love; and as she laid her yielding hand in his, she said, in a gentle tone—"Poetry, Edwin, is the language of *fancy*." This was enough! I scarcely need to add, that although he was indeed refused in *rhyme*, yet he was accepted in *prose*, before their walk was concluded; for which reason I shall recommend it to all lovers, as the only safe language to be used in a sentimental stroll by moonlight.

REDIVIVUS.

THE ODD FAMILY.

EVERY event, remarkably good or bad, happened to this family on an odd day of the month, and every one of them had something odd in his or her personal manner and be-

haviour: the very letters in their christian names always happened to be an odd number. The husband's name was Peter, and the wife's Rahab; they had 7 children, all boys, viz. Solomon, Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, David, and Ezekiel. The husband had but one leg, his wife but one arm. Solomon was born blind of the left eye; and Roger lost his right eye by accident; James had his left ear pulled off by a boy in a quarrel, and Matthew was born with only three fingers on his right hand; Jonas had a stump foot, and David was humpbacked; all these, except David, were remarkably short, while Ezekiel was 6 feet 2 inches high at 19; the stump footed Jonas and the hump backed David got wives of fortune, but no girl would listen to the addresses of the rest. The husband's hair was as black as jet, and the wife's remarkably white, yet every one of the children's were red. The husband had the peculiar misfortune of falling into a deep sawpit, where he was starved to death; and his wife, refusing all kinds of sustenance, died in five days after him. Ezekiel enlisted as a soldier, and although he was afterwards wounded in 23 places, he recovered. Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, and David, died at different places, on the same day, and Solomon and Ezekiel were drowned together while crossing a river.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE,)
June 27, 1828.)

MY DEAR —

"Once more upon the waters" was my song of yesterday—to-day beheld me looking down upon the world from this palace of the clouds. Blessed be the man that first thought of building houses on the mountains!

I left the city in a pet without bidding you good-bye, which I now do for some weeks, till the hydro-

phobia season is over at least. Last Wednesday a man struck at my dog Hector, in the open street, averring that he was mad, because the poor creature trotted along with his tongue out, and went straight forward without stopping to confabulate with every cur in town. As I knew Hector to be one of the most amiable and considerate of his species, I told the man to let him alone. This he would not do, he muttered something about duty to the public, and went at poor Hector again. "Love me, love my dog," so I knocked the man down.—Half an hour in the Police office, thermometer 90, and a considerable bonus for hushing up the matter, completely disgusted me with the city. So Hector and I took place in the steam-boat.

I shall not bore you with descriptions of the frowning palisadoes and the eternal highlands, of Butter-milk Falls and the "hill of thunder," nor even with an account of the wild and romantic region which now surrounds me. You have seen them all a hundred times, and so have your readers. The *description* would tire you—the actual view cannot. Times without number have I gazed upon the scenery of the noble river on whose banks my child-hood played.—I have seen it in moon-light and sun-light, in calm and storm, and I love it still. The freshness of my life is past and gone—but the pine of the mountain, the foam of the waterfall, and the song of the bird are enough to raise from their grave the feelings of boy-hood and present them for a while in their primal tenderness and beauty. Some prosing poet has said of such scenes—

"Oh when his heart was in its prime,
These scenes were revelry to him,
'Ere the unsparing hand of time,
Around them hung his mantle dim—
'Ere each emotion felt the chill
The blight, the scathe, the withering,
The deep and agonizing thrill
Of a false world's empoisoned sting."

Pardon this touch of the sentimental—I am so much nearer heaven than you are in the hot purlieus of the exchange, that you cannot sympathise with me. *But here*, even Hector looks poetical, he wags his tail with an air of doggish romance, and he looks down the huge precipice with an eye of astonishment and admiration. He exhibits some of the latter quality for the squirrels, with many of whom he made himself *intimately* acquainted.

I have just fallen in love—I make it a point to do so every summer. A little sighing in warm weather is very comfortable. It makes old Time put a rose in his button-hole. Love, claret, and cigars, are indispensable in June and July. Summer is the desert of the year—the syllabus of the annual feast. Do you ask who she is that has won my hardened heart? She is a dark eyed Georgian, sixteen last May, full of life, feeling, and passion. Her magnificent eye would set fire to all the papers in your office—it would attract Col. Stone from a bowl of turtle soup. I can't describe it—it is a concentration of all the lightning I ever saw. With such an eye before you—with a cheek as fresh as Cytherea's, when she emerged from the summer sea, with a lip all poetry, a voice all music, and a form all grace, what have you to do but to fall in love? More anon.

Come up hither and keep cool. I can offer you every thing comfortable—good rooms, good fare, an excellent host—any thing except my Georgian. Yours for a thousand years.—*N. Y. Courier.*

THE CORNSH MINER.

At the foot of a hill that descended by a long slope into a ravine, through which run a stream, whose red and disordered hue was derived from the metal that had mingled with it, lived in a poor cottage two brothers of the

name of Gilbert, who supported themselves by daily labor in an adjoining mine. Each day and night alternately, they had several miles to traverse to their place of occupation, and their steps were retraced as daily as the sun rise or set bade them finish their short but severe labour. Poorly as they now lived and fed, they were the last of a rather old family, that could at least boast of having possessed for several generations a good and ancient looking house, situated beside the same stream that ran close to the young men's hovel, and at no great distance. They had indeed been bred up delicately; only a few years since they had lived in that building, indulged in every wish that idleness and plenty could prompt. The father, however, lived too fast and free for his income; he was a fox hunter; and hounds and horses, and the frequent substantial dinners he gave, with the unlimited freedom of the bottle, were part of the expenses which eat up by degrees his good property. The greater parts of his estates were mortgaged; and when he died, the mansion itself was seized to pay his debts, and the two souls were turned out friendless on the world. It might be said friendless; for of the many who had feasted at their father's board, not one took a kind or effectual interest in their condition, and they saw that they must either earn their living by the sweat of their brow, or starve. They were now advanced into manhood, and the manager of the large copper mine on the distant hill, when addressed by them in an humble tone, gazed doubtfully on their delicate features and hands, all unused to toil. Their handsome hands, clothes, and hats, with a broad band of gold lace (such was the fashion of the squires' sons of the day) were doffed, and they were simply and meanly clad. Employment was instantly assigned them, and with

some feeling of sympathy, the same wages given them as to hardier men, nor was it long ere the brothers learned, though with difficulty, to earn them. They were obliged to descend during six of the twenty-four hours, some hundred fathoms deep; at first, with a dizzy head, and a trembling heart, clinging to ladders fixed to the perpendicular sides of the shaft with one hand, and carrying a lighted candle in the other.

They bore the chilling and constant damps and moisture so far beneath the surface; wielded the heavy pickaxe and shovel without ceasing, amidst a sometimes close and stifling air; where a few small lights only relieved the grave-like darkness of the place. They succeeded, however; and a few months had scarcely passed ere it was difficult to discover, in the bronzed features, hardy looks, and active limbs of the labourers, the two young and luxuriant descendants of one of the chief families in the parish. It was not all hardiness and suffering; they tasted for the first time, perhaps the sweetness of a meal purchased by their own exertions, and the delicious flavor that keen hunger gives to the plain repast. The cellar of their father's house, well stocked with wines, they might not enter again, nor sit down at his rich and well spread table; but their gains were now sufficient to enable them to provide occasionally a good repast, cheered with the best ale the neighbourhood afforded; and when the Sabbath came this was always the case. It was in truth a day of rest for the young men, and they enjoyed it exquisitely. They set out in the morning along a pleasant path that led to Gwinear church, whose gay tower on the hill might be seen at a distance around; in the churchyard they met a few of their acquaintances, for a few they were who now

took notice of them, save those of a lower degree ; The magnates of the land, who had hunted with their father, and drank his wine, passed them with a cold nod, or perhaps stopped a moment to inquire into their prospects, and commend their industry ; but there were some, who had tasted, as dependants, of the fatness of their home, who remembered them in the day of their distress, and that with a grateful and even a respectful feeling. After the service was over, they returned to their dwelling, and sat down to their plentiful board, with a comforted and elated spirit. We are creatures of habit, whether of good or ill, of sorrow or of joy ; and in two or three years their condition sat almost as easily on the two young men, as if they had never known a better one. Often, indeed at first, had they used to cast a wishful eye towards the ancient building, which they had always regarded as their own ; it was full in view from their cottage, and the large trees that had sheltered the front having been lately cut down by the creditors for sale, the well known walls were thrown bleakly open ; then they sat down and talked sadly of former days and pleasures, when care was a stranger ; and on passing sometimes beside the place, in the way to their daily toil, they stopped as if by a mutual impulse, cast on it a long and melancholy look, and saw that the rank weeds overspread the garden, that the pond was filled up, and that the spacious dwelling was let in small portions, to low tenants, whose noisy and squalid families made a common area of the whole.

One night the brothers were busy at their work at the bottom of the mine, where the ground they had taken lay at a length of more than a hundred fathoms. They were talking with great glee of their prospects ; and that if the present run of luck should last for a year long-

er, hoped to be able to purchase back again the old family dwelling, dilapidated as it was, and live there once more. The elder brother was obliged to go above ground, to ask advice of one of the captains, respecting some new appearance in the lode, and said he should return again shortly. With his small candle he mounted quickly by the ladders, a perilous ascent to a stranger's foot, and the staves too are sometimes rotten and frail. He had delivered the message he wished, and had descended some distance on his return, when part of the earth, as sometimes happens, at the edge of the shaft loosened, and a large stone falling, struck the unfortunate miner from his ladder. He plunged instantly to the bottom. The other, hearing the rush and fall of a heavy substance, ran to the spot, and by his glimmering light beheld the mangled form and features of his brother. He had been dashed to pieces by the shock ! and the younger Gilbert, kneeling beside him, filled the place with his cries, which no one heard, for they had been quite alone, in a remote part of the mine. His first impulse, was to ascend, and attempt to carry the body to the surface ; but seeing that all aid was now a mockery, he lifted and bore it to the spot he had just left, and there sat down beside it. The perished man was his only friend and relative ; the single companion of his life through distress and prosperity ; they had borne contempt and neglect—had mourned and hoped together ; and he called on his brother's name in wild and earnest accents, and looked, again, on his broken form and lifeless features. There was something fearful and horrible in the silence that was around, and the echoes of the arched caverns and hallow avenues that returned his brother's name on his ear. The candles that still burn-

ed there (his companion's had been extinguished in the fall,) rendered dimly visible the damp sides and roof of the place. With the superstition of his province, he placed one light at the head and another at the feet of the body; and this arrangement rendered the scene still more ghastly. Gilbert sat a little apart nearly shrouded in the darkness, and gaze (he could not withdraw his gaze,) on the form on which the sickly light fell.—*English Magazine.*

DREAMS.

“What holy dreaming comes in nights like these!

When like yon wave, unruffled by a breeze.
The mirrors of the memory all are spread,
And fanning pinions sail around your head;
When all that man may love, alive or dead,
Come murmuring sweet, unutterable things,
And nestle on his heart with their young wings.

And all perchance may come that he may fear,

And mutter doubtful curses in his ear;
Hang on his loaded soul, and fill his brain
With indistinct forebodings, dim and vain.”

Oh, there is an elysium in dreams. It is the season when that dew-eyed seraph, lowly benignant mercy, descends and hovers over the tumultuous, the agonized bosom and lulls it to the langor of enchantment. It is the hour when the beneficent attributes of Him who chasteneth in kindness, are felt and most acknowledged. The spirit is abroad; she stretcheth her pinions, and skims cheerfully and freely at her own will: weeps where she will, and worships where she will. It is the hour when the graves give up their dead, though not in anger but to the guilty. The innocent will meet and embrace, in that ethereal intercourse, which angels enjoy—the communion of pulse with pulse—thought with thought. The *dead* and the *sleeping* are equally free, equally and unfettered at this hour.

Such are the joys of dreaming to the innocent; to the innocent it is

bitter to awake. The guilty only have to burst the spell that is wrapped round and round every fibre and ligament of the body: to the *guilty* dreams are death; to awake, is to them to walk forth from the tomb—to burst from the fleshless arms of him who liveth in darkness, and nourisheth himself in pestilence.

FEMALE LOVELINESS.

The following delineation by Lorenzo de Medici of the person and character of his heart's idol, will probably be found to comprehend nearly all the requisites of a *charming woman*.

“Her beauty was astonishing. She was of a just and proper height, her complexion fair, but not pale; blooming but not ruddy. Her countenance was serious, without being severe; mild and pleasant, without levity, or vulgarity. Her eyes were lively without any indication of pride or conceit. Her whole shape was so finely proportioned, that amongst other women, she appeared with superior dignity, yet free from the least degree of formality or affectation. In walking, dancing, or in other exercises which display the person, every motion was elegant and appropriate. Her sentiments were always just and striking, and have furnished materials for some of my sonnets; she always spoke at the proper time, and always to the purpose, so that nothing could be added, nothing taken away.—Though her remarks were often keen and pointed, yet they were so tempered as not to give offence. Her understanding was superior to her sex, but without the appearance of arrogance or presumption: and she avoided an error too common among women, who, when they think themselves sensible, become for the most part insupportable. To recount all her excellencies would far exceed my present limits, and I shall therefore conclude with affirming, that

there was nothing which could be desired in a beautiful and accomplished woman, which was not in her most abundantly found."

—

KALEB—*A Fragment.*

KALEB the youthful son of El-Addin, left the abode of his ancestors, to wander over the arid plains of China, and behold her burnished temples. After travelling several days, he approached a lofty mountain, whose summit was buried in the clouds. Leaving a little Arabian horse on which he rode, to regale himself beside a sparkling stream, that rolled over a bed of pearls by the foot of the mountain, Kaleb resolved to scale its rugged sides, which commanded the splendid view of a thousand cities.

The youthful son of El-Addin had toiled but half way up the awful steep, when the sun broke upon his head in burning splendour, and a voice suddenly uttered, "He that approacheth near the temple of the eastern god, shall dissolve like a snow-drop in the sunbeam."

The youth stood still a moment, but curiosity urged him on, and he continued ascending the mountain, till he found his progress suddenly arrested, as if by a charm. Kaleb felt that he was sinking to the earth; he looked down at his feet, and beheld a little stream like liquid silver, creeping from his toes and fingers, and running down the side of the mountain. The youth was motionless, and he stood dissolving away till his whole body rolled down the mountain in a silver stream.

The head of the youthful El-Addin was all that remained unmelted: it rested a moment as it sunk upon the earth and then rolled down the side of the mountain, with impetuous rapidity.

When the head of poor Kaleb had reached the foot of the mountain, it bounded into the river that

flowed at its base, and was carried down the stream.

The head cried out most piteously to the Chinese who stood upon the banks of the stream, but no one would assist it; it reached the mouth of the river, where its waters tumble into the ocean, when a Naiad arose out of the wave, and hovered over the head of Kaleb. In her fingers she held a pearl. In a sweet and musical voice she said, "open thy mouth O Kaleb." The mouth opened and she dropped in the pearl from her snowy fingers. The youthful son of El-Addin, immediately found himself sitting on the back of his little Arabian horse, that was drinking of the pure stream, which rolled along the base of the mountain.

"It is only a *dream!*" exclaimed Kaleb.

—

WE wish to gratify our readers by extracting the following beautiful Essay on Poetry from the *Hartford Review*.

POETRY begins with the existence of Mankind. Its sister Arts are the offspring of a latter period, when the manners of men have become polished, and the rough features of the Savage have been softened down into the traits of mercy and benevolence: but Poetry springs from the bosom of man when he is yet wild as the cavern which shelters him from inclement skies, and fierce as the Panther, whose lair he invades. It breathes its magic into his ear, and his arm is arrested—the scalping-knife falls from his grasp, and he claims kindred with angelic natures. Gratitude and Enthusiasm wreathed the brows of the ancient Poet with crowns of laurel and garlands of Ivy, and his name was enrolled among the Divinities. The sober reason of the present age is in little danger of making a similar mistake respecting the Divinity of the Poet, but it is not in the power of the sternest philosophy to re-

ject his *Inspiration*. It is indeed no longer confined to the shores of Ancient Greece. The Sacred Nine have long since abandoned the classic grove, and the waters of Helicon have ceased to sparkle within its bosom. But think not the breast of the Poet has ceased to glow with Heavenly Inspiration. There is a Fount whose wave still inspires, though it whispers not through Parnassian shades, and whose sources are pure, transparent, and perennial. This fount is *Nature*, and true Inspiration must ever be sought in the contemplation of her Beauty and Grandeur. When the bosom of the minstrel is glowing with the sweet delirium which *Nature* kindles in the breast of her lover, his hands in ecstasy explore the Lyre, and

"Bright eyed Fancy hovering o'er,

"Scatters from her pictured urn

"Tho'ts that breathe, and words that burn."

He would study Nature and feel her inspiration, must seek solitude and retirement. The smoke of cities, and the hum of business are but ill fitted to inspire the soul with poetic enthusiasm. The Son of the Harp must fly from "the busy crowd's ignoble strife," to the lone recess of the woodland, where he may "woo lone quiet in her silent walks," and hold communion with the Elements. The note of the imprisoned warbler is but a melancholy aspiration for his native shades, and, like the Nightingale, his companion, the song of the Poet bursts sweetest from the bosom of the wilderness.

But solitude is chiefly endeared to the Poet by the scenery which it presents to his enraptured eye. The whole landscape is glowing with inspiration. He finds it in the sunny fields, waded from banks of flowers, in the silence of the distant vale, where the lake spreads out its unruffled waters, and the willow hangs over its silver bosom. He pursues it among the wilds of the

mountain, and the echoing groves, when the rill is sparkling through its dark fringe of flags and osiers, or tumbles in fairy cascade down its rocky chasm. The roseate smile of the day-spring awakens in the Poet's bosom the most delightful emotions. The early rays are darting through the eastern sky, the crimson cloud is floating in its golden arch, the meadow is gleaming with the brightest enamel, and the Lark is carolling her matin hymn in the middle air. What heart can resist the inspiration? Like the statue of Memnon, whose unbidden music in former ages, echoed along the banks of the Nile, *our* bosoms become responsive in the beams of the morning sun, *our* hymns are borne to Heaven on the pinions of the morning breeze. Nor is evening less lovely, when the shadows of Twilight are stealing over the Landscape, and vermeil tints are playing round the brow of the distant hill, the gems of night just twinkling into life through the blue mist of Heaven. In this calm, pensive hour, Fancy, spurning the bands which would detain her here, wings her flight through the cerulean fields till purer day and brighter visions appear in the arch of the Baldrick and Heavenly inspiration gleams in every Star.

The changing seasons, unfolding new beauties as they advance, add new energy to the Poet's inspiration. He inhales it with the breath of Spring and drinks it from the chalice of the opening flower. It floats on the gale of summer through the foliage, and when the beams of the setting sun pursue the flying tempest, it glitters from the bow that spans the eastern cloud. Autumn's pale sun, faded leaf, and russet drape, are full of its magical influence, and gloomy Winter unfolds it in her desolation, solitary wastes, her clouds and storms. It is reflected from the peaceful expanse of

the ocean, or dances upon its darkswelling surges, seen in the lightning's glare, and heard in the hoarse thunder. It sweeps by with the howling tornado, and rides sublime upon the northern blast. The Poet *lives* in these magnificent scenes. He becomes a part of the Elements that are warring around him, his bosom heaves with the most refined enjoyment, his frenzied eye "rolls from heaven to earth and from earth to heaven," and the song bursts from his lips, full and perfect like Pallas from the brain of Jupiter.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

"We are but the venders of other men's goods."

Singular Effects of Lightning.
The ship New-York, on a late voyage from New-York to London, encountered a severe storm of thunder and lightning. There was a passenger on board, very old and very corpulent, whose legs were so paralyzed, that for three years he had not walked half a mile, and who, since his embarkation, had not been able even to stand. After the discharge of the lightning, which passed close to the place where this poor cripple was lying, every body was astonished to see him rise, pace up and down the deck, and walk about for a long time as if nothing had ailed him. At first his head was a little affected, but that soon went off, while the benefit which he had experienced in his limbs remained. He continued to use them freely during the passage; and on the arrival of the ship in port, he walked with ease to the place of his residence.

Wanted, by an Editor—a large supply of the best newly invented *Horrors*, of all sorts and sizes. The advertiser has, in many different forms, presented *himself* to the notice of the literary world, and endeavoured to secure to himself the

character of a *popular author*—but having entirely failed in the attempt to convince others of the correctness of his own taste, his only remaining hope of distinction must rest on his successful conformity to theirs. Designing, therefore, to form a complete assortment of the most fashionable articles in his line of business, he offers *Cash and the highest price* for—

A deformed, malignant, cunning, fiendlike *villain* of the freshest stamp, to be introduced with much effect into a novel now partly written. If he has been dipped in "St. Ronan's Well," or can boast descent from the "Albigenses," the reward will be proportionally increased. If of the "Manfred" or "Bertram" school, as his *humanity* might be questioned, security will be required of the seller, that he has used no unlawful incantations to obtain him the market,

A cruel, ungrateful, heart-breaking, and faithless maid; with a heart adamantine, icy and impenetrable; a form heavenly, celestial, angelic and divine; to make her first appearance in a poem addressed to herself by the subscriber. Wherever stolen, the purchaser will insist on having her face at least newly painted, before the money is paid;

A copious collection of all the terms compounded of heaven, hell, love, light, fiend, thunder and fire, to be used in a Song on an Earthquake, an Eulogy on a mistress's smile, and an Epic Poem on her eye brows. Definitions will be required of all words not found in Johnson or Walker. G*****

A gentleman gave a coat to a Chinese to serve as a pattern by which to make a new one, there happened to be a rent across the shoulder, and a large patch on the elbow of the old coat; the faithful Chinese made a large rent, and put a broad patch on the elbow of her new!

Duchess of Bedford.—When the late duchess of Bedford was last at Buxton, and then in her eighty-fifth year, it was the medical farce of the day, for the faculty to resolve every whim and caprice into “a shock of the nervous system.” Her grace, after inquiring of many in the rooms what brought them there, and being generally answered, for a nervous complaint, was asked in her turn, “What brought her to Buxton?” “I came only for pleasure,” answered the healthy duchess; “for thank heaven I was born before nerves came into fashion.”

Dreams.—The Derby Reporter contains a paragraph, stating that the wife of a countryman had dreamed that she should die; she was so strongly impressed with her fate, that she went next day to a mercer’s shop, and bought, mourning for her family, which she partly made up, and that before her task was finished she expired.

A soldier boasted to Julius Cæsar of the many wounds he had received in his face. Cæsar, knowing him to be a coward, said to him, “The next time you run away, you had better take care how you look behind you.”

Bower of Taste.

PRIZE TALE.

IT now becomes our duty to state that among the numerous compositions that were offered in competition for the “Volume of approved American Poetry,” the one entitled “THE PIRATES, or Errors of Public Justice,” signed *Romont*, was pronounced to be the best, and as such entitled to the “PRIZE;” but in justice to the talents of several other writers, we would remark, that the literary gentlemen who were requested to decide on the merits of these pieces, were for some time divided in opinion respecting the superiority of the one selected, to two others, which, unless reclaimed by their authors we shall be happy to publish hereafter. The first is entitled “*A Legend of the White Mountains*,” and the second “*Unrequited Love*.”

The “Prize Tale,” is now in the hands of the Artist, who is devising a print from one of its most prominent scenes—both of which will be published in our next number.

“*Notions of the Americans*,” picked up by a travelling Bachelor.” It is said that our American Waverley, (Mr. Cooper,) is about publishing a work under this queer title. He has opened a large field for the excursions of his eccentric fancy, and we shall no doubt reap a plentiful harvest of amusement from his labours.

The Editor of the Philadelphia Ariel, accuses us (we learn) of impoliteness in sending him only one number of our paper in exchange for his, which we acknowledge has been regularly forwarded to us until the last. From the above charge we would exculpate ourself (so far, at least, as regards this circumstance) by stating that we did order our paper to be sent regularly to him, and believed it was so. We however trust that in future those with whom we wish to exchange will have no cause for complaint.

We have received the first number of a handsome paper in the quarto form, entitled, The Masonic Souvenir and Pittsburgh Literary Gazette, devoted to Freemasonry, &c.; which albeit not the most interesting subject to ladies, yet a perusal of it has afforded us much pleasure—as it contains an agreeable miscellany, and a good selection of poetry. Scarcely a week passes, but we find on our table several new claimants on the liberality of the literary world. “A favourable indication of the ‘march of mind,’” say the Editors! Had the learned Greek, who enumerated and marked the different ages of the world, lived in the present day, in addition to the gold, silver, brazen and iron, he would have denominated this, as the paper age.”

To Correspondents. Our acknowledgements are due to Honoria, for her valuable Essay. An apology is due to Amanda, for several trifling mistakes in the communication via which she recently favoured us.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE, is Published every Saturday, by DUTTON & WENTWORTH, (formerly State Printers,) Nos. 1, and 4 Exchange-Street, Boston, who are authorized to transact all business relative to the Printing and circulation of this work. All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor.

☐ All letters must be post Paid.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

How this strange visitor gained access to our Bower, we know not; but on presenting himself in the "Recess of the Muses," we were unwilling to deny him a seat. From the following disclosure of his sentiments, we predict that he will not be a favourite with the Ladies.

AUGUSTA.

I'D BE A BACHELOR.—*A Parody.*

I'd be a bachelor, seeking each bower,
Where beauty, and grace, and intelligence meet,
Whispering nonsense for half an hour,
And sighing at every fair one's feet.
I'd win all their hearts to shew my power,
Then wave my chapeau with a graceful *retreat!*
I'd be a bachelor—I'd be a bachelor,
Sighing at every fair one's feet!

Oh! could I borrow the wings of the swallow,
I'd wander for ever from clime to clime,
The footsteps of youth and beauty to follow—
Scorning the *scythe* and the *wrinkles* of Time!
For my heart I confess is frigid and hollow—
I care not for honour, "reason or rhyme!"

I'd be a bachelor—I'd be a bachelor,
Scorning the *scythe*, and the wrinkles of Time.

What though you tell me the hour is fast coming,
When I shall regret all the joys that are flown—
Yet I've this consolation, when I have done roaming—
The *harvest of folly* is all my own!
I may quail at the blast and the dreary omen,
But I'd much rather take it (I thank ye) *alone!*

So I'll be a bachelor—yes an *old* bachelor—
With nought to look out for but number *one*.

SKINFLINT.

A lovely woman's smile—a golden vein
Falling as light from heaven on life's plain.
Devoid of this, man's pleasure would be brief,
And hope's frail tree send down its yellow leaf.

J.

SKETCH.

The blue and dewy sunset sky is bending
Pleasantly over earth ; fair light is blending
In the full bosoms of the fleecy clouds
That clothe the western heaven—worthy shrouds
Of day's departing spirit. Now the glory
Falleth upon the sea, and all the hoary,
Long, silver crested waves of ocean, feel
Carnation thro' their trembling bosoms steal:
And so doth man's enduring soul of sadness
Light with the thought of heaven's waiting gladness.

The hour of holy feeling. The light sun
Falleth from earth—and shadow hath begun.
Pensively saileth in the evening heaven
The silver shedding moon—whose smile hath driven
The anxious darkness from the earth's green breast,
Adorning all save the remembering west.—
What is in heaven?—Many years are flown
From this sad world, since I reclin'd so lone
Over thy tomb, my Helen!—I did deem
Thy going from my bosom but a dream!—
And yet thou art not here! Hast thou forever
Rested in heaven? Can thy spirit never—
Never return, e'en to thy favourite bower?—
Sweet one—steal down, for one short passing hour,
From thy high home!—and with thy rich smile pour
A balm into my wounded breast. * * *

J. O. R.

THE MANIAC MAID—*To her Departed Lover.*

When the moon is high, and the stars around
Are glittering o'er the deep profound—
I see thy form in the dewy cloud,
Gliding above in its misty shroud—
And with smiles of light thou dost beckon me
To that region of bliss where the spirit is free;—
Oh! could I resign this form of clay,
How soon would I wing my flight away!
Tracing my path through yon fair dome,
To share the peace of thy star-lit home.

When the storm is past, and the wave is at rest—
In the breeze that sleeps on its gentle breast,
I hear thy voice steal soft along—
Like the dulcet notes of a seraph's song!
Oh! hover near me, wherever I rove,
With thy "smile of light," and thy voice of love—
For every earthly tie is riven;
My hopes are with *thee*—and my trust is in *heaven*.
Is it Death's heavy hand I feel,
Pressing my heart with his icy seal?
Oh! blest release!—My love, I come
To share the peace of thy star-lit home!

OPHELIA.

The plant of love will blossom fair,
When fervent smilings cherish;
But in the vision of despair
Its petals droop and perish. . .

R.



Two figures are in the foreground, one is jumping or falling towards the other. In the background, a large sailing ship is visible on the water. The scene is rendered in a textured, stippled style, suggesting a woodcut or engraving.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



"With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
"We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,"—PAINE.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....JULY 12, 1828. No. 28.

THE following Tale was selected, as the best, from about twenty others, which were presented in competition, for the "Volume of Approved American Poetry." It is therefore entitled to the "PRIZE"—

THE works of ROBERT TREAT PAINE, Esq. one of our FIRST American Poets, (whose laurels are not withered, although he sleeps in dust.)

THE Volume is a handsome Octavo—neatly printed—containing a Portrait of the Author; and splendidly bound, and lettered thus upon its cover—"AWARDED BY MRS. WARE TO ROMONT."

THE PIRATES, OR.....ERRORS OF PUBLIC JUSTICE.

ON a cold, cloudy night in November, a solitary sail-boat approached the extremity of a point of land, which stretched into the sea, near the harbour of Rochelle,—which having attained, two men leaped on shore, and secured the boat at the landing. They were Pirates, and had come on shore in search of provisions, and other plunder, for their half famished comrades. The moon, which occasionally burst from the dense clouds that darkened the scene, shone full upon their savage forms, which accorded with the wild gloom that surrounded them, and disclosed their vessel, lying at anchor in the distance.

The strictest silence had been observed by both, until they had reached a spot where they thought themselves secure, when one exclaimed—

"Mendez, think ye any one is abroad to-night?"

VOL. I.

"Abroad? No, unless his errand be the same as ours; in which case we must hook him for a brother, or send him to sup with Davy Jones—that's all. Hark ye! the fiends are at work there!" pointing to the forest; "it's one of the devil's own tunes they are getting up! We shall have a storm to weather in ten minutes!"

"Ay, that we shall," cried the other, "and as I don't half like this job, suppose we return? I thought I heard a footstep"—

"Psha! it's only the echo of your own!"

"I can't help wishing," rejoined he, "that we could get our living in an honest way."

"Avast there!—None of your preaching!" said Mendez. "I'm none of your white liver'd loons, who, when they begin a bold enterprise, shrink from its completion. Why, consider, man!—We may get

provisions enough to serve you starving dogs for a fortnight, and fit us for another bout;—and who knows but we may get some of the *skinners*? It's a close fist ed old curmudgeon, they say, that we've got to call on to night, with plenty of shot in his locker! If he has so, we'll soon lighten him of his load. So now come on—we've both got the implements," (clapping his hand upon the pistols that stuck in his belt.)

The other villain was yet young in the trade of infamy, in which vicious examples more than inclination had confirmed him; and altho' he often remonstrated against joining in the depredations of his brutal companions, yet in this case, as in others, he was obliged to yield obedience to superior power, or meet, at their hands, the fate which his conscience sometimes told him was his due. Sinking into a gloomy silence, he slowly followed Mendez, until they arrived in the vicinity of the house of **MONS. DUMAIN**, where we leave them for the present, and change the scene to the interior of the mansion.

Near the fire-place sat a man, apparently about 45 years of age, wrapped in an evening gown, of a morose and forbidding aspect, who from his querulous complaints, and frequent groans, seemed to be in great bodily pain. Near him, at a little table, sat a graceful female, in the bloom of youth, who, as often as she raised her eyes from the perusal of her book, fixed them on the sufferer with the deepest expression of sorrow, which heightened the interest of her beautiful face, while, with a voice of tenderness, she proffered him those attentions which are so grateful in the hour of sickness or sorrow.

Jean St. Aubin was the son of an opulent tradesman in the neighborhood of Rochelle. Young, susceptible and ardent, he was generous to a fault. In relieving the distressed

he scarcely inquired whether the object were worthy or not. It was enough that they needed assistance. Although his wealth might have afforded him the enjoyments of the city, yet he preferred a country residence, as hunting was his favorite amusement,—sometimes pursuing the chase with his gay companions, and at others, with his dog and gun enjoying a solitary stroll in the forests. One afternoon, finding that he had widely digressed from his usual path, he was resolved to enquire his way at the first house that should appear. This happened to be the mansion of **MONS. DUMAIN**. On knocking at the door, it was opened by the lovely being whom we have just described. Astonishment at seeing such exquisite beauty in these retired shades, kept Jean for a moment silent; blushing at his ardent gaze, she inquired his wishes. In a voice tremulous with emotion, he told her that he had lost his way; and being greatly fatigued with his walk, requested the favour of some slight refreshment, and permission to rest himself awhile. On entering, he was struck not only with the air of comfort, but of taste, which appeared in the apartment—not a single superfluous article of furniture was there, but all was neat and in the most perfect order.

"Do you live here alone, fair lady?" enquired Jean.

"My father and myself are the only occupants, beside an old domestic," said she, requesting him to be seated.

Never had he beheld so interesting a creature, and while he was zealously endeavoring to advance his acquaintance, by conversing on various topics, a heavy footstep was heard on the stair. Hastening to the door, she opened it, and introduced as her father, **MONS. DUMAIN**. St. Aubin rose, and offering his hand, briefly told the accident which

had procured for him the pleasure of their acquaintance; and gallantly added (glancing at Annette) that he hoped it would long continue.

"Reserve your compliments for more polished ears," said his host, coldly touching his hand; "our acquaintance may be pleasing to one, and not both; time determines these things. Annette, prepare some tea."

This reception was rather a dampener to the ardent spirit of our young enthusiast, who had already pictured to himself many scenes of future happiness, which he hoped to enjoy in the society of the fair Annette. In short, day after day found him a constant visiter at the cottage, and although Annette listened with the artlessness of innocence to the expressions of his love, yet her father's brow was ever darkened by a frown whenever they met. He had heard of the wealth of St. Aubin, and suspected him of dishonorable views towards his daughter, who was now his only earthly comfort; and one evening, without giving him an opportunity of exculpating himself from the charge, he accused him of these views, and rudely forbidding him the house, closed the door in his face! In the heat of passion, and wounded pride, St. Aubin swore vengeance upon his uncourteous host, as he retreated through the gate, which was closed by the old domestic, at the command of his master, with orders not to admit him again.

This event happened at that precise point of time which brought the two PIRATES to the dwelling of Dumain. St. Aubin was at this instant resting against a tree, reflecting on what course to pursue in order to obtain a future interview with Annette, when these men hastily passed him, and entered the house. Alarmed by the report of a pistol, and breathless with fear for the safety of Annette, he was rushing forward, when his arm was immediately seized with a powerful grasp, and

a rough voice whispered in his ear, "Speak not—stir not—or you are a dead man!" At this moment an agonized shriek from Annette burst upon his ear! Nerved with superhuman strength, he broke from the villain who held him, and ran towards the house; he was however pursued, and struck to the earth, just as he entered the gate, with a force which he could not resist, and again threatened with death if he attempted to escape. The other, in the mean time, had succeeded in securing Mons. Dumain and his daughter, and having pillaged their dwelling of every thing that was valuable, came forth heavily laden with the fruits of his lawless enterprise, and conferring an instant with his comrade in a low voice, he immediately struck into the path that led to the sea shore. St. Aubin expected death; but the firm gripe of the ruffian was all he suffered,—when suddenly a smothered flame burst from the window of the lower apartment.

"In the name of God!" cried Jean in a voice of agony, "release me, and I forgive you!"

Loosing his grasp, with the velocity of lightning the villain darted into the path which his companion had taken, and disappeared in an instant. On rushing into the house, he found Dumain and his daughter confined by cords, and unable to move. While the flames were spreading around them, just as he had effected the release of Annette, the old man emerged from his hiding place to the assistance of his master, who loudly charged St. Aubin with having plundered and fired his dwelling! At this horrid accusation, the unfortunate youth started—then sunk overpowered by the variety of his feelings, upon a chair.

"Well may your courage fail you now," said Dumain, "for your escape is impossible!" and springing upon him with the fury of mad-

ness, he called on the old man, who possessed a stout, athletic frame to assist in securing him, and raising the cry of murder, in a few moments the room was filled with persons, who having subdued the flames, bound the ill-fated St. Aubin, and, notwithstanding his protestations of innocence, hurried him to the nearest jail, where he was confined for the night. Next morning, he was carried before a magistrate, and there charged by Mons. Dumain as a robber and an incendiary. Blinded by passion, and actually believing that the young man was the perpetrator of this deed, and anxious to surrender the guilty to justice, he proceeded to swear to his identity, as the man who bound him. From his daughter no positive evidence could be drawn, she having fainted on the entrance of the robber. She could not however but remember, though much against her will to do so, that on quitting the house, he had "*sworn vengeance against her father!*" To this was added the stronger evidence of the old domestic; and on this point the scale of "*JUSTICE*" was balanced—Jean St. Aubin was condemned to die! A deep shriek of utter misery, which seemed almost to have riven her frame, burst from the lips of Annette, and gasping for breath, she sunk into a momentary forgetfulness of this appalling scene. To this state succeeded that melancholy oblivion of mind, which feels its sorrows in the deprivation of a beloved object, but is conscious of no more.

We now return to the PIRATES, who as soon as they reached their vessel, weighed anchor, and made sail; but amidst their fiendish carousals a storm arose, and after experiencing the utmost extremity of human suffering, they were wrecked on a lone and desolate shore,—not very distant, however, from the place where the robbery was committed. All but one perished, and that one

was the companion of Mender. Struck by this signal interposition of Heaven, with a heart softened by the perils which he had escaped, for the first time the hardened criminal bowed his knee to Deity. The dew of mercy fell upon the withered seeds which virtue had implanted in his soul, and a sincere repentance nourished them into bloom; and he resolved in future to do right, and repair, as far as was in his power, all the ill he had done: an intent to do right is the actual dawn of virtue.

The day of St. Aubin's execution drew near. He had no hope of pardon, and therefore prepared for death. But the thought of Annette—to be *thus* separated from her was *worse* than death! Yet, conscious of innocence, he was resolved to meet his fate "as became a man." The hour of execution arrived, and as he was advancing with a firm step towards the scaffold, a folded paper was thrust into his hand. It contained these words:

"Engage yourself with the priest as long as possible; and when the moment of your liberation arrives, you will see a handkerchief waved above the crowd in front of the scaffold."

The fearful hour came; and after commending himself to heaven, he cast a bewildered gaze over the vast forest of heads, while a silence as awful as that which precedes the desolating earthquake, pervaded the scene.—Suddenly he caught the *promised signal!*—and the thrilling hope of life and liberty faintly played around his ice encircled heart. The executioner now approached, but waving him aside, he motioned to his confessor to draw near, determined to protract his existence while there was room for hope. At this instant the shrill sound of a trumpet was heard!—the sounds of "*Pardon! Reprieve! Reprieve!*" was re-echoed among the multitude with most lively demonstrations of joy—so much had his modest demeanor and apparent innocence in-

terested the people in his behalf.—The companion of Mendez, on his return to Rochelle, had heard of the execution that was to take place, and curiosity had prompted him to enquire the particulars,—which, when related to him, he formed the noble resolution of saving the life of the innocent St. Aubin, even at the expense of *his own!*

He therefore wrote, and despatched a note by a friend in whom he confided, to the place of execution, and hastening to a magistrate, he related all that had happened on that eventful night—his subsequent shipwreck—and finally his resolution to lead a life of honesty, if it should be spared him. It is hardly necessary to add, that on investigating his claims to mercy, it was accorded to him, soon after the honorable acquittal of Jean St. Aubin. To describe the feelings of this youth on so momentous an occasion would be impossible. An hour ago, scarcely a shadow rested between him and eternity—the world was now again before his view!—

But where was she who was the light of his path?—in darkness, he had heard of her mental derangement, and it touched him to the soul: “Yet I will see her,” exclaimed he—“she has not—oh! no—she cannot have forgotten *me.*”

The father of Annette, conscious of the misery which his error had occasioned Jean, kindly welcomed him to his house, and led him to the apartment of his daughter, whom he found arranging some little articles of taste, which he had given her, upon the mantel-piece. At the sound of footsteps, she turned round, and fixed her eyes full upon his face, and then upon her father's, and said in a low tone—“But it cannot be *he*”—and then began to sing the fragment of a song, in a voice of the most impressive melancholy—

They've laid him beneath the cold, cold sod,
And he rests in his early grave—
But his spirit hath flown to meet its God!
I've knelt at the throne of grace to save—

“his poor lost soul!” she added, with emotion raising her clasped hands to Heaven! St. Aubin gazed on the lovely maniac with the most affectionate tenderness, and advancing softly, he laid his hand on her shoulder, and gently whispered,—

“Annette! my own dear Annette! it is St. Aubin! do you not know me?”

At the sound of his voice, she started, and passing her hand across her brow, as if awaking from a dream, she burst into a passionate flood of tears. On recovering from her emotion, the clouds which had obscured her reason, began to subside, and as he clasped her to his agitated bosom, she parted the bright hair that clustered upon his brow, and gazed long and wistfully upon his face—when a beaming smile, such as she used to wear in her days of happiness, crossed her pale cheek—and she exclaimed with joy, “Oh yes! it is *he!* my own St. Aubin! I *knew* he was *guiltless!* Bless us, oh, my father! Bless your children, for I am irrevocably *his!*”

Mons. Dumain advanced, and taking her hand placed it in that of her enraptured lover, and as he uttered a fervent benediction on their union, he added in a low voice, to Jean—but let us hear no more of “revenge!”

ROMONT.

Saturday Evening.

It is remarkable that while that of which we can but for the merest instant say ‘’tis here,’ has been continually changing things from what they were, has left men what they are—the creatures of accident. As they have always been, so are they now, less pleased with leading than being led. Such is their indisposition to exertion, and so great is that supremely selfish, yet luxurious delight, of knowing one's-self to be a spectator not wholly unconcerned, nor yet painfully anxious; an in-

interested party, and yet entirely free from responsibility. One is, perhaps, ashamed to acknowledge such a sensation, but it is still the legitimate offspring of human weakness. It is felt in infancy, before selfishness has stained the lily whiteness of the mind; it is the companion that outstrips even the increase of years, and sticketh closer than a brother to old age. But it is only while the passions are dormant and opportunities are wanting, that men are pleased with this sluggish selfishness, and are content to beat the path that has already been beaten smooth; it is then that like the glutted lion, they will suffer a child (at least in intellect) to lead them.

But there may a storm succeed this quiet—a storm that no one thinks of—that reaches not only the palaces of the rich, but what is still harder, the cottages of the poor; that will rive a nation asunder, and toss, as it were, in wanton sport the golden badge of royalty upon the sun burnt temples of a peasant. It is at such an hour when one whose lot cannot be worse, who feels within, a more than mortal stirring, whose passions and natural feelings have taken the place of prejudice, and of blind devotedness—convincing their owner that man was not made for man alone; in short, when nature will no longer be kept from exerting her supremacy, and raising her own aristocracy to the seat from which usurping arrogance has been hurled—it is at such an hour that this humble individual becomes the creature of circumstance; what nature and art have made him sink before the force of circumstance. It was, chiefly, all-powerful and unparalleled circumstance that made Napoleon looked upon as superior to all others.

When excited by his passions, then man is unwilling to be led; while in his calm and quiet humour

he is a sluggish and unambitious being, willing to be conducted, and even driven, so that the scourge be hidden from his sight.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

—
ESSAY.

MERE MATTER OF TASTE.

OF all the heathen deities, I should choose to be,—if I could have my choice of modes of existence—that beautiful, happy divinity, FLORE. Some aspiring minds would fashion out to their fancies an abundance of pleasure in the authoritative life of Jupiter. They would like, upon the revolt of a legion of gods, to sit in the protecting circle of an army of lightnings—to hear them hiss and thunder, as they played affectionately round their heads, and to see them dart away destructively at their bidding; but I should soon weary of annihilating gods, and then it would be poor sport to shiver trees, or to set fire to barns,—and even the rocking of Mont Blanc would seem little when viewed from Olympus. People of a different turn of mind would admire the occupations of Neptune. It would afford them infinite delight to bask in the splendor of a summer sea—to doze in a calm moonlight—or to lie amid beds of coral, with a thousand loving mermaids to chaunt a plaintive ditty, when Boreas was scourging the upper ocean; to pinch the flukes of a whale, to upturn the proud, wry-faced halibut, or to ride up and down in the whirlpool, on a kraken's back;—but mermaids are slippery friends, and whales and krakens would be dull companions, and I could take no pleasure in the intimacy of a shark,—so that Neptune's trident would not suit me.

Others there are, who would glory in the occupations of Mars,—to stride forth “in complete steel,” to send into the hearts of men, bravery or dismay, with a glance,—to

stand proudly by Achilles, as he reined his immortal coursers—"Xanthus and Balius, of Podar-ges' strain," through the struggling ranks of embattled nations, or, perchance, to fight against a host of opposing gods;—but in the first case, I might get my armour soiled and rusted with blood,—and in the latter, as I could kill no one to make a complete conquest, I should wish to commit suicide, in the very agony of revenge. Mars was a fine fellow, but he must have had hard labor and many disappointments. Juno, Venus, and the Nine, have had many aspirations cast as offerings at their thrones; for, the thought of a long train of admirers, throwing up fortune, fame, life and all, to purchase a glance of approbation, or a smile of affection from the essences of beauty and genius, the thought of a deep adoration from all things, has in it an exciting rapture—but after all, the loose and the silly invocations of fools, and the hypocritical pretensions of knaves, and the tricks of even old Vulcan himself, are not to be endured with pleasure or even patience; I should be sick—every way sick—a thousand times a minute, if I was either, or all these famous objects of worship. Bacchus, too, in despite of his merry moments, the wit that sparkled with his champagne, the ecstasy of nectareous draughts, and the love of the queen of heavenly beauties must have had a tremendous head-ache every morning, which I do most devoutly detest. I should rather be a chameleon and live upon air, than be subject to the pains and penalties of a Bacchus. Mercury was rather a happy rogue, and he must have met with some fun in his ramblings—but when he practised with his light fingers, his light heels could not always save him from detection and open shame—a terrible damper to enjoyment. Pluto—could only be envied by devils, with whom I care

not to come in competition. And so on, through all the ethereal rulers, even to Odin, Woder, and Lok, the blustering gods of the northern regions, I can find too much that is repulsive, to make me desire a change of being with the best of them—except beautiful Flora, and I love her mode of enjoyment, with a pure and perfect love.

I should like to float, softly as an infant's dream, from clime to clime, on a car of odors, drawn by light-winged zephyrs; to paint the delicate tints of the flowers, before the day could look on them, or the sunlight could coax away a glowing beauty to dance and fondle over the lawn or on the waters, to see the green wave more freshly and the rose smile more brightly at my passing, to behold all the loveliest existences gladden in my presence, and murmur sweet music to my downfall, to do all this, and to be the worshipped divinity of all these beautiful things is the perfection of happiness and extacy. When the morning was fresh, I would skim lightly along; and when the languor of noon was upon me, I would sleep upon a bank of moss sprinkled with wild flowers. When the storm and the cloud were stirring in the sky, I would hide from the conflict in some musical glen; and at night I would repose in the closing embrace of those affectionate creatures, whose gay and spreading beauties had been wooing all day in my presence. I would make their happiness and be happy with them; I would call on all the generous spirits of the universe to come to the hall of our festivity, to rejoice with me in their pure unalienable affection; and my soul should swell with transport as I would witness the calmness and soft quiet, which the stern and angry principles of nature would feel, in partaking of our tranquil enjoyment. And when

the flowers should fade away, I would gather up their perfumes and hues to be the blessing of another and as joyful a generation. I would garnish the sunset and the rainbow; for the sun should go gorgeously to his rest, and the cloud should return the smile of my world, at the departure of its gloom. I would be the essence of all joy, and my treasures should increase with a boundless and prodigal generosity.

MORAL. Whoever would enjoy existence must have no other ambition, than to be pure and to cause the happiness of all around him.

The following article, written by a friend of ours, for the N. York Athenæum, we thought might amuse some of our readers,—and therefore present it :

THE SCRIBBLER.

MR. EDITOR—I am one of those unfortunate creatures set apart by destiny for an author: I know I am, and feel all the importance of my 'high vocation.' I have all the requisites for an author—i. e. I am poor, sometimes ragged, love to walk by moonlight, and talk to myself. I read Latin, as you will perceive, and French, as you may perceive hereafter. I have all the privileges of an author—i. e. I criticise works I never saw, and write "Letters from Washington," in my garret in Maiden-lane. I favour all the papers, and no doubt they honour my communications as they ought; but this I do not know, as my pecuniary resources will not allow me to take any of them.* I am now busy in writing a 'Prize Address,' for some new theatre I have already written *fifteen!* which I shall send by different channels, and I think I shall stand a chance for the prize. That man must be a genius who can sit down and spin verses *ad infinitum*, upon a subject that has been fairly

threaded and worn out by every border of a goose quill. Under this impression I ascended to my sanctorum to write another "address." I was determined there should be nothing trite or puerile about it; I wished to make a classical allusion to the revival of Dramatic Literature, which, you know, Mr. Editor, is altogether *new!* Well, I dipped my pen, raised my eyes to heaven, which from my window I could very easily do, as the moon is my next door neighbor—had an inspiration, and began:

"When slumbering *Grocco* in ashes lie," &c.

But it is not necessary, or indeed proper, that I should gratify you or any of your readers, now, with what you will soon see announced as the "Prize Address." Long before I had reached my "60th line," my lamp convinced me, by its expiring flame, of the utility of gas. Anxious for my address, I sought a piece of waste paper to convey its perishing flame to another: when I had succeeded, to my intellectual petrification, I perceived that the remnant of scorched paper I held in my hand contained a printed address, almost verbatim with the one I had just composed. *O me miserum!*—what could I do? Here I was a plagiarist, without being conscious of it! Such are the miseries of authors—like sky rockets, all rushing, as we do, to one goal.—Is it strange that there should sometimes be a confluence of ideas and sentiments? Now I am conscientious on this subject. I neither borrow, beg nor steal, more than a handsome complement or so, without remembering the "inverted commas." I never claim any thing which is not more than half my own—either in style or sentiment. But here, what could I do? "Buzz-z-z-z," said a moschetto, as big as a horse-fly. What can I do! "Buzz," said twenty more. The thermometer was 95°, could not think of going to bed—tried to ar-

* Borrow—that's the fashion.—ED.

range my thoughts in poetic order,
and heard nothing but "Buzz-z-z."

ADDRESS TO THE MOSCHETTO.

Avant! thou fiend of discord—thou base thing!
Who like false friendship hov'rest in the light
Of fortune's favour! ever on the wing—
Oh! blast no more my hearing, or my sight!

Nurs'd on the heated bosom of the lake
Of Stygian darkness, and contagion's steam—
When all the world is sleeping, thou'rt awake!
Haunting the slumberer in his midnight dream.

Loos'd from Pandora's box thou spread'st thy wing
Tingling our noses with thy syroc breath—
Thou flying *Boken Upas!* in thy sting
Lurks poison, pain and madness—all but death.

We cannot rove, to taste the evening breeze,
But thou art there, with that eternal bum!
Or in the shadowy bower, recline at ease,
But there, in pestilential troops ye come!

I'd rather listen to the thunder's roar—
I'd rather see Niagara's torrent pour—
I'd rather hear the "Echo of Lake George"—
In fact, I'd rather be in Vulcan's forge,
Than listen to thy everlasting din—
Thou little *Beelzebub!* thou type of sin!

FROM THE (PITTSBURGH) CRYSTAL.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY A LADY.

To the perfect formation of the female character I think it highly necessary, while engaged in a course of studies calculated to inform the understanding and mature the judgment, occasionally to relax the mind and amuse ourselves by reading works of a lighter cast, and acquiring those accomplishments which though not considered valuable attainments, tend to soften the heart, elevate the affections, and polish the manners. Such are poetry, music, &c.

Poetry is truly the language of the soul. The usual style of poetical composition is best calculated to express the feelings and affections of the heart which are the sources of all our dearest pleasures; and when those "words that breathe and burn" are tuned to notes of sweetest melody, it thrills through the heart with feelings of exquisite delight, and every chord vibrates to the magic strain.

It brings to mind the loved pleasure of our infancy when the tear that trembled in the eye sparkled for a moment and was as quickly dispelled by the sunshine of innocent joy. I reminds us of friends we then loved and lost forever—the sweet remembrance of pleasures that are past steal over the mind like the airy visions of a blissful dream, and every worldly care is soothed to rest by their mild and pensive power. While under the influence of those feelings, the mind is drawn off from the hopes and fears connected with this life, the heart holds communion with itself and perceives more clearly the emptiness and vanity of all earthly objects, and ardently longs after those things which alone can satisfy the immortal soul of man.

There are sympathies and feelings inherent in our natures which cannot be awakened but by some congeniality of sound or sentiment, consequently the person devoid of all taste for poetry and music is unconcious of many of those pleasurable sensations which flow from the most refined feelings of our nature.

Who, that has felt the soul-subduing power of harmony, but feels it enlarge and elevate the affections; who, that hath lingered to catch its last dying fall, has not felt the luxury of that sensibility which responds with tears of rapture to the strains.

Who, that is conversent with the smoothly flowing numbers of Campbell, or the still more natural and touching strains of Burns, but finds there expressed thoughts and feelings of their hearts,—and while reading the severe but the just criticisms of the poetic Cowper, who would not despise the vices and follies of the world and endeavour to attain to the excellence he so beautifully pourtrays? Viewing those accomplishments as producing such effects, they cannot be considered

unimportant, particularly in the formation of the female character; for what is more lovely in woman than delicacy of sentiment and expression of a heart overflowing with all the kindly affections towards God and man, and that polish of manners which lends a double charm to the intelligence that beams in her face, and twines round the heart by its irresistible sweetness. **THALIA.**

LIFE OF AN EDITOR.

***** There is a species of correspondents, who, under the pretence of giving advice, are the most abominable, saucy, and impudent fellows in the world, and who modestly give their crude suggestions as infallible axioms, which, if you do not obey you must lose their *invaluable friendship* and support. Thus, one will tell you, "your paper is insupportably dull, and he can't read it unless it contains an account of all the prize-fights and other occurrences in the sporting world; another declares that "if you pollute your columns with such trash, he will cease to take in your journal." One correspondent thinks your paper of too literary a cast, and wishes you to give a little more variety, and now and then to pop in a few remarkable and horrid accidents—or a bloody murder; "those are the things," says he, "to make it sell." A second says, that you "fill your paper with a collection of stories only fit for old women—and begs to have a luminous critique on the various works of taste and imagination as they appear." Mr. Dismal says, the paper is "too dull;" whilst Miss Prude thinks, "it has not a sufficiently serious turn." Miss Languish begs for "a little more poetry," and hopes, "you will let it be all about love;" whilst Farmer Giles writes to you, "to leave out all that stuff of poetics, and put in more about the price of corn, and such like." A sentimental young

lady, who signs her self Flirtilla, begs that you "will put in all the pretty love stories you can pick up;" whilst the maiden aunt says "you ought not to suffer the word love to appear in print." Horace Gadabout wishes you "to be particular in giving spirited and copious notices of the drama;" whilst Mr. Cantwell desires, that "his paper may be discontinued, unless you omit all mention of such heinous and abominable proceedings." Thus very man wishes his own particular taste to be gratified, without any regard to his neighbour's; and the only way in which an editor can act, is, to disregard all such partial solicitations, and to keep on the even tenor of his way, without paying any respect to the confined views of his correspondents.

Mysterious Adventure at the White Hart Inn.—"A very strange unaccountable circumstance happened in this inn about the same time; one of those occurrences that puzzle the philosopher, and strengthen superstition in weak minds. Three or four gentlemen of the neighborhood were drinking wine in one of the rooms, when the landlord of the inn (as it appeared to them) walked in to the room, and coming up to the table around which they were seated, they addressed him with "Mr. Baldwin, how do you do? Sit down and take a glass of wine with us." But instead of doing as requested, the supposed inkeeper walked out of the room, without making any reply; which not only surprised but offended the company, who rang the bell violently, and on the waiter's appearance, they ordered him to send in his master. The waiter informed them that his master was not at home. The gentlemen replied that he was at home a few minutes since, and therefore they insisted on seeing him; but the man assured them they were mistaken, as his master

was in Bristol, and had been there several days. They then ordered the waiter to send in Mrs. Baldwin, who immediately appearing, the gentlemen asked her where Mr. Baldwin was, and she informed them, as the waiter had already done, that he was in Bristol, and had been there for several days; on which the gentlemen grew very angry, and swore that Mr. Baldwin had just before come into the room, and on their requesting him to partake of their wine, had insulted them by going out of the room without deigning to give them an answer. Mrs. Baldwin then drew out of her pocket a letter she had that morning received from Mr. Baldwin, by which it was apparent that he really was in Bristol.—The story was then told round the neighbourhood, and all the old women concluded that Mr. Baldwin must certainly be dead, and that he died at the very instant that the gentlemen saw him come into the room; but Mr. Baldwin returning two days after, rendered it necessary for them to vary their story; they then asserted that it was a token of some warning of his death, and no doubt but it would very soon happen. It was generally thought that Mr. Baldwin was weak enough to pay such attention to the story and the inference as to hurt his health, as he really died within a year after, and the old women were not a little pleased at the event, as it tended to justify the truth of their prediction."

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

"We are but the venders of other men's goods."

Longevity. A negro woman died in Jamaica lately, aged 140 years. She well remembered the destruction of Port Royal by an earthquake in 1692!

What associations do not such persons raise in the reflecting mind! They are living beings, and yet not

of present time. I have somewhere read of a woman who died at Beauvais in 1710, and who remembered when Henry IV. besieged Amiens, which was in 1593 or 4. What an interesting conversation might have happened between these two persons, respecting events from 1593 to 1700, and what a yet more interesting one between the reader in 1825 and the negress. He might talk of what till then seemed matter of by-gone history. The negress might say, "I knew a woman who saw Henry IV. and Elizabeth, Shakspeare and Ralieg, Bacon and Johnson, James I. and Charles I., Cromwell, Milton, Charles II., James II., and I might say, William and Anne, and the four Georges, one of whom reigned nearly 60 years." What countless millions were born and were dust—what mighty events happened—what turmoilings arose and died away, while only two women ate, drank, and slept out their protracted existence'

—
Wilkesbarre, Penn. June 27.

Extraordinary Occurrence. About three weeks since, a son of Jonathan Carpenter, Esq. of Northmoreland, aged about 6 years, strayed a short distance from his father's residence in company with another boy, and was most shockingly bitten by a rattlesnake. It is thought that the child did not observe the reptile, and that he supposed there were briars about his feet, as he did not move from the place until bitten several times. The snake was discovered by his little companion, who warned the unfortunate child of his danger. He attempted to escape, but so furious had the snake become, that it continued to thrust its fangs into him, until he fell. Being unable to walk, the child crawled on his hands and knees to the road, a few yards distant, when the snake let go his hold, (by which he

had been dragged through the brush) and retreated. By the time assistance was offered him, the child was senseless, and badly swoolen. Medical aid was immediately called, and every exertion made to revive him—but of no avail. He lived about 36 hours senseless, when the vital spark fled.

Another Juliet almost.—An extraordinary attempt at suicide took place a few days ago at a small town in the department of the Aine. Preparations had been made for the marriage of a young couple: the ring was bought, the garments and every thing ready, but the intended bridegroom had been missing for several days previous to that fixed on for the performance of the ceremony, and every effort to find him was useless. The lady, thrown into despair, waited with anxiety for the wished for morning, and finding that her betrothed lord did not arrive, she swallowed a quantity of laudanum. She had scarcely drunk the soporiferous draught, when he returned to fulfil his vows. She then declared what she had done, and immediate medical assistance being afforded, the effect of the laudanum was counteracted, and she is very fast recovering.

[Instances now and then break out, which show that the age of devoted passion has not been entirely destroyed by sickly sentiment. We would bet a gallon of laudanum that the lady in question was none of your novel readers, fine talkers, or pink of fashionables. Such depth of feeling is always associated with simplicity and good sense. Romeo's Juliet was a girl of very good sense.—Why does not some of our New-York plywrights make a bit of a play out of this incident?] —*Noah.*

A lady who was very remarkable for her regular attendance at church,

was apparently ever quite engaged in her devotional exercises, but in fact was only taking her accustomed nap; in one of which she quite amused the good people and their minister. While the preacher was preaching the terrors of the law, and the most of his congregation all attention, our lady being asleep as usual, dreamed she was at home attending to her domestic affairs; she left her kitchen a moment, and returning found the *chickens* in her *bread tray!* she could contain no longer—but clapping her hands, and with a voice ladies *only use* at home, screamed out, *shew! shew! shew!* The attention of the preacher and people was at once directed to the point from whence such an unusual voice emanated, and it is needless to say that their risible powers were powerfully operated on, and that it was many minutes before they were sufficiently composed to resume the sober exercises of the day.—*Hancock Adv.*

A terrible hurricane was experienced at Falmouth, Pendleton co. Kentucky, on the 26th ult. It came on, with thunder, lightning and hail, late in the afternoon, increasing in violence until nothing was found able to resist its force. The injury in the town was considerable, compared with the damage sustained in the adjoining country. On six farms, not a building, of stone or wood, was left standing entire. The roads were blocked up, and timber and live stock to a great amount destroyed, but only two human lives lost, as then ascertained. The width of its course at Falmouth was about six miles.

A periodical publication is like a stage coach, which must set out at the same time, and travel on the same road, whether full or empty—whether it convey bullion to the bank, or cheese to the grocer.

Bower of Taste.

HAPPINESS.

WHEN we contemplate "the vast variety of man," and the different scenes in which he is destined to act,—when we consider the influence of education on his mind, habits and manners, we no longer wonder that there is no standard of human happiness, or, that what causes pleasure in one mind, may produce pain in another, even though in some respects a mutual congeniality may exist.

The Philosopher of Nature, to whose perusal the volume of creation is expanded, derives a superiority from the sublimity of his subject, which exalts him above the vanities of the world. His pleasures are of the highest order, for they proceed from the fountain of all knowledge; and he feels a consciousness that, altho' on earth, he is fast approaching towards that goal of immortality, where his "treasures are laid up."

Yet different from these, are the pleasures of the poet and the painter. They luxuriate in the fields of fancy, and revel in a world of their own creation; and however zealous their researches after truth may be, she is seldom presented in her own native simplicity, but derives her loveliness from the graceful drapery of fiction. Their enjoyments are also of an intellectual character,—for they usually feel little interest in the common concerns of life; yet with the strong susceptibilities of genius, the high pleasures which they enjoy, are proportionate to the keenness of their suffering, on meeting with those disappointments and mortifications which too often hover in their paths.

There are a few who have the faculty of blending the actual business of life, with the social enjoyments of society—profiting by its benefits, aiding its useful and honorable institutions, and participating in its innocent amusements. Such persons enjoy *apparently* a state of almost uninterrupted happiness, and for this reason—they are generally unambitious, and therefore seldom disappointed in the fruition of their rational hopes. They seek not fame, or literary distinction, and therefore excite not the envy of the malevolent.

Happiness is more equally diffused among mankind than may be imagined from a cursory view of the subject; yet we are too often deceived by outward appearances, to allow us to determine which class is the most happy. Dazzled by the tinsel of greatness, we raise our eyes to the crown, and the mitre: If happiness be found there, even though guarded with the watchful care of an Argus, her existence is insecure. We look on the helmet, the gown, and the laurel—the sunlight of her

smile may for awhile rest upon these, but it passeth away with the breath of fame, and continueth not. The monarch turns with disgust from the flattery of the sycophant, and the toils of empire,—and pointing to the cabin of the savage, or the cot of the peasant, exclaims—"There is true happiness!" Without considering the circumscribed nature of his enjoyments, which result only from the possession of health, liberty, and the bounties of the earth, (the common boon of all created beings,) yet as these are the highest pleasures of which his untutored mind is susceptible, even HE may be considered as enjoying his proportionate share of happiness.

WE have recently been favoured with an elegant work entitled *DEATH'S DOINGS*, printed by Dutton & Wentworth, from the 2d London edition, in 2 vols. beautifully printed on the finest paper, and bound in silk, with gilt edges, which together with its intrinsic literary worth, renders it a valuable acquisition to any library. It contains about 50 articles in prose and verse, with prints illustrative of each subject. Notwithstanding the useful moral that may be drawn from each of these, the variety of style, embellished with occasional flashes of wit and satire, and the rich vein of amusement that runs through the whole work, gratefully relieves the mind from the melancholy monotony of the subject. We intend some future day to give a more copious extract than the following:

"THE SCROLL."

The maiden's cheek blush'd ruby bright,
And her heart beat quick with its own delight;
Again she should dwell on those words so dear,
Almost as if her lover were near.
Little deemed she that her letter would tell
How that true lover fought and fell
The maiden read till her cheek grew pale—
You drooping eye tells all the tale!
She sees her own knight's fond last prayer,
And she reads in that Scroll her heart's despair!
Oh! grave—how terrible art thou
To young hearts bound in one fond vow.
Oh! human love—how vain is thy trust;
Hope! how soon art thou laid in the dust.
Thou fatal Pilgrim who art thou
Who fling'st a black veil from thy shadowy brow:
I know thee now—dark lord of the tomb!
By yon pale maiden's withering bloom:
For her cheek is struck by mortality—
And the light hath gone from her glassy eye.
From her parted lip there comes no breath,
That Scroll was fate, and its bearer Death!

L. E. L.

The New-York Mirror.—With the last number of the 5th Vol. of this interesting paper, Mr. Morris has presented his patrons with a splendid title page for the volume, exhibiting a beautiful engraving of Apollo and

the Muses, which we consider as a handsome apology for the absence of their inspirations on the closing page, which we find occupied by a "general index" of the work. The Editor's address, at the end of the volume, is both spirited and modest, in explaining his views with regard to his paper he claims no literary or other distinctions, which have not been freely awarded to him by the public. We hope his well merited patronage will continue.

New Music.—A young lady of high accomplishments (and no pride) in the absence of the servant, stopped to the door on the ringing of the bell, which announced a visit from one of her fashionable admirers; on entering the beau glancing on the harp and piano, which stood in the apartment, exclaimed "I thought I heard music, on which instrument were you performing Miss?" "On the Gridiron, Sir, with an accompaniment of the frying-pan!" replied she,—"my mother is without help, and she says I must learn to finger these instruments sooner or later, so I have this day commenced taking a course of lessons." (*A good yankee girl.*)

THEATRICAL.

Mrs. Duff, closed her engagement for the season at the Chatham Theatre, on Tuesday evening, being her benefit night, in the character of Isabella, to a full and fashionable audience. The celebrated Miss Emery is engaged for a few nights at this theatre.

Miss Dillingham.—This charming vocalist gave a concert in Hartford on Monday evening. The audience was select, and more fashionable than usual.

Bowery Theatre.—Mr. Charles Gilfert, Manager, announces that this Theatre, now rebuilding, will be finished about the 25th of August next, in a style surpassing its former magnificence. He advertises for persons wishing to engage to make immediate application.

Mr. *Jones*, from the English Opera House, London, makes his first appearance at *Theatre Sans Souci*, New-York.

Mons. *Monrose* has arrived from Paris with a complete and efficient Corps de Ballet, selected from the first establishments in Paris, intended for the La Fayette Theatre.

Keen made his first appearance at Paris on the 12th of May last, in the character of Richard the Third. He was well received on his *entree*. The Parisian critics speak of the play itself as dull and heavy, and wish to attribute the disappointment rather to this circumstance, than to any want of talent in

COMMUNICATION.

Mrs. WARE—Perceiving in your last paper an Editorial advertisement for a few "newly invented horrors," (such I presume as hair breadth 'scapes and perils by sea and land), together with a demand for a cunning fiend-like villain—also for a cruel faithless maid, &c. I take this method of informing you that I have on hand, say about two bushels of articles of the above description, in the shape of Letters, which have been accumulating for about thirty years past;—these Letters contain Tales of every part of the world, Essays on every thing in the world, and Poetry of every description, from Sternhold and Hopkins down to Lord Byron! but as I mean to sell them per gross, I ought to inform you that there are also among them a few articles on the following subjects—"Bill for mending your Boots, 2s. 6d."....."Elder Crowfoot's advice to a young married couple."....."Sir this is to informe you that i shaent seed no more arter that ere money that you o me—Se no more at present."....."Aunt Peggy's receipt to make Custards without Eggs, and Pumpkin Puddings of Squash," a "new vocabulary of queer words with the significations prefixed (not found in any Dictionary,) but is most of our modern Periodicals.".....Any person wishing for the above lot may obtain it a dead bargain, by applying to

SOLONOM SKINFLINT.

Graphic Square.

To Readers and Correspondents.—We now tender our grateful thanks to our Correspondents in general for the liberal aid which they have afforded us during the past half year. With respect to the articles presented for the Prize Volume, several have been reclaimed by their authors; we have however received a line permitting us to publish the second best, "A Legend of the White Mountains," which will accordingly appear in our next. No other of the above communications will be published.

ADVERTISEMENT.

DUTTON & WENTWORTH, Respectfully inform the Public that the BOWER OF TASTE, will henceforth be printed by them, and that they are authorized to receive all arrears due on this publication, as also the names of new subscribers who are informed that this Number commences Vol. II. for the ensuing Six Months.—No subscriptions received for a less term of time—and no Numbers SOLD SINGLE.

☐ Subscribers who do not receive their Numbers regularly are respectfully requested to notify the Publishers.

THE BOSS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

SKETCH.

————— Cool sunrise hour!
How beautiful thou gildest now the bower
Where Helen sleeps!—Lo the green, clustering vines
Laugh with, and love thee! and the rainbow lines
Of light and cloud, pencill'd by thy flame hand,
Wrapping the crest of yon tall eastern land,
Are beautiful!—And yet thou shinest now
On Helen's grave! The smile of thy glad brow
Gilds the fair sleeper's tomb. 'Tis where she pray'd
With the faint breath of sickness, to be laid!
Oh, she was fair!—the pure, the dreaming blue
Of her mild eye—her tears, so like the dew
That stars will shed—the silken lids, that fell
In her still hours of slumber, on a well
Of fond and holy waters—the pale cheek—
And the enchaining heaven that aye would speak
From her whole self—thou, Sun, hast look'd upon;
And yet thou smil'st, as Helen were not gone!
I can forgive thee—there are others fair,
And other souls to love them. * * * NILE.

STANZAS.

Oh! can it be that those we have lov'd best,
Whose hopes and joys were once entwin'd with ours,
Those in whose friendships our fond hearts were blest—
Can these pass lightly on with all the rest
Of those fair transient things—those short-liv'd flowers
That sprang in youth's gay path? Must these pass on,
And leave no trace behind?—nought for the heart
To muse upon in silence, and alone,
When all that wak'd its rapturous pulse is flown—
Must these, like a delightful dream depart?

Can those who joy'd each other's smiles to greet,
 Who revell'd in that luxury of soul,
 Where all our best and purest feelings meet—
 The flowery ties by friendship made more sweet—
 Can these be sever'd, ev'n by time's control?
 O! *yes*—how oft upon an eye that shed
 Its joyous lustre o'er some happier day,
 We coldly gaze! The smile, too, that once spread
 A glow that lingered when its light was fled—
 Is powerless now—no renovating ray,
 Steals o'er the heart to wake its wither'd bloom,
 Or break the spell of melancholy's gloom.

AUGUSTA.

 THE INVOCATION.

By Mrs. HEMANS.

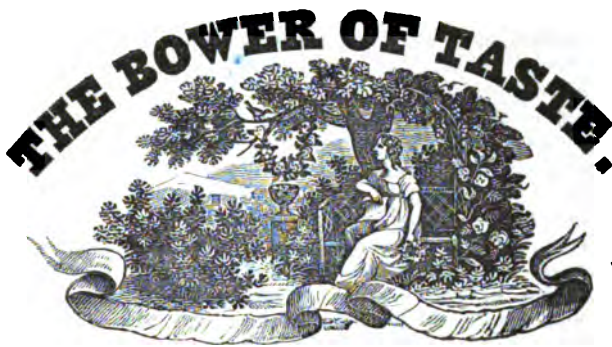
WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF A SISTER IN LAW.

Answer me, burning stars of night!
 Where has the spirit gone,
 That past the reach of human sight,
 Even as a breeze hath flown?
 —And the stars answer'd me—“We roll
 In light and power on high,
 But, of the never dying soul,
 Ask things that cannot die.”

Oh! many-ton'd and chainless wind!
 Thou art a wanderer free;
 Tell me if *thou* its place can find,
 Far over mount and sea?
 —And the wind murmur'd in reply—
 “The blue deep I have cross'd,
 And met its barks and billows high,
 But not what thou hast lost!”

Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
 Around the setting sun,
 Answer! have ye a home for those
 Whose earthly race is run?
 —The bright clouds answer'd—“We depart,
 We vanish from the sky;
 Ask what is deathless in thy heart
 For that which cannot die!”

Speak, then, thou voice of God within!
 Thou of the deep low tone!
 Answer me through life's restless din,
 Where is the spirit flown?
 —And the voice answer'd—“Be thou still!
 Enough to know is given;
 Clouds, winds and stars *their* task fulfil,
Thine is to trust in Heaven!”



"With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
 "We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,"—PAINÉ.
 The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
 From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....JULY 19, 1828. No. 29.

A LEGEND OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BEFORE Julius Melville had finished the course of his collegiate education, his sedentary life, the result of his intense application to study, so affected his naturally fragile constitution, that he was compelled (however reluctantly) to forego the honours of the ensuing commencement, at which he had been appointed to sustain a conspicuous part. This disappointment at first affected most sensibly the spirits of the young and ambitious student; but it met with a grateful alleviation on returning to his *home*, where the joy of his family, on being able to render him those little attentions which his delicate health required, was even greater than if they had witnessed a public recognition of his talents. Julius had a lovely sister, about two years younger than himself, who, although she had always lived in retirement, with no other advantages than those derived from

a common village school, yet such was her native intelligence and ardent desire of knowledge, that with the occasional instruction of her father, (who had been an officer in the revolution) she acquired that general information which his miscellaneous reading, and early intercourse with the world were calculated to supply.

One of the most imperious laws imposed upon a novelist, is to describe the heroine as soon as the story will admit,—in obedience to which I shall state, that the fair Rosine, without being perfectly beautiful, was the personification of health and happiness. There was a sparkle in her eye, a blush on her cheek, and an elasticity in her step, that reminded the student of classical mythology of the youthful cup-bearer of Jupiter—

"Oh Hebe! what a smile, and what a blush was thine!"

Although Julius was most happy in the society of his family, yet he soon became weary of the monotonous amusements of the country, and again betook himself to his books. His physician expressly forbid, and receiving at this period an invitation from some friends of his family, who had for several years resided in the vicinity of the *White Mountains*, he thought it a favourable opportunity to make that delightful tour, recently become more interesting to travellers as connected with the fate of that unfortunate family who perished beneath an "*avalanche*" from the principal mountain in 1826.

Proud alike of the personal as well as intellectual graces of his beloved sister, Julius proposed taking her with him, intending, should this journey prove salutary in its effects on his health, to visit also some of those salubrious fountains of the west, where talent, beauty, and fashion, congregate annually in pursuit of health, pleasure, and variety. Rosine was in raptures at a plan so congenial to her taste, and required but a few days to make arrangements for the journey. The family gig was preferred as a travelling vehicle, for the advantage of making such occasional digressions from their route as fancy might suggest, as also for the convenience of resting when fatigued. To those accustomed as were our young travellers, to the smooth and fertile plains of Massachusetts, the wild grandeur of the scenery, and the gigantic height of the mountains as they proceeded, struck them with delight and astonishment! The young Rosine was a creature of romance and poetry, and there was scarcely a deep ravine or a cloud-capp'd cliff but reminded her of some favourite author, in whose glowing language she failed not to give evidence of the tenacity of her memory. They proceeded slowly, in order to mark

all that was worthy of their attention—this is the *philosophy of travelling*—there are some who hurry from scene to scene, and from place to place, as if actually haunted by an evil genius, and at length return home prostrated in strength, and enervated in mind, rather than improved in either,—and who really think, because they have driven with the velocity of "*Peter Rugg*" over half the United States, in less than a month, that they have really "*seen the world.*" But to return to our travellers: they were now about 50 miles from the "*White Mountain Notch,*" and about 15 from *M.'s* tavern, where they were to rest for the night. The day was fast declining, when suddenly the gathering clouds announced a tempest, the effect of which in these regions is truly terrific. The continued roar of the distant thunder, as it reverberated among the mountains, and the quivering lightning, as it flashed from cloud to cloud, filled the heart of Rosine with terror. Too conscious of the real distress of their situation, Julius could offer but little consolation. No shelter of any kind was in view, and the storm was every moment increasing! The rain poured in torrents, and the blast, as it swept in eddying whirls down the mountain side, threatened to overturn the carriage. But just as they had concluded to seek a lodging in the first house that would admit them, the storm began to subside, and the glorious arch of heaven, (*God's covenant of peace with man*) was stretched athwart the clear blue sky, while the last radiant blush of day, as it glowed upon the mountain cliff, was beautifully contrasted with the cool deep shadows of the vale below.

Enraptured with the beauty of this scene, they almost forgot their anxiety to obtain a shelter for the night, and as only a few scattering farm houses presented themselves, they determined to proceed to the

Inn, which was not far distant, where they were sure of meeting with comfortable accommodations. Day was now fast closing in, when the barking of a dog announced a traveller,—and immediately a man in a herdsman's dress advanced and asked them, if they had observed a drove of cattle as they passed M—'s tavern?

"That is the inn of which we are in pursuit," replied Julius; "we cannot have passed it, surely."

"Why, I rather *guess* you have," said the herdsman, with a quaint wink, "you have come *about as good* as six miles *right* out of your way! You should have turned off at the "*fork*"—you saw the fork in the road, didn't ye? well, you should have turned off there, and then a few miles riding would have brought you to M—'s tavern."

"And have we all this distance to retrace?" said Rosine, looking forth upon the lengthening shadows.

"Yes marm, if you go straight back agin, you have—that's *sartin!* But I'll tell you what you *can* do, mister," said he, turning to Julius: "You can just cut into '*that are*' cow path you see there, and it will bring you right out to the '*fork*,' and save as good as four miles travel. Be sure the road is none of the best, but ye must not mind the *scrushing* of the bushes under the wheels."

Like the lady in '*Comus*,' they accepted with gratitude "his honest offer'd courtesy," and as he turned the horse's head into the woodland path, he bade them "keep up a good heart, for he'd warrant their *critter* would make out a safe path, if they'd let him alone."

Aware of the surprising instinct of that noble animal, they proceeded several miles without fear or difficulty, but the path now began to narrow, and Julius was obliged to yield the reins to his sister, in order to part the branches of the trees,

which were so thickly interwoven over their heads, as in many places to render it impossible otherwise to pass. Mile after mile they proceeded through this wild and solitary path, without turning, and apparently without end. One blessing was spared to them: the moon shone in full unclouded brightness, by which Julius perceived it was now near *midnight!* What a situation for an invalid youth and a timid girl! Suddenly the roar of waters met their ear, and after proceeding a few rods further, the horse came to a full stand, on the brink of a tremendous gulf! above which, on the other side, the mountain cataract fell, with a deafening roar into the chasm beneath. Endeavoring to escape this scene of peril, Julius turned into the only path that presented itself, with a hope that it might end in safety, when a sound between a *yell* and a *whistle*, met their ears, while something in human shape ("if shape it might be called") bounded across their path with the velocity of a hare, but was immediately lost among the bushes. Before they had time to remark on this singular object, it again appeared on a distant cliff, assuming the most grotesque attitudes, and tossing its long arms as if in defiance of the travellers. It seemed not like any thing of "earth's mould." Its wild and *distorted* visage resembled the sphynx-head of an Egyptian column, more than a human face! while its large light eyes, as they flashed with a pale phosphoric flame, were rendered more hideous by an obliquity of vision.

It was difficult to decide on the sex of this strange object, as its dress partook of the characteristics of both. A small straw hat, in which waved a single peacock's feather, was placed fantastically on one side of its head, from which a quantity of coarse yellow hair

streamed in elf locks around its long sinewy neck; a boy's *jacket*, and a *petticoat* composed of that striped material which our country dames call linsey-woolsey, completed its costume. Notwithstanding its "questionable shape," Julius was resolved to "speak to it,"—"who or what are you?" cried he—a shrill demoniac laugh, rendered more fearful by the wild solitude of the scene, was its only reply; even the horse seemed conscious that the object who kept continually bounding across his path, and using every effort to obstruct his progress, was not of the *human family*. Suddenly it uttered a wild unearthly shriek, and seized the reins of the horse! this was the climax of Rosine's fears; and twining her icy fingers with those of her brother, she sank almost lifeless upon his bosom; but his surprise and apprehension were scarce less than hers, on perceiving before them a deep moat half filled with black and stagnant water: by a simple, though powerful effort, the Goblin withdrew a huge iron bolt, when a heavy platform descended with a crash so violent, that, but for the ready curb of his master's hand, both horse and carriage would have been precipitated into the gulph below. The moat being passable, the strange being again seized the reins, and led the horse in safety over, when raising a wild shout, and clapping its brawny hands with apparent exultation, it trotted on before the carriage to a dull monotonous measure, to which it kept time with its head and elbows, skipping occasionally from one side of the road to the other, with the most antic gestures.

They soon arrived at a large log hut, and great was their joy on seeing the door opened by a being of *human appearance*; a woman who was remarkable for nothing but the coarse and savage expression of her countenance, shewed them into a

room, where sat a man in a sailor's habit, carelessly smoking his pipe, to whom Julius gave a short detail of his adventure, and requested accommodation for the night. To this the man nodded, without withdrawing the pipe from his mouth, while the woman, as she prepared the supper, was inquisitive to know their motive for travelling that road. Casting their eyes around the apartment, they were astonished at the incongruity of its furniture. On a rough oak table, of the coarsest workmanship, stood an India cabinet inlaid with pearl! and beneath an ordinary little Dutch glass hung a gold repeater, while several silver candlesticks were ranged on the smoke-blackened mantel-piece. When supper was ready, the aforesaid table was drawn forth, over whose rough surface was thrown a damask cloth of the finest texture. Two earthen plates of different sizes, and some *handleless* knives and forks, were placed upon the board, while a rich silver urn, surrounded by some cups and saucers of the coarsest ware, completed the tea equipage. The travellers spake not—but exchanged looks of astonishment. Yet oppressed with fatigue and hunger, (notwithstanding their anxious fears) they partook largely of the food before them;—the tea, from its *bad quality*, they could not drink, which the hostess perceiving, brought in a deep silver cup, resembling a sacramental chalice, filled with wine, and placed it before them, then calling to the man to "see to the house," they both left the room; at this instant, as Rosine was raising the cup to her lips, the fearful Sprite who had hitherto haunted their steps, sprang from a dark nook in the hut, and with an uncouth yell, seized the cup, and holding it at arm's length, he whirled round with the velocity of a top, scattering its contents over every

part of the room, and replacing it on the table, leaped out of the window! "Tell me, in the name of heaven!" cried Julius, as the hostess entered, "who that strange being is, and from whence he came?" "Oh! 'tis only my poor idiot Boy," said she, "you need not mind him." "*Mind him!*" said a low voice beneath the floor. Rosine started, but the hostess, without noticing it, told them their rooms were ready whenever they wished to retire. "We shall occupy but *one* apartment," said Julius, (determining, in this suspicious dwelling, not to be separated from Rosine,) "as we shall pursue our journey very early in the morning, my sister will rest herself a few hours in her clothes, for myself, a blanket on the floor will answer, if I feel disposed to sleep." "You'd better go to bed in a christian way," muttered the woman, as she closed the door. The same incongruity was as apparent in the chamber furniture as the kitchen: An ill-shapen oak bedstead, with bedding of corresponding coarseness, was shaded by a drapery of rich silk, tastefully formed, but rudely arranged; and a remnant of handsome carpeting was upon the floor. Yet overpowered by the variety of their feelings, and the fatigues of the day, they soon availed themselves of their accommodation for repose. The deep breathing of her brother soon convinced Rosine that he slept—when suddenly she heard the creak of a footstep upon the floor! and parting the drapery of her bed, she saw the tall shadow of a woman against the wall! With a heart, chilled as by the touch of Death, she sank almost unconsciously on her pillow, on observing the hostess glide cautiously round the room, and at length hold a lamp to the face of her brother; Rosine strove to repress a scream; for she knew that if they were the victims of treachery, cour-

age, and presence of mind alone, could save them. Presently, her curtains were withdrawn, and she felt a cold hard hand pass slowly over her face! At this moment she heard below a suppressed voice, scarcely above a whisper, exclaiming, "*secure the bridge!*" The woman immediately extinguished the lamp upon the hearth, and departed with the other, leaving them in total darkness. Rosine now sprung up, and looking out of the window, saw the man and woman go forth towards the bridge.—Not a moment was to be lost.—Hastily awakening her brother, she told him in a whisper all that had passed. Starting up, he opened the door, and found a lamp burning upon the stairs, by which lay a dagger and a pair of pistols! The horrid purpose of these wretches was now revealed; and seizing the weapons, which seemed sent him by Heaven for his defence, he took the lamp and re-entered the room, and advancing to his sister, said in a firm voice—"Rosine, take this dagger, it may be necessary—we are in a den of murder!" "*We are in a den of murder!*" responded a full though agonized voice beneath the floor, which they perceived was agitated by a slight knock. Hastening to the spot, Julius threw up the carpet, when a trap-door secured by a bolt met his view;—uniting their strength, they removed it, and disclosed a damp gloomy dungeon, against whose rocky wall leaned a young man of most interesting appearance, dressed in a clerical habit. "God! I thank thee," exclaimed he with fervour, and requesting the aid of Julius, sprang up through the aperture with a vigour of which his worn frame seemed scarcely capable. A few words served to explain that both parties were the destined victims of their treacherous host. They learned from Mr. Howard, (the clergyman)

that he was travelling homeward a few days since in charge of some sacred plate that had been presented to his church, when he was overtaken by a "*Herdsmen*," who, after some quaint remarks about the road, asked him where he was travelling. Aware of the familiar habits of the "*honest*" sons of the forest, he told him, but was greatly surprised to learn that he was "*several miles out of his way!*" In short, the same art had been practised on him, that had been employed to decoy the brother and sister into this execrable haunt of robbery and murder. Having deprived him of his watch, plate, &c. they had thrown him into that loathsome dungeon, where he would have undoubtedly perished, but for the secret visits of the *Idiot Boy*, who brought him food, and who, notwithstanding his mental imbecility, evidently saw and pitied the fate of those whom his abandoned parents had doomed to death.

Believing it was best to secure them before they returned to the house, the gentlemen armed themselves, and rushed upon them just as they had succeeded in raising the *bridge!* They designed not to take the lives of these wretches, unless in defence of their own, but only confine them, if possible, in their own cells, until they could be surrendered into the hands of justice. Perceiving their intention, the man sprang upon Julius, and wresting the pistol from his hand, pointed it at his breast! Rosine screamed!—but a sudden flash, which for an instant deprived him of sight, was all the injury he received. The villain then drew a knife from his vest—but e'er he could raise his arm, the pistol of Howard sent his guilty soul to meet the vengeance of its God! They now looked round in search of the woman, whom they discovered struggling in the moat below, en-

deavoring to ford a passage across the rocks, which were in some places above the water; having gained the opposite bank, she grasped a shrub that grew above, to assist her in ascending, when suddenly its roots yielded, and she was precipitated into the still dark waters below.

On returning to the hut to comfort Rosine with the assurance that their perils were now over, it was thought advisable that Howard should go in search of the officers of justice; and mounting his horse, he pursued the well remembered track that led out of the forest, and returned before night, with several men charged with official power to secure whatever property of value should be found in the dwelling. Here, indeed, a scene of depredation and murder was disclosed. On removing the floor, a large quantity of plate bearing different marks, and many splendid articles of merchandize were found, and horrid to relate, several human skeletons were discovered unburied in the vaults. While this work of destruction was going on, the poor *Idiot* was seen seated on a pile of stones opposite his dwelling, with his hands crossed upon his breast, uttering a low melancholy sound, which he accompanied with a slow motion of his head. Pitying the forlorn and miserable condition of this poor creature, Howard generously took charge of him, determining to place him in some comfortable asylum suitable to his situation. On a legal investigation of the claims of our travellers on the wealth found in the forest ruins, it was decreed, that one half should be appropriated to the use of government, and the other should be equally divided between the three, whose courage, humanity and virtue deserved a reward.

If our readers have anticipated that the charms of the lovely Ro-

sine made an immediate and indelible impression on the susceptible heart of Howard, we would compliment their penetration by assuring them of its truth, and also, that before the expiration of many months, the interesting young clergyman, amid a numerous assemblage of friends, led from the altar as his *Bride*, the fair *Heroine* of the "WHITE MOUNTAINS."

Saturday Evening.

As a source of pleasing employment Literature offers to you rich attractions. The life of a female stands in peculiar need of what can thus sweeten solitude. Listless ennui will too often seize the vacant hour, and bind in its sluggish chain the mind which has no intellectual occupation. From this worst of tyrannies, invading so often the retreats of the quiet home, literature will deliver its cultivators—not by confining the attention to the technicalities of abstruse science, filling the memory with useless propositions, and blanching by vigils over the midnight lamp the cheek of loveliness—not by alluring the imagination to dwell on the sickly offspring of the novelist's pen, storing the mind with air built castles, and ridiculous fancies, unfitting the heart to sustain real trials, or inspire active benevolence.

To both of these classes I must apply the same censure—"An application to any study, that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better, is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of *idleness*; and the knowledge we acquire by it is a creditable kind of *ignorance*, nothing more." But the triumph of Literature over ennui is secured, by offering to the understanding and the heart those works of genius and taste, which bear the impress of powerful minds—minds which, "not contented with the

approbation of contemporaries, seek that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise, which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those, whose published labours advance the good of mankind." From the perusal of such works—while the tear unbidden flows over the page where the tale of sorrow is recorded, and the mind swells with the magnitude of its conceptions, when deeds of disinterested virtue are the theme—the hours of solitude are cheered and blessed; while the heart is prepared to feel for others' woes, and generously to sacrifice all to relieve them.

From the Club Room.

AN APPARITION.

THE sun was hastening to a glorious setting as I gained the last hill that overlooks the forest; and, late as it was, I paused to gaze once more upon this most brilliant and touching of the wonders of nature. The glories of the western sky lasted long after the moon was in full splendour in the east, on the one side all was rich and warm with departing day—on the other how pure and calm was the approach of night! If I had been born a heathen, I think I could not have seen the setting sun, without believing myself immortal: Who, that had never seen the morning dawn could believe that wonderful orb, which sinks so slowly and majestically through a sea of light, throwing up beams of a thousand hues, melting and mingling together, touching the crest of the clouds with fire, and streaming over the heavens with broad brilliancy, up to the zenith—who could believe that source of light had perished? Who then could believe that the being who gazes on that magnificent spectacle with such emotion, and draws from it such high conclusions of his own nature and destiny, is even more perishable?

I remained absorbed in such reflections till the twilight was almost gone. I then began rapidly to descend, and, leaving the moon behind the hill, entered the long dark shadow it threw over the wood at its foot. It was gloomy and chill—the faint lingering of day was hidden by the trees, and the moon seemed to have set again, throwing only a distant light on the rich volumes of clouds that hung over her. As I descended farther, the air became colder, the sky took a deeper blue, and the stars shone with a wintry brightness. The thoughts which came tenderly over me by the light of the setting sun, now grew dark and solemn; and I felt how fleeting and unsatisfactory are the hopes built on the analogies of nature. The sun sets so beautifully it seems impossible it should not rise again; but in the gloom of midnight where is the promise of the morrow? In the cold, but still beautiful features of the dead, we think we see the pledge of a resurrection; but what hope of life is there in the dust to which they crumble?

I arrived late at the inn. It was a large and ruinous structure, which had once been a castle, but the family of its owner had perished in disgrace: their title was extinguished, their lands confiscated and sold, and their names now almost forgotten. It stood on a small bare hill in the midst of the forest, which it overtopped, only to lose its shelter and shade, for from it the eye could not reach the extremity of the wood. I knocked long before I was admitted; at last an old man came to the door with a lantern, and, without a word of welcome, led my horse to the stable, leaving me to find my way into the house. The spirit of the place seemed to have infected its inhabitants. I entered a kitchen, whose extent I could not see by the dim fire-light, and having stirred the

embers, sat down to warm me. The old man soon returned, and showed me up the remains of a spacious staircase, to a long hall, in a corner of which was my bed. I extinguished the light, and lay down without undressing; but the thoughts and scenes of the evening had taken strong hold of my mind, and I could not sleep. I did not feel troubled, but there was an intensity of thought and feeling within me, that seemed waiting for some great object on which to expend itself. I rose and went to the window: the moon was shining beautifully bright—but the forest was so thick that her light only glanced on the tops of the trees, and showed nothing distinctly—all was motionless—not a breeze, not a sound, not a cloud—the earth was dim and undistinguishable, the heavens were filled with a calm light, and the moon seemed to stand still in the midst. I know not how long I remained leaning against the window and gazing upward, for I was dreaming of things long past, of which I was then, though I knew it not, the only living witness; when my attention was suddenly recalled by the low, but distinct sound of some one breathing near me—I turned with a sudden thrill of fear, but saw nothing; and, as the sound had ceased, I really believed it was fancy. I soon relapsed into my former train of thought, and had forgotten the circumstance, when I was again startled by a sound I could not mistake—there was some one breathing at my very ear—so terribly certain was the fact that I did not move even my eyes; it was not the deep regular breath of one asleep, nor the quick panting of guilt, but a quiet, gentle respiration; I remained listening, till I could doubt no longer, and then turned slowly round that I might not be overpowered by the suddenness of the sight, which I knew I must meet—again there

was nothing to be seen—the moon shone broad into the long desolate chamber, and, though there was a little gathering of shadow in the corners, I am sure nothing visible could have escaped the keenness of my gaze, as I looked again and again along the dark wainscot. My calmness now forsook me, and, as I turned fearfully back to the window my hand brushed against the curtain whose deep folds hid the corner near which I was standing—the blood gushed to my heart with a sharp pang, and I involuntarily dashed my hands forward—they passed through against the damp wall, and the tide of life rolled back, leaving me hardly able to support myself. I stood a few moments lost in fear and wonder—when the breathing began again, and there—in the bright moonlight—I felt the air driven against my face by a being I could not see. I sat down on the bed in great agitation, and it was a considerable time before I could at all compose my mind—the fact was certain, but the cause inscrutable. I rose, and walked across the chamber.

I made three or four turns, and gradually recovered my tranquillity—though still impressed with the belief that what I had heard was no natural sound. I was not now in a state to be easily deluded, for my senses were on the alert, but my mind perfectly calm. The old floor groaned under every tread, but the noise excited in me no alarm; I did not even turn when the planks sprung and cracked behind me long after my foot had left them. But, good God! what were my feelings when I heard distinct footsteps following my own! the light tread of naked feet—I stopped instantly, just as I had made a step—the tread ceased, and a moment after I heard a foot brought up as if to support the walker in this unexpected pause—Could it be

echo?—I struck my foot upon the floor—the sound was short and sullen, and was not repeated—I walked on, but the steps did not follow—I turned, and paused again—all was still. I walked back, and as I reached the spot where the sounds had ceased—whether I heard or saw it I cannot tell—but something passed me, and a soft sigh floated along with it, dying away in distance like the moaning of a gentle wind. It was indistinct as it passed, but as I listened to catch its last lingering, I knew the voice of Gertrude!—"Hermann!" it said in a voice so tender and mournful, that my eyes filled with tears, and I seemed to hear it long after it had ceased. "Gertrude!" I cried aloud, the same sweet sigh answered me, and for an instant I caught the dark beam of her eye—there was no form, but I saw her own look—that deep melancholy gaze—it was but a moment, and it was gone. "Gertrude!" I cried again, "if it be thou do not fly me—come to me, beloved!" A pause of deeper silence followed; my eyes were fixed on the air where I had lost her, when the shadows at the extremity of the chamber began to move like the waving of a garment; their motion was at first indefinite and perceptible, but gradually increased, till they parted and rolled away, leaving a brighter space in the middle. This had at first no determinate form, but soon began to assume the outline of a human figure. I shall never forget the sensation of that moment—my hair rose, my flesh crept, and drops of sweat rolled fast down my cheeks; yet it was not fear—I cannot describe the emotion with which I watched the figure growing more and more distinct; and even when I saw the face of my own Gertrude, all thoughts of earth were swallowed up in those of eternity—I stood in the presence of a spirit, and felt my-

self immortal! The triumph was short—it was too like herself—the eyes were closed, but it was her own graceful form, though attenuated, and almost transparent—her own face—pale and languid, but oh! how beautiful!—at last the eyes opened—they alone were unchanged, and they gazed on me with a tenderness I could not bear—I sunk on my knees, and hid my face—I felt her approach—I did not raise my eyes, but I knew she was near me by a glow of more than human happiness—a hand was laid upon my head—“Hermann!” said the same sweet voice, “dear Hermann! but one year more!”—and the sound floated away. I looked up—she was already disappearing—she smiled on me—and the form faded, and the shadows gathered over it.

I had sunk on the floor exhausted; the first feeling I remember was one of unutterable grief and loneliness; but the next was joy at the thought that I was not to endure it long—“but one year more, and I shall be with thee forever”—I could not feel more certain of any fact of my own experience, than that Gertrude was dead, and I should soon follow.

I paced the chamber till day-break, and then watched the sky till the sun rose. I was in no haste to be gone, for I had but a short day's journey before me, and did not wish to arrive before night. I remained in my chamber till the morning mists were dispersed, and then began my journey. I rode slowly all day, musing and abstracted, and hardly noticing the objects around me, till I reached the brow of a hill beneath which lay the village of Underwalden—a few simple buildings gathered close round the church, whose spire just rose above the trees; beyond was the gentle slope of green hills, parted only by hawthorn hedges; and still farther

on, the home of my Gertrude, canopied by tall ancient elms, and gleaming in the yellow light of the setting sun.

If I had had no other reason, I should have foreboded evil from the silence of the hour—it is always a quiet time, but it has a few sounds that harmonize with its solemnity—the lowing of the cattle, the whistle of the returning labourer, or the distant merriment of the children released from school, come naturally with the close of day—but now the cattle were gathered home, and the labourer had left the field before the usual hour, the school was shut, and the village green silent and solitary. A few of the better class of villagers, in their decent Sabbath dress, were walking over the hill towards the mansion; others, with their wives and children, were standing round the gate of the churchyard, and there was something mournful in the motions and attitudes of all. I knew well what all this meant, but I gazed on it with a vacant mind, and without any new conviction of my desolate lot. I even saw with a sad pleasure the beauty of a landscape, which, like all the world, was nothing now to me. But this did not last long—suddenly there was a hum of voices, and a stir among those who had been waiting at the church—the bell tolled, a faint chant swelled from behind the hill, and the procession came slowly in sight: then the truth fell on me with an overpowering weight; I threw myself on the ground, and looked on with a bursting heart, till all I had loved was forever hidden from sight.

Farewell, my friend! I am going to Rome for a few months, for it is the seat of my religion, and I would look once more before I die, on the mightiest remains of earth. I have watched the fall of the last leaves in Underwalden; I shall return to see them put forth once more, but when

they fall again, they will cover the grave of HERMANN.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

ESSAY.

A RAY OF LIGHT.

WHEN God created the heavens and the earth, he said, "let there be light, and there was light." Before the most noble of God's productions were brought into existence, *I was*; and by me were their beauties displayed.

When God in his anger had deluged the earth, and destroyed all created things and beasts from off its face, except the faithful inhabitants of the ark of peace, by me he formed the beautiful rain bow! as a covenant between him and man, that he would no more destroy all living.

Were it not for me the blooming rose, the modest violet, and all the lovely flowers that deck our borders, would be divested of their beautiful colours.

I have existed through all ages, visited all climates and nations, have seen monarchs crowned, and tyrants dethroned.

I have found innocence and loveliness in a cottage, pride and ambition in a palace.

I assisted, by enlightening the mind of Peter the Great, in civilizing his countrymen, in teaching them the arts and sciences, which ultimately resulted in the glory of that great and powerful nation.

I was with the youthful Fayette, when leaving his friends and native country, he generously espoused the cause of America—fought and bled by the side of our mighty Washington, and who, after having assisted in freeing us from the yoke of British tyranny, returned to France, bearing with him the blessings of a grateful nation. I also saw him cast into *prison*! but lest I should augment his grief by my

presence, I retreated until the joyful moment of his liberation!

Compelled to witness the horrors of the French revolution, I blushed on beholding the sufferings of the virtuous Antionette, and her ill-fated family, abandoning their sanguinary tyrants to the curse of mental darkness.

To return to our country; I was the pole star that directed the '*Pilgrims*' to a haven of peace—since which I have illumined their paths, and guided their steps. I was with our immortal Washington through the whole course of his glorious career—saw him ascend to the highest post of earthly honor,—the Chief of a "free and independent Republic."—I left him not here;—during his administration, I shone with unclouded brightness both in the field and in the senate, and when the sod of Vernon was closed over him forever, I wreathed a halo of imperishable "*light*" around the name of him who achieved for us those glories and honors which have thus far descended unblemished to his patriot successors. CELESTE.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

"We are but the venders of other men's goods."

An English Poet said, that the highest happiness he ever enjoyed, was reading novels on a sofa. This species of happiness is carried further among us, than many of the trans-atlantics imagine. The peculiar warmth of our climate renders the sofa indispensable, and the addition of a novel, a new literary work, finishes the group. What is more delightful in an afternoon, than reading and dosing, and dosing and reading, than half a dozen dishes of intellect strewed before you of every variety of taste and dimensions. Sometimes the literary epicure wants to read an article of a review—then a chapter of a novel—then a light article from a

magazine. All unite to kill time, render life delightful, and no doubt improve the imagination, and per-adventure, the mind.

Bonaparte, it is well known, was an excellent horseman, and affected to imitate Alexander the Great in his horsemanship and courage, in bestriding whatever was brought to him. On a particular occasion, a fine high-spirited horse, richly caparisoned, was brought to him, said to be a present from a certain prince. Bonaparte, after admiring the beauty, &c. of the animal, was just on the point of mounting him, when, contrary to his invariable custom, he ordered a menial to mount and try him. He did, but before he had gone far, a violent explosion took place in the saddle, and either killed or much maimed the hapless domestic.

Disappointed Love.—To a man, the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds some feelings of tenderness, it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being; he can dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or plunge into the tide of pleasure, or if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking, as it were, the wings of the morning, can fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest—but woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life; she is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation! Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress, that has been captured, and abandoned, and left desolate.

We recollect to have read some years since, an account of an inci-

dent, which equals in horror any thing of which we have heard or read before or since. A young gentleman who had received a medical education in London, was on the point of establishing himself in business, when the death of his mother recalled him into Yorkshire. Her revered form had been deposited in the place of its rest, and he was about returning to town when a medical friend requested him to remain a few days for the purpose of demonstrating on a subject, which he consented to do. Every thing was in readiness on his arrival at the the infirmary—all necessary preparations had been made—the cloth which covered the body was removed, and he recognized his—own mother! The structure of reason tottered on its base, and fell, never more to rise. He rushed from the room a maniac!

Amusement and Literature.—The following is one of the many amusements of our country editorial friends—*The Master's written instruction to John Wright to spell write, right.*—I hold a right to write to you, John Wright, that you do not write *write* right when you write it *wright*. You must not write *write*, *wright*, neither must you write it *right*—nor even should you write it *rite*. To write *write* right, you must write it *write*. If you are a good *wright*, you will write *write write*, which will be right; so if you wish to write the word *rite* right, you must neither write it *wright*, *write*, nor *right*. The sense is known by spelling right.—I will give you an example, John Wright: I *write*, you are *right*, he is a *wright*, we have a *right*, they have a *rite*. I have here spelt it all right. Now John Wright, write *write* right!

The storm was severe at Kingston, Ulster county, N. Y. on the 30th ult. The lightning was very

vivid. The Ulster Sentinel states that it struck the house of Mr. L. Van Kuren, in the east part of the village, entering the cornice at the north-west corner, and descending thence into a room in the second story, by a number of apertures, similar to those made by musket balls, it passed down into the parlor below, and so on by the chain of an alarm clock through the floor into the cellar. It shivered the fastenings of the clock case, and the whole fell with a frightful crash upon the floor. One of the young ladies entered the room immediately after, and distinctly saw the lightning still playing around the works of the prostrate clock! The apartments were filled with smoke for a considerable period subsequent to the flash.

Singular as it may appear, adds the Sentinel, a gentleman who was at the Catskill Mountain House, Pine Orchard, during the terrible commotion of the elements, avers that the sun there shone bright and clear, and that he plainly saw the black and stormy cloud of which we have spoken, traversing the valleys beneath.

Singular Whim.—Some time ago a Mr. Thorpe, of Cornwall, advertised a reward of an annuity of 60*l.* a year, for life, to any one who would undertake to live seven years under ground, without seeing any thing human, and to let his hair and beard grow during the whole time. Apartments were prepared under ground very commodious, with as many books as the occupier pleased, and provision served from Mr. Thorpe's own table; whenever the recluse wanted convenience he was to ring a bell, and it was to be provided for him. Singular as this residence may appear, an occupier offered himself, and is now in the second year of his probation. He is a labouring man, and has a wife and a large family.

Bower of Taste.

GILBERT STUART.

ONE of our most highly gifted artists, of whose talents our country was justly proud, hath passed away from among us,—GILBERT STUART is no more! He, whose fame is associated with the "father of our country," as having produced the proudest ornament of Faneuil Hall, has now rested from his labours. Yet his works will long remain as glorious memorials of that art which has the power of rescuing from the oblivion of the tomb, the forms of the brave, the virtuous, and the lovely. The pen of the historian may record the deeds of the valiant and the wise; the eloquence of the eulogist may awaken our sympathies, by commemorating the worth and talents of our departed friends,—but the pencil of the painter hath yet a prouder triumph over the grasp of Time; beneath his magic touch, as at the spell of Ender, the sainted forms of the revered and beloved, arise and glow upon the canvass, with the breathing animation of life! The kindling eye again meets ours, while the benignant smile, perhaps, so dear to our recollection, almost persuades us that the spirit hath not departed!

From the few specimens which we have seen of the paintings of Mr. Stuart's daughter, we have reason to hope and believe that his 'mantle' rests with his fair successor; and if the most devoted attention to her profession can entitle her to public favour, Miss JANE STUART will, we hope, receive a liberal patronage—not only from the professed lovers of the art, but from all those who would encourage the cultivation of female talent.

"*How have the mighty fallen!*" We learn that the great bulwark which has recently been erected in defence of celibacy, has by "Providence" been deprived of one of its most ornamental and strongest pillars. Lo! Sampson—the Philistines are upon thee! Thy ambrosial locks are shorn, and thou hast "become weak as another man!" In short, the "*Editor*" of the "*BACHELORS' Journal*" is..... MARRIED! Think of that, Ladies!—even he, hath yielded to the spell of "Power!" Even he, who whilome flourished his goose quill so manfully in defence of "*single blessedness*." We hope he will forward us some of his cake for this notice.

*Nihil tam firmum est cui periculum
Non sit etiam ad invalido.*

The Common Place Book—Just issued from the press of Mr. S. G. GOODRICH, will be found to contain some fine specimens of prose

from the pens of several of our best authors. The selections are made with taste and judgment. Few will peruse this work without improvement and pleasure.

The Syren. This name is expressive of the fascinating power of an ingenious musical instrument, invented by Mr. Adam Stewart. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the principles upon which it is constructed to describe it; but its sounds are like those of a violin united with the Scotch bagpipes. Notwithstanding its circumscribed compass, it is sufficiently powerful to fill a large Hall. The inventor has a perfect command over this instrument, and produces from it the most delightful music.

Prize Prologue. Mr. W. B. WOOD, of Philadelphia, advertises a premium of a silver cup, valued at fifty dollars, for the best prologue that may be sent for the opening of the Arch-Street Theatre. Communications received until the first of September.

Mr. Matthews. It is said that this "celebrated lecturer" intends visiting the U. States—probably for the purpose of obtaining new "sketches of the Yankee character." We hope he will be more faithful in his future delineations, or no one will ever know his pictures. There is very little resemblance between "Brother Jonathan" and the "London Cockney."

Pathos. A musical amateur being seated next to an honest country lad, at a public concert, expressed the most extravagant admiration of a lady singer, who employed a superabundance of demi-semi-quavers in the execution of her song. "What do you call that too—*hoo! tweedle, deedle, dee!* at the end of every *vairce*," said the young man, addressing the amateur. "Why, Sir, that's the very charm of the piece—the *pathos*—the....." "Not interrupting you, Sir," said the rustic critic, "if we should pay that woman to sing in 'our town,' I should say—Marm, I thankye for the song, but please to leave the '*pathos* out!"

What will the Parisian dancers say to this? Chief Humbird, with the warriors Hawkeye, Tusacaway, and Redwing, are engaged at the Brooklyn Theatre, to perform "English dances and hornpipes." We take it for granted, that 'HUMBIRD' is the leader of this corps de ballet.

Mr. Hackett closed his engagements at Providence on Wednesday evening.

To Readers and Correspondents.

Columbia's poetry discovers talent; but the Stanzas to Helen are too unequal for regular rhyme. Aust Tabitha in our next. T. and Ixion will receive a communication by sending to the 'Bower' office. —TI— came too late.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Dean, Mr. Henry Monroe, to Miss Eliza R. P. Newmarch.

In New York, John Winslow Whitman, Esq. of this city, Editor of the "*Beckford's Journal*," to Miss Sarah Helen Power, of Providence, R. I.

In South Reading, by Rev. Gustavus F. Davis, Mr. Nathan Bardot, to Miss Sophronia Woodward—Mr. Adam Hawkes, 34, to Miss Mary Alden.

In Walpole, Mr. Henry H. Tabor, merchant of Hartford, Conn. to Miss Mary E. Bradley, daughter of the Hon. Stephen E. Bradley.

In Montpelier, Vt. Col. J. P. Miller, late agent of the New York Greek Committee, to Miss Sarah Arms.

DIED.

In this city, on Thursday the 10th inst. Gilbert Stuart, Esq. aged 75.

In Duxbury, on the 7th inst. in the 80th year of his age, Hon. GEORGE PARTRIDGE, early and uniformly distinguished as a friend of Liberty, civil and religious, and by his patriotic zeal in the American Revolution. He was nearly the last of that band of worthies who witnessed the struggles of our national infancy, so trying to the souls of men, partook in the councils which terminated in our independence, and is ever to be remembered with those in whom the wise and good confided. With a prevailing fondness for retirement and tranquility, his refined sense of duty would not permit him to decline occasional calls to employment in public stations. He was for many years Sheriff of the County of Plymouth, a member of the first Provincial Congress assembled at *Watertown*; and one of the first Congress of the United States under the present Constitution. He was also one of the original members of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He was educated at Harvard College, of the class that graduated in 1762. His co-patriots Francis Dana, and Elbridge Gerry were his classmates. That class was more numerous than any which had preceded. Of the whole number, forty-seven, only three now survive: John New, Moses Gerrish, and Rev. Timothy Alden. Mr. Partridge lived unmarried. By his last will, characterized by evidence of his habitual thoughtfulness and discretion, after all suitable remembrance of relatives and friends, he made the following public bequests:—To the Plymouth Bible Society, \$200—to the Theological Institution at Cambridge, \$200—for the establishment of a High School in Duxbury, \$10,000—to the Congregational Society in Duxbury, \$10,000.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE, is Published every Saturday, by DUTTON & WERTWORTH, (formerly State Printers,) Nos. 1, and 4 Exchange-Street, Boston, who are authorized to transact all business relative to the Printing and circulation of this work. All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor.

☞ All letters must be post Paid.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

WREATHS.

Oh! weave ye a wreath for the maiden's brow,
Of the roses that breathe in the morning gale—
 Fragrant and pure from the dewy vale,
And hasten to crown the fair one now—
For the bloom of beauty is bright and brief,
As the dew, and the tint of the floweret's leaf.

Bring hither sweet blossoms! the first which Spring
Awakens to birth, with her joyous smile;
 To fetter the flight of love's young wing,
Or to circle his rosy brow awhile;—
For he passeth away with the Summer hour,
And his fate is told in the closing flower.

Oh, twine ye a wreath for the Son of Song,
Fresh from the land where the myrtles bloom,
 While musing his native shades among,
Shed o'er his lyre its rich perfume;
For the path of genius too oft is drear
As the changeful scene of the closing year.

Go! scale yon cliff, where the eagle's nest
Peers from the cloud—the laurel is there—
 Meet wreath for the gallant Hero's crest,
Meet wreath for Liberty's Sons to wear!
For they sought the nymph in her mountain guise,
And won from her hand the vernal prize.

Seek ye at last the narrow glen,
Where the cypress dips in the dark cold wave—
 For a fadeless wreath of remembrance, when
The brave and the lovely descend to the grave;
For 'tis nature's weed in her hour of gloom—
The wreath of the dead! the shade of the tomb. AUGUSTA.

A QUEER VISION.

A dream of evening!—It doth fly
 Backward to nature's primal day;
 It bringeth vision to mine eye
 Of the first fading of the grey
 And silent darkness of our earth,
 Of light's first golden morning gleam,
 And life's glad springing into birth—
 The sun ariseth in my dream!

Now standeth nature's genius there,
 Smiling before the infant sun,
 Whom she hath taught to shine so fair,
 Whose first far journey is begun;
 And now her thinking mind hath brought
 A passing beauty to her plan,
 For in my vision she hath thought
 To build, and gild, and publish man!

And many veins of spirit fall
 In silence from the bending sky,
 And other hues are in them all,
 From evening grief to sunny joy.
 She looketh long at melancholy,
 Its blue and pensive flowing wakes
 The liking of her soul; and folly
 The smoothness of her features breaks—

She smiles—and turns her flashing eye
 To where the light of joy is stealing
 So beautifully down the sky,
 And marks it for a pleasant feeling.
 And other lights and shades are flowing,
 Each gathering in its pearly cup,
 But most of all she lov'd joy's glowing,
 And the pure rays that hope sent up.

But now the master vein of soul
 Came gushing from the azure heaven,
 And Nature flew to catch the whole,
 As if by very madness driven!
 'Twas love!—a tide of radiance broke,
 Diffusing rapture o'er each scene;
 And stars and flowers in transport woke,
 While joy breath'd through the forest green.

She pour'd them in a golden bowl,
 Forming a passion-coronal;
 Showing, betimes, within this soul,
 The light of love, and sorrow's pall;
 She pour'd this mingled soul in man,
 The cruel tyke!—then made a room—and
 Chain'd him there—and went again,
 And brought a soul of love for woman! **BELLONA.**



" With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
 " We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,"—PAINÉ.
 The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
 From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....JULY 26, 1828. No. 30.

We are indebted to a correspondent for the following interesting story ; we know not its source but believe from the pleasure it has afforded us, that it will be acceptable to many of our readers.

THE FAIR VENETIAN.

THE morning of that costly pageant, the bridal of the Adriatic had arrived ; the dark canals of Venice were deserted, and the whole population of the city were gliding over the sea. The ocean-breezes were soft and refreshing. The banners fluttered gaily in the air : and all was blithe and beautiful. Near the state-vessel of the Doge, floated the barge of the Duke de Faurini, one of Italy's proudest and most respected nobles : but the eye of the multitude was not turned to him ; his daughter—the last remaining prop of his house—the beautiful Rosline, the bright flower of the Republican States—occupied the individual attention of those around her.

Rosline de Faurini was, at this period, entering her eighteenth year ; the time when the females of the south possess that peculiar beauty, which unites the vivid loveliness of youth with the maturer

grace of womanhood : hers were the true Italian embellishments ; the vermilion lips, the clear brown cheek over which the damask tinge rested, the dark flashing eyes,—bespeaking a heart formed for devoted love, mingled with an enchanting maiden delicacy, to which often the Venetian females are strangers—these were the few gems of worth an observer could at first discover ; the remainder were in the soul's casket. But Rosline's love, her first love,—and what love is so fervent as that of youth ? was given ; and the heart's affection of one, whose vows were to her the world alone, she could breathe, she received.—Who then wondered that the beautiful de Faurini gazed not on the scene before her, that the music's strain was unheard, and the showy spectacle was to her insipid ? surely, no one ; the man who possessed her love was by her side, and in his

presence the world's pleasure and the city's gaiety were tasteless. The youngest son of a noble British family, possessed of high personal and mental beauty, the inheritor of a relative's princely fortune, aspired to the hand of Rosline, and became her accepted lover—her betrothed husband.

O.: the sparkling bosom of the sea there now reigned an unbroken silence; the Doge pronounced the well known sentences, and the glittering ring fell; then the loud clarions, mingled with shout of countless voices, rent the air; the assembled gondolas dispersed, and the living tide once more entered the city.—The vows of attachment the hurried accents of the Englishman, were again listened to and prolonged until the gilded bark arrived at the marble steps of the de Faurini palace.

The entertainment given that evening by the Duke exceeded, in splendour and magnificence, the banquet of the Doge on the preceding morning. But amid the beautiful and noble females who graced the mansion, Rosline shone conspicuous; wandering with her lover through the long colonnades, in which a dim twilight reigned; or, encircled by his arm, and mingling in the festive dance, she seemed in an earthly paradise.

The clock of St. Mark tolled the third hour of morning ere the guests departed; Steinfeld pressed the lip of his Rosline once more, and repeated the lengthened adieu, ever and anon casting a lingering glance as she crossed the corridor to her own apartments.

It was at that moment a messenger arrived at the palace, bearing a letter for the Englishman, which he said required his immediate perusal; it was from his native isle, from his brother: in it he said their father lay on his death-bed, and desired to see his last born before life was end-

ed; the letter concluded with an earnest wish for Steinfeld's instant return to England. With the speed of lightning, he placed the packet in his bosom, and strode across the gallery, leaving the courier alone, and surprised at his vehemence.—His frantic enunciation of their parting excited deep terror in the breast of Rosline, as he entered her apartment. No lamp burned in the room, and the faint rosy tinge which gleamed in the east threw a pleasing light on the snowy pillars and silken draperies.—“Dearest Rosline, we must part” he repeated in a trembling tone; “but I will return again.”

“Never, never,” said Rosline, in a low whisper; “Steinfeld, I know full the character of you northern men; here I hold you in a silken chain—there its links will sever, absence annuls the strongest tie of love.”

“Rosline, dearest Rosline,” he returned, “if you value my future peace of mind, talk not in such a strain: Can you distrust my attachment?” and he pressed her to his heart as he spoke: “may you be avenged if I forsake you. Sweet one, doubt not my truth.”

“Henry,” exclaimed Rosline, disengaging herself from his embrace, “the original of this (and she drew from her bosom his picture,) “shall never cease to occupy my heart.”

“I swear, by the bright beams of that rising sun, that life itself shall cease to animate my frame, before my love for thee shall be quenched.”

“Holy Mary!” she continued, bending before the image of the virgin; “register my vow. And now, Steinfeld,” she added, look on this scene once again; morning has crimsoned the ocean, and the fresh air waves the orange boughs in the balcony. When in Britain, if perchance yon glorious luminary rise above your northern hills, say,

will you remember Rosline?—will one thought be at Faurini?

“One thought,” said Steinfeld reproachfully? “will not this spot engross all? My daily fancies—my nightly dream, all, all will be of thee. You wrong me; by my life, you wrong me, Rosline.”

“Saint Agnes, grant I may,” she returned; “but my nurse, in days of old, bid me beware of ‘*English love* :’ she used to say, the climate of the South fostered the passion of the Italians; and that when the sky was ever cloudless, the heart would be ever fickle. You must think me silly; but when a child, these words sank deep in my breast. Now to rest, Henry, I will prepare your repast before you leave me,” and she bent her head to hide the warm tears which fell rapidly.

“There will be no rest this day for me,” said Steinfeld; “in an hour I shall be on my road; therefore, my farewell must be brief.”

“Rosline, you will see me again at Venice—then,” he added in a fond whisper, “we part to meet no more.”

But the separation did not appear to affect the maiden sensibly; she repeated in eager tone, “An hour didst thou say?—Wilt thou promise me to remain one hour longer at Faurini?”

“Surely, surely, dearest,” was the reply; “I promise you:—Your father, Rosline—I must see him ere I depart. Once more, farewell,” and he clasped her to his heart again and again; then left her: no sigh, no cry of agony burst from the lips of Rosline; the door closed, and he was gone.

The travels of one in haste to regain his native land, are generally void of interest; so it was with Steinfeld's; his Journey exhibited little variety, and he arrived at the castle of his father in safety, but too late. The last sigh of his parent had been breathed—the last prayer for his welfare had been murmured, and

the senseless form was laid in its narrow bed, there to meet corruption.

The dreadful uncertainty, the feverish impatience of him who endeavours to hope the best, yet dreads to hear the confirmation of his fears, generally produces intense grief, when the fatal truth is known. Henry's sorrow was therefore deep, though unavailing, and he asked if happiness would ever more belong to him; his heart at that moment answered, No.—But what does not time accomplish?

The keen edge of affliction is destroyed: the moistened eye is dried, and the wounded heart is healed. Thus then it is through life.—When the bosom is surcharged with misery, it is obdurate to the voice of comfort; let a few months pass and he who had before turned away, will listen with avidity. So it was with Steinfeld; the young recluse again mingled in society, and the laugh of gaiety again played upon his lips.

And where now was Rosline?—truly it must be said, if she was thought of, it was casually:—if her devoted attachment was remembered, it was only as a pleasant dream—a delightful vision, from which the sleeper awoke to dread realities.

But what had caused this change? What had turned Steinfeld's affection from one to whom he had sworn everlasting allegiance, one, in whose breast he would never, never be forgotten? The world had caused it. The voice of flattery had been poured in the ear of the rich and handsome Steinfeld; the eye of an English maiden had beamed on him—and de Faurini was *forgotten*.

It is not that the heart of man is unformed to centre its affections on one object and that one alone; but it is the desire, the propensity, if I may term it, of fettering the affections of many—of leading crowds in his chains; dealing life or death, by smiles or frowns.

During this time the conscience of Henry did not slumber, and when it reproached him he would mingle in the dissipations of London, and speed to the haunts of the profligate. A young Italian lad constantly attended him, whether it was courtly feast, or the noisy revel; though it was evident he was ill at ease in Britain. Those who regarded the evident melancholy of the boy, would fain have persuaded Steinford to send him again to his native land: no feeling of pity instigated them; they liked not the presence of "the familiar," as he was termed; at their nightly orgies his scornful smile told of his contempt, and again his tearful eye spoke of sorrow for his master.

One night, one eventful night, when, after a crowded ball, Henry conducted a lady, to whom it was said he was to be united, to her equipage, he motioned the Italian to approach, "Thy lady's carriage," he exclaimed; "seek for it Julio: thou must have him for thy page," he continued, addressing his companions: but the boy started forward.

"Nay, nay, it cannot be," he remarked tremulously, "I am no hireling to be transferred at will," and the deep flush on his hitherto palid cheek bespoke his determination.

"Back, back, boy," said Steinford in a tone of anger, thrusting him aside; "you are unmindful of your station."

As he spoke, the countenance of Julio altered; the crimson blood waxed faint; the flashing eye beamed not, the curled lip became still. He would have spoken, but, with a half-suppressed sigh, he turned away to his errand.

"'Tis a strange boy," again spoke Steinford: "I met him at a post-house near Venice, where he told me a lamentable story of his love, and mingling his tale with well-tim-

ed flattery, induced me to engage him." The carriage of lady Roseline M——, was at this moment announced; presently it was gone, and Henry departed. To a gambling-house in——he proceeded: he was now become an adept in fashionable vice, and "Steinford, the gambler," was his usual appellation.

Those who have witnessed the haggard look, the convulsive laugh, the eager impatience, at the fall of the dice, can alone paint the scene which presented itself to the gaze of Steinford; but he heeded it not, and soon was engaged in the game, the stake was large—many thousands; he threw and won. Infuriated at his loss, Henry's antagonist threw again, and again lost. Then it was that the frenzied beggar uttered a maniac yell, as he exclaimed wildly, "My wife—my children—all, all are ruined!—I will not be unrevenged," and with frightful vehemence he hurled a lamp which stood near at his more fortunate adversary: the blow was not doomed to descend on him. The boy, Julio, had entered unobserved: on him the vengeful missile fell; the dark-haired page received the blow.

"Noble boy! my life has been preserved by thee," exclaimed Steinford, and he received the senseless form of the page in his arms. "He does but faint," he continued in a tone of alarm: "Air! air! let him have air: it is only a swoon."

With speed the still lifeless form of Julio was borne to an open window. Steinford tore from his head a black fillet, which the boy had concealed a wound; scar there was none; but on his snowy temple there appeared a deep gash, from which no blood issued.

The handkerchief was now untied, and his vest opened; and, to the astonishment of all present, the miniature of Henry which he had himself tied upon the neck of Roseline met their view.

The fatal truth now rushed with agonizing force upon his heart! it was indeed the faithful Rosline, who breathed her last sigh upon his bosom! struck with remorse at being instrumental to this scene of horror, Henry prayed fervently for Death—this was denied him, for Heaven in mercy gave him a long season for repentance—for several years he lived secluded from the world; and when he died his hopes of forgiveness and a future reunion with his “*first love*” brightened his closing hour.

Saturday Evening.

FEMALE EMPLOYMENT.

WE have considered employment as necessary to preserve our minds in that happy state of equilibrium which is essential to good humour; but we might have taken a more enlarged and formidable view of idleness, and described her effect upon the extremes of society, where she appears the close ally of dissipation and profligacy. For, a perfect inactivity is repugnant to our natures; vice and mischief alike spring from the source of indolence; and when we are not occupied in doing what is right, our frail nature continually urges us to do what is wrong.

With respect to employment, women are more happily circumstanced than the other sex; the important and fatiguing avocations of men necessarily impose seasons of inactivity; and unless among those of a literary turn, there are many hours in a day which a man scarcely knows how to occupy. That useful implement the needle, which is no interruption to the conversation, which does not absolutely chain down attention, and fatigues neither the body nor the mind, is our constant preservation from lassitude; at the same time that in the majority of families it is an invaluable

ally to economy, neatness and elegance. I do acknowledge, that sometimes, when it gets into the hand of a pretty trifler, its productions deserve no better name than laborer's idleness; but the thorough housewife would not exchange it for the cestus of Venus; and she knows how to make it as powerful a talisman to preserve conjugal esteem and domestic order.

I think the goddesses all excelled in the arts of female industry, except the Hoyden Diana; and you know she always continued a spinster. The heroines of old time shone at the loom and distaff, and were so passionately attached to these occupations, that it is even recorded they sighed at being called to look at martial beaux. The history of the fair Nausica proves, that the operation of washing clothes was not only venerable and salutary, but really dignified. The Goddess of Wisdom descends from Olympus to order a princess to superintend the suds; and gives as the ostensible reason, that such a housewife occupation would expedite the time of her nuptials.

But, except in the inferior classes of society, female industry is not compelled to constant diligence in mechanical employment. We are designed to be the companions as well as the helpmates of man; and it is as much our duty to render ourselves conversable and agreeable, by enlightening our minds, as it is to superintend our households, and to endeavour by our personal exertions to conduct every thing with frugality and propriety.

Great caution should be used in the selection of authors from which we receive scientific instruction. French writers have, generally, a pleasant method of conveying information; but many of their works (as also several popular German productions of this kind) are so tinctured with deism, as to be un-

safe preceptors; especially to inexperienced, which is ever more apt to be charmed by wit and elegance, than attentive to argumentative deductions. My knowledge of the sciences is by much too limited to permit me to state what books would be most proper for tyros. I would only advise the young student to make soundness of principle an essential requisite in inquiries of this sort; and never to venture on the perusal of a deistical author (however celebrated,) unless she be guided in her studies by some judicious friend, who will point out the objectionable passages and detect the fallacies which they are intended to support.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

NATIVE SKETCHES, No. XVII.

AUNT TABITHA.

A FEW evenings since, on my return from a large assembly, all the family had retired to rest, excepting my Aunt, who had sat up for me. Aunt Tabitha is a maiden lady, on the wrong side of forty. She possesses a strong and powerful mind, a clear and correct judgment, and a large share of wit, which she sometimes exerts most unmercifully in railing against the follies of the present age. She has frequently censured in me what she calls an extravagant fondness for amusement—and with a temper not much softened by watching so long for my return, she thus began:

“What instruction, or even amusement, can you find, Amantha, in these parties? How much better would it be for you to remain at home, devoting your time to study, or the examination of your own mind,—reflecting on the past, and forming plans for your future conduct! What advantage can you derive from the conversation which you usually hear at gay assemblies? The ladies, after having repeated all

the scandal of the day, and ed their knowledge of the last novels, engagements, and other subjects, equal resting to a cultivated and silent, with folded hands, the order of the evening. At the time, the gentlemen, “of the creation,” to whom are taught to listen for the mark very sagely on the weather, and then, collecting together in small groups, converse on politics, or other subjects congenial to the taste of the hour. Should music be proposed, a lady solicited to perform, she does she get located at the piano, and a piece selected, than silent they were before) the of harmony immediately ceases a conversation at the highest of their voices, which continues until the fair society rises from her seat to receive compliments of the company on her performance. This breach of ‘common good manners,’ can be too severely censured. As for fashionable jargon of a modern party, I had rather listen to the murmur of Babel! What benefit can you derive, dear Amantha, from a society of those ephemeral beings who devote their whole lives to pleasure? Beside, the crowded hall, and the midnight air, are as destructive to health and beauty. You remember my young friend Eliza—she was a beautiful girl—the gayest of the gay, the life of the circle in which she moved, always cheerful, always happy. Her father, proud of her beauty and accomplishments, encouraged her going to places of public amusement, without considering the bad effects it might have, not only upon her mind, but her health, till at length she lost all relish for her former pleasures, owing to their pernicious influence upon her constitution, or finally fell a victim to the dissipa-

tion of late hours, and those exposures of the person which are indispensable in the exhibition of a fashionable belle. Oh! may you be warned by her example!"

Aware as I was that Aunt Tabby's advice was prompted by the best of motives (dashed, however, a little, perhaps, by the sour of disappointed affections) I could not resolve wholly to resign my favourite amusements, and summoning all my eloquence, I thus replied to her remonstrances:

"My dear Aunt, if you will only consider the circumstances of the case, you will no longer accuse me of obstinacy, in not obeying your wishes. You know that I am young—they say handsome!—my disposition is lively, and I am extremely fond of society—where should I seek it, but in parties? And there are some advantages to be derived from attending them. However, I own, I go, not for instruction, but pleasure. For is not youth the season of amusement?—and should we not enjoy it? Should we have no relaxation from study? or ought I to exclude myself entirely from the world, and live like a nun?"

"You mistake my meaning, my dear niece; I would not wish to deprive young persons of any rational amusement, but instruction and amusement should be combined together,—they should go hand in hand with each other; and I would guard against excess, against devoting too much time to pleasure, and neglecting other and more important things. For, is not youth also the season for improvement, and should we not endeavor to profit by it? But I should like to learn what the advantages are to which you allude."

"I think," replied I, "that people's manners may be much improved, by going into company; that they will acquire a confidence in themselves, which will enable them

to appear to better advantage before their friends at home."

"This remark may be true in some cases, Amantha; but I am acquainted with a certain young lady, who would be much more esteemed and beloved by her friends, if she possessed a little more modesty and less forwardness in her manners. But it is generally the case, young persons become bold and forward by going much into society, and lose that modesty which is so becoming to youth of both sexes. Ah, Miss! you may shake your head, and smile incredulously, but I assert that modesty always appears graceful and beautiful in young persons, especially, when before those, who are older than themselves. And can you not improve your manners, by observing those of your superiors at home? It is paying a poor compliment to these friends, to tell them you must go abroad to learn 'good manners.' What other advantages do you derive from frequenting parties?"

"My dear Aunt, your arguments are so strongly opposed to mine, that I am almost afraid to mention any other; yet I confess, I am fond of the appearance of gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen."

"A very rational amusement indeed!—and after those ladies have laboured so hard, to add to their natural beauty, by curls and cosmetics, and the gentlemen have spent half the evening in arranging their hair, or tying a cravat, or in practising at the glass an air of fancied dignity, in order to hide the vacuum of their minds, it would certainly be cruel in you not to go on purpose to admire them! You remind me of two young ladies, who were very constant at church, and on being asked the reason replied, that they went to see the fashions! If such is the pleasure you receive from company, why not as well visit your milliner; where you can have an excellent

chance of seeing and examining freely all the newest fashions, whenever I choose?"

"Do not be so severe, dear Aunt, and I will tell you more—I derive great pleasure from the conversation that I occasionally hear."

"I should like a little specimen of it, Amantha—You were in company with Mr. S. last evening; will you repeat to me the conversation you had with him?"

"Why, I confess, it was not very interesting. Mr. S. is passionately fond of music, a science of which I know nothing; so he talked of flats and sharps, major and minor keys, till the subject, as well as my patience was quite exhausted; he then remained silent for some time, twirling his fingers, till, at length, out of compassion to him, as well as myself, I turned the subject to books, and sought to obtain his opinion of Scott's Napoleon, Irving's Columbus, &c. but soon found he had not even heard of these works! He however, informed me that he had recently been reading a book of *Anecdotes*, which was *very amusing!*"

"A fair specimen, dear Amantha, of the improving results of fashionable conversation—and a most interesting evening you must have had!—in short, I wish I could prevail on you to let this be your maxim: Always seek the society of those who are mentally superior to yourself, and you cannot fail of improvement, not only in your mind, but also in your principles, and manners.

AMANTHA.

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

GASPER STOERI and two of his friends were one day chasing chamois on Mount Limmerin. While they were traversing the snows with that confidence which the idea of perfect safety inspires, Stoeri sunk into a deep abyss of dissolving ice. His friends were horror struck;

they conceived that instant aid awaited him, or that he would survive only to contemplate its inevitable approach, pierce—he was by cold—bruised—being—motionless. Despairing of success, they yet reflected on the means by which they might effect his deliverance. They could not leave him to perish; their struggles to save him would, for a few moments, assuage their agony. They fled to the nearest cottage, which was three miles distant, to procure ropes; none were to be found; a wretched counterpane was the only thing which could prove useful to them; they cut it into strips, and hurried from the cottage.

Poor Gasper was almost perishing when they returned to the brink of the chasm; he lay wedged in the bottom of this rugged, deep, narrow cleft; nearly one-half of his body was plunged in ice-water, and such was the depth of it, that he could not see its bed; with his arms extended on the broken and melting ice, he awaited approaching death. You may picture his situation; but the horrors of his martyrdom must have been for ever confined to his own heart.

He was almost yielding to the excess of his sufferings, and was commending his soul to the Divine, when the voices of his companions fell upon his ears; and, as they spoke, they lowered the bandages which they had fastened together. Although dying a few moments before, the hopes, the near prospect of deliverance, gave him energy and courage, and he was enabled to loosen the bandage round his body. His friends drew him gently from the chasm; he was approaching the verge of the precipice, he had almost embraced his deliverers, when the bandage broke, and he again sunk.

If deliverance was almost hopeless before, what was now poor

Stoeri's situation? One half of the bandage had fallen with him, his blood was freezing, the second shock had almost rendered him insensible: and, to consummate the terrors of his situation, and for the extinction of the last faint spark of hope, one of his arms was broken by the fall. What less than a miracle could save him? With sinking hearts his friends renewed their endeavours to preserve him; the bandage in their hands was again cut, and lowered into the chasm. Can you conceive the pain and distress with which poor Gasper made one last and desperate exertion to save himself, when I inform you, that with one arm he supported himself from sinking, and that with the other, broken as it was, he twisted the bandage round his body, and fastened it! He was thus drawn to the summit of the precipice a second time, and life was ebbing fast from him as he fainted in the arms of his companions. Gasper's friends conveyed him to his cottage; but it was very long before his health and cheerfulness were restored to him.

—
FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

—
ESSAY

ON TRANSMIGRATION.

MUSING one evening on the fanciful doctrine of the Pythagorean School, I came to this conclusion that their is more rationality in that Philosopher's belief in this "transmigration of souls" than is generally admitted; for instance, what can be more natural than to suppose, that if the immortal spirit, after it had "shuffled off this mortal coil" were permitted to choose a second "local habitation," it would assume a form most congenial to its fancy or character?—hence we may conclude that the fop and coquette would probably flutter away their little lives as Butterflies—spreading their gay wings to the summer sun, to attract

the pursuit of the thoughtless or idle, or hovering round the midnight luminary, regardless of the destroying power that lurks within the enchanted circle.

We may recognize the cold formal aristocrat, proudly conscious of his *hereditary* "coat," or splendid equipage, in the solemn strut of the ostentatious Peacock, who foolishly believes that while the world is admiring the gloss of his plumage or the splendours of his tail, no remark is made upon the comparative insignificance of his head!

The Poet, we should think might assume the form of a Swan, but for this reason—the Swan is a 'Bird of the Ocean'—and however natural and proper this transmigration might be for our "naval Poets"—yet our mountain Bards and drawing room "Minstrels," would perhaps feel more "*at home*" borne on the wing of the solitary but melodious Nightingale—who loves to "pour his pensive soul" upon the listening ear of night.

In that discordant animal, who in olden time, embodied with his uncouth figure, the spirit of the vain glorious Midas—we might trace the self complacent Pedant—"Grave without sense o'erflowing—yet not full" or the brainless pretender to literary fame, who needs not the elongated ear or the "whisper of the reeds, to proclaim his affinity to Balaam's monitor.

The vinegar-faced Spinster, who starts at the sight of a child as if its very touch were contagious, and who rails at the dissipation of Husbands—and the extravagance of wives—as the "bugbears" of matrimony, would or ought to croak out her second existence in the shape of a crow—that "bird of fearful omen," from whose visitations, may Heaven defend my dwelling!

It would be a never ending task to enumerate all the human characters who may find their counterpart

in the animal creation, I shall therefore only add, that had I the power of choosing my future mode of existence, I would be—now, what—do you think reader *I would be?* a Goose. Ah! (I hear you exclaim) a very *natural* transformation! stop, my satirical friend—you pay me too *great* a compliment! the “Goose by gabbling *saved a state!*” this, perhaps *I* may never do—though so far as gabbling may go in the cause of truth, I mean to be useful whenever I have the chance.

Yes, let me tell you—the goose is a very good and *respectable* Bird! this I can prove from the moment she breaks her shell, to that proud hour when she figures for the last time upon the christmas “board”! challenging the profound criticism of the classical epicure upon her physical perfections. You should also consider sir, (or madam,) that *even you* are decidedly indebted to the *goose* for all those lucubrations with which you may have honored the literary world, besides which, does she not contribute her wealth to form the couch of luxury? even so—nor does the warrior disdain to adorn his crest with the plumage of her wing, in short my courteous reader, for this very Essay (if indeed you have read it) you are indebted to a Goose. K—

THE MYSTERIOUS FIREMAN

I HAVE thought proper, for various reasons, to lay before the public the following strange and marvellous narrative. My inclination has frequently prompted me to relate the circumstance, which I shall mention as having occurred so long back as 1806—but fearful lest my tale might have been deemed the wanderings of a morbid or inventive fancy, I have suppressed the wish; and most probably what I am about to relate would never have passed the precincts of my own bosom, had not a recent occurrence induced (I

may say compelled) me to lay aside all my previous objections.

When I was twenty-five years of age, which was in 1805, I became a member of one of the few Engine Companies which were then in existence in Philadelphia. The ardor and zeal of the fireman of that period was, I believe, equal to what it is at present; for

“Lightning, thunder-clap, or show’r,”

never deterred the fireman from his duty, and cheerfully did he leave his soft and downy couch, to battle with the fierce and raging elements.—In 1807 a fire broke out, which, in its progress, was very destructive, and defied, for a long time, the utmost efforts of the firemen and citizens. At a few minutes before 12 o’clock, fatigued with the unusual exertions I had made, and having been unwell for a few days past, I had seated myself on a wooden bench which stood at the door of an unoccupied house, a little removed from the scene of destruction.

The combined effect of my indisposition and fatigue was such as to render me insensible to what was passing around. From this stupor I was, however, suddenly aroused, by a grasp on my shoulder, and a voice at the same time exclaiming, “careless fellow awake!” The grasp was so powerful, and the voice so peculiarly penetrating, that in an instant I was on my feet. Indignant at being thus roughly disturbed, my feelings immediately prompted me to seize upon the intruder: throwing, therefore, my body back, and contracting my muscles, that I might spring upon him with the greater violence, I felt myself immovably fixed in that posture; for the just then bursting out in a clear, bright flame, displayed to my sight an object which, from that time to the present, has so engrossed my mind, so harrassed and distressed me, that I have scarcely enjoyed one moment’s tranquillity.—Before me

stood a tall, thin man, wrapped in a dark-coloured great coat—on his head he wore a glazed hat of the ordinary shape, with a gilt cross in front: the few locks of hair which showed themselves were snow-white.

With hands folded across his breast, and eyes intently fixed upon me, he slowly and emphatically said, "Ere the last tremendous conflagration, we shall meet again!" His eyes became insufferably bright, and communicated their brilliancy to the cross upon his hat. At that instant, a large flaming brand from the fire fell between, and enveloped us in smoke. Directly the smoke dispersed, the Mysterious Fireman had vanished, and I fell senseless upon the ground. I was found in this state by some of my friends, who with difficulty could restore me to recollection, and when they did succeed, I alarmed them by the strangeness of my questions, and the wildness of my manner.

The remainder of the night was spent upon a sleepless pillow, and rising in the morning with the strange adventure still strong upon my mind, I inquired of all who I knew were at the fire, if they had met with any thing strange or extraordinary.

But in vain was all inquiry; as far as I could ascertain, none had seen the dreadful Fireman but myself.

In 1812, business carried me to Havre—on the second night after my arrival in that city, a fire, extremely destructive, occurred. A French gentleman boarding in the same house with myself, and with whom I had become intimate, observing my unusual anxiety to see the fire, (for a fearful and unconquerable impulse carried me to every one that happened,) politely offered to accompany me. The fire was a considerable distance from our dwelling, and in crossing a narrow and dimly lighted alley, my companion remarked "what an odd looking man!"—

"Where?" I exclaimed, gazing in every direction. "He has gone down the adjoining street," answered my friend, "but we shall probably meet him at the next turn." A strange feeling came over me, and I hurried forward. When within fifty paces of the corner, my friend observed, "look, there he goes again." I looked, as he directed, and beheld the same Mysterious Fireman whom I had met in Philadelphia in 1807. The tall, thin form—silver locks—dark coat—and as he turned towards us I beheld the same dazzling eye, and glittering cross on his fire-hat; almost speechless, I could but merely exclaim, "follow, oh follow that singular being." Being however, somewhat prepared for the circumstance, for my mind had been eagerly expecting such an event for the last five years, I soon rallied myself, and as my friend had left me, and considering that any effort to find him would prove fruitless, I thought it most prudent to return home. When I arrived there it was just 11 o'clock; to think of closing my eyes before the return of S———was impossible. 'T'welve o'clock struck, yet he came not!—one o'clock! two, three o'clock—yet he did not return. Impatiently, and almost mad from expectation, I paced my apartment—held my watch in my hand, looked at every revolving minute, and fixed my eyes so upon it, that I could distinctly see the motion of the minute hand: half-past three, four o'clock, when the street door opened—I heard his footsteps, and then such was the excited state of my feelings that I could not advance one step to meet him. When he came into my room I attempted to speak, but I could give no utterance to the questions I wished to ask, and the words died upon my lips. He, however, thus addressed me: "I perceive your anxiety, and am sorry that I cannot satisfy your

curiosity; all I can communicate is, that I have conversed with the Mysterious Fireman.—To-morrow I leave France for Calcutta, probably never to return;—in the short intercourse we have had together I have been pleased, and shall ever think of you with regard, and with this expression of my feelings I now bid you an eternal farewell." Upon saying this, he took my hand shook it affectionately, and left the room. His decided and peremptory manner forbade all solicitation, and I sought my bed more perplexed and disturbed than ever. At early daylight he left the place, and I have never seen him since. Six months ago, however, I learnt that he had entered the service of the India Company, had increased in wealth and power beyond all precedent, and was a confirmed and avowed Atheist.

The agitated and feverish condition in which I found myself next day, determined me to keep my chamber. To divert, if possible, my mind, I requested the lady of the house to furnish me with some books for my amusement; she sent me several, among them was one entitled, "A collection of marvelous occurrences, founded on Facts." I had looked carelessly over many pages when my attention was entirely and fearfully engrossed by the "History of the Fire Spirit." Not to fatigue my readers I will give the history in as few words as possible:

In the year 1681 a dreadful fire happened in Germany; a woman who occupied a room in one of the burning buildings, had gone out in the early part of the evening and locked her child in the room; a young man learning the circumstance, with fearless intrepidity dashed through the flames, and by several blows with an axe succeeded in forcing the door. Imagine his surprise when he saw sitting in

the middle of the room, heedless of the blaze and heat with which he was surrounded, a grey headed man, remarkably tall, dressed in the costume of a fireman! His hat was distinguished by a cross of extraordinary brilliancy. The child was dead in the cradle. The book dropped from my hand, and for two months I labored under a violent affection of the nerves.

* * * * *

I have since travelled over many countries—have witnessed many fires, but till within the last week have never met the Mysterious Fireman. On the morning of the 31st of the last month (March) I was awoken by cry of fire: starting from my bed, as I ever do, at that, to me, interesting summons—for without shame I declare, that the last wish I breathe at night is for the raging and triumph of that powerful element, in whose presence only do I expect to see that man, or whatever else it is that so o'errules my destiny. In as short a time as I take to write it, I was dressed and on my way to the scene of conflagration. The burning houses were situated on the banks of the Schuylkill; the distance, however, so far from dampening the ardour of my course hastened it, for I was fearful of being late. But if I had been changed into a statue of brass, I could not have been more firmly fixed upon the ground than I was upon beholding dashing rapidly down Chesnut street, on a fierce charger, the Mysterious Fireman, in appearance precisely as when I last saw him.

The strongest objection which I have always had to make public any of the facts mentioned in this narrative, is now removed.—It was, that none could testify to the truth of what I asserted, but now that difficulty is surmounted, for several persons besides myself witnessed the terrific horse, and his mysterious rider.

S. W.

Philadelphia, April 3d, 1823.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

"We are but the venders of other men's goods."

A fashionable doctor lately informed his friends, in a large company, that he had been passing eight days in the country. "Yes," said one of the party, "it has been announced in one of the journals." "Ah," said the doctor, stretching his neck very importantly, "pray, in what terms?" "In what terms? Why, as well as I can remember, in nearly the following: 'There were last week seventy-seven interments less than the week before.' The doctor's neck was seen suddenly to shrink down, till his head nearly touched his shoulders; and shortly after he was missed from the saloon, to the no small diversion of the company.

Inhuman Exposure.—A little girl about two years of age was found yesterday [Sunday] morning, at four o'clock, asleep in the road, near the Asylum in Arch street. She had on a green bonnet, a white cloak, and a calico frock. A note was found in her bosom stating that her parents had come from England, and were both dead; that the person who had kept the child since could afford to do so no longer, and that her name was "Eliza." She is now in the care of Mrs. Small, corner of Callowhill and Eight streets from Schuylkill.—*Philad. Press.*

A Useful Tool.—The Greek committee of Pittsburg acknowledge the receipt of a *silver watch* from Master James B. Toole, a *boy of about twelve years of age*, with a request that the proceeds may be sent to the starving Greeks!

Dramatic Effect.—A Vermont editor, speaking of the performances of some play-actors in that neighbourhood, says, that one or two of the tragedies were "enough to awaken feelings laboring under the frigidity of the *ninetieth degrec of northern latitude.*"

Bower of Taste.

It is a dull task for "Editors" to *talk* at this season, when there is scarce vitality enough in the atmosphere to enable them to exercise their Physical Powers, to say nothing of brains, and a much duller task it often is to listen to the outpourings of their feverish fancies imbibed within the circumscribed limits of a heated metropolis. Fancies, which actually require the renovating stimulus of a Stage Coach or Steam-boat excursion in order to renew their elasticity, as much as does the delicate "*Dyspeptic*" the ocean breeze, to restore his lost appetite.

"Every body" has gone to the "*Springs,*" or the "*Falls,*" or the "*Mountains,*" or the "*Vallies;*" but "*Nobody*" has yet returned to "Give the world the gleanings of their ramble, As nuts are thrown to monks for a scramble!"

Ergo it is a dull time!—

We have serious fears that the *leaves* of our "*BOWER*" will soon present a greater dearth of intellect than they have yet exhibited (which Heaven forbid!) unless "we follow the multitude to" en hale the salubrious breezes of the "*Hudson,*" or the invigorating waters of the west—in sober prose—we mean to travel *too*, if we can prevail on some kind friend to guard our "*Bower*" awhile, it is true we shall leave no "*Hesperian fruit,*" in his charge, but we may commission him to receive such as may be offered, and arrange it to his own taste, which will probably induce our friends readily to forgive the short absence of *AUGUSTA.*

The Ladies Magazine.—The last number of this work presents us with many interesting articles. Mrs Hales "sketches of American character," particularly those of rural life are always true to nature. We are pleased with "the Belle and Bleu," as also with the Poetry of Helen.

This number contains a finely written biographical sketch of Mrs. *Hannah Adams*, whose likeness in Lithography accompanied the first number of the Ladies Magazine. We are happy to observe that the talents and energies of some of our best writers are exerted to "give honor where honor is due," the personal worth of this lady, and her high claims to literary distinction, have we believe never been "questioned," except by those whose opinions are not worth regarding.

The characteristic modesty with which she declines a public recognition of her talents gives her a stronger title to our respect, without diminishing the interest every Daughter of America should feel in learning the private history of this celebrated woman.

We cannot however forbear expressing our

surprise that Mrs. Hale, with the *amor patria*, which her writings exhibit should consent to adopt an ENGLISH *Error*, however sanctioned by "custom" it may be to make no appella-tive distinction between married, and unmarried ladies, it cannot be correct, nor can we imagine how a false title should confer honor upon any one—we trust that Miss Hannah Adams will confidently transmit her literary fame to the world resting on her own single merits as a Lady, and as an Author.

New-York Mirror contains in the last number a fine song arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte, entitled the "*Impassioned Wave*," as sung by Miss Rock.

A Paris paper thus speaks of Madame Malabran (formerly Signorina Garcia.)

She played *Desdemona* last night at the Italian Theatre. Her improvement since she appeared in London is wonderful. As a tragic actress she is superior to any thing upon the stage, and as a singer her powers are astonishing. She has the style of Pasta, with a voice of great sweetness. In the acting of *Desdemona* she reminds one forcibly of Miss O'Neil, to whom she is certainly not inferior. This is high praise, but it is well merited.—She draws crowded houses, and makes up to M. Laurent the money which he has lost by his English speculation.

With the hope of gratifying some of our Lady readers we extract the following latest fashions from a European Journal; yet we cannot but express our wish that the spirit of independence which is one of the proudest traits of our national character, would influence our ladies with regard to taste, and fashion; what other country can boast a greater proportion of female beauty and talent than ours? Why then should they not be decidedly, the best judges of the style of dress, most favourable to the display of their own peculiar graces? their faculties too are as inventive—why then should they not form their own fashions? the "gems," and the "golden embroidery" of the Parisian Belle may dazzle in a court drawing room, but her costume would ill accord with the frugal principles, and republican simplicity which we profess.

LATEST LONDON FASHIONS.

Evening Dress.—Over a white satin slip, a dress of tulle; a broad bias fold surrounds the border of satin; over which fall Spanish Points of the same material, ornamented highly round the edge with gold, a delicate chainwork of which is placed on the hem of the skirt, near the shoe. The body is of white satin finished down each side of the bust by fichu robin of tulle edged with blond. The sleeves are of tulle à la Marie, the fullness confined by a narrow gold chain; and a

very broad Hindostanee bracelet surrounds the wrist, fastened by an antique cameo head. The *Coffure* is a turban of white satin or with a drooping white feather on the right, and a few short white feathers play over the summit.—The shoes are of white satin.

Carriage Dress.—A high dress of Gros de Naples, of corn flower blue, with the body made high, and a stomacher formed by narrow rokings, with Spanish Points on the outside, next the arms. The border of the skirt is surrounded by a broad bias fold, headed by points, which, as they turn over the bias, stand out distinct from the dress. The sleeves are very full, and a la Marie; the fullness confined by bands of the same material as the dress. Two bracelets encircle each wrist: they are broad, of gold, and are both fastened by a cameo. Round the throat, surmounting the dress is a frill of pointed coils. The hat worn with this costume is white Gros de Naples, tastefully trimmed with gauze and blond, and ornamented with bird-of-Paradise yellow ribbons, and the blue flower "Forget-me-not." Two small marabout feathers, with a roset of yellow ribbon, are placed on the right side, under the brim; three of these feathers very short, and forming a panache, are placed on the same side, at the summit of the crown, and one feather, rather longer, droops over the left side of the brim. The strings are of yellow ribbon, are very broad, and fastened very backward under the brim, they float over the shoulders as low as the hips. The ear-pendants are of gold, and half hoots, of corn flower blue curded silk, complete the dress.—*La Belle Assemblée.*

TOASTS.

The Ladies—like clouds—beautiful at a distance.

A lady being told that the above toast was given at a late Bachelor meeting, on being presented with a glass of wine by one of the fraternity who had lately married gave the following

The Bachelors—like clouds mutable and changing—"the wind passeth over them and they are gone!"

ERRATA.

The compositor would apologize for not observing the Editors erasure of these two words "*and Beasts*," in the "*Essay*" of the last number, see p. 459 line 9th.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE, is Published every Saturday, by DUTTON & WENTWORTH, (formerly State Printers,) Nos. 1, and 4 Exchange-Street, Boston, who are authorized to transact all business relative to the Printing and circulation of this work. All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor.—[] All letters must be Post paid.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

TO C.—

There was a time I lov'd thee well,—
When no one shar'd my love with thee;
Thy smile was like a magic spell
For thou wert *then* the world to me!
* * * * *

Thou say'st—“ *I love thee now*”—too late
Has this, thy frank confession come;
I cannot *now* reciprocate
Those feelings thou didst once disown.

“ I lov'd thee *then* as thou didst me :”—
This, once, was all I wish'd to know ;
Yet now, I dare not hear from thee,
What I no longer wish was so.—

Oh, say not that thou lov'st me *now*—
To say thou *didst*, but pains me more ;
Oh, that thou *once* hadst made this vow,
And I but known the truth before.

The *word* I pass'd has been believ'd,
The *vow* I made has been approv'd,
The *hand* I offer'd was received,
The one who lov'd is *now* belov'd !

The heart I pledg'd—no more is mine
I cannot one fond wish command,
Nor can I offer at thy shrine—
Who gave me hers, has now my hand !

TO AUGUSTA.

Lady—accept this tributary wreath,
 Twined from the wild flowers of my native vale,
 Although no fragrant odours from it breathe,
 To scent the “evening breeze,” or “morning gale;”—

Its buds are fresh, as those of richer hue,
 That spread their beauties in the gay pasture—
 The same bright ray, the same refreshing dew
 Bade them expand as pure, though not as fair.

'Tis friendships offering from a grateful heart,
 The pledge of many a well remembered hour,—
 Although it may no graceful charm impart—
 Still let it live within *Augusta's* “BOWER.”

OPHELIA.

SONNETTA.

I lately walked abroad. 'Twas morning's hour,
 And nature ne'er was lovelier. I'd seen the sun
 But a short season since, when, having run
 His bright, majestic, daily course of power,
 He slowly, calmly, sunk unto his glareous—to rest,
 While burnished clouds gilded the blushing west.

But now again, in majesty he shone ;
 As o'er the ocean's bosom he was wheeling ;
 He seem'd, The King of Light, upon his throne,
 His regal splendour gloriously revealing.
 He glanced upon the rustling forest-leaves,
 Dancing amid the breeze of early day—
 While sparkling with the dew, each leaf receives
 A rich peculiar tint, from his bright ray.

—TI—

BRIGHT FLEETING MOMENTS.

There are moments in life when the heart is at ease,
 When the thrill of delight and the whispers of peace,
 Come over our thought like the fragrant gale,
 That borrows its sweets from the flowery vale.
 Like the breeze as it sports the gay blossoms among—
 Or the streamlet that murmurs so gently along,
 Heaving beneath the cool zephyr's fond sigh,
 And kissing the flowers as it softly glides by.
 Oh! these are the moments we ne'er can forget!
 Though sorrow may cast a dark shade o'er us, yet
 The heart will still cling to that magical urn,
 Where the incense of feeling, undying shall burn,
 Blending its flame with the breath of those flowers—
 That wreath the gay circle of youth's happy hours.

F.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



“ With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
“ We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,”—PAINÉ.

The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....AUGUST 2, 1828. No. 31.

VISIT OF AN ENGLISH LADY TO THE IMAM OF MUSCAT.

I MUST not omit to record the merits of my very good friend the Imam. I take him to be a mirror of hereditary sovereigns, legitimate, orthodox, and friendly to repose. With any thing of the enterprising spirit of his heretical neighbours, it would be no difficult matter for him to make himself master of the Gulph. Nevertheless he is possessed of personal bravery, considerable liberality of mind, and great courtesy of manners. In fact, he was the only Asiatic I ever saw, who gave me the idea of what is conveyed by the English term gentleman. I think he was this, as completely as nature could make; and was altogether a very princely person. I went once to visit him; and novel and strange as such a guest must have been, it was curious to observe how native courtesy pointed out to him every attention which the most polite European could have paid. Diffi-

cult as it was in such circumstances not to be awkward, he displayed throughout, the most admirable self-possession and gracefulness. In order to appreciate the difficulty of the task, you must imagine the feelings of a man who had all his life been waited on by a woman, but who probably was never before called upon to pay the slightest attention to one. I remember being afterwards questioned by some of the ladies of Muscat, as to who attended me when I went to see the Imam's family; and upon my answering 'Seyd Said' (the usual title of the Imam among the Arabs,) they burst into a loud laughter—so strange a thing did the fact appear to them. As for the ladies of this part of the world, I could tell of 'Persia's eyes of full and fawn-like ray,' and of Arab beauties under the weight of whose charms 'a camel would groan,' as one of their coun-

trymen and ardent admirers assured me. But you shall have a more detailed account of my visit to the Imam. His Highness received us at the door of his house, which was once a Portuguese monastery; and conducted us into a room where we found chairs arranged in a row, on each side. I sat down on the second in the row; upon which the Imam intimated his desire that I should take the seat nearest the door, which seems to be the place of distinction for the same reason as in England the one furthest from the door, or because it is the most comfortable. Coffee was handed round, then sherbet in silver cups and saucers, and afterwards another sort of sherbet flavored with rose-water. After sitting for some time, during which the Imam spoke very feelingly upon the fatal effects of a plurality of wives in filling the house with factions and disputes, it was proposed that I should proceed into the harem. I was prepared for this visit, as it had been intimated to me that the ladies were very curious to see me; but I was little surprized at seeing the Imam prepare to accompany me. He conducted me up a broad staircase to the top of the house, where in a small apartment covered with a very handsome Persian carpet was seated his wife, surrounded by her slaves, a crowd of women of all nations and complexions. She rose to receive us; but of her beauty there was no opportunity of judging, as her face was concealed by an embroidered mask, and her figure by a quantity of cumbrous drapery. From the chin to the waist she was literally cased in jewels. Her garments were red, bordered with gold, and she had an amber-coloured Cashmere shawl thrown over her head, which as the heat of the day increased, she exchanged for a very beautiful one of thin purple muslin with a rich border of gold. The

furniture of the room consisted of the before-mentioned carpet, some chairs and couches, and a table which looked as if it might have belonged to the Portuguese, and which I imagine was placed there temporarily for my accommodation. It had been likewise covered with a piece of white cloth, and upon this, breakfast was placed; in the arrangement of which the Imam took a very active part, placing many of the dishes with his own princely hands. The breakfast was excellent, consisting of roasted fowls, pillaws, &c. with a quantity of sweetmeats and fruit, and two or three sorts of sherbet. The cups and plates were of handsome English china, but of every sort and size; the spoons were of silver, and the knives and forks new and handsome. These last mentioned articles are quite useless in an Arab family, as people of all ranks use only their fingers in eating. After breakfast, which nobody partook of but my little boy and myself, the Imam departed, saying he would come for me in an hour or two. The ladies rose and continued standing while he walked out of the room; and then resuming their seats with an appearance of ease and comfort very different from their previous constrained and formal manner, they began talking with great volubility. An old Persian lady who was of the party, immediately laid aside her veil, but the Arab women retained their masks, notwithstanding my request to be favoured with a sight of their countenances. They were very curious in examining my dress, and the old lady I really feared was proceeding to undress me. They invited me to bathe, which was rather an unexpected piece of politeness, and I suspected was suggested by their desire to extend their examination of my garments. Upon my declining it, a little gold box of antimony was produced, with a gold-

on wire attached to it by a chain, and they begged that I would at least allow them to *paint my eyes* which they assured me would very much improve my looks. The old lady tried to tempt me by describing the effect which my eyes thus adorned would have on the gentlemen when I went down to them. One of the slaves who spoke Hindostanee acted as interpreter. I asked her how the ladies occupied themselves during the day; if they worked or read. She said, 'no, they *sat down*—that was all.' They gave me a specimen of their amusements, by bringing a little slave girl, who squatted down, and in that posture jumped about in order to make a large cockatoo imitate her motions. After some time the Imam returned, and upon my signifying that I wished to depart, he said that a horse and palanquin were waiting for me, and I could take which I chose. His wife then brought a gold box with *atar* of roses and perfumed my clothes, and sprinkled me with rose water, and I took my leave. The Imam accompanied me down stairs, and put me into the palanquin, shutting the doors to keep out the sun, with all the attentive civility of a European gentleman.

From the Imam's house I expected to have been carried to that of his secretary and minister. However, upon ascending a steep and narrow staircase, at the foot of which the palanquin had been set down, I found a lady waiting to receive me. She was a Persian, and wore neither mask nor veil. The head-dress was a sort of gold tiara of very elegant form, from which a transparent drapery, edged with gold, gracefully fell in folds till it swept the ground; and her dark hair plaited in innumerable braids reached below her knees. She took me by the hand and led me into a room filled with women, both Arabs and Persians; the fact being that all the lady's ac-

quaintance had taken this opportunity of satisfying their curiosity. Here there was a second breakfast, and my little boy and I were obliged to exert ourselves to do honour to it, though, after all, our efforts fell far short of the expectations of the ladies, who expressed their surprise at seeing us eat so little, accompanied by many exhortations to us not to be bashful. Their manners were civil and good natured, but riotously mirthful. Another pot of antimony was produced, and I was obliged to defend my face with my hands to prevent my eyes from being blacked. They were determined to perform the operation upon my little boy; who took it as a great affront, and resisted with all his might. I found that my hostess was the principle wife of the minister; in which place I should observe that every wife has generally a separate house, and the husband another. Her manners were more pleasing and courteous than those of the Arab ladies I had left; a superiority which I observed in all the Persian women. She had not only her eyes blacked with antimony, but her eye-brows painted with the same preparation, the lines being extended so as to meet, and at the junction branching into an ornament something like a fleur-de-lis. A blueish spot on each side of the mouth, in size rather less than a sixpence, and I think a smaller one on the chin, seemed to have been done by some operation like tattooing.—Unfortunately for all these ornaments, the day was very warm, and the moisture consequent thereupon had brought off the black paint, which trickled down her face in a very unsightly manner. From this house I was carried to the house occupied by the minister himself, where I found the Europeans of our party. There I was invited to visit another wife. I was in terrible fear of a third breakfast; however, she

contended herself by producing tea. There is a Persian saying, that a man to live happily, should have the wine of Shiraz, the bread of Yendicas, and a wife from Yezd.—This lady was a native of Yezd, and had only been in Muscat three months. I remember she complained of the climate, and seemed altogether not very well satisfied with her situation. She had a handsome Jewish face, with a brunette complexion, and the most beautiful eyes I ever beheld. They were not blacked as usual, but indeed no painting could have added any thing to the blackness of their long silken lashes. But the most amusing visit I paid, was after I was better acquainted with some of the Arab ladies. During this visit I succeeded in prevailing on them to indulge me with a sight of their faces. They would not pull off their masks themselves, but they allowed their companions to go behind them and untie the string. And then such an exhibition of bashfulness and modesty took place. They covered their faces with their hands, and some of them threw themselves on the floor. But after all, there seemed to be no occasion, for any extraordinary beauty that was in them. In truth, my expectations being excited, I was sadly disappointed. They had dingy complexions, and large hooked noses, and their hair cut short and strait over the forehead, as the maid servant used to wear her's in the days of our youth.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

THE inhabitants of mountain regions are much more sensibly affected by any circumstance which reminds them of their native land, when sojourning in a foreign soil, than the natives of plains and flat countries. They are a race inured to hardier habits, to fiercer exertions,

and altogether to a bolder and more masculine mode of life than the inhabitants of places more easily brought under the power of cultivation. The sublime scenery, too, by which they are surrounded—the precipices, the torrents, caverns, glens, and all the grandeur of the eternal mountains—the mists that suddenly come on, covering all things like a rolling ocean, and as rapidly dispersed before a flood of light—the gorgeous and gloomy vicissitudes of clouds—the thunder pouring its supernatural voice, answered by a thousand echoes—the storm that, collected within the deep defiles, rushes with head long fury towards the champaign—all these and more, that speak the wildest emotion of nature, fill the mind with a kind of poetic fervor, that makes local attachments more fascinating than they can become from the influence of more regulated and cold associations. This poetic feeling, added to the buoyancy of fine spirits, arising from that elastic heath which temperance, toil, and a pure atmosphere inspire, gives the mountaineer more enterprize and imagination than other people. That enterprize tempts him to leave his country, but imagination soon calls him back to it: whether prosperous or unfortunate, in sickness or health society or solitude—the sound of a wild air, which he heard among his native hills, penetrates his soul like the waiting of his country.—It carries him in remembrance to those majestic summits where his infancy was rocked amid the war of elements—to the torrents whose gushing melody he loved—to the blossomed heath over which he bounded in the chase; and the green and lonesome dell, where he reposed from his fatigue—his panting dog beside him. Such recollections arise in the bosom of the Swiss adventurer, when that wild and melancholy strain, the *Rans des Va-*

ches, reminds him, in the midst of civilized countries, and populous cities, of that rude home to which his heart is bound by this mysterious charm of nature, and he flings off all artificial ties, to regain once more, the scenes of simple pleasures and stern independence,

“——as the child whom scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the nurse's breast ;
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native hills the more.”

Impressions, sometimes as strong, but always powerful, are produced upon the mind of the Scotch or Irish Highlander in distant climes, when a favourite Highland air brings to his imagination those “banks and braes,” which a fond fidelity to the name of country has dearly consecrated, by a sort of religious remembrance.

It is not the power of music—it is not the eloquence of song that does this, though it has been so stated ; but it is that powerful influence of association, which music, heard in early life, in the midst of scenes that exert over us something like a moral enchantment, calls into action, touching the purest chords of our affections, not by mere power of sweet sounds, but by the train of circumstances connected with them, awakening a sad and delicious memory.

Saturday Evening.

THE FUNERAL.

“The sable carriage approached a newly opened grave, and halted.—Its precious burden was taken down and deposited in the narrow house. The wood, which contained and concealed it, inanimate and senseless, was an object of dear and tender interest, from the use to which it was devoted, and claimed a parting gaze. The train clustered around the grave, with aching hearts and tearful eyes, to look their last farewell. Nature aided their grief.

Surrounding objects wore a pensive aspect ; for though the ‘king of day’ had yet some distance to travel, before he should reach the western horizon, still the thick wood, which encircled the spot, intercepted his rays, and cast a sombre shade over this abode of the dead, producing what might literally he called the ‘twilight of the grave.’ The group and the scenery were a fit subject for the poet or the painter ; but a higher inspiration was there.

The bereaved husband stood at the head of the grave, which had just ‘taken the new treasure to its trust,’ the ‘relics’ of his ‘bosom’s wife’ and the mother of his little ones. It was a moment of pleasing, painful recollection—of oppressive and triumphant anticipation according as the thoughts rested on time or eternity, matter or spirit, the orphanage of beloved children, or the freed spirit of their now sainted mother, and the hour when, faith whispered, ‘we shall meet again.’ To him no life could be so desirable, as that which had fled. The conflicting emotions, the remembrances and forecasts of that memorable hour, can be conceived in all their overwhelming effect by those only, who have had similar experience. He uncovered his head, a breathless silence reigned through the sympathizing multitude, whose eyes were all now turned to the *chief mourner*, that they might read on his countenance the indications of what was passing within. There was a powerful struggle of nature ; but faith triumphed. He broke the silence—and said, with a voice, firm, indeed, but so far mellowed with grief, as to convey a sentiment with tenfold effect to the heart—‘My friends !—May we never enter this grave yard, to deposit the remains of a fellow creature, without remembering that the day is coming, when *all that are in their graves SHALL HEAR THE VOICE OF THE SON OF*

GOD, *and COME FORTH!* they that have done good, unto the *resurrection of life*; and they that have done evil, unto the *resurrection of condemnation.*”

AMERICANS IN ITALY,

A FRAGMENT.

A POLICE officer stopped the Diligence in a square at the entrance of Turin, and demanded our passports. “Are you all military?” inquired one of the police. “No, but we are all Piedmontese, except a Roman and two Americans.”—“Americans!” said the officer with some surprise, “where are they?” and he stepped forward with much curiosity expressed in his countenance, as if he had expected to see some whimsical specimen of human nature from a distant corner of the world, and was forming in his own mind a savage according to the best of his knowledge, of a mixture of skins and gew-gaws. When he saw however, that we were white and wore clothes,—in short, that we looked like Christians and Piedmontese, he shrunk abashed; and making a most apologizing bow, instantly retired. The news had spread among those about us, that there were actually two living Americans in the Diligence; and several heads were successively thrust in at the windows, as if it had been a den of wild beasts, bringing staring eyes and gaping mouths almost into our faces. But they retreated as precipitately as if a lion had roared, and this only seemed to increase the curiosity of those behind, for nobody who obtained the wished-for sight was heard to utter a single word, but each retired with precipitation. It was with difficulty we restrained our laughter, though it must be acknowledged, that it was not very gratifying to be taken for a monster until the opposite is proved. There were howev-

er, a large proportion who evidently knew something of America, and advanced with more suppressed curiosity, and much respect, as towards the representatives of a country they considered the happiest on earth, and to men born and educated among political privileges and blessings far, very far, superior to those to which they were aspiring. Their thoughts had been so long employed about freedom, that the very name of a republic awakened their feelings in an instant.

A WEST INDIA HURRICANE.

As the sun went down, the atmosphere assumed a gloomy appearance; and though no breath of wind was yet stirring, and the ship lay listless and unmanageable on the heaving ocean; yet the top sails were reefed, and the courses close hauled up. During the first watch the weather still looked more portentous, and there was but one ominous interruption to the darkness which had spread around it: it was

“A little gloomy light, much like a shade.”

which hung over a dreary spot on the western horizon. A gentle breeze from that direction presently filled the sails, and the gallant ship began to breeze the waves, and throw up their white fringes against her varnished bows. ‘Haul on board the fore tack!’ called the officer of the watch; and instantly the released sail fluttered in the increasing breeze; but scarcely was it set, when a sudden glare of lightning, broad and bright, illuminated the whole concave arch of the heavens, and showed the ropes penciled in gilded strings among the tall masts and gleaming sails. Then came a tremendous crash of thunder, and the rain fell fast and in large drops. ‘Luff!’ cried the officer, as the ship began to feel her canvas; but no sooner was the order issued than there was a rush of wind upon the

waters, and the ship heeled almost on her beam ends, trembling under the force of the gust, and roared among the tackling. 'Let fly the topsail sheets!—up with the helm!' vociferated the same voice that had before called 'Luff!' but the loud blast, howling amidst the gloom, drowned all less powerful sounds. Then came the tempest whirl, and took the sails back, the topmast went by the board, and the whelming brine rushed over the decks, sweeping the unprepared to a watery grave. One sudden flash of light showed them struggling with the stifling waves, and then they were forever hidden by their curling tops, which sparkled in the deep obscurity of night.

The hurricane soon passed away, but left this late so beauteous an object, this work of art, a wreck upon the troubled water.

Day-light came, and all was calm and still; while the remainder of the harassed crew, so recently poised 'twixt life and death, were again at work, with cheerful voice, equipping their floating home.—[Tales of the sea.]

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

ESSAY.

"Women have no business to meddle with literature."

ANONYMOUS.

THIS is an idea of many who utter it to exhibit the superiority of man over woman, if not in intelligence, yet in assertion. When the slightest effort is made by the female sex to revel in those glorious floods of intellectuality, which some men would appropriate exclusively to themselves, they are rebuffed and bid, in the words of old King Jamie, "Go spin, jade, go spin." They are allowed to *feel* the splendor of that glorious Heaven and earth which their God has spread around them; but yet forbidden to describe the effects which they produce on their minds and souls. They are allowed

to wander through the rich fields which genius has spread and education cultivated; but they must be dumb in praise,—look only, but speak not. The cliff, cataract, moon-beam and all that kindles poesy in the soul may be allowed to rest in the feeling heart of woman, but the utterance of those emotions thus excited belongs not to them, but is the sole prerogative of lordly man. In science also, snarlers stand like watch dogs to bark away woman from ground consecrated by male vanity to man alone. "Blue stocking," a term invented, like the man-traps and spring-guns of England, to keep the fair from poaching upon man's manor of literature, is hurled against every individual of the softer sex, who attempt to investigate the theory of light, or to throw any new information over questionable positions, or to aid the progress of investigation. Female intellect or information upon subjects which agitate the realms of philosophy are deemed, inconsistent, with the more sublime art of manufacturing a pudding; and poetry, in woman, is deemed wholly adverse to the science of darning a stocking.

True it may be, that woman has her sphere of usefulness, and that domestic duties are primary in her walk of life. But among her sweetest, her best allurements, is that of charming the fireside of her husband,—of educating virtuously and in refinement her children,—of directing to pure sources their search after the refreshing waters of literature. How can these objects be better acquired than by cultivating that intellect with which nature has endowed her? What better book is there in which an attentive and affectionate husband can read the bright characters of true happiness, than in perusing them as they shine forth on the tablet of his partner's cultivated intellect? What better cheers the passing of a winter's eve,

than "the hour of sweet converse e'en to angels dear," which is held with the one who has industriously gathered garlands in the garden of *belles lettres*, and strung together pearls caught from the sea of mind, to bring as an offering for the hour of loneliness? Who directs the inquiry of the child? A mother. Who instils an early love of knowledge? A mother. Whose advice is first received and latest remembered?—A mother's. And should not that mother be qualified by mind and education to inculcate precepts which are to endure so long? which are to be so blessed or banned in their consequences? But forsooth it is said, a woman's sphere is in her kitchen, and her usefulness confined to the formation of a pastry—all beyond this is in legal parlance, "travelling out of the record," and as *outré* as to dash out at a review with sword and spurs, or head the forlorn hope at the storming of a city!

But who are they who would decry knowledge in a woman, and as far as possible make true by discountenancing inquiry, the Mahomedan maxim, that "women are destitute of souls?" They are the echoists of surly sentiments, uttered in barbarous ages, and attempted to be perpetuated by modern ignorance.—They come down to us with the stamp of vandalism on their front, and the envious, the depraved and the silly shout, "este perpetuam." The younger whippers-in of male literature, yelp out against female accomplishment, and ape in noise the elder hounds who long since opened the cry. There is affectation in the reasoning applied to stay the march of feminine research, which even its authors disbelieve, and which their own better judgments discountenance.

This age seems to be willing to discard those notions which have so long disgraced the polite world, and

woman is allowed to go abroad from that prison once assigned her, into the intellectual world, and while she does not neglect domestic duties, is suffered to wander by the stream, gather the flowers of poesy in the forest, drink deep draughts of inspiration from nature, and strew her collected riches in the path of the intellectual traveller. The hand presenting the gift, is not dashed aside because it is fair—the garland is not trampled upon, because beauty has breathed upon it—and the harp of Poesy is not rudely broken for the reason that woman's fingers have swept its strings and brought forth sweet notes of eloquent music. Still there are a few grumblers and snarlers left among us, who like Diogenes, delight in bitterness, or rather like the Turk, take pleasure in defacing every thing fair and beautiful, unless it was erected by a follower of Mahomet. Let such snarl on—but it were better for them to exhibit their own superiority to woman, whom they affect to despise, by superior acts of virtue, by a more distinct and higher excellence in literary attainment, and by a fair exhibition to the world of a more thorough intellectual endowment, than by attempting by stale witticisms to frighten or deride woman from her pursuit of knowledge as she steals timidly along the highway, of reason, which God has made free alike to the souls of all. Is it not far more manly, to guide the steps of the weak, to extend the arm of support to the fairer sex when they totter on their journey, than to sneer at their success or shout at their trembling? Is one less a man of intellect that he encourages the exertions of woman, who wishes to tread the same path with him, to enjoy the same beauties which reason and nature have spread out before each, and as far as her weaker strength will permit, to braid in her hair a lesser garland from those

flowers which man may have passed by unheeded? Oh no: it cannot be thus—chivalry has not yet forgotten the hand that bestowed the prize of victory, and he indeed must be a literary churl who could causelessly strike with his mailed hand the unguarded brow of woman. Wherefore let those of the fair who tremble when they touch the lyre, or shudder when they bring the literary offering to the altar of public opinion, remember that there are knights in the arena who will, if not prove champions in the tourney, yet assuredly protect them from insult should their gift be unsuccessful.

AN EX-BACHELOR.

SKETCH.

A PORTAL of the arena opened, and the combatant, with a mantle thrown over his face and figure, was led in, surrounded by the soldiery. The lion roared, and ramped against the bars of his den at the sight. The guard put a sword and buckler into the hands of the Christian, and he was left alone. He drew the mantle from his face, and bent a slow and firm look round the Amphitheatre. His fine countenance and lofty bearing raised an universal sound of admiration. He might have stood for an Apollo encountering the Python. His eye at last turned on mine. Could I believe my senses! Constantius was before me!

All my rancor vanished. An hour past I could have struck the betrayer to the heart; I could have called on the severest vengeance of man and Heaven to smite the destroyer of my child. But, to see him hopelessly doomed; the man whom I had honoured for his noble qualities, whom I had even loved, whose crime was at the worst but the crime of giving way to the strongest temptation that can bewilder the heart of man; to see this noble creature flung

to the savage beast, dying in tortures, torn piecemeal before my eyes and his misery wrought by me, I would have obtested earth and heaven to save him. But my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. My limbs refused to stir. I would have thrown myself at the feet of Nero; but I sat like a man of stone—pale, paralysed—the beating of my pulses stopt—my eyes alone alive.

The gate of the den was thrown back, and the lion rushed in with a roar and a bound, that bore him half across the arena. I saw the sword glitter in the air; when it waved again, it was covered with blood. A howl told that the blow had been driven home. The lion, one of the largest from Numidia, and made furious by thirst and hunger, an animal of prodigious power, crouched for an instant as if to make sure of his prey, crept a few paces onward, and sprang at the victim's throat. He was met by a second wound, but his impulse was irresistible, and Constantius was flung upon the ground. A cry of natural horror rang round the amphitheatre. The struggle was now for instant life or death. They rolled over each other, the lion reared upon his hind feet, and, with gnashing teeth and distended talons, plunged on the man; again they rose together. Anxiety was now at its wildest height. The sword swung round the champion's head in bloody circles. They fell again, covered with blood and dust. The hand of Constantius had grasped the lion's mane, and the furious bounds of the monster could not lose the hold; but his strength was evidently giving way; he still struck terrible blows, but each was weaker than the one before; till, collecting his whole force for a last effort, he darted one mighty blow into the lion's throat, and sunk. The savage yelled, and spouting out blood, fled howling round the arena. But

the hand still grasped the mane and his conqueror was dragged whirling through the dust at his heels. A universal outcry now arose to save him, if he were not already dead. But the lion, though bleeding from every vein, was still too terrible, and all shrunk from the hazard.—At last the grasp gave way, and the body lay motionless upon the ground.

What happened for some moments after I know not. There was a struggle at the portal; a female forced her way through the guards, rushed in alone and flung herself upon the victim. The sight of a new prey roused the lion; he tore the ground with his talons; he lashed his streaming sides with his tail; he lifted up his mane, and bared his fangs. But his approach was no longer with a bound; he dreaded the sword, and came snuffing the blood on the sand, and stealing round the body in circuits still diminishing.

The confusion in the vast assemblage was now extreme. Voices innumerable called for aid. Women screamed and fainted; men burst into indignant clamours at this prolonged cruelty. Even the hard hearts of the populace, accustomed as they were to the sacrifices of life, were roused to honest curses. The guards grasped their arms, and waited but for a sign from the emperor. But Nero gave no sign.

I looked upon the woman's face. It was Salome! I sprang upon my feet. I called on her name; I called on her by every feeling of nature to fly from that place of death, to come to my arms, to think of the agonies of all that loved her.

She had raised the head of Constantius on her knee, and was wiping the pale visage with her hair.—At the sound of my voice she looked up, and calmly casting back the locks from her forehead, fixed her eyes upon me. She still knelt; one hand supported the head, with the

other she pointed to it, as her only answer. I again adjured her. There was the silence of death among the thousands round me. A fire flashed into her—her cheek burned. She waved her hand with an air of superb sorrow.

'I am come to die,' she uttered in a lofty tone.—'This bleeding body was my husband. I have no father. The world contains to me but this clay in my arms.' Yet, and she kissed the ashy lips before her, 'yet, my Constantius, it was to save that father, that your generous heart defied the peril of this hour. I was to redeem him from the hand of evil, that you abandoned our quiet home!—yes, cruel father, here is the noble being that threw open your dungeon, that led you safe through the conflagration, that to the last moment of his liberty, only thought how he might preserve and protect you.' Tears at length fell in floods from her eyes. 'But,' said she, in a tone of wild power, 'he was betrayed, and may the Power whose thunders avenge the cause of his people, pour down just retribution upon the head that dared—'

I heard my own condemnation about to be pronounced by the lips of my child. Wound up to the last degree of suffering, I tore my hair, leaped upon the bars before me, and plunged into the arena by her side. The height stunned me; I tottered a few paces and fell. The lion gave a roar and sprang upon me. I lay helpless under him. I felt his fiery breath—I saw his lurid eye glaring. I heard the gnashing of his white fangs above me.

An exulting shout arose. I saw him reel as if struck: gore filled his jaws. Another mighty blow was driven to his heart. He sprang high in the air with a howl. He dropped; he was dead. The amphitheatre thundered with acclamations.

With Salome clinging to my bo-

som, Constantius raised me from the ground. The roar of the lion had roused him from his swoon, and two blows saved me. The falchion was broken in the heart of the monster. The whole multitude stood up, supplicating for our lives in the name of filial piety and heroism. Nero, devil as he was, dared not resist the strength of the popular feeling. He waved a signal to the guards; the portal was opened; and my children, sustaining my feeble steps, and showered with garlands and ornaments from innumerable hands, slowly led me from the arena.

EDWARD AND ELLEN.

[From the Philadelphia Album.]

"Tis but a home where all must sleep;
Change which to all must come—
A curtain which o'er all must spread
Its deep, unfathom'd gloom!"

It was in the summer of 18—, that I left, early in the morning the busy wharves of Albany, in the Steam-Boat —, for New York. It was in the "leafy month of June" and nature was dressed in the rich garniture of summer. For myself I was in ecstasy; I was ever an admirer of nature, and in no place in America is she seen in such alternate wildness, sweetness, and tranquil beauty, as along the banks of the majestic Hudson. Far to the South, blending with the pure sapphire of the sky, lay the immense Catskill—little villages—sloping woodlands—pretty farm-houses, and snug country-seats, lined the verdant shores we were passing, and smiled out in all their beautiful dresses, beneath the influence of a morning sun, and a cloudless sky. But why should I attempt to describe, what others have described so much better before me? The genius of Washington Irving has thrown a charm over the scenery of the Hudson, in his inimitable Sketch Book—and it is my advice, that if the reader has not perused this work of our highly

gifted countryman he should forthwith put himself in possession of the same. But to return to my subject, I was not alone in my admiration of those beautiful scenes through which I was passing; and among those I noted as the most enthusiastic in their expressions of gratification, were a young married couple—all life and gaiety, and happiness. The young man stood with his fair, youthful companion upon his arm, reconnoitering the shores with his telescope, and pointing out objects of interest to his fond, confiding wife. "Look yonder Ellen," said the young man affectionately, as we were moving along the broad expanse of the Tappaanzee, "how should you fancy a dwelling in that little spot, where those willows lie drooping over the water, with that little red roofed white house in the rear of that green sloping lawn? Is it not delightful?" The reply was made in a low tone, as she looked up sweetly in his face,—“With *you* my dear Edward, I could be happy any where—but how happy we could live in such a quiet, beautiful spot as this?” “Just look” added she, laying her white hand on his arm, “at the gentle slope back of the garden, and that silver stream that meanders along into the river.” While they were standing, leaning against the low, white railing of the Steam-Boat, engaged in earnest conversation, I turned to look at some object of interest on the opposite shore, and was lost for a moment in silent contemplation of the beautiful scene, which spread like enchantment before me, when a piercing shriek—an agonizing cry burst upon my ear. I hastened to learn the cause. The crowd of passengers were hurrying to the stern of the boat, whose ponderous wheels were still in motion, and I now saw a female form, struggling in their foamy wake. The form of a man was seen vainly striving to

lend her assistance; but he was evidently no swimmer, and with much ado kept himself from sinking. At length the Steam-Boat was stopped—the small boat was lowered, and hastily rowed towards the sufferers. Good Heavens! It was the happy couple, who but a moment before, I had almost envied, as they drank in the beauties of nature, and revelled in each other's young affection.—She had risen upon the railing to obtain a more distinct view of some object of interest, and had fallen over-board! But assistance came *too late!* The husband was rescued from his perilous situation! but he saw his fond companion turn upon him a look of dying love—an agonizing farewell glance, “struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection.”—The look was but for a moment; she sunk, and quickly rose again to the surface, and as she

“Grasped at nothing”

with disappearing hands, again went down into the abyss of waters, and rose no more! * * * * *

It is not meet I should dwell upon this mournful subject. Kind reader! would it not become us to reflect how soon some unforeseen accident may remove us from “the things that be?”—how numberless and how varied the dangers which beset the changeable pathway of human life? The traveller who journeys down the Hudson may mark a white marble monument standing upon the bank of the river, in the vicinity of the Tappaansee, beneath an overhanging willow, the long branches of which have the placid water below. It tells the fate of the unfortunate lady, whom I have endeavoured to set before the reader in my sketch. It was erected by the father of the young man who *was* her happy husband, but who is *now* broken-hearted—whose life has become a blank, and whose “memory is a broken chain.”

And his melancholy look—the vacant, and unearthly expression of his once mild blue eye—his youth—his pale and wild, though interesting countenance, extort many a remark of mingled pity and admiration from visitors at the Lunatic Asylum, New-York.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

“We are but the venders of other men's goods.”

The Birds of Jove.—In a sporting excursion on Grand Island, in the Niagara river, on Wednesday last, a young eagle was shot at by several of the party, when the mother of the young one, with a white head dress, made her appearance, and not relishing the fun, nor the guns that the hunters were *poking* at her fledged protegee, she poised herself a few moments, and shot down like a thunderbolt upon the person of one who was pointing his wicked gun at her favourite. The young man saw the yellow flashing of her eye, and soon felt the strength of her talons, in the dilapidation of one of his outer garments. The suddenness of the stroke threw him upon the ground, but he escaped other damage.—*Buffalo Republican.* —

“Every Dog has his day.”

Dog Nail Factory.—In the upper part of Utica on the road to Whitesborough, there has been in operation, for some months past, a small manufactory of wrought nails, which is carried on solely by a poor but industrious German lately arrived in this country, together with his two dogs, who are equally industrious. The bellows is kept constantly in blast by the dogs running in a wheel with a little coarse apparatus attached to it: they are in perfect training and relieve each other at regular periods, and both man and dogs are in almost perpetual motion from early dawn till night fall. The nails produced are

of the most finished and perfect kind; and the establishment merits on every account the patronage of the public, and we learn that it receives it liberally.

Fame upon Tick.—A rich penurious old gentleman, of this county, presented a clock, which cost \$500 to the town in which he resides. Some person who knew how close the donor usually drew his purse strings, could not help expressing his wonder at this extraordinary act of munificence. 'Why,' replied the old gentleman, 'I like to bestow my money where I can *hear it tick.*' How much money is there bestowed from the same questionable motive, but without the like honest confession! The inquisitive left hand is seldom kept in ignorance of the charitable deeds of the right. Hence so many names are emblazoned on subscription papers, that are nowhere to be found on the rolls of private charity.

Bower of Taste.

Music on the Common.—We are regaled four nights of each week by fine music on the Common, executed by the Cadet and Brigade Bands, which play alternately. They cannot be exceeded in the United States for science, skill and taste in their performance, which is each evening listened to by an immense crowd, among whom perfect order reigns. There has been no one notion among us of late, which has contributed so much to rational amusement as this; in drinking in the dulcet strains produced by such a variety of instruments, we are disposed to forget the loss of other fashionable amusements now "out of season." Our common on a moonlight evening presents something like a carnival scene, destitute however of the dissipation which characterizes these Venetian or Roman festivities. The moving groups—the moonbeams struggling through the leafy elms, the mellow notes of the bugle—and the spirit-stirring trumpet, all exhibited on our delightful Common, are calculated to soothe and delight the "soul of weariness" after the labours of a day. *Still there are no seats*—those whose inclination would lead them to a later stay amid this interesting scene, are compelled by downright fatigue to tear themselves away, perhaps in

the midst of their favourite song or air. There seems to be an emulation between the Bands for excellence. It would be invidious to give either a preference, when both perform so well. Those gentlemen who have caused this public treat to be given, are entitled to the thanks of the community for their public spirit. This species of innocent amusement will have a beneficial effect, in winning our youth from spending their evenings, perhaps at places less profitable to their morals, while at the same time it improves public taste in judging of the "concord of sweet sounds." Strangers speak in high terms of the effect produced upon the eye and ear, by this arrangement, and in terms of commendation of the liberality and taste of those who produced it.

THE grave of the mother of Washington is in a deserted field and almost laid bare by a gradual washing away by the rains—there is no stone to mark the spot where she is buried and it is proposed that the ladies of Virginia subscribe for a monument to be placed over it and to preserve the spot from further injury.—*Virginia Paper.*

Is this possible? Has the grave of the mother of Washington been forgotten? a "deserted field?" The mound washing away and not a "stone to tell where she lies?" Why the very children at our orphan asylums would remedy this disgrace to our land by parting with a portion of their bread for a monument, were the fact known to them. The ladies of Virginia, should not monopolize the whole of the work proposed which would be so grateful to the spirit of the "father of our country;" it should be the privilege of all of our countrywomen to cast in their mite to hallow the spot of her who first instilled those precepts into the mind of him, who was and is our pride, which led him to acts immortalizing both him and our land of freedom; the "deserted field" should be to our daughters, what Vernon is to our sons—those who value filial affection—those who love the soul and the acts of Washington, will assist in paying that respect to the ashes of his mother, which, were he alive would be more grateful to him than all the incense of respect which might be offered to him personally.

MAHOMETAN SERMON.

AMONG the many valuable articles of taste and curiosity that have recently been presented to us and our friends, by some of the gentlemen of the Constitution, we find none more interesting than an Original MS. of a Mahometan Sermon, delivered by a Mufti at Algiers, of which the following is a literal translation by Mr. Houston, who at that time officiated as Chaplain of the Constitution.

The attributes of the Deity were the subjects of the Priests discourse; and after some exordium, he elevated his voice and exclaimed:—

God alone is Immortal!

Abraham and Soliman have slept with their fathers; Cadyah the first born of faith; Ayesma the beloved; Omar the meek; Omri the benevolent; the companions of the Apostle, and the Sent of God himself, all died.— But God most high, and most holy, liveth for-ever! Infinites are to him as the Numerals of Arithmetic to the sons of Adam; the earth shall vanish before the decrees of his eternal destiny but he liveth and reigneth for-ever!

God alone is Omniscient!

Michael whose wings are full of eyes, is blind before him, the dark night unto him is as the rays of morning, for he noticeth the creeping of the small ant in the night on the black stone, and apprehendeth the motion of an atom in the open air.

God alone is Omnipresent!

He toucheth the immensity of space as a point: He moveth in the depths of the Ocean: and Mount Atlas is hidden under the sole of his foot: he breatheth fragrant odors to cheer the blessed in Paradise, and he enliveneth the pallid flame in the profoundest hell.

God alone is Omnipotent!

He thought—and worlds were created: he frowneth and they dissolve into smoke: he smileth and the torments of the damned are suspended; the thunderings of Hermon are the whisperings of his voice. The rustling of his attire causeth lightning and an earthquake; and with the shadow of his garment he blotteth out the sun.

God alone is Merciful!

When he forged his immutable decrees on the Anvils of eternal wisdom he tempered the miseries of the Human race in the fountains of pity.— When he laid the foundations of the worlds, he dropped a tear upon the embryo miseries of unborn men, and that tear falling through the lapses of time (immeasurably) shall quench the glowing flames of the bottomless Pit. He sent his Prophet into the world to enlighten the tribes and free them from their darkness, and hath prepared the Pavillions of the *Houri* for the repose of true believers.

God alone is Just!

He chains the latent cause to the distant event, and binds them immutably fast to the fitness of things. He decreed the unbelievers to wander amidst the whirlwind of error, and suited their souls to future torment. He promulgated the ineffable creed: and the germs of countless souls of believers which existed in the contemplation of the Deity expanded at the sound. His justice refresheth the faithful. While the damned spirits confess it in despair.

God alone is One!

Abraham the faithful knew it. Moses declared it amidst the thunderings of Sinai, Jesus pronounced it: and the Messenger of God the Sword of his vengeance filled the world with that immortal truth. Surely there is—One God—*Immortal, Omniscient, Omnipotent, Omnipresent, most Merciful and Just, and Mahomet is his Apostle.*

Some wisacre—Doct. Johnson we believe has said that a “man who is good at making a handsome apology is seldom good at any thing else.” As this truth may also apply to our sex, we do not intend to make a “handsome apology;” but only say in single truth that owing to some unexpected engagements, we had no opportunity of reading the *proof* of our *last pages*, which must account for the *lapsus* (no—we had better talk in plain English,) the *blunders* executed upon our correspondents, to whom, however, in common civility we do owe an “apology.” In the *Stanzas* of Ophelia, see 2d line of 2d verse the word “pasture,” this according to her MS. should have been rendered *parterre*, which according to the French pronunciation forms a perfect rhyme with *fair*.—Also in the *Sonnetta* of —TI— the 5th line should read thus

“He calmly sunk unto his glorious rest.”

We are well aware that the critics may be disposed to shoot their satirical quills at us for this dereliction from our editorial duties—if so, they will find it a solitary amusement as we shall not at present return their favours—besides does not the honest confession of a *sin half* entitle us to forgiveness?

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE, is Published every Saturday, by DUTTON & WENTWORTH. (formerly State Printers,) Nos. 1 and 4, Exchange-Street, Boston, who are authorized to transact all business relative to the Printing and circulation of this work. All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor.—[F] All letters must be Post paid.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

EVENING CLOUDS.

Fair locks of cloud, along the sky,
Bath'd in the gold of eventide,
Swelling your fulgid bosoms high,
Above the earth's decaying pride,—
Gathering on your mossy banks
The burning gold-thread of the sun,
So wreathing in your misty ranks
As routed by a vengeful one!—

Bright clouds! so holy from your arms
The fountain flame goes in the sea,
Evening in worship of his charms
Bendeth on earth her dewy knee!
Oh clouds—ye mind me of the tomb,
The resting couch of mortal sadness,—
Your earth-turn'd edges ting'd with gloom,
Beyond all rife with light and gladness.

J. O. R.

STANZAS.

Oh the moon was shining sweetly,
Over mountain, lake and dell—
And the breeze was roaming fleetly,
And the beauteous dew-drop fell
Softly from the folded petal ;
Fleecy cloud was on the sky,
And the sleep-inspiring beetle,
Went with drowsy humming by.

And the fervent song of fountain
Pour'd its murmurs on the gale,
As it left the bushy mountain
For a slumber in the vale ;

And the dreaming lovely flowers,
As they slept that gentle eve,
Told the heart of those bright bowers,
When the soul may never grieve.

Pure and sterling is the pleasure,
In a scene so passing fair,
Where our grief hath transient leisure,
And our thought forgetteth care ;
When unto the gentle even,
We may spread the chequer'd soul,
And the heart by sorrow riven,
May recover—and be whole.

NILZ.

YOUNG DREAMS.

Once did I dream of happiness—the sun
Was going to his cloud of coral redness ;
The whispering winds were coursing by in blessing,
Courting each evening flower, then passing on
Enriching every hour with twilight gladness.
I was a thoughtless boy full of all things
Save those of earth. Imagination's wing
Stooped like a falcon on reality,
And bore her quarry to the fairy clouds.
Twas not the rivulet which wimpled by—
Twas not the stars that slowly came from heaven—
Nor the bright moon that threw her silver veil
Upon the waters, like a ray from God,
O'er the dark deep of a benighted world—
But in that hour a dream came on my soul ;
More bright than these—rich with Elysian bliss ;
The future days of this oft changing world,
Seemed bright beneath the dreamy sun of Hope ;
Could there be woe within a world so fair ?
Boyhood said no—and I believed.

W.

* * * * *

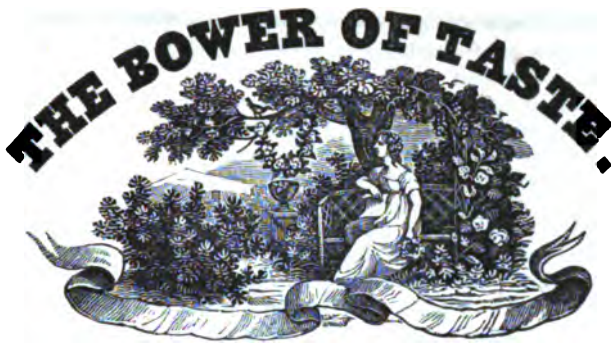
MORNING ON THE HILLS.

The flashing fire of morning fills
The clouds that wrap the east ;
Come, let us o'er yon green wood hills
And on the freshness feast,
That lingers on the face of earth !
Come, ere the mounting sun
Shall scorn the glories of his birth,
And all this breeze be done !

Lo, on yon mountain top, the pride
Of Jove—the eagle bird
Wheels through the eastern glory tide !—*
His dark plumed wing is heard
Rustling against the falling clouds—
The spirits of the night
Receive them as funereal shrouds,
To hide their silent flight !

R.

INVINO—"The eagle was wheeling aloft, breasting the mountain breeze."



“ With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
 “ We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,”—PAINÉ.
 The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
 From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....AUGUST 9, 1828. No. 32.

The following story is taken from “ *Sad Tales and Glad Tales*,” an interesting work, recently published in this city, by S. G. Goodrich, Esq. Its author is GRENVILLE MELLEN—before favourably known as a writer; but we think the work before us ranks him among our first authors. We regret that our limits will not include the account entire.

EXECUTION OF ANDRE.

“ WE now return to our unfortunate captive. The wise and the brave had sat in judgment upon him. His case had been the subject of high and deliberate and affecting consideration. The circumstances of his capture—his unqualified confessions—his earnest, though dignified requests—had been maturely, but sternly weighed. The nobleness of his nature, the lofty disinterestedness of his demeanor, the winning amenity of his manners, the importance of his rank, were all appreciated as they should be, by soldiers—tried soldiers—when sitting under the severe sanctions of a war-council. When they issued from that council the desolate doom of the prisoner was irrevocably fixed. He was to die. Before another sun should go down, his ties on earth were to be severed. Meanwhile the subject of this melancholy decision was awaiting the result with all the calm and elevated feelings of a generous and undaunted soldier. He was ignorant of what might be the issue; but his knowledge of the rules of war led him so far to anticipate it, that he had in some degree become reconciled to his probable doom, from the very hopelessness of escaping from it. The agitation consequent upon the suddenness of his arrest, had subsided; and though his saddened mind reverted again and again to the scenes and associations we have seen him cling to from the beginning, yet there was less poignancy in his recollections, and less acuteness in the trials of his high and masculine sensibilities: the thought of death was a vain thought to him. He was prepared to meet it in every honorable shape in which a soldier expects and hopes sometime to meet it. It was the stigma upon his fame—the memory he should leave

with man, that preyed upon his soul. It was this that paled his cheek, and dewed his brow—it was this made his heart beat till he could hear it in his solitude. If sometimes his sad glistening eye rested again on that precious gem which before had absorbed, as it seemed, his very life, the kindest and bravest heart would spare him there, if a tear was seen to drop upon it: and the thought, possibly, of sacred and devoted passion—of long and holy love, with all its blessed hopes, and all its desolate be-reavements, would accompany it as it fell, and hallow it forever.

There was yet one consolation that bore up the prisoner, even when he thought upon the memory he should bequeath to the world and to posterity. He hoped and trusted that he should meet an honorable death, and that his country would never blush at his epitaph. He had asked—he had besought, with a bursting heart, that if he must die, he might die like a man of honour. He had addressed the American chieftain, in proud petition, for this last, little boon of the condemned soldier. He had addressed him in all the beautiful eloquence of his lofty mind, urged by a heart almost breaking in the intensity of its emotions. Need it be said that he roused all the sympathies of a bosom kindling with godlike purposes, and alive to every heavenly charity that can sanctify our nature? Can it be said that the heart he appealed to, would not have bid him God speed, even with a father's blessing, to the arms of his country and his home, did that heart beat alone for himself, or did the fate of the victim involve only the single destiny of that great and devoted being? But there were stern duties arrayed against the kind spirit of forbearance and forgiveness. The voice of his suffering land was imperious with him

who guarded her in council, and led her in battle. That voice now called for justice, and demanded that the crisis should not be forgotten. It was the cry of Liberty, and the sacrifice must not be withheld; it was the summons of justice, and his death must accord with the crime of which the prisoner stood convicted. During the days of his confinement, not a murmur escaped the captive in the presence of his guard. A dignified composure distinguished his deportment—and the serenity of his mind was depicted in the tranquillity of his countenance. The last hours of his solitude were employed in those holy offices which friendship claims of us when the sands of life are running low. There were a few words to be said—a few prayers to be uttered for those who were now dreaming of him on his path to glory. There were a few sad, sacred words to be breathed to a fond mother—to sisters that loved him—to some, perhaps, for whose sake alone life was yet desirable, and to whose bosom he would now, as a last duty to himself, commit the reputation that was dearer to him than the air of heaven.

It was in the midst of this latest and holiest occupation, that the prisoner was interrupted by the entrance of the guard officer. He came to announce the hour of execution. The young soldier looked up hastily from his paper. His eyes were fixed a moment upon his visiter—then slowly fell again—and he passed his hand across his brow, without betraying the least emotion—"Is it indeed so soon?" said he—"then I must hasten." He finished the letter in perfect calmness, and having made all the little arrangements that he had anticipated, previous to the important event, he declared to the officer his readiness to attend him at the moment of his summons. He was then left once more alone.

Firm in the belief that he was

now to die like a soldier, he felt the weight of his misfortune passing from his spirit. As he was relieved of this iron load an unnatural elasticity seemed to be imparted to his bosom: his heart beat almost to suffocation, and the tumultuous motion of that fountain of his system certainly manifested an extraordinary degree of excitement. His last wish had been granted—his last hope was about to be realized—he was to find an honorable grave! Even that was enough to be thankful for! A few years, at best, and the same destiny would be his. "The pang," thought he, "is but the common one that man is heir to—

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin—

And if my young existence must be thus hastily sealed, thus severed forever, let fate do her worst, and finish her work with speed"—and he paced the apartment with an unflinching step, and a lofty and unbending air.

The silence that had been observed by the Commander in Chief towards the respectful but ardent solicitations of the prisoner, had led him to augur favorably of his success. His requests had not, indeed, passed unheeded—they had sunk deep—they had touched the finest and tenderest chords that ever vibrate in the bosom of virtue and bravery—they had appealed to the master feeling of a great heart, and they wrought upon it with a living power! The solicitation was listened to with a deepening interest, but that noble delicacy that actuates and animates none but elevated minds, forbade the answer. To grant the prayer was impossible—such was the iron law of those who came up to battle—to deny it was a sorrowful duty; and it was equally a trial to the soul of a generous enemy to throw back a solitary denial, or to wound the spirit of a devoted prisoner, by recapitulating

the story of his dishonor in justification of his sentence. It was ordained, therefore, that he should remain in ignorance of his doom. From that very uncertainty, the unfortunate victim was now drawing his last and only consolation. The guard officer had now returned to accompany him forth, and we shall leave them together, while we join the scene of preparation, in which the spy was so soon to become conspicuous.

It was deep in the afternoon, when shadows threw themselves long over the earth, and the sun was about to sink into a thick, dull mass of clouds, when movements preparatory to the execution, began to manifest themselves within the post. There was hurrying to and fro along the lines—and sad faces went by continually, and downcast looks were seen there—and every countenance wore the livery of deep and sorrowful feeling. It was evident that something mournful was about to transpire. The soldiers paced along the esplanade with low words and rapid steps—and now and then a tear might be seen to glisten—it was but for a moment—in the eye of the veteran. A large detachment of troops was paraded, and many of the general officers were already on horseback. Great multitudes of people flocked in to witness the melancholy spectacle—but a wide silence pervaded the immense collection. With slow and struggling steps, the confused and intermingled crowd of citizens and soldiers bent their way towards the appointed place,—just beneath the brow of a green hill that sloped towards the river. There, clustered around the dim spot devoted to destruction, or sauntering over the adjacent ground, they awaited the approach of the unhappy victim.

When the prisoner was led out, each arm locked in that of a subaltern, his step was uncommonly firm,

and his expression unusually calm, and even exhilarated. The eloquent blood glowed to his temples, and a bright smile of satisfaction beamed from his countenance on all whom he recognized. The thought of death was dealing powerfully but kindly with him; for he saw that an honorable end was to be his—that his dying prayer was about to be granted. He thought—and the reflection sent yet new vigour into his throbbing arteries—he thought he saw some pledge of a kind and heroic memory in the sympathy that was breaking all around him, in the gaze of admiration that was fixed upon him, in the tearful eye, the agitated countenance, the respectful salutation, the sad farewell, and the low, suppressed murmur as he passed on, as though something went by, which it was sacrilege to disturb in its course through the thronging multitude. He saw the high tribute that was paid to his fortitude, in the silent look with which he was regarded; and he felt that his premature fate was not unwept even by his foes. Buoyed up by these lively demonstrations of feeling, he fancied himself a martyr in the cause he had undertaken to advance, and pressed forward with mounting emotions, as though in haste to seal his pilgrimage here, and commence the stainless career of his future fame.—“The report,” thought he, “that lays me low, will send forth an echo that shall never die.”

The detachment, with their prisoner, had now reached the summit of the hill, and came suddenly in view of the ground which had been set apart for this distressing occasion. It was occupied by a gallows! With the rapidity of light every eye was turned upon the victim. His was fixed in frenzy on the dismal object that rose portentously out of the multitude. He spake not a word—some powerful, rending e-

motion had taken possession of his bursting bosom. His hand flew to his heart—one look of anguish passed like a shadow over his face, and he fell lifeless into the arms of his guards. There was no voice heard in that immense crowd—but a confused trampling, as of a vast concourse of people when they are rushing together.

* * * * *

The clouds had now cleared off from the horizon, and the sun was about going down, when the last rites were performed over the departed soldier. There was no pomp, or noise, or show. A small escort of troops marched quickly over the gravel, and stood before the door of the stone building from which the remains were to be carried. A single drum beat out a hollow note at distinct intervals, and the fife sung sharp and mournfully. The coffin was at length borne out; and with slow step, inverted bayonets, and downward eyes, the procession moved on. Many who cared not to join, stood behind in silent contemplation; and many out of idle curiosity lingered round, scarcely knowing why they were there. Behind some low, desolate buildings, which would scarcely shelter it from the storms of winter, the solitary grave was dug. Round this the soldiers crowded in silence. On either side, they leaned upon their muskets, and hardly a breath was heard, as the book of prayer was opened, and the fervent supplication went up to heaven. The scene was singularly impressive. Immediately round the grave, in the rear of the soldiers, some stood wrapped in gloomy attention—others, still behind, were seen eagerly gazing over the shoulders of those who had closed up before them. Every cap was off, and every eye fixed. Still beyond, the sick were seen peeping out of the half-opened door; and women and boys stood,

with arms crossed upon their bosoms, before the miserable huts from which they had just issued. There, there was no moving—no noise—no roving of the looks—all were bent upon the speaker, who stood upon the brink of the cold grave, with his eye raised in adjuration to heaven, and calling on the Father of Spirits with an eloquence so full, so powerful, so commanding, that his very soul seemed to mount up with his words. He ended. Then came the hurrying of the ceremony. At the quick command of the officer, the coffin was lowered—the guns were brought down—the steel rung—and in a moment it glittered again in the last sunbeam. At a word, the death volley was fired off in the air—another followed, and then another—and the last was discharged into the grave. It was all over—the smoke curled slowly among the wet gravel, and settled down upon the coffin—'twas the war-smoke embalming the soldier! The drum beat merrily, and the files wheeled into the lines, just as the sun went down in his glory.

Saturday Evening.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

LIFE bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat, at first, glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the winding of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads: the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us: but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty.

Our course in youth is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and

industry which passes before us; we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependence are both in vain.—The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us; we may be shipwrecked but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of his waves is beneath our keel, and the lands lessen from our eyes and the floods are lifted up around us, and the earth loses sight of us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our further voyage there is no witness, but the Infinite and Eternal. Why do we still take so much anxious thought for the future days, when the days which are gone by have so strangely and uniformly deceived us? Why do we still so set our hearts on the creatures of God, when we find by sad experience, that the Creator only is permanent.—*Bishop Heber.*

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

RICHARD DASH—ESQUIRE.

Richard Dash—Esquire was a young man of academic education, who under a saving father, was put out to nurse in science, so far as cyphering, grammar, and writing a good running hand, could accomplish a bumpkin. His pepper and salt, linsywoolsey jacket and trowsers were each day ensconced behind a desk, and from pot-hooks and trammels, bad English, and an utter ignorance of the science of figures, he in time emerged from this laboratory of mind, a smart fop, with a smattering of each, and a love of show. At this period, being an only child, his parents died, and Richard was chosen town-clerk and

school agent, from which he ascended to the honorable station of Justice of the Peace. Ambassadors in their outfits, are allowed extra perquisites to support their dignity in foreign courts. At home a J. P. commission requires something of *appearance* to keep up the consequence of the station—and so 'Squire Richard bought him a horse, gave dinners, turned up his nose at his neighbours, and ceased to turn up the earth with his plough. There is no man of so much consequence in a country village as the 'Squire. On him hangs all the law—if not the prophets; and Richard Dash—Esquire was not the man to let the law rest,—and so he encouraged his neighbours to go to law, for law was a fine thing—we were governed by law, and the 'Squire had the administration of the law, was judge and jury in the law, and his front parlour made a fine courtroom. It would have done your heart good to have seen his 'Squireship on a Saturday afternoon judging of cases, and determining the *meum* and *tuum* of his neighbours, while the attorneys were arguing *pro* and *con*, and adding up the costs. One very grave case as to property in a flail, was very interesting. A. found B.'s flail in the highway, the handle of which was broken, whereat A. manufactured a new handle, superadding a thong, with which he thrashed out his wheat. B. on the day named in the writ, being in A.'s barn, claimed the flail, which A. in consideration of the use and occupation, handle and thong, refused to deliver, claiming a joint-tenancy, the property being equally in him as in B., on which B. repaired to the 'Squire, who advised trover or replevin, which should be issued by a fine lawyer, his cousin Timothy Quilldrive, and so they went to law. I remember attending the court, and hearing the argument,

wherein Coke on Littleton, Blackstone, and the Mass. Reports were called into the case, and the whole subjects of real, personal and mixed property were investigated with most hidden and lawyer-like clearness. Some twenty witnesses were examined as to property, pleas made longer than the flail itself; and Richard Dash—Esquire summed up the law and the evidence in judicial style, giving verdict for Plaintiff, as in duty bound, he having advised to bring the action. From this an appeal was made, and the flail went into the C. C. Pleas, where another trial was had, and the jury not agreeing, there was no verdict. A third trial came, and verdict was for defendant, and the whole proceedings quashed, by arrest of judgment, because a *t* was not crossed, leaving all parties to pace over the ground anew. This is one of the 'Squire's cases—his charge or rather opinion, was printed, taking three columns and a stick-full of close matter in a newspaper. A variety of cases followed close on the heels of this with various success to Pl'ff. and Def't. until every individual became a lawyer, and every grog-shop a court-house. Business was neglected, for the purpose of investigating the laws of our land, and the 'Squire was a great public benefit, by thus enlightening the common people, who became fully persuaded that there was—nothing like law.

But Richard Dash—Esquire, by stirring up lawsuits, was of vast use: he taught the people to stay at home, for each family became at odds with the other, and no visiting or tea-drinking was known in the land: as no company was received, furniture was not necessary, except for absolute convenience—glazed windows went out of fashion, and rags and *ci-devant* indispensables took their places—New-England particular answered all the purposes

of tea and coffee, and all other knowledge, but law knowledge, grew out of fashion. The private school-house was shut up, and the meeting-house looked meagre on a Sunday. Still, however, every body went to the court at the 'Squire's—and the crows and weeds took care of the corn.

'Squire Dash, by a commission of the peace, really has wrought wonders in the little village of P., and there is no doubt that the addition of a rival J. P. would conduce much to the picturesque appearance of the houses of this place, and promote much the sale of domestic manufactures, such as quarrelling, whisky, laziness, rags, law, &c. and reduce man to a primitive state and method of living. It is to be hoped that in consideration that law is of so much importance, and that every man should become feelingly acquainted with it, the Executive, at their next session, should create a new batch of Justices similar to the Honorable Richard Dash—Esquire, who should teach the people the true use and benefit of *Dash law*.

A LAW LOVER.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

NATIVE SKETCHES, No. 18.

ALFRED AND ROSALIA.

ALFRED loved the fair Rosalia, neice of one of the rulers of our land, who was not less celebrated for his wealth, than for his total contempt of public opinion. A strong and inveterate enmity existed between him and Alfred's father, but what was the origin of it, or why it continued to his offspring, none could tell. Alfred's father had often proposed terms of reconciliation on his son's account; but they were always rejected with cold indignation. This was a source of regret to Alfred, for though it did not serve as an obstruction to his visiting Rosalia, yet he feared the consequences of it on a future day. Rosalia was

the most beautiful of her sex. The expression of her eye bespoke softness and intelligence, and in her smile might be traced her gentle and affectionate disposition. She was all brilliancy and animation. Wherever she moved, she diffused cheerfulness around, even as the rose yields its fragrance to the morning. No wonder, then, that when to the charms of an intelligent mind, were added those of a most transparent complexion, and a profusion of the finest dark ringlets, that such an image should have strongly impressed the susceptible heart of Alfred.

Whilst walking one evening in the gardens of her father, Alfred first disclosed to Rosalia the predominant feelings of his heart. This disclosure was listened to by Rosalia with secret emotions of indescribable rapture—for she loved Alfred, and sought not to disguise it. "Love is not only an innocent, but a noble passion, and when guided and controlled by principle, is the germ of all our social virtues." It also hallows the dearest relations of human life, and when rewarded with the possession of its object, it strews the path of duty with flowers.—"No, Rosalia, no fault was thine, if 'tis no fault to love;" but there yet remained a serious obstacle to be surmounted, the issue of which even Rosalia feared. It was her uncle's consent. Aware of this, Alfred immediately repaired to the residence of the Judge, determined to relieve both himself and his fair companion from the painful state of uncertainty. He found the Judge seated in the portico. At first his stern glance awed the timid youth, and even deprived him of the power of utterance, but after a few moments of most painful confusion, he recovered himself, and accosted the Judge in the tone and manner of a supplicant—lamented the relative situation of the two fami-

lies, but ere he had time to discharge his mind of its most important burden, the Judge, divining his intention, thus interrupted him, "How dare you, Sir, to think of making such a proposition to me? What! bestow upon the son of my enemy the hand of my niece, which has been sought for by the most wealthy and honorable of our land?—Never! I dispute not your claims to respectable birth, or education; but there is a barrier between our families that is impassible. This, Sir, must be your last visit to my house, for I trust Rosalia knows too well the duty which she owes to her protector, to receive your visits against my wishes."

Expostulation, Alfred felt, would be useless on his part, since she whom he loved had vainly striven to conquer that prejudice which existed without reason against the amiable Alfred, whose worth in society was already appreciated. Prostrated in health as well as in spirits, Alfred resolved to leave a scene which so strongly reminded him of his former happiness, without permitting him to renew it. He therefore bade an agonizing adieu to his loved one, and took passage in the first vessel that sailed for a foreign port, almost regardless of his future fate. A cheerless gloom now took possession of the once gay and hospitable mansion of the Judge, for all those graceful charms which had once attracted many a high-born or wealthy suitor at the board of her uncle, were now exchanged for a chilling reserve, which yielded not to the fascinations of pleasure or the voice of flattery. Equally fond and proud of his niece, the Judge began to fear he had perhaps trifled too seriously with her happiness—his conscience, too, smote him, as he promised his dying brother to watch tenderly over her future life, as if she were his own. This her vir-

tues prompted him to do, and so necessary had her joyous smile and innocent gaiety become to his household, that all united in pleading with her uncle in her behalf. At length, he promised that if Alfred should return uninjured in his morals, and improved in fortune, to admit him as the husband of his niece, and the co-heir of his property.

One fine summer evening, two years after these events, as Rosalia was musing in her garden bower, in which she had often enjoyed the society of Alfred, an officer, of noble mein and splendid uniform, descended from a carriage, and enquired of the servant who came to the door for Mademoiselle Rosalia. She soon appeared, led in by her uncle, who introduced her to him as the lady for whom he inquired. He then handed her a letter, which he said was given to his care by a *dying friend*. Rosalia turned pale, and sinking upon the sofa, bent her tearful eyes upon the well known hand of her early, her only lover. Turning to the Judge, the officer exclaimed, in tolerable English—"Sir, had you a friend whom you esteemed for his worth and honorable principles, by the name of Alfred —?" "I knew a man by that name," said the Judge, hesitating. "Because," rejoined the officer, "he saved my life in battle, beside which he has saved many a widowed mother from famine, and many an orphan from slavery—but alas! his own life has fallen a sacrifice to his generosity and courage. Crowned with honour, and rewarded with wealth, he has fallen! Who of his countrymen, by acknowledging their claims to the friendship of this noble youth, will receive the wealth with which I am entrusted, and the honors which his fame must confer on those to whom he may be allied?" "By *my oath* to that lady, *my niece*, I consented to receive

Alfred as my son and heir, and she has promised also to be his wife, should he return to his native country with untarnished honour.

"I do!.....*I do!*" exclaimed a youth, springing also from the carriage, where he had been concealed. "I trust I am worthy the honour of being *your son*, and the husband of Rosalia."

The reader must *know* the result. They were united amid all the splendour that wealth, honour and love could bestow. REDIVIVUS.

SCENERY OF RHODE ISLAND.

WE have heard much of the beautiful scenery of foreign countries, of far off lands, where the spice tree blossoms beneath the tropics, and scents the sea breeze with its rich perfumes, of the Elysian fields which spread themselves out beneath an Italian sky—and the picturesque country of the Swiss. It is common to admire things far fetched, and to go from the happy materials of our own region, to a foreign shore, to make a picture of the beautiful or the grand. But a Rhode Islander has no occasion for this—to leave the green shores where his home is, and the fertile country of the Narragansetts, to find food for his wonder, or his admiration, or his gratitude.

According to our taste, there is no view upon which the eye can rest with more pleasure, with more real satisfaction than that which shows us the head-lands which boldly stretch themselves from Rhode Island into the Atlantic, and receive the first kisses of a sea wave from the burning shores of Africa—that seem placed as barriers between the cottage garden, and the irresistible sweep of an ocean of water. Nothing can be more beautiful than the highly cultivated lands which slope from one common centre to the element which bounds them. Nothing

can be more sublime than that element dashing itself against the peaks of Seaconet, and throwing its spray into the atmosphere until the reflection of the sun's rays upon the cloud, forms an iris that touches the two extremes of the horizon. And when the waters are comparatively still—when the sea-breeze has died away, and they are moved only by the sluggish ground swell; and evening has come with its charms, like the varied hues of a thousand gay flowers,

"Or the soft pink tints in some Indian shell,
Lit with the blush of the sun's farewell,"

when the fiery complexion of the west begins to mellow and become soft beneath the touch of coming night—when the light house twinkles in the distance like a star in a firmament of water, and shoots its rays afar over the broad expanse of ocean—when all around is as calm as a summer evening can make it; and the mind is as tranquil as that by which it is surrounded, then may we duly appreciate its beauties and its blessings.

With no drawback upon the opinion which a first view of it gives; no deadly reptile beneath the gorgeous foliage which decks it, to sting as you grasp its beauties; its soil leaving no impress of a tyrant's foot—no traces of oppression, with plenty upon the face of its lands, and health in the breezes which come over its waters, we believe there are few landscapes under the broad expanse of the whole Heavens, that will compare with it in point of beauty or grandeur.

The savannahs of the south are more green, but beneath the emerald bough of that climate the moccasin snake coils himself to spring for his prey. The orange blossom of Cuba yields a fragrance that no flower of ours can boast, and her lime hedges look more like the works of art than of nature, but this finery is like the paint upon a sepulchre—

outwardly gay, but there is death within. The gondolas of Naples, with their variegated lamps, their music, their crowds of Italian girls with cheeks that bloom like roses wreathed round a marble tomb, and their spiced wines, and their rich feasts, give a brighter flash to the imagination than any thing here displayed; and a scene too gay to live, for we shall soon see that

'The feast and the feaster have passed away;
The lamps are winking in the morning's ray;
And the withered chaplets hang idly down—
And the mirror is mocking its faded crown—
And they that stood 'midst the festal cheer,
Like the wounded palm or the stricken deer,
With their strange bright eyes, and their fatal
bloom,

Have passed from the revel away—to the tomb!"

The Alpine views may be more lofty, and terrific, and commanding; but the cliff which elicits our admiration, shelters a foe, and the chasm which excites our wonder, conceals an assassin. Other scenes it is true, have advantages which belong not to the landscape, of Rhode Island; but hers has those beauties and those blessings which no other country can boast. And "take it all in all, we ne'er shall look upon its like again."—*Warren Star.*

MISERIES.

"New-Yark," said Jonathan, one day, as he picked his way among the paving-stones and sand-banks, and heaps of brick, which were thrown up in Broadway by the gas-works and water-works companies, and those who were pulling down and building houses, "New-Yark," said he—and at that moment he tumbled over a bundle of slate lying directly in his way, capsized a lady, and singed his bran new knapt hat in the fire where the workmen were melting lead, but picked himself up with a simple ejaculation of "Gall darn it."—"New-Yark," said he—and Jonathan was a frequent visitor here to sell his onions and wooden dishes—"would be a

darnation fine place if they ever got it done!" Now there are many more of Jonathan's opinion. But when the happy moment will arrive, that our city will, in any part, be finished, no mortal can tell. What with pulling down old houses and erecting new ones—digging vaults for old houses and altering dwellings into shops—breaking up the streets twice a year for gas-pipes and water-works—our streets seem to be forever obstructed, and the sidewalks encumbered; and as far as things can contribute to inconvenience, our lives are perpetually uncomfortable. Patience, therefore, is a virtue always in demand among us; but one would think there was little left in the market. Jonathan had better bring some along with his other "notions" the next time he comes. Our streets may justly be likened to the rugged paths of life; but the roads in the country are generally more rugged still. If we tumble over a wheel-barrow, or an "empty barrel of cider," of an evening in town, we have a lamp to light us in getting up, and the walks are dry; whereas, if one stumbles over a harrow, and pitches into a mud-puddle in the country, where the moon never shines of a dark night, he has only the sparks knocked out of his own eyes to get out by, and he spoils his broadcloth and kerseymeres into the bargain. And on the whole, there is little danger in either place, if people will only keep a sharp look out ahead in the day-time, and stay at home o'night, like honest people. "It is better to bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of."—*Com. Adv.*

Brother M—broke into the candid ejaculation of "I have almost forgot my Latin! "Why don't you forget it quite," exclaimed ARNOLD, "for your Latin is better forgot than remembered?"—

EFFECTS OF FEAR.

Some years since while an American vessel of war was stationed at Norfolk, Virginia, Dr. D——, an amiable and intelligent man, who acted as physician and surgeon to it, used frequently to lodge on shore at the house of a respectable lady, to whose only son, a child four or five years old, the Doctor had become strongly attached, from having discovered in him an extraordinary degree of precocity, and an interesting disposition. After some months, the vessel was again ordered to sea, and Dr. D—— parted with his little favourite with great regret. More than a year had elapsed, when the same vessel returned to N—— when the Doctor repaired to the house of his landlady to see his little protegee. The child flew to his embraces, delighted to see him. After the first caress was over, 'Why, my dear boy,' said Dr. D——, patting his head as he spoke, 'who has been powdering your hair?' 'No body,' replied the child, whose joy was changed to the most extravagant grief, and burst into a passion of tears, he quitted the apartment. Dr. D—— sat in silent amazement, for the boy's hair was as white as the mountain snow. In a moment after the mother entered, and when the first gratulations were over, he inquired the meaning of the late scene. Saying to her, 'what have you been doing to your son's hair?'

'Nothing,' sobbed she, and followed the child's example, she weeping left the room. The next time he called, she was better able to account for the mystery; and informed him that a short time before, she had been aroused at midnight by the loud and piercing shrieks of her child; and on hastening to his bed, found him setting up in it; his countenance wild with horror, and the whole surface of his body dripping with cold perspiration. On being made sensible of her presence, in a

confused and incoherent manner, he told her he had been visited by a frightful dream. The next day it was discovered that his hair was bleached, as though he had lived a century. This mystery, for such it certainly may be considered, was not perfectly understood, till about three years since, when, by the dying confession of a relation, who was to inherit the property of the child at his decease, it was confessed that on the night which the boy imagined he had been visited by a dream, he had himself made an attempt to strangle him, but was deterred from the commission by the terrific screams of the child.—*Em.*

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

"We are but the venders of other men's goods."

It is stated that Mrs. Hemans, so long distinguished as the first poetess of the age, is about to make Edinburgh her place of residence.

Such are the enormous sleeves now worn by the Parisian belles, and such is the space they consequently occupy, that a box at the opera, which usually contained six, will now, it is said, accommodate only four ladies, fashionably attired.

At the celebration of Independence, at Amoskeag, N. H. there was a procession of 50 young ladies, in uniform dresses, who presented to Capt. Atwood's company a standard, manufactured by themselves.

Ipswich Lace Factory. The proprietors of this establishment employ about 500 persons in the business of making lace from thread. Much of the work is performed by females at their own residences in that and the neighbouring towns. The looms are in operation at the factory, where the machinery for weaving is constructed. The lace

is said to be much superior to that imported, and can be afforded at lower prices. —

The following distinguished persons have recently arrived in the city of New-York, and are now at the City Hotel, Broadway: Count Survilliers and Suite—Mr. Barbour, Minister of the United States to the Court of St. James—Don Joaquin Campino, Chilian Minister to the United States—the Right Reverend Bishop Inglis, of Nova Scotia—Counts Sziliski and Dalverme—Beaufort T. Watts, Esq. Secretary of Legation to the Court of St. Petersburg—and Mr. Robert Owen, the celebrated philanthropist. —

Mr. Macready took his benefit on Friday at Drury Lane, but was so ill that he could not appear. —

Mademoiselle Sontag was not engaged at the musical festival in London, as her terms were not less than four thousand guineas for 2 nights! —

Mr. Kean played Shylock, in Paris, a short time since. He was enthusiastically received, and the audience, which was four fifths French, seemed delighted with the performance. —

A gentleman who was at a social party, where a young amateur was amusing the company by performing waltzes on the piano-forte, observed there was something peculiarly delightful in Mr. Waltz's compositions; and asked, with a look of inquisitiveness, "Is Mr. Waltz an American?" —

A gentleman in Birmingham has invented a music desk, to which is attached machinery for turning over the leaves of the music book, without taking the fingers from the instrument. —

Prince Leopold has had another grand evening party—every thing

great and brilliant was present, and the richest treats were prepared for the eye and the ear—the music was enchanting, the lights brilliant, the flowers fragrant, the singing exquisite—it was really "a feast of reason, and a flow of soul." —

A general officer commanding at Plymouth, some few years since, once gave strict orders to the sentry at the citadel that no one except the general's cow should pass over the grass. While this order was in force, lady D. called to visit the general's lady, and, on entering the citadel, was as usual, about to take a short cut across the grass, when to her great surprise, she was ordered off by the sentry, who said, 'You can't pass here.' 'Not pass here?' said her ladyship, 'perhaps you don't know who I am.' 'I neither know nor care who you are, said the soldier, 'but I judge you are not the general's cow, and no one else can pass here.' —

It is not legal to sentence a Spanish nobleman to punishment for life; therefore the supreme Court of Malaga have ordered a young noble, convicted of murder, to work in the galleys for one hundred years and a day! —

A certain lawyer, who was apt to get a little testy in argument, was one day reminded by Mr. Erskine, that he should not *show anger*, but *show cause*. —

Bower of Taste.

TRAVELLING.

"Now's the day, and now's the hour," when band-boxes receive hats of aweing dimensions, and travelling trunks are the recipients of different dresses, for divers times, occasions and purposes. The wheels of stages become stationary for a season at mansion houses, and straightway the fair and the lords, if they have any, make their appearance at the door, and tears choke half-murmured farewells. Now, Cæsar the black man, assists Jehu the coachman, in pulling leather straps, securing valuables on the

rack of stages. Now, landlords are busy in providing the swift repast for new comers to their mansions, and hastening the departure of those who have paid their bills, and are off for new scenes of gaiety or exploration. Now, spring waters are drank by both sick and well, and they "trip it on the light, fantastic toe," when "evening closes in," at Ballston or Saratoga. Now, the southron leaves his negroes and cotton, and wends his way north to escape burning skies and yellow fevers. Now, Editors peep into splendid coteries, and write home to their printers' imp, who straightway publishes erudite thoughts, and fanciful descriptions. Now, the merchant forgetteth notes due at the bank, and sayeth, unto his clerk 'reign thou in my stead.' Now, the errand boy strolth of a Saturday afternoon, into the forest, and plucketh the tempting whortleberry;—now one and all seek for amusement wherever it may be found, and maketh wry faces at the dog-star; and now Mrs. Ware hath played the truant, and left care behind, as well as the chair editorial—as eke also her jokes upon the bachelors.

This season of the year may properly be denominated the migrating season; for every one who has the opportunity, escapes from his home and affairs, and pursues the phantom happiness,—whether she seems to sit perched upon the mists of Niagara, to recline beside those fountains of health which are over the hills, or wanders, like a sea nymph, on the romantic shores of Nahant. We are told that all the usual places of resort for the gay, the dyspeptic, or the fashionable, are unusually crowded, this summer. It is to be observed, among other consequences following these glomerations of individuals from various parts of our land, that dame fashion usually has a revolution in her wardrobe, and a new order of dress grows out of this seeing and being seen in the polite world, framed from this medley of *ton*. Niagara hats, Nahant frocks, and Saratoga forms of introduction may be expected among the ladies; while the gentlemen may calculate to learn the most accomplished method of drinking champagne, penning a challenge, or cutting an acquaintance. At commencing this article, we intended to have said a word in favour of a new course of travelling, which might be adopted, far more beneficial to the individual at leisure, than that of merely riding to the Springs, and dissipating a few months, or of setting down at a fashionable spot to idle away the dog day season. The picturesque of our country might be viewed—its resources investigated—its manufacturing establishments visited—its forests, rising villages, lakes, mountains, and all its treasury of pro-

mise explored, in the same time, and at a less expense, than is wasted at those places of fashionable resort, where many endeavour barely to vegetate, or to cheat time of its *ensui*. The advantages to health, from the exercise, would be incalculable, and the increase of knowledge grateful to the mind. Instead of passing six hours of the day at dressing, climb the steep, catch the first breath of the morning, view the sun, as it gilds, at its rising, the foliage of the forest; traverse our land,—not its crowded cities, but its villages, where nature has spread her bounties to feast the eye and gladden the soul—and from the manners, customs, virtues and habits of our people, lay up an intellectual treat for after reflection. The simplicity and regularity of the lives of our villagers would have its good effect upon those who were educated in the lap of fashion, while the refinement of the latter would operate to embellish the manners, and improve the tastes of the former. It was not at the soirees of Edinburgh, or from the public dinners at Glasgow, that Scott gathered the materials for his character of Jeanie Deans; neither was it at the Bath, or Tunbridge Wells, that Moore culled those beautiful flowers of native imagery, with which he has adorned the bower of his muse, whose notes will charm when the hand that now touches her harp shall be motionless forever. Mind expands not amid the heat of a ball room. To be healthy and pure, she requires the range of existing worlds, and like the Highlander, is only herself, amid the wild scenery of earth, with her eye glancing from its splendours to the glories of heaven.

Literary Crops. Sure, never were there so many authors as in these days. These years produce most fruitfully works of science and fiction; and it is expected of those who cater for the public taste, denominated Editors, that they will review, or glance at, or mention those several works, in the order in which they make their *conge* to the public. But, will you believe it, reader? a work of this size would scarcely be sufficiently large even to name the hebdomedal visits made by literary strangers, into this world of letters. Facilities of printing, and the mania of swift writing, produce books even in this country so rapidly, that one could not read the half of these new productions, which daily issue from the press, by devoting their whole time to the employment; and much less could one review every work as it introduces itself into public notice. An Editor who should attempt this Herculean task, would be like Dominic Saunpson in the libra-

ry, who, in his eagerness to bear off his favourite authors, was under the necessity of relinquishing the whole load, from being overburthened. There is something sad in the reflection, that of all those, which are now the darlings of their parents, which were written for posterity, and were in the imagination of their authors, *chef-d'œuvres* in their kind, but few will survive the age or even the year in which they were inducted before us. The midnight oil has been exhausted in vain—poetic groupings have been sketched for naught—and the moving story will remain unmoved from the shelf of the bookseller. Vanity is a common—say, a pardonable—fault in an author, and to him there is this consolation under his disappointment—that Milton was never fully immortalized as a poet, until death had rendered his mortality immortal. There is now before us a list of new publications, such as would fill the whole space devoted to editorial remarks, all of which were ushered into being since the last new moon has received the new vows of her poetic admirers. When we have the opportunity, perhaps we may notice some of the fairest candidates for public patronage; at present, we cannot assist their fight to eminence by a single editorial puff,—unless we praise in gross, without reading either.

The Athenæum. This place is now open for the exhibition of the paintings of the late G. Stuart, Esq. Every one knows what has been the celebrity of this great artist, during his long life, both in Europe and America. Circumstances have now gathered together more of his paintings at one exhibition than probably ever again can be collected. There are 132 in number, comprising portraits of the six Presidents, and some of the most distinguished men of the United States. It is enough of praise to say, that they are all by Stuart, and if any additional inducement need be offered to see them, we need only add, that the proceeds of the exhibition are for the benefit of his bereaved family. The time will come when these paintings will command any price, as the works of the earliest and best of the American Artists. It will be many a year before one can be found to take up that brush with equal ability, which Death has wrenched from his hand. He died in the fulness of fame; and the Athenæum now presents a fair record of the justness of that praise which two nations have awarded him.

Hibernian Relief Society. This society held their stated monthly meeting on Monday evening last, at which a number of spirited

addresses were made. The objects of this society may be ascertained by viewing the course adopted by that able paper, the *Truth Teller*, of New-York.

N. H. Adams Female Academy. The pupils of this valuable institution were examined on Tuesday (week) last, by a select committee. The result was highly creditable to the diligence of the scholars, and to the unwearied perseverance of their instructors.

RAILING around the margin of the Frog Pond. This was commenced by a gentleman who walked off the edge into the Frog Pond, on Friday evening last, while listening to the music. The spectators joined in the work, and there was railing enough in a few moments, free of expense to the city, to reach half of its circumference. Some wag observed that the city government should follow the example of the patriotic gentleman, who is presumed to be related to the chief *Walk-in-the-Water*. This is not the first instance of a person who on a dark evening accidentally has taken an unexpected bath.

The Dengue—Dingy—or Dandy Fever. This novel disorder is on its passage from Charleston (S. C.) to the north, and already has arrived at New-York. The vapour bath is recommended as a cure. Why is not the Dengue a cure for the vapours? Perhaps they are sworn enemies, and assist in destroying each other. As it is rather a laughable disease, perhaps Johnson, our caricaturist by attending a room where there are a dozen patients, might sketch a new assortment of grimaces and contortions of the "human countenance divine." Even the ladies are said to make wry faces when assailed by Monsieur Dengue. What will be its effects on sour krout political Editors?

A GRIST of Puns.—Mr. Miller, of the *Literary Gazette*, (cousin to Jo) has no less than sixty-seven puns in his last paper. He seems to make a meal of the business. Some of them are *bras new*—though he is guilty of some *bolting* in his efforts to catch them. We hate puns—they make one laugh.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE, is Published every Saturday, by DUTTON & WENTWORTH, (formerly State Printers,) Nos. 1 and 4, Exchange-Street, Boston, who are authorized to transact all business relative to the Printing and circulation of this work. All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor.—[F] All letters must be Post paid.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

“ORA PRO NOBIS VIRGINE.”

“ Pray for us, O Virgin.”

Pray for the lover, virgin pure !
Let not a stain on her endure,
Who died, and left me lonely here,
To pour the sad, the bitter tear.
Ora pro nobis, virgine.

Peace to the soul, that lowly rests,
Beneath this turf, at thy behests :
Oh grant to me, that soon shall come
This peace, this quiet of the tomb !
Ora pro nobis, virgine.

Thou hast afflicted—thou canst heal ;
Teach me in patience wo to feel,
Nor e'er in all thy stripes to dare
Question thy all pervading care.
Ora pro nobis, virgine.

The stars are out from thine own sky,
The moonbeams on this grave now lie,
That power which made them both, can raise
From clay a heart that power to praise,
Ora pro nobis, virgine.

The dead are thine—and I with them,
Who chant this evening requiem—
Living or dead, thy mercy still
Appears amidst life's seeming ill.
Ora pro nobis, virgine.

Pray for the lover, Queen of Heaven !
Be all his sins at last forgiven ;
Pray for the corse that lonely sleeps,
While he that loved her wakes and weeps !
Ora pro nobis, virgine.

JAMES.

TO ANNA MARIA.

Awake, "*thy*" spirit! think through *whom*,
Thy life-blood takes its parent lake!—BYRON.

Young, dark-eyed Peri of the sky!
Offspring of earth, but heir of heaven!—
Thou pole-star of a parent's eye,
And Love's *first* pledge to GENIUS given,—

For THEE I ask no vulgar boon
Of flowery paths, and cloudless skies,
And purling rills, and silvery moon,
And zephyrs, breathing perfum'd sighs;—

No!—be *thy* "path" a path of flame!
The pathway to Ambition's goal,
Where glory seeks a deathless name,
With daring eye and dauntless soul!

And be the "sky" around thee thrown,
A sky where viewless planets roll—
Radiant with lightnings all thine own,
Bright gleaming from thy glowing soul!

And be thy "rill" the cataract's rush,
Where passion swells its torrents high,
Where streams from feeling's fount but gush
To paint her rainbows in the eye!

And be the "moon" that rules thy night
A meteor gleaming at the pole,
That borrows all its fitful light
From the bright radiance of thy soul!

And be thy "zephyrs" love's wild storm,
That swells the bosom's troubled deep,
That writhes the heart, and scathes the form,
And knows no calm, and knows no sleep!

And be thy "sighs" the Phoenix-fire,
That gives new being when it dies—
Fame, that can *not* in death expire,
But rise, 'mid "perfumes" to the skies!

P.

THE SUNSET GUN—A Fragment.

The air was still. Upon th' horizon's edge
The sun was ling'ring on the blood-red deep,
Ere yet he flash'd on earth his last good night.
The ship slept on the waters, as the soul
Of an apostle rests on heavenly hopes.
The dove, as she skimm'd o'er the glassy sea,
Flew to embrace her mimic mate beneath.
Amid this peace, the sunset gun boom'd out,
And came upon the ear in majesty
E'en as the last trump shall wake a slumbering world!

* * * * *



“ With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
 “ We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,”—PAINÉ.
 The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
 From the dark bosom of oblivion’s wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....AUGUST 17, 1828. No. 33.

THE BALL—*From Death's Doings.*

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

“ EVEN if I were not prevented by this unlooked-for engagement from accompanying you to the ball to night, my love,” said the Honourable Alfred Seymour to his beautiful young wife, “ you must nevertheless have declined it, for the child is evidently unwell, look how the pulses throb in this little throat, Sophia!”
 “ So they always do, I believe. I really wish you were less of a croaker and caudle-maker, my dear;— however, to make you easy, I will send for Doctor Davis immediately: as to the ball, as I am expected, and have gone to the trouble and expense of a new dress, and have not been out for such a long, long time, really I think I *ought* to go.”

“ You would not leave my boy, Lady Sophia, if?”—“ Not if there is the least danger, certainly; nor if the Doctor should pronounce it *ill*: but I do not believe it is so—I

see nothing *particular* about the child, for my part.”

As the young mother said this, she cast her eyes on the child, and saw in its little heavy eyes something which she felt assured *was* particular—she saw, moreover, more strikingly than ever, the likeness it bore to a justly beloved husband, and in a tone of self-correction added, “ Poor little fellow, I do think you are not quite the thing, and should it prove so, mamma will not leave you for the world.”

The countenance of the father brightened, and he departed assured that the claims of nature would soon fully triumph over any little lingering love of dissipation, struggling for accustomed indulgence; and as he bade her good by, he did not wonder that a star so brilliant desired to exhibit its rays in the hemisphere alluded to, which was one in the highest circle of fashion.

Nevertheless, as he could not be present himself, he thought it on the whole better that she should be absent. A young nobleman, who had been his rival, and wore the willow sometime after their marriage had lately paid marked attention to a young beauty every way likely to console him; and Mr. Seymour thought it would be a great pity if his lady, whom he had not seen for some months, should by appearing before him in the full blaze of beauty, (unaccompanied by that person whose appearance would instantly recal the sense of her engagement) indispose his heart for that happy connexion to which he had shown this predilection.

Unfortunately, the fond husband gave indication of his admiration alike in looks and words; and as the fair young mother turned from him to her mirror, she felt for a moment displeased, that her liege lord should be less solicitous than herself to "witch the world" with her beauty; and whilst in this humour she called her maid to show her the turban and dress "in which she intended to appear."

"Lauk, my lady! why sure you intends it yet—did ever any body hear of such a thing as going for to stay at home when you are all prepared. Why, you've been out of sight ever so long, because you was not fit to be seen, as one may say; but now that you are more beautifuller than ever, by the same rule you should go ten times as much—do pray, my lady, begin directly—ah! I knows what I know. Miss Somerville may look twice ere she catches my lord, if so be he sees you in this here plume; cold broth is soon warm, they say."

Could it be that this vulgar nonsense—the senseless tirade of low flattery, and thoughtless stimulation to error—could affect the mind of the high-born, and highly educated Lady Sophia? Alas! yes—a slight

spark will ignite dormant vanity, and the love of momentary triumph surpass the more generous wish of giving happiness to others in a sphere distinct from our own.

The new dress was tried on; its effects extolled by the maid, and admitted by the lady, who remembered to have read or heard of some beauty, whose charms were always most striking, when she first appeared after a temporary confinement. The carriage was announced, and she was actually descending when the low wail of the baby broke on her ear, and she recollected that in the confusion of her mind during the time devoted to dress and anticipated triumph, she had forgotten to send for the medical friend of the family.

Angry with herself, in the first moment of repentance, she determined to remain at home, but unfortunately reconsidered, and went before the arrival of the doctor;—'tis true she left messages and various orders, and *so far* fulfilled a mother's duties, but she yet closed her eyes to the evident weakness of her boy, and contented herself with determining to return as soon as it was possible.

But who could return while they found themselves the admired of all, and when at least the adoration of eyes saluted her from him whom she well knew it was cruelty or sin to attract. The observation forced upon her of Miss Somerville's melancholy looks told her this, and compelled her to recollect that she was without her husband, and therefore critically situated; and as "in the midst of life we are in death," so she proved that in the midst of triumph we may be humbled—in the midst of pleasure be pained; and she resolved to fly from the scene of gaiety more quickly than she had come.

But numerous delays arose, each of which harrassed her spirits not

less than they retarded her movements, and she became at length so annoyed, as to lose all her bloom, and bear herself as much condoled with on her looks as she had a few hours before been congratulated;—she felt ill, and was aware that she merited to be ill, and had a right to expect reproaches from her husband, not less on account of herself than her child; and whilst in this state of perplexity was summoned to her carriage by her servants, who, in the confusion occasioned by messengers from home as well as from herself, had increased her distress.

The young mother arrived in time to see the face of her dying child distorted by convulsions, and to meet from her husband anger, reproach, and contempt. She was astonished, even terrified, by witnessing the death of the innocent being she had forsaken in a moment so critical; and bitter was the sorrow and remorse which arose from offending him who had hitherto loved her so fondly and esteemed her so highly. These emotions combining with other causes, rendered her soon the inhabitant of a sick-bed, and converted a house so lately the abode of happiness and hope, into a scene of sorrow, anxiety, and death. Lady Sophia, after much suffering, recovered her health; but when she left her chamber she became sensible that altho' pity and kindness were shown to her situation, esteem and confidence were withdrawn. She had no child to divert the melancholy of her solitary hours, and, what was of more consequence, no husband who could condole with her on its loss—silence of the past was the utmost act of tenderness to which Mr. Seymour could bring himself on this subject, which recurred to him with renewed pain when his anxiety was removed for the life of one still dear, though no longer invaluable.

And all this misery, the fearful prospect of a long life embittered by self-reproach, useless regret, and lost affection, was purchased by a new dress and an ignorant waiting-maid—a risk so full of danger and so fatal in effect was incurred, to strike a man already refused, and wound a woman who never injured her. Such are the despicable efforts of vanity for temporary distinction, and such the deplorable consequences of quitting the tender offices of affection and transgressing the requisitions of duty.

A PERSIAN'S VISIT

TO AN ENGLISH CHURCH.

WE entered the church in a body, and men and women without distinction were fastened into little square pens. I must own, that veils for the women on this occasion were, in my mind, of urgent necessity, and ought to be enforced by an order from the shah; for who can refrain from looking about him? For my part I could not keep my eyes from wandering towards the pretty face of the moon-like Bessy, do what I would. I understand much of what was written in a black book which Mary put into my hands, and with such portions I was much struck; they put me in mind of parts of our blessed koran; but I was not much edified by the conduct of the congregation. The *peish namaz*, or the leader in prayer, did not himself appear to be in earnest; he neither wagged his head to and fro, as our most saintlike mollahs do, nor did he occasionally keep his body in a state of vibration. As for the people, some looked one way, some another; a few only appeared fervent in prayer, and generally, with the exception of being quite quiet, they might quite as well have been at home. The rich had soft cushions to repose upon, and the poor were provided with more conveniences than at their own

houses. Let them go into Mussulman countries, thought I, and there learn true seriousness and devotion. A man will say his prayers in the midst of the most crowded assembly without turning his head to the right or the left. He sits on his heels, and wants neither cushions nor footstools, as the Franks do. He requires no book to pray from, for his prayers have been lodged within the chambers of his mind, ever since he could be taught to recite them; and when he reads the koran, the only ceremony necessary is, that he washes his hands, before he presumes to take up the sacred volume. Now the Franks, thought I, take up their holy book as if it were any other book; washed or unwashed hands, is all one to them. Seeing that every body sat or stood in any position they chose, and did not turn their faces in any particular direction, I asked old Mr. Hogg, where was the Christian *kebleh*? but he did not seem to understand me. "Cobbler!" said he, "no such person officiates in our churches." I made him understand that I alluded to the point to which they turn when they say their prayers, for I had always supposed that Christians turned towards Jerusalem in the same manner as we do towards Mecca. All I could learn from him was, that they faced the clergyman when he prayed or preached, and the organ when any chanting was performed. I saw that the eyes of every one were upon me for talking so much; therefore I wrapped up my curiosity for the present in the folds of silence, and lent a willing ear to the beautiful sounds which proceeded from the organ, for such strains I never before heard. The singing of children which accompanied it did not strike me as so impressive as some of the fine voices which are sometimes heard from our *muezzins* chanting our profession of faith,

and the invitation to prayer from our *minars*, and certainly not to be compared to the magnificent chant of the *kholbeh* before the Asylum of the Universe. When I thought it time that the ceremony should finish, I was surprised to see a young mollah, whose beard had not yet sprouted, ascend the preaching chair. How could the *reish sefid*, or elders, of whom I saw many in the church, consent to hear the doctrine of one so young, thought I. But my surprise ceased when I saw him draw out a book from his pocket, for he no doubt would preach the doctrine of some celebrated elder, reading it from the manuscript, to suppose that he would venture to speak for himself appeared to me little less than laughing at the beards of the congregation then assembled. At length, the whole service being ended, we rose and departed. Had I been a Christian in a Mahomedan mosque, I should have blessed my good fortune that I left it without broken bones; but here, instead of any such apprehension, I only met with approving looks, mixed with expressions of surprise at my extraordinary appearance.—*Adventures of Hajj Baba in England.*

Saturday Evening.

No situation in life is so favorable to established habits of virtue, and to powerful sentiments of devotion, as a residence in the country, and rural occupations. I am not speaking of a condition of peasantry, (of which, in this country, we know little,) who are mere vassals of an absent lord, or the hired labourers of an intendant, and who are therefore interested in nothing but the regular receipt of their daily wages; but I refer to the honorable character of an owner of the soil, whose comforts, whose weight in the community, and whose very existence,

depend upon his personal labours, and the regular returns of the abundance from the soil which he cultivates. No man, one would think, would feel so sensibly his immediate dependence upon God as the husbandman. For all his peculiar blessings he is invited to look immediately to the bounty of Heaven. No secondary cause stands between him and his Maker. To him are essential the regular succession of the seasons, and the timely fall of the rain, the genial warmth of the sun, the sure productiveness of the soil, and the certain operations of those laws of nature, which must appear to him nothing less than the varied exertions of omnipresent energy. In the country, we seem to stand in the midst of the great theatre of God's power, and we feel an unusual proximity to our Creator. His blue and tranquil sky spreads itself over our heads, and we acknowledge the intrusion of no secondary agent in unfolding this vast expanse. Nothing but Omnipotence can work up the dark horrors of the tempest, dart the flashes of the lightning, and roll the long-resounding rumour of the thunder. The breeze wafts to his senses the odours of God's beneficence; the voice of God's power is heard in the rustling of the forest; and the varied forms of life, activity, and pleasure, which he observes at every step in the fields, lead him irresistibly, one would think, to the Source of being, and beauty, and joy. How auspicious such a life to the noble sentiments of devotion! Besides, the situation of the husbandman is peculiarly favorable, it should seem, to the purity and simplicity of moral sentiment. He is brought acquainted chiefly with the real and native wants of mankind. Employed solely in bringing food out of the earth, he is not liable to be fascinated with the fictitious pleasures, the unnatural wants, the fashionable follies,

and tyrannical vices of more busy and splendid life.

Still more favorable to the religious character of the husbandman is the circumstance, that, from the nature of agricultural pursuits, they do not so completely engross the attention as other occupations. They leave much time for contemplation, for reading, and intellectual pleasures; and these are peculiarly grateful to the resident in the country. Especially does the institution of the Sabbath discover all its value to the tiller of the earth, whose fatigue it solaces, whose hard labours it interrupts, and who feels on that day, the worth of his moral nature, which cannot be understood by the busy man, who considers the repose of this day as interfering with his hopes of gain, or professional employments. If, then, this institution is of any moral and religious value, it is to the country we must look for the continuance of that respect and observance which it merits. My friends, those of you especially, who retire annually into the country, let these periodical retreats from business or dissipation bring you nearer to your God; let them restore the clearness of your judgment on the objects of human pursuit, invigorate your moral perceptions, exalt your sentiments, and regulate your habits of devotion; and if there be any virtue or simplicity remaining in rural life, let them never be impaired by the influence of your presence and example.—*Buckminster.*

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

The following extracts are from the journal of a lady, formerly of this city, (now deceased), kept by her during a sojourn in Italy for her health, in 1816, '17, & '18. Should these interest, occasionally other extracts, as to customs, &c. will be furnished. MARY.

SATURDAY. Visited St. Elmo. The convent is most delightfully situated on a hill, and commands from dif-

ferent parts of the hill four distinct and beautiful views of Naples. It was founded by St. Bruno, and is the richest monastery in the kingdom. The Carthusians were banished during the reign of French tyranny, and whether Ferdinand will recal them is uncertain. The splendour of the building, built of the most beautiful marble—the magnificence of the paintings by some of the first masters—are objects interesting beyond comparison. The paintings of the descent from the cross, and the denial of Peter, are deservedly estimated as superior—the riches are immense—the altar inlaid with jasper, porphyry and other valuables, together with a walk paved with the most beautiful marble. These form a combination of magnificence almost inconceivable. The church is of mahogany, with beautiful carved work over the whole, all done by one monk with a penknife! Enthusiasm, here is thy abode! It is now possessed as an hospital for Bonaparte's soldiers—cumbered with the lame, halt, &c. &c. The monks lived wholly on fish, and were exempt from taxation, until the government discovered that one fish dinner cost them 500 ducats, when they commenced taxing them.

There are many Christian and heathen relics here. The latter of the most value. The poor peasantry, and in fact the whole mass, are deceived and cajoled by priests with most wretched tools. The *toe* of St. Peter attracts the attention and belief of all, who come with full hands to endow a convent where such an *inestimable* relic is retained.—After a beautiful ride on the new road laid out by Joseph Bonaparte, we reached home to dine, passed the evening, &c.

SUNDAY. Mr. F. D.—, &c. and self enjoyed a most enchanting ride to Patecoli—visited the burning mountain—a singular fact respect-

ing it—it is situated three leagues from Vesuvius—the moment Vesuvius began to burn, this ceased, and has never since had an eruption, though the surface of the ground is extremely warm—saw the amphitheatre on which many a Roman Emperor had contemplated, with savage delight, the torturing of those noble animals, the lion, tiger, &c. and enjoying the agony of poor wretches doomed to death by their fiat. In walking over the Appian Way, and looking back upon former days, it seemed a dream that I trod the same path once passed by a Cæsar, a Pompey, a Cicero, and those worthies now slumbering in the grave. The feelings of the moment were indescribable: thought wandered back over the long, long march of Time, and in idea I saw Rome as it was, and forgot that it now was but a pile of ruined architecture.—The temple of Jupiter engaged us next—it was discovered in a lake—the marble columns are larger than any extant. When discovered, they were water soaked, and rendered porous by a certain fish that possesses the power of destroying marble—the whole is very interesting, and conveys ideas language cannot embody.

MONDAY, 25th Dec. Christmas day—a great holiday—every body alive and looking happy—passed a delightful morning in visiting churches—St. Clair's, very beautiful—but I prefer St. Janissarius—there is a ludicrous story concerning the loss of his nose—after a time a fisherman found it, when it went through the air, and popped on his saintship's face—this anecdote was told me with the utmost gravity by a Capuchin friar—another black-eyed one looking over his shoulder, whose countenance said, "this is a lie"—an amusing fellow—conversed with his eyes—sorry I could not understand Italian, for I wished to converse with him. The

Saint holds a Captain General's commission in the Neapolitan service, and the priests receive the emolument. There are some very beautiful paintings—the visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, of St. Clair's, is superb—attended the theatre in the evening—the play was called Elizabeth and Leicester—most beautiful music and dancing.

WEDNESDAY. Devoted to exploring Herculaneum by torch-light—passages long and gloomy—the sensations of contemplating the ruins of a theatre where thousands had experienced raptures—the remains of paintings, no doubt by the first masters—the beauty of the marble—the singular make of the houses—of the court yards—of fountains, artificial and natural—the idea that so many thousands were swept from existence at once—to describe this, language would fail.—The place is dug out at the expense of the Prince Regent of England. Bodies, when found, and even their attire, are in a high state of preservation—some standing, others sitting, who have been preserved by the lava three centuries. I could not help shuddering, when I reflected I was fifty feet under ground, and walking through passages which it had pleased the Almighty to bury, with all their inhabitants, in one deep bosom of burning lava. It was discovered by a countryman's digging a well—he found stairs entire—upon the discovery, the present king's father employed workmen, and cleared away the rubbish. There were discovered many paintings and specimens of the useful and ornamental arts, which were preserved, and are now exhibited at the museum in Porteo. We were enchanted with the whole—also visited the palace called the Favoretti—in the French style, and does honor to Murat's taste, who ornamented it. It was 15 years in building, and is not yet finished. It gives one an

idea of a palace—but though charming, it excites no other idea than of an agreeable spectacle, which you must only contemplate.—Went to the theatre in the evening, with the Duc de —.

THURSDAY. Had a call from an Italian high-toned woman of fashion and beauty, at 53—very much of a lady, and possesses very pleasant colloquial powers.—I had a letter of introduction from Mrs. R. S.—she favoured me with a call after twelve days' delay, and proffered services which she was conscious her conduct had precluded the acceptance of, &c.

FRIDAY. Visited Virgil's tomb. The situation is the most picturesque of any in the world—a beautiful serpentine path, planted with the laurel and laburnum—these conceal the tomb until you reach its entrance—you are upon enchanted ground—every object sacred to imagination, and you feel it almost profanation to walk over his remains. After contemplating this silent mansion, you are conducted to a seat adorned with four appropriate lines in French. This seat commands an extensive view of the bay and city of Naples. His epitaph written by himself was there. We left our names on the walls—turned and left it forever. In the Villa Reale, or Public Gardens, is a group of 13 figures, representing Parthenia with the foot of a bull on her head, from which she is rescued by her brothers. In the church of St. Clair we saw an Egyptian mummy—it appeared no more than a mass of bone. Many of their Kings and Queens, dressed in their habiliments in marble, convey an idea most horrible. Visited a church of Capuchins—friars would not admit us because we were ladies—(ungalant rascals!)—

SATURDAY. Rode to the Grotto del Cano—a walk round Avernus—visited some natural warm baths—

singular—a perpetual heat without the least appearance of fire—excellent for rheumatic complaints. The Grotto (del Cano) celebrated for its carbonic gas—affects respiration immediately on inclining towards the earth—saw it tried on a dog—pistol will not go off—Accompanied Mr. R. to the Studeo—a delightful collection of paintings and statuary—the Phœnician Hercules is the finest statue in the world—it was packed up in Rome to be sent to France—but was fortunately saved—and as Ferdinand was one of the Bourbons, he was allowed to retain it. A Venus, extremely beautiful. The attitude of Aristides (the just) is extremely good. His countenance exhibits his character—wonderfully fine, placid, and serene. The Proconsul of Herculaneum, with the family, extremely interesting—the horse elegant. An Atlas, very striking. The Roman Emperors—fine, but deficient in appropriate expressions. Visited Pompeii.—This wonderful martyr to Vesuvius excited mingled emotions of regret and admiration—we traversed streets now solitary, where once hundreds assembled for the purposes of enjoyment & business, viewed houses whose owners had once revelled in all the delights of hospitality—ruminated on that time when human beings thoughtlessly calculated on years of pleasure and enjoyment, and allotting mirth for to-morrow, which morrow never was to arrive; in the midst of volcanic substances, yet reckless of danger. The amphitheatre is well preserved, and the paintings fine. The circumference of the amphitheatre, 160 feet. The blue and red on the paintings, one cannot conceive were painted so many centuries ago—the art is now lost. The villa of Diomed, where 17 skeletons were found, must have been considered grand in its day—Mosaic work around the walls and domes. The

sculpture on the tombs is beyond imagination—this scene alone repays crossing the Atlantic—Saw the temple of Mercury—a person whispering on one side may be heard distinctly on the other, though the sound is lost in the middle. Enjoyed a delightful sail across the bay—basin and mole, fine—passed Caligula's bridge—the view of the fort picturesque.

[The worst thing about a visit to Italy is that you are bewildered by the rapid succession of interesting objects, and in an attempt to grasp the whole, you lose many things which you would retain.—*Ed.*]

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.
ESSAY.

THE ART OF WINNING.

It is not a fair countenance, an eye of sloc, pearly teeth, a symmetrical form, that constitutes that *je ne sais quoi*, denominated the art of captivating. It is not the regular drapey of the trees sketched against the blue horizon, that constitutes all of beauty in the landscape; it is not the beauty of the evening star only, that hangs the spangled curtain of brilliancy over the charms of night; but it is the combined beauty of forest and glade, star and cloud, making the grand whole, which wraps enthusiasm in their folds. So is woman. Mind is the moral charm which superadded to the gifts of nature, make up the enchantments which woman sways over the empire of the human heart. It is among the disappointed, the querulous, the unhappy of the world, that woman is designated by the stigma of weak, changing, and coquetish, and then only when the charms of face have been relied on, instead of those pearls which adorn the coronet of intellect. Yet there are those who have forgotten or despised stale maxims, which prejudiced minds have distorted into axioms, and allow not only the feminine charms of face to woman, but where it is deserved, the nobler qualities

of mind. Madame de Stael, unadorned by beauty, was the delight of the most celebrated of the French literati, and by the charms of her intellect, claimed her laurels in the arena of writing and converse. Others, with and without beauty, have proved brilliant lights in the firmament of belle-lettres. But among all those interesting qualities which render the attractions of the fair truly beautiful, it is not necessary to confine our views simply to scientific attainments. There are other arts of winning dearer than those of a cultivated intellect. Those little sweetnesses which cluster round a well tempered disposition, that softness, the opposite of the rougher qualities of manhood, that delicacy of feeling, and conduct which has the tear for the afflicted, and the balm of consolation for the bereaved,—when superadded to the graces of figure, all, in such case, add an amount to the female mind almost irresistible in attraction.—But when a cultivated intellect, connected with these other qualifications, cease to interest, then let proud man continue to derogate from the expediency of adding to female knowledge. If a due weight be given to the few observations above made, *accomplishment* will be found to mean a regular system of mental discipline, calculated to develop female mental energies. And that when they are cultivated, they are valuable for here and hereafter, and that the parent who wishes to add a charm to his fireside, will gather around it not only intellect in his sons, but in his daughters. The march of mind pays respect to its fellow whenever and wherever it meets it, without stopping to inquire whether its owner be of Athens or Ephesus, whether it dwells within the Grecian temple of beauty, or the Gothic keep of man.

W.

“HAIL, WEDDED LOVE!”

As the diversity in the human countenance is as great as the number of the species, though in all may be seen a general resemblance; so, in relation to the lineaments of the mind, no two can be found that exactly serve as mirrors for each other. Yet the external similarity of mankind is not more characteristic of the species than their corresponding propensities. If we are justly classed, like other creatures, under a specific head, on account of the resemblance in structure which runs through the whole race, may not a still more distinctive mark be discovered in the passions of the mind?

The universal propensity of mankind to social habits and a free interchange of friendship and affection, furnishes a conclusive argument that we were designed to fill stations adapted to our natures: the advantages of society and integrity, the beauty of virtue and piety, and the binding charm of conjugal affection, are so indelibly impressed on every good and generous mind, that a proper cultivation of these useful and endearing relations forms both the duty and pleasure of life.

To a mind fraught with virtue, benevolence, and a delicate sense of honour and reciprocal obligations, matrimonial duties and endearments present a theme of the deepest interest. Many, and perhaps nearly all of the more general relations of the social compact, admit of being systematized, and regulated by principles equally applicable to all; but what wisdom can dictate, or what language can describe measures and regulations for the government of the affections? It would be in vain to make the attempt—love is the spontaneous effusion of the soul; and to be constant and lasting, must grow out of the amiable qualities of the mind, be cherished by social virtues, and sus-

tained by mutual confidence and unchanging fidelity.

Matrimony is a universal theme ; and it is as much in accordance with the principles of nature for the human species to enter into the ' sacred covenant,' as it is for turtle-doves to pair together. And notwithstanding man is so constituted that a flow of good feelings and benevolence may extend to an indefinite number, still, the properties of the mind are such, that happiness is heightened, and virtue promoted, by devoting the pure and best affections of the heart to a single object. Indeed, this concentration of love in genial bosoms, is the only source of the most refined and elevated joys of life, and what alone can render the flowers of virtue indecious.

With the youthful this all-engrossing and interesting subject offers the greatest stimulus to industry and rectitude of life ; fancy prospectively pictures the pleasing scenes associated with the connubial state ; a realization of those scenes preserves in the bosom the most perfect and tranquil satisfaction and felicity ; and a faithful discharge of all the duties and relations connected therewith, adds new embellishments to beauty, improves the mind, refines the manners, and elevates the loveliest affections of the soul.—*Nan. Inq.*

“NOT AT HOME.”

AMONG the minor ethical questions that have been much discussed for the last twenty years, no one has elicited more zeal and hypocrisy than the one involved in the use of the terms “ *not at home*,” on certain occasions. To come to the bone and marrow of this momentous question at once, it has been asserted that for a lady to say she is “ *not at home*,” when in fact she is, is to tell a falsehood ; but we do not think so. Words are not always to receive a literal construction ; if they

were, there would soon be an end to all those courtesies which soften the asperities of life ; but the safest construction, as well as the most liberal, is to endow them with the meaning intended by him who speaks them. If so understood, there can be no deception. How very common it is, at the conclusion of a letter, to say, “ I am your most obedient servant,” &c. &c. Now, if words were to be literally understood, the actual servant would have a right sometimes to presume himself the master ; but these words are never so understood, and, therefore, this inference is never drawn. So when a lady sends word she is “ *not at home*,” if in point of fact she is, she means no more than that it is inconvenient for her to see company ; and if these terms are so understood, where is the deception ! And if there is no deception, what harm is it to use them ? They are merely intended to soften the disappointment, as much as possible, which a denial to the admission of one's friend is calculated to produce ; and it undoubtedly has that effect. One lady calling on another feels better satisfied to be denied in this way, than to have word sent, “ Mrs. A. is in dishabille, or is baking cake in the kitchen, or is getting the baby to sleep, and therefore cannot see you.” Such a denial is rarely felt to be a sufficient excuse, and generally speaking, is deemed a poor compliment to the lady who has taken the trouble to call. But, says one, you need not send word what you are about, but only that you are *engaged*. This in fact is making a bad matter worse, for you not only deny admission to your friend, but deny without assigning any reason, and your friend must conclude, either that you did not wish to see her, or that you were doing something that you were ashamed to speak of. Now, all these disagreeable consequences

and feelings are avoided by using three little monosyllables, with perfect consistency and propriety, "not at home."—*Prov. Pat.*

**MEETING
OF WELLINGTON AND BLUCHER AT
THE BELLE ALLIANCE.**

AFTER the flight of the French, the Duke pursued them to the *Belle Alliance*, where by accident he met with Prince Blucher. It was a delightful sight to see these two heroes embrace each other. Colonel Blucher, the son, says, "that all the by-standers burst into tears, his father cried, and down the cheek of the Duke poured the large tear." "My children," said the Duke, "have done wonders. They are too tired to pursue." "I will lead on the pursuit," said the old veteran. "I will order for it the last man and the last horse," and he obeyed fully his promise. They gave no intermission to the French. At several *bivouacs*, or restings to refresh, standing on their arms, Blucher advanced upon them. The troops cried, "*Vive le Roi*," (long live the king.) "*Vive le Diable*," (long live the d—l) was the cry of the old warrior, and every one was instantly murdered in cold blood. Thus ended the destruction of this immense army, except about 40,000, who escaped by flight, and these disbanded, selling their horses and arms, returned disorganised to their homes.—*Picton's Battle of Waterloo.*

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

"We are but the venders of other men's goods."

Home Industry. Of all the specimens of *domestic fabrics* (says the N. Y. Statesman) which we have examined incomparably the finest were exhibited at our office this morning by Mr. Curtis, a farmer from Blooming Grove, Orange county. These manufactures were

produced by the most ingenious, skilful, and industrious of all artists, *honey bees*. The hive is about a foot square, with panes of glass on four sides, exhibiting the full comb, which is pure as crystal itself. Mr. Curtis has thirty of these boxes, each containing about 20 lbs. of honey, made from the white clover. We were inclined to believe that the hand of man had something to do in this affair, till the fastenings upon the window sashes of the cells were pointed out by a friend, who has often seen the matchless little architects at work. It is gratifying to learn, that the bees are preserved by their humane proprietor, till they die of old age, and thus share the common lot of us all.

Ferocious Attack of a Dog.—

About one o'clock on Saturday afternoon, a dog, which is supposed to have broken loose from a house in Surrey square, made a furious attack upon a lad about 13 years of age. The cries of the lad first attracted the attention of a lady, who ran from her house with a hair broom, and succeeded in beating the dog off, when he seized the broom in his jaws, and she was left defenceless. The dog then renewed his attack upon the lad; when the lady returned to her house and brought a carpet-broom, which the dog likewise tore to pieces, and the lady was once more disarmed. The dog again attacked the boy, who was now in such an exhausted state as scarcely to be able to speak. Twice was the dog beaten off, and twice did he renew the attack. The lady then ran into the house for safety, and was obliged to leave the poor boy to the mercy of the enraged animal. A gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had just seen it from a window, turned round for a weapon to make an attack upon the dog, when the animal escaped. He was, however, shortly afterwards

despatched by a labouring man, who heard the cry of "kill that dog!" "kill that dog!" The poor boy was picked up, but was not able to stand. He was put into a cart, and conveyed to the hospital. From subsequent inquiries, we learn that six of the bitten parts were cut out, and that caustic has been applied to many others. It is feared the dog was in a rabid state. The mother of the poor boy was at the time lying upon a bed of sickness.

Rochester, N. Y. has grown up something like Jonah's gourd. In the short space of sixteen years, it has obtained a population of about 9000 inhabitants.

Dancing. "I am an old fellow," says Cowper, in one of his letters to Hurdis, "but I had once my dancing days, as you have now, yet I could never find that I could learn half so much of a woman's real character by dancing with her, as conversing with her at home; when I could observe her behaviour at the table, at the fire-side, and in all the trying scenes of domestic life. We are all good when we are pleasant, but she is good who wants not the FIDDLE to sweeten her."—

Philadelphia. The people are all out of town, and accidents and accident-makers have all followed them. The genius of mischief, the printer's friend, is either asleep, or "gone to the Springs." Fires will not break out; thieves do not break in; Fame's trumpet is melted; rumour's hundred tongues are parched up, and our papers are as dry as the deserts of Arabia. To make short, however, a long story, we desire to inform our absent townsmen, that the city is very healthy, but as a natural consequence of their absence, very dull. Business is stagnant, commerce is taking a nap in the tariff shade, and we have to look sharp, to make out from the papers

we receive, our daily modicum of news—*Phil. Chronicle.*

A French emigrant, having been but a short time in England, was invited to partake of a bowl of punch—a liquor he had never tasted before, and which not at all agreed with him. Speaking of his entertainment next day, but forgetting the name of the beverage, he asked, "Vat de calls that liquor dat be all *contradiction*; where is de brandy to make it strong, and de water to make it weak, de sugar to make it sweet, and de lemon to make it sour?" "Punch, I suppose you mean." "Aye, punch, (said Monsieur,) it almost *punches out my brains last night.*"—

Jealousy. A young woman was apprehended, the other day, in the city of Philadelphia, disguised in man's apparel. It is said that the "green-eyed monster," jealousy, had "taken possession of her soul," and that she had assumed the "aforementioned habiliments" in order to ascertain the haunts of her naughty husband. "Men are faithless creatures, jo."—

Mrs. Hemans. We learn, from the London journals, that this noble hearted woman—one of nature's sweetest and truest poets—is preparing for the press another volume of her breathing flowers.

Talma's Widow. The widow of Talma, the celebrated French tragedian, was married to the Count de Chalot, an officer of the legion of honour, on the sixth of June last.

On a late ascension of Mr. Green, a Mr. W. requested to be allowed to accompany him into the aerial regions. "Are you good tempered?" asked the aeronaut. "I believe so," said the other, "but why do you ask the question?" "For fear we may *fall out on the way.*"

Ingenious Piece of Mechanism.—

We were gratified in viewing a most ingenious piece of mechanism now exhibiting at the jewelry store of Mr. Rice, in this village,—a time-piece, which strikes the hours and halves, plays six tunes with all the force and sweetness of a piano-forte, and sings like a nightingale! Yet this is not all; you are not only saluted with the cheerful notes of a feathered warbler, but presented with the bird itself, decked out in a coat of many colours, rejoicing with motion as well as music, fluttering its little wings with the light and sprightly notes, and accompanying the more soft and solemn with a slower motion of the head, and whole body. Really, here is a bird that will sing when you please, and sweetly, too, and dance to its own music; yet so tame that he will never fly away; and being supernatural, he needs neither food nor drink. But seriously, it is a triumph of mechanism, and a finished piece of workmanship. The top of the time piece, represents a flower garden; the bird sitting on the summit of the structure in the centre, from which spouts of pure water appear pouring down while the bird sings, the whole presenting a most lively and picturesque appearance. The admirers of art, and others who have time to spend, will be highly pleased, with witnessing the operations of this wonderful piece of mechanism.—*Saratoga Sent.*

Spring love often freezes in the winter,—and love once concealed, seldom pursues its old channel again.

Said Anna's young suitor, "a kiss is a noun,
But tell me if *common or proper*,"
he cried:

With a cheek full of blushes, and
eye-lids cast down,
" 'Tis both common and proper,"
fair Anna replied.

Bower of Taste.

THE WEATHER.

Who cannot write about the weather? We will tell you—He or she that is under a denegue sun, receiving the reflected light and heat of a brick wall, as it streams into a close room, where there is no 'sweet breath of heaven' to cool a brain fever—that one who is spinning out a hexameter, with the accompaniment of a sky of dust, and the wheels of twenty carriages over a noisy pavement—who plies the fan, whips the moschetoes, and cudgels the brain—who has a parlous good natured friend, looking over their shoulder, [no offence, neighbour] saying as you travel through a sentence, 'How flat!'—that one who swallows hot air, and walks about a breathing salamander,—If any thus situated, can write even about the weather, he was born of a Simoon, and would have remained unhurt amidst the desolation of Sodom and Gomorrah. Think of a cooking barbecue on the fourth of July—of the Engineer's place in a steamboat—of the gentleman of old, roasted in the brazen bull—of an Indian powwow—and then, feeling all the warmth concomitant upon all and each of these, write about the weather, if you can—or make love—or pen poetry—it will not do.—But retreat to the cellar—light your lamp—take Parry's voyages to the North Pole to read, with an ice cream beside you—and then you may seize your harp, and babble about purling streams and green glades to some effect. But an Editor's closet! !.....Dog-days, dust, exuding brains, and a parched tongue.....for one to write amid all this, is asking too much. If you write, who will read? Your newspaper, taken after dinner, brings 'deep sleep on man,' and he snoozes in the first paragraph. Your wit is wasted, should you by accident have any, and the labour of the compositors and paper makers stark naught. No—it is of no use to say one word, even about the weather. So we will not try.

Commencements. These annual literary jubilees are coming and passing as we write, sending their intellectual knights errant into the world of theology, pharmacology, and law; as also among the intricacies of commerce, science, and belles-lettres. The day which designates the departure of the graduate from his Alma Mater, is hallowed by himself, and honoured by many who assemble to witness the ceremony of his exit, and to listen to Latin and Greek speeches, oratorical forensicks, and grave and edifying disputations. The ladies, on such occasions, adorn themselves with smiles of the newest fashions,

and flourish their fans andante or con spiritu, as unto grace may appertain. Those gentlemen who have experienced the honours and luminations of a degree, applaud Hebrew disquisitions, which they.....—understand; while attentive dames exclaim, 'How graceful!' when orator juvenile maketh gesture appropriate. Cambridge, for a long course of years, has claimed the first laurel in the gift of dame science, and piqueth herself upon her "gray round towers of other days," and upon those brilliant stars in our hemisphere, whose rays were kindled at this good woman's lamp; and truly she hath educated a goodly family, but few of whom but were made for some good purpose.

Another commencement approaches, and already do we witness alertness in preparation among the fashionables, to adorn this gala day. Perhaps there is no one more rational amusement than the one which this, and the succeeding day at Cambridge affords. Still, however, to witness the performances, some fatigue must be endured, from the smallness of the place where the exhibition is offered, as well as from the extreme lack of ceremony prevalent among many, who are over anxious to obtain a conspicuous place to "see and be seen." We have with sorrow seen individuals—ay, even ladies—who were in general retiring and reserved in their manners, on occasions like this absolutely quite free and easy, and full as anxious to accommodate themselves, as to exhibit courtesy toward their neighbours; as also gentlemen, who would at any other time and place, think it unpardonable to stand before a lady, so as to completely eclipse her vision, forget their politeness at a commencement, and present to his fair neighbour behind him, three feet of his own person, together with two coat buttons, instead of the bright face of the interesting speaker. Chesterfield becomes, as the lawyers say, "pro hac vice," a dead letter, and beautiful head dresses, rose coloured ribbons, and blooming faces

"are born to blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air."

Still, notwithstanding these little unavoidable grievances, a commencement has its charms. Our friends from the south are there—our metropolis sends out her forces of beauty and fashion—and even Ballston and Saratoga restore their jewels during the commencement months.

Providence commencement succeeds Cambridge, it being on the following week, and here there is a larger church to accommodate the public. Providence is a scene of gaiety for about three weeks after commencement, those generally being a round of fashionable parties at this season. Here again

are seen the southrons, who begin at the end of this carnival to wend their way slowly toward home. Newport, that "garden of America," stays them awhile, until the steamboat receives them to convey them to that "sunny land, where dark eyes beam."

It is probable that there will be more strangers at Cambridge, at this commencement, than there has been for a number of years.

The Rival Theatres. From appearances, it is to be presumed that the campaign is to be opened this winter with great spirit. We have not as yet ascertained with certainty what recruits are to come forth at the F. S. Theatre, but the Tremont proprietors have fairly gained the histrionic jewels of New-York for their boards, and also renovated the interior of their theatre at a great expense. "Palman, qui meruit, serai."

Church Bells. A writer in the Evening Bulletin, recommends an abolishing of the practice of ringing the bells on Sundays, for church service, as injurious to the sick, and uncomfortable to the healthy. If the writer would engage to induce more to attend church if the custom is abandoned, than now go to meeting, his plan certainly should be adopted. Speaking of bells, a correspondent suggests, that in case of fire, a new method of ringing should be adopted, viz. a quick tolling, instead of the present method, to distinguish the nine, one, and eleven o'clock bells from a fire alarm. We know not, however, that this subject is particularly interesting to ladies, except that it may gratify their curiosity to learn immediately whether it is nine p. m., or a fire, that (as Paddy said) "pulls the talking rope."

The Statesman—guesses Ichabod has something to do with ladies' Bowers. Wonder who will be the next President? Guess if Ichabod has any seat in the Bower, Mrs. Ware had better come home. Guess-work very uncertain business. Guess there is good poetry in the Statesman. Guess Knapp makes good blacking. Guess Mrs. Ware did not write this article.

To Readers and Correspondents.

Several communications await the return of the Editor.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE, is Published every Saturday, by DUTTON & WENTWORTH. (formerly State Printers,) Nos. 1 and 4, Exchange-Street, Boston, who are authorized to transact all business relative to the Printing and circulation of this work. All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor.—[F] All letters must be Post paid.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

BEAUTIFUL EPITATH.

In Trinity-church grave-yard, New-York, is a magnificent slab of marble, with only this eloquent inscription—

“MY MOTHER.”

Sleep in this village 'of the dead,
Most venerable men :
Now echoeth mine unhallow'd tread
The voice of the leafless glen—
The grave. It is in the breath of night,
Bright yon great elms in the paly light.

Sleep in this sunless, earth-roof'd hall
In a pure and fervent sleep,
The frames of a Spirit-Coronal—
Sad thought, as from the deep,
Passeth the verge of mind along—
Tuning its chords to a reverent song.

Lo all around, the deep grav'd stone,
Faint rais'd from the clustering grass—
“Here Lyes y^e body of”—one unknown—
And the titled dead we pass—
Great in past time. They wrote their deeds—
Ah—to be read by blinding weeds !

A marble leaf looms meekly up
Beside the hoary fane :
Seemeth it the receiving cup
Of the tears that brightly wane—
Fall—over from feeling's sapphire lake,
When a sad thought doth its bosom shake.

It saith—“MY MOTHER.” Doth no line
Tell how she pass'd o'er earth ?
Nay—'tis enough ! Pure memory's shrine
Glows with explaining birth :
Write on maternal tomb no other—
No requiem-song but this—“MY MOTHER !”

NILE.

RAIN. VIOLET.

Look—the dark rain hath left the sky,
 The sapphire vision dwells above,
 The voice of earnest minstrelsy
 Comes wing'd by zephyrs from the grove ;
 The rainbow spans the eastern bend,
 The clouds roll meekly to the sea,
 And purling lines by the warm rain penn'd
 Flow over the hills to the grassy lea.

Where all the lightning of the storm ?
 Fringing the light horizon clouds !
 And where the echoing thunderer's form ?
 In the blue ocean—in wavy shrouds !
 And the strong stooping winds that went
 So like high waters the grass along ?
 Ah—in their revelling moans were blent
 Strains of the grave—their own death song !

All the green trees that garment land
 Shake from their locks Castilian pearls ;
 Teem the low grounds with a brilliant sand,
 O'er the bright moss the humbird whirls :
 Oh ! the slept violet !—its embrace
 Was round a rain drop!—one of sky :
 And blush is struggling in its face
 With light, and blue alternately.

God taught thee, beautiful ! how to fold
 Thy feeble leaves ; and incline thy head
 In a gentle sleep—while echoes roll'd
 From the tempest cloud, and fearful red
 Flash'd thro' the mist : Now, as a child
 That sleepeth amid the battle din,
 Thou wakest so unearthly mild,
 To learn thee danger, were a sin !

J. O. R.

Who that abroad on nature looks
 With calm, unclouded eye,
 Who climbs the rocks, who hears the brooks,
 And marks yon starry sky,
 Can deem himself a lonely one,
 As through the world he walks,
 Where every thing he looks upon
 In sweetest language talks ?
 But he who meets in transient way,
 With those who speak, and hear, and see,
 And cannot find one kindred lay
 To touch his heart, is not like me.
 While thought holds empire o'er the mind,
 Ye powers who rule me, grant me this :
 Where'er I meet with human kind,
 O let not "ignorance be bliss."

C*****.

Is there, when morning breaks along the east,
 Serene and calm, a sweetness in the hour ?
 A golden splendour, when, with light increas'd,
 Beams forth the day in all its dazzling power ?
 Each glittering star that gems you arch above,
 Looks it not lovely ? Yet seem these to me
 Like friendship's moonlight ray, outshone by love,
 All shade, contrasted with a smile from thee !

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



“ With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
“ We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,”—PAINÉ.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....AUGUST 23, 1828. No. 34.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES—No. I.

We “hold the mirror up to Nature.”

D' L A M E T ; A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER I.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They fill'd one home with glee ;
Their voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee.

They who with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with songs the hearth***
MRS. HEMANS.

THE twentieth of June, and the tenth of August, had passed: the unfortunate Louis of France was a prisoner in his own ancestral palace, dejected and spiritless; the noble, the queenly Marie Antoinette shared his captivity, his misfortunes, and his deprivations, but not his depression. She seemed like a being of another world, so superior were the energies of her mind to those of her husband. Still the horrid peals of the tocsin were borne upon every breeze to the ears of these unfortunate members of a Royal family. Still were the clamours of “Vive le Repub-

lique!” mingled with oaths of dreadful import to those within, from the tumultuous populace without the Tuilleries. Still did the streets of Paris resemble the stormy ocean covered with black and contentious waves. And, while the billowy mass was moving to and fro thro' her once magnificent streets, that voice which once had power, and which still had right to say to them, “thus far, and no farther, shall ye come,” was palsied by confinement, and its owner watched and insulted by ribald plebeians. But there were still noble hearts which beat with patriotic throbs for the monarch whom they loved—fiery spirits which could be subdued only by the extinction of life—and powerful arms, nerved for the defence of their own, their king's, and their country's rights. Among these, the family of Pierre D'Lamet were distinguished for their devotion to the “Bourbon,” and

their untired and untiring zeal in its defence, and endeavors to restore its departed grandeur. This man was possessed of immense riches, owned numerous seats within the precincts and suburbs of Paris, and lived in a style of magnificence which could not but draw upon him the fatal notice of the Jacobins. Still, the influence of this family was great over the populace, and their leaders perceived that means must be taken to possess themselves of their intended prey, which would rather gratify than alarm the wishes of the people. D'Lamet, a veteran of seventy years, a great part of whose life had been spent in the service of his country—beloved of the family in power, who had reason in many cases to rejoice in his attachment—respected, as before related, by the lower classes of citizens, and held in awe, from the "*sans tache*" purity of his life and behaviour, even by those who were his political enemies—saw the storm which was approaching, even though the coming of the tempest was indicated only by slight and almost imperceptible breezes. It had been his wont during the confinement of Louis and Marie in the Luxembourg, to send them those luxuries and conveniences which the brutality of their keepers deprived them of. The soldiery who kept guard at the palace had been used to view this family with too much respect and awe, to refuse them access, even in opposition to the general commands of the National Assembly. Still, Pierre D'Lamet persisted in his assiduous and magnanimous attentions; heedless as to the consequences of an act which his conscience told him was founded in rectitude and love of country.

Pierre D'Lamet had been early married to a daughter of one of equal fortune and rank—a citizen of Bordeaux. This lady, beautiful and accomplished, unfortunately

possessed a fragile constitution. A few years after their union, she died, leaving an infant son & daughter, as yet unconscious of their loss. The grief of D'Lamet at this severe stroke was deep and poignant, still it did not exclude another, and an equally deep feeling from his breast—love and affection for the pledges the departed had left behind.—“No,” said he, “the pure spirit of Henriette will look down upon me the more sweetly, will hover over me the more constantly, as I love and cherish the innocent remembrancers she has left me.” Thenceforward his whole attention was directed to his children. True, he would often, as he gazed upon her picture, shed bitter tears of regret at the recollection of his loss, and of its magnitude. At such times he would recal her every virtue, and review her every excellence, until something like a repining spirit began to take possession of his mind. But like a good Catholic, he repelled these rebellious thoughts, and bowed to his lot as the work of a wise and beneficent God.

Years rolled on, and Henri and Henriette ripened into the perfection of beauty. The city and environs of Paris presented not a lovelier pair; he, tall, graceful and manly, prepossessed the mind of every beholder in his favour—

“Light was his measure in the dance,
And firm his footstep in the lists;
And oh! he had that merry glance,
Which seldom lady's heart resists.”

Henriette too, was tall, and of matchless symmetry and grace of form. She was so like her brother that had it not been for the flowing jetty ringlets, which, as they were thrown carelessly over her shoulders, contrasted so beautifully with the pure alabaster whiteness of her finely arched neck, she might, in masculine attire, have been mistaken for him. They had both been educated in monarchical principles.

were favourites at court, and looked upon the preservation of regal dignity, as did the Jews upon the ark of the covenant; religiously, conscientiously, and devotedly. The blood of the D'Lamets would have boiled at the rashness of any political Uzzah, who should presume, with ruthless hands, to touch the sanctuary of royalty.

But there were stirring times commenced: and events big with portentous omens of war, and blood, and strife were toward; and they were to involve the great, the noble and the good—as well as the vulgar, abandoned and the rebellious; the flower and chivalry, as well as the scum and canaille of France.—Pierre D'Lamet was too conspicuous among the former, not to be brought soon into collision with the latter. His fortunes were with the unfortunate Bourbon, and he set them and his life upon a die, and swore to abide the cast thereof manfully.

It was at the time when the royal captives were situated as above related, that Pierre D'Lamet according to his usual custom, dismounted from his carriage at the gardens of the Luxembourg, followed by a valet, bearing fruits and wine, which were to be offered with a friendly solicitude for their comfort, to the tenants of the palace. Alas! how different was the scene from that which for years gladdened the veteran's heart, as he paced proudly through the halls, now desecrated by the ruffian tread of the lawless vulgar. But yet unaltered was the loyal Frenchman's noble mien—unbent, even by age, was his portly carriage and demeanour. He trod boldly along the galleries of the palace, now filled with the riotous and profane gens-d'armes of Paris, who dared now to vent their ribald jests and brutal wit, even in the teeth of majesty itself. They had heretofore respected the appear-

ance, and had been awed by the presence of D'Lamet, as he had made his visits to the palace; but the day of the tenth of August had passed—the train of lawless and unrestrained spirits had been fired, and Pierre D'Lamet was doomed to fall by its explosion, like a leaf scorched by the Samiel.

He had hardly reached the door of the apartment which Louis and Marie occupied during their restraint in the palace, when one of the gens-d'armes in attendance, rudely ordered Claude, his valet, to share with him the rich burden he was bearing. But the servant passed on, heedless of the request, and kept closely behind his lord, on his way to the apartment before them. But he felt a strong arm on his shoulder, and heard the musket of the soldier fall heavily on his butt, making the hall ring again with the report of its descent, as its owner thus addressed him:—“Stay, stay, citizen Claude, since that is your name; are you to scoff, think you, at the soldiers of the republic, upon their merely requesting a part of your dainties? This is the day of equality, friend, and no man passes us without acknowledging it.”

“These baskets,” said the valet, “contain presents for the King, and may not be shared with the warden of his palace.”

“King—say you?” rejoined the soldier—“*Sacre dieu!* Il n'est roi que de nom!”

“Claude, Claude,” exclaimed D'Lamet, “why do you stay to prate with that soldier? Come on, and leave your gossip until a more fitting opportunity.”

Right glad would the valet have been to obey this order, but the bayonet of the musketeer was at his breast, and he was forced to stay.

D'Lamet, irritated at his delay, came back to the scene of this conversation, and on witnessing this

outrage, peremptorily ordered the man-at-arms to suffer his servant to proceed.

But the bayonet only faltered—it did not fall.

“Soldier,” said the veteran “why seek you a broil with an unoffending valet, who never did, who never can injure you? Let him pass free and unmolested to the King’s apartments, or”——

He was interrupted by the same exclamation and brutal laugh, which had before been addressed to Claude—“*Mon dieu! Roi? Il n’est roi que de nom!*”

“Wretch!” exclaimed D’Lamet, “do you add treason to your King to insult to his loyal subjects?” and raising his staff, for he was not allowed to wear his sword in the palace, he struck up the bayonet of the firelock which the soldier still presented, the bayonet flew into the air, and its shrill ringing, as it fell upon the floor, was instantly succeeded by the report of the piece, the contents of which entered the body of the veteran, who fell, wounded and bloody, into the arms of his faithful Claude.

Assaults and violence were now too common to give very general surprise to those within the precincts of the Luxembourg. A few of the gens-d’armes pressed around the group formed by the soldier, D’Lamet and Claude—the former was quietly reloading his piece, glowering upon the fallen form of the veteran, as he lay upon the pavé, his hoary head supported by the valet, who, with anxious solicitude, was begging the hardhearted wretches who surrounded them, for air and a surgeon. But “away with the carrion!” was all the reply he could receive—for no eye melted with pity—no bosom there contained a spark of generous feeling. Humanity’s empire seemed to have been usurped by brutality. The wounded man, surrounded by en-

emies, by those who were jealous of his power, his influence, and his wealth, raised his eyes to them at length, and offered them money to procure him a conveyance thence. A rude chaise was obtained accordingly, and D’Lamet was carried therein to his own hotel. Leaving him there, let us see what effect was produced by the report of the affair in the palace, among the citizens of Paris.

Danton at this time bore supreme sway among the lower orders of Paris. This man was cruel, vindictive and ferociously savage—fond of pleasure, and regarded the accomplishment of no fiend-like barbarity too barbarous to attain means to indulge in his profusion. When the account of D’Lamet’s assassination was brought to him, his mind, fruitful in plans for his own gratification, conceived the hellish design of making this one among the many instruments for the advancement of his personal and private views. Accordingly, in his capacity as Justice in the Court of the Military Tribunal, he related the affair of the palace in a way calculated to inflame the minds of the people against the family of D’Lamet. He represented their immense wealth, their attachment to monarchical principles, and their anti-republican prepossessions. Already a commotion was visible among the mass of the populace—it increased—the din and shouts of the multitude growing louder and louder, as the infernal ratiocination of the pseudo-minister of Justice so plainly tended to the development of his wishes. The billowy phalanx rolled tumultuously towards the house of D’Lamet—already had the work of destruction commenced, when the ruthless hand of the infuriate destroyer was arrested by an apparition which came

“Like Ariel on the tempests of the north.
Allaying both their fury and their passion.

The graceful forms of Henri & Henriette were standing in their loveliness on the piazza, in front of the hotel, in full view of the whole multitude. They were both pale, and attired in black—their heads bare, and their ringlets waving in the wind. The eyes of the sister were suffused with tears, and swollen with long and bitter weeping; but those of Henri were fixed sternly on the gathering populace, as he thus addressed them:—

“Citizens of Paris! what seek ye here? Is it not enough, that my father’s spirit, torn by your ruthless hands from its earthly dwelling, is about to depart to its home in heaven—there to call down vengeance from an offended God upon his murderers?—but must ye embitter, nay poison, the last moments he can spend on earth, by your rude clamours and savage yells? Must ye interrupt him in his last words to his children—his dying instructions to those who are dearer to him than life? Begone, citizens! Extend not your fury even to the grave! Oh! leave us now—and tomorrow, if ye have the will—tomorrow, when my sainted father’s spirit has left its clay-cold tenement—then come and work your savage pleasure!”

The ball of the revolution had not yet acquired that mighty impetus which it afterwards received, and which buried feeling and humanity in its onward path. The populace of Paris were touched by the appeal of Henri D’Lamet, and the beauty of his weeping sister, as they stood in sorrow for a dying parent. They were suffered to retreat in silence, and the hotel of Pierre D’Lamet was again still, and undisturbed.

A——y. —Tt—
(To be continued.)

There is nothing of which society is less tolerant than merit.

He who separates himself from the world, though it be by rising a-

bove it, becomes proportionably weak, and [unless the mind is at the same time strengthened and rendered self-dependent] miserable.

Saturday Evening.

“Why dance ye, mortals, o’er the grave of time!”

THOSE who have no artificial means of ascertaining the progress of time, are in general the most acute in discerning its immediate signs, and are most retentive of individual dates. The mechanical aids to knowledge are not sharpeners of the wits. The understanding of a savage is a kind of natural almanac, and more true in its prognostication of the future. In his mind’s eye he sees what has happened, or what is likely to happen to him, “as in a map the voyager his course.” Those who read the times and seasons in the aspect of the heavens and the configuration of the stars, who count by moons, and know when the sun rises and sets, are by no means ignorant of their own affairs, or of the common concatenation of events. People in such situations have not their faculties distracted by any multiplicity of inquiries beyond what befalls themselves, and the outward appearances that mark the change. There is, therefore, a simplicity and clearness in the knowledge they possess, which often puzzles the more learned. I am sometimes surprised at a shepherd-boy by the road-side, who sees nothing but the earth and sky, asking me the time of day—he ought to know so much better than any one how far the sun is above the horizon. I suppose he wants to ask a question of a passenger, or to see if he has a watch. Robinson Crusoe lost his reckoning in the monotony of his life and that bewildering dream of solitude, and was fain to have recourse to the notches in a piece of

wood. What a diary was his! And how time must have spread its circuit round him, vast and pathless as the ocean! For myself, I have never had a watch nor any other mode of keeping time in my possession, nor ever wish to learn how time goes. It is a sign I have had little to do, few avocations, few engagements. When I am in a town, I can hear the clock; and when I am in the country, I can listen to the silence.

GRACE.

GRACE is a fine creature in mind and person. We need not pause over the detail; critics might refuse the palm of beauty to her, but all must acknowledge the magic of her loveliness. Those large lustrous black eyes, animating that marble complexion—how touching, how expressive!—what a speaking record of sorrows past—subdued, but hardly yet forgotten! *Her* romance of life was painful, and she may be thankful she has so early begun to live, amidst the realities of the world. There is one event certain in the life of every woman. Proud, intellectual, strong minded as she may be; she is predestined by stern necessity, to experience the inevitable misfortune of loving. Now, a woman's mental power may defend her against the inroads of any other passion, and her principles are excellent auxiliaries. But this very power aids the influences of the malignant aspect of the planet of her destiny. Her constitutional tenderness—the artificial habits of dependence, given by the blessed system of modern education—her deep sense of the bliss of being loved, and loving—her gratitude to him who makes her the arbitress of his fate—her desire of communicating happiness—are the train of combustibles to which imagination applies the blazing torch. This creature, full of the

endearing sympathies of her nature—with an understanding that gives her an intense consciousness of the elevated sentiment of reciprocal love, resigns herself entirely to its empire. *Her soul lives in the co-soul of another*—she “joys with his joy, and sorrows with his sorrow!”—and the end is, almost always—shipwreck and desolation.

With regard to Grace, I never could understand the attraction which bound her to Harcourt in the first instance. Perhaps it was habit, or the consciousness that the stability of her character would be a balance for the vacillation of his: In short, women generally can give very little account of the cause of their attachments. No matter; during the period of their engagement, he found equal advantage in the aid of her fine intellect and her decisive energy. They furnished that impetus to exertion which his indolence required. Doubtless he felt the benefits he was deriving; and surely every eye perceived his attachment, and doubted not that its durability and fervour would be the one redeeming exception to his general fickleness. But time, that test of all things, that infallible ordeal, which separates the dross from the ore, the false from the true—time abated Harcourt's love—passion, whatsoever he called it. It boots not now to recount, step by step, the progress of his infidelity. My poor Grace!—even her admirable, equally poised mind changed beneath this disappointment,—the bitter draught of wounded affection. Her health was affected—her natural seriousness deepened to gloom—her sweet smile shaded by constant efforts at a cheerfulness not within the compass of her attainment. Harcourt was called from our vicinity; and I began to hope that entire estrangement would effect its usual work. But there are always officious friends, ready enough to sound

in one's ear a name one wishes to avoid. Somebody had seen Harcourt lately, and described him as absorbed in the very worthy pursuit of fortune-hunting. From a more certain source, we heard that his constant associates were men of dubious gentility, amongst whom wealth is the grand apology for every thing that is vulgar in mind, coarse in manner, and ignoble in principle. And Harcourt, with the fatal facility of his character, had sunk to their level—was seeking to ally himself with them by the closest ties. "Oh! why," said my poor Grace to me, for I was the *confidante* of all her sorrows—"why can I not teach my heart to spurn this abject creature, as the dust beneath my feet? Why does that heart still ache over the loss of that which my judgment disdains—loathes? This is not the Harcourt I loved—the husband of my hopes! The phantom of my imagination has disappeared forever! Shall I doat on dust and ashes, when the living soul has fled? What would union with him be now, but of the living with the dead?" But though esteem and admiration were gone, Grace's tenderness yet clung to him. She had suffered her heart to escape from the control of her understanding; and it was not in the power of that poor thing called human reason to effect a triumph, which can result only from a higher source. In the first agony of her desolation, she had called upon God!—but he was not in the storm, nor the earthquake nor the fire. And there was no silence in her breast, for the breathing of that still, small voice, which comes with peace and assurance to he wounded and broken spirit.

I am not sure whether, after having deserted a feeling woman, the most merciful thing a man can do is not to marry. I suspect there are very few cases, whatever may be the sense of a female, in which there

is not that lurking hope of the wanderer's return, which is just sufficient to preserve attachment, that flourishes, perhaps, most luxuriantly in an agitated soil. In process of time, Harcourt forged his golden fetters, and Grace was compelled to avert her thoughts from him. She felt—too much!—her grief was a compliment he had not merited. However, I had the consideration to subdue my indignation; and I proposed a visit to a dear friend in a distant country. We went, and were soon occupied in the details of a life full of usefulness, activity, and consequent happiness. By usefulness, I do not mean feeding poultry, or superintending a dairy; but such occupations of thought and action as tend to the improvement both of one's self and others. Grace was interested before she suspected herself capable of *forgetting*. To gain this point is to advance considerably in the attainment of tranquillity. The more she got out of herself, and was accustomed to step beyond the boundary of her own feelings and interests, the better. In three months, Grace was wonderfully improved, both in mind and body. She had the good sense to be constantly occupied, and never to speak of Harcourt. We returned home, quite delighted with our excursion; and, at this present moment,—it is not quite fair to betray secrets, but I am really afraid Grace is seriously inclined to see the advantages of a residence with the best of men, in the midst of as fine a country as gems this orb of earth.

A DREAM.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

HAPPINESS.

I WAS a solitary and an unhappy being. Twenty summers had passed over my head, and had left me, still seeking the attainment of that object, which all persons pursue

with such eagerness, but which few obtain. I was in the pursuit of *Happiness*.

Surely, I exclaimed, one evening as I was musing on this subject, surely, all must be happier than myself! Oh, that some benign spirit would smile from the clouds upon this earthly sphere, and point out to me the way to Happiness! No sooner had I thus spoken, than I beheld approaching me a lady whose 'Physionomie me charmois, parce qu'on y-voit, L'impreinte d'une ame, pure et sensible.'

Advancing with a firm and dignified step, she fixed her expressive eye upon my face, as if to divine my thoughts.

'Maiden,' exclaimed she, 'whence this gloom and discontent? Think not to obtain '*Happiness*' by repining at the situation in which fortune has placed you, or by envying the apparent felicity of others. Follow me, and behold the vanity of so doing.'

I immediately accompanied my guide, who conducted me to an immense apartment, where were assembled people of every age and nation, some conversing together in groups, and others buried in thought. In the midst of this concourse, I beheld, on a throne elevated above the rest, a queen surrounded with every luxury which wealth could procure, or power command. She appeared engaged in an interesting conversation with her courtiers. *She* must be happy, thought I, struck with the splendour of her appearance;—but on approaching nearer, I saw she was weeping, heard her declaim in the most bitter terms, against the conspirators who had murdered her children, and by whom her own life and kingdom were now endangered. If such are the consequences of greatness, I exclaimed, rather let me share the lot of the meanest peasant who lives undisturbed by fears for his safety, than even the most

powerful monarch, who is continually surrounded by danger! With these sentiments, I listened to the conversation of a man, who stood near me; he *was* happy, he said, till poverty and its attendant evils overtook him, but now, his friends had forsaken him, and he passed his days in misery and wretchedness, without one friend to cheer his lonely hours, or one consoling voice to soothe his broken heart. I still wandered from one person to another, and learned from them that all had their peculiar troubles, their secret sources of discontent, and that none, however they might appear, were truly happy. Turning with despair from this scene, I inquired of my guide, if Happiness were not to be obtained on the earth? No one, she replied, possesses true felicity in this life, but many obtain a degree of happiness. To be contented with your situation—to follow, undeviatingly the paths of virtue—to be charitable to the poor—and to act always in such a manner as to preserve a clear and an unsullied conscience, are the only means of becoming happy. So saying, she disappeared from my view, and the agitation, which her flight caused in my mind—awoke me.

AMANTHA.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

SKETCH.

I came to the place of my birth and sat down by the silver fountains where oft I sat in the days of my childhood. The wind sighed in bleak murmurs through the grove, and all around appeared desolate, and my heart was sad. I drank of the crystal water from the fountain, which flowed at my feet, but it did not impart the sweetness as in days past; and it raised in me a sigh.

Where! exclaimed I, is the image which haunts me in my lonely hours, the image of Helen the pride

of this village.—There, uttered a small still voice at my side.—I started at the sound—and on looking round beheld the figure of a woman wrapped in the mazes of a dark mantle, which hung loosely o'er her shoulders. Her dark locks would have rivalled the plumage of the raven's wing, and they floated on the breeze as a gossamer. She stood like a statue, still pointing to a small mound beside the murmuring stream which wound its course into a cool grove.

A momentary shudder came o'er me Helen was fair, said the figure, but she now sleeps beneath that mound where the dark grass waves I bound the cypress wreath around her marble brow and laid her here. There is no hand but mine to scatter flowers o'er her lowly bed—no one but me to sigh o'er her grave, and shed affection's tear

I sat like an inanimate being; and my lips refused utterance. I would have spoke—but could not. Silence pervaded the scene for a moment, but at last the unknown came near me. She first covered her face with a veil, and then spoke to me in the following words:

. . . . Helen, said she, now sleeps beneath this sod. Her lover went forth to war—He was foremost in the battle—and his name shone brightest among the heroes of the field. He toiled for glory in the battle's front—His name was dreaded by his foes. At last the clarion of war sounded Victory! and the flag of truce waved from the battlements of the tower—He left the hostile field, and returned to his grove where he first pledged his vows of love to Helen—He came to lay his laurels at her feet, which had been won by his best blood. Indeed he had not forgotten her; and he wished to meet her here so oft they had walked and pledged their vows of constancy . . .

. . . . The first object that here met his gaze was yon marble slab . . . A heart rending frenzy for a moment filled his bosom—What! exclaimed he, can my Helen sleep beneath? He hastened to the cottage of her mother, and wildly enquired for his Helen—and received from me the melancholy tidings of her death. He stopped no longer; but rushed from the house in a state of frenzy—the next morning I found him lying on this green in the arms of—DEATH! The sound of the trumpet, and the clashing hoofs of the war horse no longer arouses him from his slumbers. He sleeps. Peace to his ashes!—His spirit hath passed away, and my soul is sad COLUMBIA.

EXTRACT

From an unpublished Novel—By a Lady.

“AGNES LANGLEY had been the chosen confidant of all Medora's pleasures, and sensibly shared in her griefs: she talked to her with more freedom of her attachment to Delmere, than to any one else, not even excepting her sister; for they were nearly of the same age, and had formed a mutual friendship for each other, and there was a similarity in their dispositions that invited confidence. Deeply occupied with the subject on which they were speaking, they reached the grove before they were conscious of having strolled so far from home. “I cannot describe to you, my dear Agnes,” said Medora, “the feelings that crowd upon my heart when I utter these words!—the remembrance of my transient day-dreams of happiness, rushes with such force on my sickened imagination, that I almost become bewildered with the retrospection.”

“I must not permit you to talk in this manner, Medora,” returned Agnes, “you heard your mother's injunction to me, and I must endeavour to execute it. Indeed, my dear

girl, you should not look so pale and sorrowful, when you know how much it would delight your friends to see you appear happy. I am sure it is but to make an effort, and the sadness that preys upon your spirits would soon wear off."

"Ah, Agnes, 'he jests at scars that never felt a wound.' You must be placed in my situation, before you can possibly judge of its bitterness. When I think

*How richly were my noontide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictured joys,
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective,*

and then compare them with my present blighted lot, my hopes annihilated, my heart sad and isolated in the midst of friends, I feel weary of life, and would gladly exchange it for the peaceful grave—where the miserable affections that agitate me here, can affect me no more!"

"My dear girl, it is by dwelling on these melancholy thoughts, that you feed the sorrow we would have you forget. Be assured, Medora, the man who is capable of trifling with your affection is not worthy of it, and you should at least pretend that you had banished his image from your heart. I cannot endure to think that those lords of the creation should lord it over us, just as if our happiness or misery depended only on their movements. If Harry Somerville were to drop such a hint to me, I do believe I should discard him now, even on the eve of our marriage, though I should die with sorrow in six months after."

Arm in arm, the two friends slowly continued their walk, and earnestly engaged in conversation, they had almost reached the hamlet, before they perceived that the sun was obscured by clouds. The horizon looked black, and sudden gusts of hollow wind whistled thro' the grove, and all nature indicated a coming storm. The sound of distant thunder first awakened them to a sense of their danger; and

while they paused to consider whether they should seek a shelter in the village, until the storm was over, or endeavor to return to the castle, before the rain began to fall, their attention was arrested by the appearance of two labourers, supporting in their arms the lifeless body of a gentleman. The nearest habitation was Mrs. Saunders' cottage, and thither the peasants bore their inanimate burden. The rain now began to descend in large drops—flashes of vivid lightning darted at intervals across the firmament, and the two ladies were compelled to seek protection from the same friendly roof. They tapped gently at the door, and it was immediately opened by the mistress of the dwelling.

"We must plead the inclemency of the weather, good dame, for this untimely intrusion," said Medora.

"You are heartily welcome at any time, my sweet young ladies," replied Mrs. Saunders, "but you have come to see a sorry sight, just now; a poor young gentleman was fetched here a little while ago, just a short time before you rapped at the door, that I am sorely afraid is dying! The men that fetched him told me, that as they were working in the field, he rode past, and his horse was cutting a great many pranks, just like all great gentlemen's horses do, and presently he threw him—and struck his head against a large stone in the road; and when they went to help him up the blood was running down his face, and he was in a fainting fit, and so they fetched him here. Alas! alas! what a world of trouble we live in," continued the dame, wiping the tears from her furrowed cheeks, with her clean muslin apron.—"As I was saying, young ladies, they fetched him here, and laid him on a bed in the next room, and as soon as that poor crazy creature, that you sent to me to nurse and take

care of, lady Medora, as soon as she got a sight of his face, she gave one of them horrid screams, and fell down on her knees by the side of the bed. I suppose her screaming fetched the gentleman to his senses, for he opened his eyes, and looked at her so wild and fierce, that I think he must be crazy too; and he said, Gracious God! it is Julia!—and then he fainted again. He had just come to life the second time when I came out to open the door for you. Will you step in, and try to comfort the poor girl, while I get something warm for the gentleman to drink?"

"Assist me to rise, good woman," said the wounded stranger, as Mrs. Saunders returned to the room where he lay, followed by Agnes and Medora, whose entrance he did not seem to regard.

"Julia, dearest Julia!" he exclaimed, as he clasped the kneeling form of the isolated girl to his bosom, "I have travelled over half the kingdom in quest of you, that I might again enjoy some peace of mind, by making reparation for the injury I have done you—and is it thus I find you? a picture of wretchedness and despair? Oh! I have wronged you, deeply, cruelly wronged you!—but when you witness my repentance—when you learn how much I have suffered—how often, through the long and dreary night, I have bowed prostrate before the throne of mercy, to crave pardon for the woes I brought on you! and how many cheerless days I have endured cold and hunger in search of you, that I might atone for my guilt as far as atonement could be made, you will—you must forgive me! Monster!—villain that I was, to destroy the hopes of so much excellence—of so much beauty!—Julia, will you not speak to me—will you not say one little word—our *child*, my love!—will you not tell me something of him?"

Breathless and overpowered by his agitation, the stranger sunk back on the bed in a state of exhaustion.

"Dear, dear, what a pitiful sight!" sobbed the sympathetic Mrs. Saunders; "why, 'tis enough to melt the heart of a stone, to hear them talk!—My dear young ladies, don't be looking so wo-begone! Your sorrowful faces helps to make me feel worse. And there's that poor creature, too, I don't believe she's moved even a finger, since she first knelt down there. When I get these plasters and bandages fixed to dress the gentleman's head, I will try to take her to her chamber. I don't think it will do either of them any good to stay together—two crazy folks an't fit company for each other."

Agnes offered her assistance to tear the bandages apart, whilst Medora timidly walked to the bed side, and taking the hand of the Maniac, prevailed on her to rise from the floor.

The hapless Julia passively suffered herself to be led to a seat. She was pale—deadly pale. A chilly dampness bedewed her forehead—and she seemed unconscious of every thing that was passing around her.

"Now that's a good girl," said Mrs. Saunders, in an affectionate and coaxing tone, "that's a good girl, to get up so quietly when the lady asked you—see how she stands by your side, and watches you, as kindly as if she were your own dear sister. And look there—on the bed! Do you know who he is? he has been begging you to forgive him, as hard as if he'd been begging for his life."

The Maniac slowly moved her head, and gazed intently on the stranger for some minutes. No sigh relieved her overcharged heart—no tear moistened her eye—a melancholy smile diffused itself over her countenance, and turning to

the dame, she said, "Tell him—I forgive him!" As she pronounced the last word, her hand fell on the bosom of Medora—and her broken spirit fled to its everlasting home!"

[We should like to make more extracts from the Maniac; but we believe the foregoing will be enough to show as a specimen of the work. We advise the author to go on and faint not. With study and persevering attention, she will be eminent among our literati.]

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

"We are but the vendors of other men's goods."

The Power of Imagination. A Mr. D—— was a great deer hunter. He had learned his dog to trail the game a few yards ahead of him slowly, till, within sight, he should be able to reach it with his rifle. A very large buck had made his appearance in the neighborhood, and excited great emulation among the rival hunters, who should kill him.— One morning, very early, Mr. D. roused him from his lair, and his dog was placed on his trail. He had not gone far before he got a shot at the noble animal, but it was not fatal. The deer fled. The dog was made to follow slowly again, until a second shot might be more successful. They followed to a large creek, which the deer had crossed,—the dog refused to follow. The master urged, but the dog still refused to take the water. The master became irritated and seized the dog to throw him in, when he bit his master on the arm. The master was unable to account for such conduct in an animal who had heretofore required restraint rather than excitement in the discharge of his duties. At last it flashed across his mind that the animal was going mad, and his fear of the water was a convincing proof to his imagination. Levelling his rifle he instant-

ly blew out the brains of poor Tray, and made all haste home, with the terrible intelligence that his dog had gone mad and bit him. The fame of our old teacher soon carried the half-distracted man to his residence. He heard the tale, soothed the excited feelings of his patient, and assured him that there was no immediate danger. Not believing it a case of the bite of a rabid animal, he invented several plans to allay the fears of Mr. D., telling him, among other things, that he need not fear the least danger, if he should pass the twenty-seventh day after the bite, and that the disease rarely manifested itself sooner. About a week before this period had elapsed, Mr. D. began to be very uneasy and restless. The nearer the day approached, symptoms of great mental anxiety showed themselves more frequently, till on the 26th day, the man was in a state of infuriate madness. His eye glanced with maniacal quickness, from object to object, and his whole countenance expressed the passions of a demon. He shuddered at the sight of water, gnashed his teeth, and rolling his projecting eye-balls, presented less the appearance of a human being than an accursed inhabitant escaped from the regions of Tophit. He had, however, short lucid intervals, when reason seemed to resume her empire over him. He would then beg his friends to keep away from him, for he did not know what he might do. At these times he would swallow water in large quantities to quench his raging thirst, but every swallow was accompanied with a convulsive motion. His physician was sent for, but being from home, it was several hours before he visited him. When he arrived there was a crowd round the house and in the street—all begged him not to enter, as the patient was an infuriate madman. But he disregarded his personal safety and

entered. The man was walking with a brisk step across his room, backwards and forwards, rolling his eyes, and gnashing his teeth, and when the violence of the paroxysm was a little abated, would coil himself up in the corner of the room like a dog, and lie still for a moment. He recognized his physician, whom he begged not to come near him, as he could not answer for his conduct. In one of his lucid moments, the Doctor pouring out as he supposed, nearly an ounce of laudanum, persuaded Mr. D. to swallow it, which he did convulsively. In an hour he was in a sound sleep, with stentorous breathing, from which he awoke the second day in his perfect mind, and killed many a fine buck afterwards.

Augusta Courier.

The following singular occurrence took place on the north river on Tuesday evening last. Peter Brown, with his wife and three children, took passage from Catskill to Newburgh, in one of the tow boats attached to the steam boat New London. In the evening the mother had got her children to sleep and went to her supper; on her return, she missed her oldest son, aged about eleven years. Diligent search was made in all the boats, but without success; and the conclusion was pressed on the parents that their child had fallen overboard and was drowned. Their grief at this sudden bereavement was almost without bounds—and the family landed in this village in the utmost distress.

Capt. Harris, of the sloop Decatur, of Poughkeepsie, after passing the New-London about 12 o'clock at night, for some time thought he heard a moaning noise in the river, and immediately manned his boat, and went in pursuit, directed by the noise. He soon discovered and rescued the little sufferer; and he has since been restored to his pa-

rents. The boy says he went to sleep by his mother, and the next he knew, he found himself in the river, and continued swimming until he was taken up by the boat. What renders this case remarkable, is the length of time, probably an hour, this little hero remained in the water without drowning—and the providential interference of Capt. Harris, in rescuing him from a watery grave.

Mr. William Clark, his wife, a son about six years of age, and another child about two years old, died at Uniontown, in this state, from having taken poison in some food. How administered, or by whom, it is not known. A cat and dog, which had eaten of the same viands, died also at the same time. "In the evening after the funeral," says the Uniontown Democrat, "we saw a relation to whose care it had been committed, conveying away the only survivor of the family, an infant unweaned."

Destruction of the world in four years. Some German journals predict the approach of a comet which will destroy our world in the year 1832. A like catastrophe, it may be remembered, was threatened in a communication to the French Academy of Sciences, in May, 1773, by M. Delalande, when people died of fear, and the clergy sold places in paradise at a large profit.

Bower of Taste.

THE COURSE OF TIME.

THIS splendid and successful effort of genius may justly be classed in the highest rank of Didactic poetry. To a mind capable of comprehending and discussing the profound mysteries of philosophy, the author of this work unites a bold and excursive fancy which, rejecting the beaten paths of song, discloses a rich vein of originality, which derives an additional charm from the pure and thrilling language of nature. Inspired by the sublimity of his subject, the deep feeling and in-

tense ardour of his energetic mind is every where apparent, while the spirit of enthusiasm which breathes through the whole work seems rather to have emanated from the grandeur and beauty of the theme he has chosen, than as an effort to embellish it.

Yet the talented author of "The Course of Time," with all his high excellencies has still many eccentricities irreconcilable with the rules of criticism. He exclaims—

"Hail love! first love—thou word that sums all bliss!

The sparkling cream of all life's blessedness.
The silken down of Happiness complete,
Discerner of the richest grapes of joy!"

There appears to us in these four lines a most incongruous assemblage of images. Here we have a mixture of arithmetic, cream, down, and grapes. What idea the author intended precisely to convey by "sparkling cream," we are at a loss to determine. Perhaps he meant *ice cream*, (a bad simile for love!) yet even from this, it would be difficult to raise a *sparkle*.

Like many other writers whose forte is "the Sublime," Mr. Pollok often disappoints us. He loves 'to hold converse with the spheres'—to 'companion with the elements'; and he delights to luxuriate amid the fruits and flowers of poesy: still, with a school-boy wantonness, he often descends to trifle with an insect. The following is an example:

—————"I with my friend have turn'd,
A man of excellent mind, and excellent heart,
And climbed the neighbouring hill with ardent step,

Fetching from distant cairn, or from the earth,
Digging with labour sore, the ponderous stone,
Which having carried to the highest top,
We downward rolled*—and as it strove at first
With obstacles that seemed to match its force,
With feeble crooked motion to and fro,
Wavering, he looked with interest most intense,
And prayed almost! and as it gathered strength,
And straightened the current of its furious flow—
Exulting in the swiftness of its course,
As rising now with rainbow bound immense,
Leaped down, careering o'er the subject plain,
He clapp'd his hands in silent boundless bliss,
And laugh'd and talked, well paid for all his toil.
And when at night the story was rehearsed,
Uncommon glory kindled in his eye."

Again he says:

—————"With Nature's self
He seem'd an old acquaintance—free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty!
He laid his hand upon the ocean's mane,
And play'd familiar with his hoary locks.
Stood on the Alps—stood on the Apennines—
And with the thunder talk'd! as friend to friend
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist—the lightning's fiery wing!
Which, as the footsteps of a dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm of vengeance seem'd—

* A mighty queer amusement for two philosophers!

Then turn'd, and with the grasshopper, who sung
His evening song, beneath his feet, conversed."

We think the above extract exhibits much of true sublimity. Yet Pope would, perhaps have cited it close as an example of the *batshoo*, or "art of sinking in poetry."

"The Course of Time" has been, not unjustly, compared with the "Paradise Lost" of Milton. These authors resemble each other more in their defects than in their beauties; both are passionately fond of antithesis—of bold contrast; to produce this effect, when their most powerful energies have been summoned to "take the prison'd soul, and lap it in Elysium," when our interest and admiration are most strongly excited even amid this intellectual feast, we often become sickened by the minute detail of some trivial incident, or disgusting picture of depraved humanity. Dictating speech to DEITY, and expatiating on the hidden secrets of Eternity, has been thought by many, to be the most objectionable part of Milton's works—but when we consider the sublimity of his conceptions, and the unequalled strength of his language, we pardon this error, if so it may be called.

Mr. Pollok's description of our first parents and their fall from Paradise, (see page 30) is decidedly inferior to Milton's; yet as a whole, this poem, perhaps, is equal in point of merit, to any of his productions, and independent of sectarian considerations, will be hailed as a valuable acquisition by all lovers of literature, be their religious opinions what they may.

We would express our grateful acknowledgements to the *New Benedict*, alias the *crévant* editor of the "Bachelors' Journal," for his temporary guardianship of our Bower, and his embellishment thereof, during our absence. This favour, considering the *sentiments* of the Journal, we regard as the tallest "feather in our cap," but after having presided with so much grace and dignity in our seat, we are half afraid to resume it, and strongly tempted to make a final *exit*, & yield to him its sole possession; though we fear he might not thank us for this *favour*—for no doubt he has for the two past weeks considered himself in a kind of purgatory, from which he prayed most devoutly to be relieved. . . . "Receive our benediction and depart."

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE, is Published every Saturday, by DUTTON & WENTWORTH, (formerly State Printers,) Nos. 1 and 4, Exchange-Street, Boston, who are authorized to transact all business relative to the Printing and circulation of this work. All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor.—[P] All letters must be Post paid.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

THOUGHTS OF AN ATHEIST.

Who but a Stoic can look forth and see
Creation's loveliness, and not admire?
Or muse where heroes struggled to be free,
Victorious e'en in death, and not aspire
To share their glory?—list the minstrel's lyre
Unmov'd—or gaze on beauty's radiant brow,
Nor feel the vital pulse of life beat higher!
Or coldly witness scenes of pain and wo,
Without one sigh—one tear of pity to bestow?

True, we are the slaves of circumstance, for
They colour all our thoughts—our thoughts, all things :
It is in vain we strive against this law,
'Twere wisdom still to strive, if we had wings
To soar above the earthly weight that clings
To frail mortality, and thus be free
From all that saddens, gladdens, charms, or stings—
When life's vain dream is over, where are we?
Inanimate, upon a cold and waveless sea!

Thus have I thought of death—We but select
A spot to build our dark and silent dome,
And since it must be so, calmly expect
Fate's ruthless messenger to call us home ;
Yet, still, 'tis sad to tenant the cold grave
With dark oblivion's desert for our lot—
When all our hopes, and fears, sleep like the wave
That rests upon the shore—by all forgot,
Perhaps our solitary bed remember'd not.

Yet if unhappy, should we not regard
Death as a friend, who comes to set us free?
Who shews a place of rest—where no reward,
'Tis true—no punishment, awaits us—we
Only seek from pain and care to flee,
Sinking insensate as the graven stone
That marks our dwelling—or the pensile tree
That waves above, and still shall wave, when gone
Is every trace of what we *were*—forever flown!

Yes—Death! I view thee as my last, *best* friend,—
 The grave, a peaceful home of endless rest;
 Earth, as a theatre, where men contend
 For wealth, and fame, and power—these give a zest
 To life, and make us what is call'd most blest!
 Such is man's destiny—the laurel crown,
 The classic toga, or the mailed vest,
 Speak the proud language of our high renown,
 Yet all must be consigned to dark *oblivion's* breast. GORDON.

[We hope and trust the writer of the above has not expressed his *own* sentiments on the subject he has chosen—his mind is capable of better things.]—ED.

TO GABRIELLE, *who asked*, WHAT IS FANCY ?

What is fancy?—Sunlight shining—
 An unfolded tress of sun,
 Round the heartstrings brightly twining
 As itself and life were one;
 'Tis a fire-ball thrown by feeling
 Through the soul's mysterious wild,
 Many a hidden gem revealing,
 Many a bower undefiled;
 'Tis a moonbeam flung on sadness,
 Gilding soft the bosom's storm,
 Laying down its hand of gladness
 On the heart's deserted form;
 'Tis a star through cloud-break flashing,
 Filling rife the eye of hope;
 'Tis the foam of waters dashing
 O'er a barren mountain slope;
 'Tis the ushering in of sorrow,
 For, its brilliant morning past,
 Doth the soul new accents borrow,
 That its beauty will not last!
 'Tis a golden wave upheaving
 From the level evening lake;
 'Tis the light of angels leaving;
 'Tis a transient melting flake
 Fallen in unholy waters;
 'Tis the angel Mercy's breath
 Blown upon the plain of slaughters,
 Tarrying the word of death;
 'Tis the silver foam far gleaming
 From a surging sunset sea;
 'Tis the holy hour of dreaming,
 When I dream, dear girl! of thee;
 'Tis, in all, a sight of heaven,
 When by proudly soaring Thought
 Being's misty veil is riven—
 Tell me now—"WHAT IS IT NOT?" J. O. R.

MEMORY.

"Does Memory then,
 On the dark bosom of the fearful past,
 Lay her pale cheek, and love to slumber there?"



“ With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
 “ We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,”—PAINÉ.
 The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
 From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....AUGUST 30, 1828. No. 35.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES—No. I.—(Continued.)

We “hold the mirror up to Nature.”

D' L A M E T ;

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER II.

“ Oh, dear father !
 It is thy business that we go about—
 Therefore great France—
 No blown ambition doth our toils incite,
 But loyalty, and our ag'd father's right !”

Lear.

THE children of the veteran loyalist stood beside his death-bed. The wound inflicted by the assassin was deep and mortal. The tide of life was fast ebbing, and the blood of the old man flowed sluggishly through his veins. A man of God was directing the thoughts of the dying to the world of spirits, in an eloquently soothing, and pious exhortation. A noise, as of the rushing of the cataract, was heard in the courtyard beneath, and the hand of Danton was recognized as having set on foot the commotion.

“ Go, children !” said the holy father, “ Go, and tell them your parent would die in peace : they surely will not refuse to listen to that request, and from you.”

VOL. I.

How far this prophecy of the priest was justified by the event, we have already seen.

Henri and his sister had returned, and again waited at the pillow of their father. The priest retired to a remote recess of the apartment, and left them to the uninterrupted interchange of deep and pious feeling.

“ My children,” feebly said the old man, “ you have been taught to love your King and Queen with a zeal and ardour passing the love of parent, or each other. Persevere in this devotion. Free the noble Bourbon and his no less noble wife from their restraint, even at the peril of your lives ! They cannot be resigned in a better, holier, worthier cause ! I leave you wealth—lay it at their feet ; strength—exert it in their cause ; talents—use them for their deliverance ; the memory of your father—let it inspire, assist,

and render you successful! My effects are all in the hands of that holy man yonder. And now, my children, draw near to me; and receive a father's last benediction: May the God of all good protect you, and keep you in health—prosperity—and—and—loyalty!"

The last words of Pierre D'Lamet, as he grasped the hands of his children in his own, were injunctions to preserve their loyalty to the Bourbon. His noble heart then broke, and ascended to him who had ever inspired it with honour, patriotism, and virtue. Let us see how his dying injunctions were observed.

It was on the morning after the last rites had been performed which were due to the departed patriot, that a carriage drew up at the gates of the Hotel de la D'Lamet, and two citizens in black, with swords by their sides, dismounted therefrom, and ascended the main stair, which led to the apartment, where Henri, Henriette, and the good father Francis were sitting, in conversation deep engaged, recalling the virtues, and extolling the loyalty of their deceased father and friend, and busily intent upon forming plans for the future. So abstracted were their thoughts from every thing but these all-absorbing topics, that the tread of the strangers upon the staircase, was unheeded, until they had approached within a pace of the apartment; and their surprise of course was great, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and there entered the Triumvir Danton with an attendant. The blood of Henri boiled within him, as this wretch threw himself upon a gorgeous chair, and beckoned his attendant to seat himself also. But father Francis restrained him gently, as he was about to repel the intruder from his father's house, and chastise his insolent assurance. "My son," whispered the priest, "be wary!" But the miscreant

usurper interrupted the farther private communication of the group before him, by exclaiming in a voice like distant thunder—

"By the holy virgin, citizen Henri D'Lamet, this is cold welcome for an emissary of the Military Tribunal of France, come to condole with you for the loss of that truly upright and worthy citizen, your late lamented father. But grief, perhaps, has turned your brain."

"Methinks, sir, such moments as these might be deemed too sacred, by one who thinks the events which preceded them subjects of grief, to be intruded upon by strangers. But submission is a virtue or a fault, according to the circumstances in which we are placed; and therefore whatever business Monsieur Danton has to transact with Henri D'Lamet, the latter can but listen with deference and obedience."

"You say well, citizen, and right glad am I, the organ of the tribunal of the Republic, that you are disposed to acquiesce in the sentiments, and forward the designs of that our select, and truly worthy body, the friends of the Commonwealth, and lovers of the people."

"Ay,"—murmured Henri—"lovers of their gold, their lands, and their arms—friends to those whom your friendship may deceive—and enemies to those who are too weak to fight for you, too poor to be robbed by you, or too high to be reached by you. But I will bear it yet awhile—for a day will come,"—

"Citizen Henri," again commenced the visitor, after a long pause, during which the thoughts we have attempted to describe were dwelt upon by the young man, as a means of encouraging him in his path of duty, "you are aware, no doubt, that the state needs service; and that the youth, strength, wealth and energy of the people, should be exerted for the advancement of the public good, at a crisis so critical as

the present. You are rich; and the descendant of an influential family. We need your aid in our great work of restoring to the nation, peace; and such a peace as will render its name glorious and its people happy. Therefore, in the name of the Tribunal, of which I am, although unworthy, the present Chairman, I call upon you to give to the republic a statement of your effects and money—and the present investment of the latter; and also to report yourself, agreeable to the acts, provisions, and resolutions of this our new and beneficial institution, erected for the general and particular behoof of the citizens of republican France! And for your answer hereto, I am authorized to say, we shall await the same within three days hence. You have heard, citizen, and you will, no doubt, obey."

Thus saying, the Revolutionist withdrew, making an apology for a salute to the family into whose presence he had so unceremoniously intruded. His attendant was rather more respectful in his demeanor, although there was little to choose between the master spirit and his satellite.

Previously to the entrance of Danton, the two children of the deceased royalist had concerted a plan with father Francis, which had in view the advancement of the designs which the parting injunctions of D'Lamet had rendered it a solemn and imperious duty for them to consummate. The emancipation of the Royal Family from their duress, or, if that were found to be impossible, a constant endeavor to lighten the sorrows of his prison-house, and to cheer his drooping spirits by constant and unremitting attentions. As things were now, they were convinced that there was but one way left to them, whereby the ability to do this service to their King and Queen could be preserv-

ed. It was therefore resolved that father Francis should retire with Henriette to a chateau about twenty miles from Paris, the property of the D'Lamet family. That the bulk of their effects, saving enough merely to preserve appearances in the city, should be transported thither forthwith privately—and that this place should be an asylum in case of sudden change or failure in their enterprise. A large sum of money, which was to be represented as the bulk of their property, was to be put into the hands of the Tribunal, seemingly with an unwilling inclination to devote it to the purposes of the Revolution; and the utmost deference to the views of this body was to be strictly observed by all three. In this way access was to be gained to the king, and measures were afterwards to be taken, the results of which, will be detailed in the next number.

A——y.

-Tr--.

(To be continued.)

Saturday Evening.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

THE TEMPORAL ADVANTAGES OF RELIGION.

THE temporal advantages of religion, compared with eternal life, appear as a solitary drop in the ocean. Religion, however, has the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come. By the precepts it inculcates, and the habits it forms, the fairest reputation may be secured.

No one respects the individual that is addicted to vice, or neglectful of the obligations due to virtue. What person, however vicious his own character may be, will not prefer transacting business with one whose religious principle renders him truly honest and upright? The licentious may deride and sneer at religion; but are not its professors

the ones in whom we prefer to repose confidence?

It is an *error* that religion has a tendency to make us gloomy and discontented, or that it restricts our innocent pleasures. True religion, by inspiring us with hopes of happiness in a better world, makes us meet the cares of this, with cheerfulness and resignation.

Religion also prevents all those vices which tend to poverty; and cherishes those virtues which lead to prosperity. Indigence is often the effect of vice. How many, once in circumstances of high respectability, and whom fortune favoured with her brightest prospects, have been hurled by their own extravagance to the depths of adversity. Religion renders a man industrious—and this is the path to wealth. It enforces a right improvement of time, which results in the cultivation of all the best feelings of the heart, and the noblest powers of the mind.

C. G. H.

—
THE MANIAC,
OR

THE EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY.

THE only time I ever saw Adelaide Tremont, was at an election ball in Berkshire. Born of an ancient and noble, but decayed family, she was the admiration and love of all who ever met her. When I lift the veil that hangs over the scenes of many a far gone year, and recal her and the spot where I saw her to my remembrance, for the moment I seem no longer a being of to-day, so deeply are they impressed upon my soul. I see her as I did then, in all the pride of youth and beauty, her graceful form—her beaming eye—her flowing hair—and the thousand enchantments that ever glowed around her. I still think I hear those soft strains of music—the sounds of mirth and gaiety—while the fairy-like windings of the dance and the gay creatures who mingled

therein, are all pictured before me. It is love that confers the greatest charm, and the highest polish upon the character of woman. Perchance it may steal roses from her cheek and fire from her eye, but it adds a brighter, yet softer expression to every look. And Adelaide loved one well worthy of her and her perfections, she was the adorer and the adored. How happy was he the object of that love, the noble Clifford! They had been but a few days together, for he had left a foreign mission only to insure with his influence the election of the fortunate candidate to whom the *fete* was given. He was again soon to leave her, ere he came to call her his own. In boyhood my playfellow, and in manhood my friend, I now felt almost as happy as he, and promised to attend the summons he said that he would soon send me to his wedding. The next morning I was on my road to Paris.

Years rolled away—I had become a wanderer over the face of the earth—I had visited many a land, and mingled with man in many a different clime. I was tossed upon the waves of the ocean, and had been in war and in bloodshed. At length, wearied with my toils, I visited the happy shores of Britain. I had but few friends in the world—some had forgotten, some had deserted me. I flew with eagerness to one whom I knew would be faithful to me. I found him not—and I trembled at the tale I heard. Shortly after my departure and that of Clifford, Adelaide, his affianced bride, had eloped to the continent with a stranger. Clifford soon returned, full of love and expectation. When the truth was told to him, despair drove him almost to madness: to this succeeded apathy and apparent unconcern, and hastily settling his affairs, he left the country. All were ignorant of his fate if dead, or place of exile, if living

It was supposed he had buried himself and his woes in some friendly convent. Adelaide and her betrayer had met another doom over which the deepest mystery hung.

Again I became a wanderer. I had almost forgotten the misfortunes of my friend. I had my own sorrows, and they weighed heavily upon me. I was passing through a mad-house in Palermo, contemplating the various wrecks of intellect before me. To curiosity succeeded disgust, and I was hastily leaving the scene, when my eyes rested on a face I thought I had seen before. In its wasted and distorted features I at length traced those of the long lost Charles Clifford. Careful of betraying myself, I called the governor of the Hospital, and inquired the history of the being before me. He was a stranger who had arrived at the place some years before, and to a violent sickness, derangement had succeeded. He had left no traces of his name or family; when sane, as he but seldom was, he preserved a profound silence, but when the fit came on him, his paroxysms were so severe, and his language so incoherent, that no discovery could be effected. He was every day growing weaker, and it was supposed he had not long to live. I approached his bed. A few words had only passed between us, when he clasped me to his bosom. Alas! he was a maniac, beyond all hopes of cure, and few were his moments of reason. I visited, soothed, I comforted him, but it was in vain. One day, more calm than usual, he told me the story of his sufferings:

"You tell me you already know the dreadful history of my miseries,—you tell me the world knows it too. I would to heaven you were not deceived. A feeling unfelt before pervades me now; I am calm; it is that calm which precedes the storm; my life is wearing fast away, but I will unfold as briefly as I may

the mystery that surrounds me now. When I arrived in England, and found the being to whom I had linked all my earthly happiness, gone—gone forever—I became almost distracted. To this, hate, the deepest and the deadliest followed. I sighed for revenge on those who had cast thorns and dishonor in my path. Yet I concealed every emotion, and became seemingly callous to my own sorrows. I left my native land with the expressed determination of seeking repose in a cloister—but I nourished within my bosom the flames of hell. I traced and pursued the fugitives—cast your eyes from that window—beyond those blue mountains I found them. On passing the spot where they lived, in my way to a resting place for the night, she saw me and shrieked—but I spurred on my horse and left her. An hour afterwards I received a letter—I did not open, yet could not destroy it—I do not know what prompted me to preserve it.

"In the night, armed with pistols doubly loaded, and disguised in my cloak, I stole unperceived to their villa. The sound of voices drew me to an open window. Concealed from their view by surrounding foliage, I eagerly observed them. I saw that form which I had pressed at parting to mine, now carelessly reclining on the arm of a stranger. I could not see her face—what else I did perceive made me frantic. The moon was sailing gloriously through the heavens, a few black and fitting clouds, as if to veil the dreadful deed, were all that obscured the firmament. One of these came over and hid its light—I drew the weapon from my bosom, wishing to slay them both. I had raised it—my hand was upon the fatal spring—when, suddenly, the moonbeams shone around me. She had raised her head—it was turned to me—I once more gazed on those

eyes, from whose light I had once drank love—she was smiling too—she seemed to smile on me. I had steeled my heart to the task—yet my arm fell nerveless to my side. But those smiles were thrown on another, and those eyes were bright for him, and he her paramour. The Evil Spirit sent a spot over the moon—I felt my heart burning within me—Revenge urged me to the deed—It was done.

“ I left the spot, escaped even suspicion, and crossed over into Sicily. The fever that had for hours before raged within my veins now broke forth. Long I hovered between life and death. I will not name the torments I suffered, when a heated fancy conjured in my brain its terrible visions, making the night a scene of horrors, and the day one of remorse. Yet I left my bed, and trod once more firmly on the ground. I tried even to tear the never dying worm from my bosom, and to mingle once more with the world. And perhaps I had succeeded—but that letter—her last, unopened letter crossed my mind. I took it, and held it over the waters that murmured at my feet. I would have destroyed it, but an unknown power tempted me to read. I expected what I found—exculpation. She had been driven, she said, by pecuniary embarrassments from England—was faithful and burning to see me—I read *this* with a smile. But farther on I saw those words, those dreadful words—I see them now—I see them written in the air around me—I hear them in the sound of the roaring wind—I feel them written on my heart in letters of fire—I am the murderer of the Sister and the Brother !

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

THE RUSTIC LOVERS.

“ You cannot leave me now, John, after I have loved you so long,” said Mary.

“ Can't?—how do you know I can't?—Can't hey! See, then—by jings! I've done greater things 'an that, I'd have you know !”

The fact is, John was *jealous*—and he seemed to consider this as a defiance to his physical potency. He had no perception of that deep invisible power which reins even the bodily energies with so resistless a sway ;—and under the first impression, he started on a miraculous gallop, to convince us what he *could* do.

Our attention was turned to Mary, who was a fine, strong daughter of the wilderness, with her black hair comfortably confined on the back of her head. There was no peculiar grace about her, excepting her eyes—which were emphatically interesting—blue and clear as a winter evening sky, when it is very cold, and the moon is not in heaven to neutralize the sapphire. There was, however, an outline of characteristic seriousness in the contour of her face, so fixed, yet respectful, in its expression, that you would think she never smiled. Indeed, it was but seldom. But when she did laugh, it was so cordially, as convinced the beholder that her apparent melancholy was only the beautiful diffidence of womanhood,—that she loved reflection—and went rather into the mysterious and holy converse of her own soul for happiness, than to a wearying and insensible world. There was no human being in a neighbourly distance of her father's house, omitting John and Charity Williams, the parents of her lover, and as the young John would ever and anon go down to Squire Edwards's, and being withal a very decent young man—as a matter of course, Mary acquired a partiality for him, which, before she was aware of it, ripened into a powerful attachment.

A party of us had by accident, or by some other means, called on her

for a short visit, and her delighted attention to us, boys and girls, had awakened the jealousy of John. It was the occasion of the dialogue above related.

During this time, John was careering round the green, in a circular path, that at every turn diminished in circumference—he was materially illustrating spiritual magnetism—a system, essaying to stray from its orbit, but regravitated by the invisible silken chains of love. He was truly at this moment a ridiculous object; and we felt ourselves at liberty to laugh as long and as loud as we pleased, at his expense. Yet from respect to Mary's feelings, we at length forbore, as he came near us; while Mary advancing, said to him—

“Don't act so, John—what'll they think of you?”

“I don't care what they think—darn'd if I do!—How's this, Mary? Who are *them*—the young fellers there, with their blue coats, and velvet collars, and dashing handkerchers, and all that? I guess you don't want me to see you again, when you've got such grand company!”

The poor fellow spoke the last words with much agitation; and the big tears came rolling down his cheeks, as dew-drops flung from the wing of sorrow. I confess he looked very interesting.

“No, John, 'taint that—only, you know, you don't look quite so neat—so”——

“I don't care—what if I don't? 'Spose I care any thing about how I look?”

Mary turned to leave him; but he caught hold of her hand.

“Why, John,” said she, I thought you was going to leave me!”

“I tried to, but—*I can't!*—Don't go now!”

“Wont you be jealous?”

“No——sartin!”

As we made our adieus, we con-

gratulated John on his restoration to the favour of the rural beauty, and we left him with his eyes sparkling with joy. NILE.

SKETCH.

I PIQUE myself on knowing by sight and by name, almost every man and boy in our parish, from eight years old to eighty—I cannot say quite so much for the women. They—the elder of them, at least—are more within doors, more hidden. One does not meet them in the fields and highways; their duties are close housekeepers, and live under cover. The girls, to be sure, are often enough in sight, “true creatures of the element,” basking in the sun, racing in the wind, rolling in the dust, dabbling in the water; hardier, dirtier, noisier, more sturdy defiers of heat and cold and wet than boys themselves. One sees them quite often enough to know them; but then the little elves alter so much at every step of their approach to womanhood, that recognition becomes difficult, if not impossible. It is not merely growing, as boys grow—it is positive, perplexing and perpetual change; a butterfly has not undergone more transmigration in its progress through this life, than a village belle in her arrival at the age of seventeen.

The first appearance of the little lass is something after the manner of a caterpillar, crawling and creeping upon the grass, set down to roll by some tired little nurse of an elder sister, or mother with her hands full. There it lies, a fat, boneless, rosy piece of health, aspiring to the accomplishments of walking and talking; stretching its chubby limbs,—scrambling and sprawling, laughing and roaring; there it sits, in all the dignity of the baby, adorned in a pink checked frock, a blue spotted pinafore, and a little white cap, tolerably clean, and quite whole. One is forced to

ask if it be boy or girl, for these hardy country rogues are all alike, open eyed, and weather stained and nothing fearing. There is no more mark of sex in the countenance than in the dress.

In the next stage, dirt-encrusted enough to pass for the chrysalis, if it were not so very unquiet. The gender remains equally uncertain. It is a fine, stout curly pated creature of three or four, playing and rolling about amongst grass or mud all day long; shouting, jumping, screeching, the happiest compound of noise and idleness, rags and rebellion, that ever trod the earth.

Then comes a sun-burnt gipsy of six, beginning to grow tall and thin, and to find the cares of the world gathering about her, with a pitcher in one hand, a mop in the other, an old straw bonnet of ambiguous shape, half hiding her tangled hair, a tattered stuff petticoat, once green, hanging below an equally tattered frock, once purple; her longing eyes fixed on a game of base-ball at the corner of the green till she reaches the cottage door, flings down the mop and pitcher, and darts off to her companions, quite regardless of the storm of scolding with which the mother follows her runaway steps.

So the world wags till ten; then the little damsel gets admission to the charity school, and trips mincingly thither every morning, dressed in the old fashioned blue gown, and white cap and tippet, and bib and apron, of that primitive institution, looking as demure as a nun, and as tidy; her thoughts fixed on button-holes and spelling-books—those ensigns of promotion, despising dirt and baseball, and all their joys.

Then at twelve, the little lass comes home again, uncapped, unpitteted, unschooled; brown as a berry, wild as a colt, busy as a bee: working in the fields, digging in the

garden, frying rashers, boiling potatoes, shelling beans, darning stockings, nursing children, feeding pigs; all these employments varied by occasional fits of romping and flirting, and idle play, according as the nascent coquetry, or the lurking love of sport, happens to preponderate; merry, pretty, and good with all her little faults. It would be well if a country girl could stand at thirteen. Then she is charming. But the clock will move forward, and at fourteen she gets a service in a neighbouring town; and her next appearance is in the perfection of the butterfly state, fluttering, glittering, inconstant, vain—the gayest and gaudiest insect that ever skimmed over a village green. And this is the true progress of a rustic beauty; the average lot of our country girls; so they spring up, flourish, change and disappear. Some indeed marry and fix amongst us, and then ensues another set of changes, rather more gradual, perhaps, but quite as sure, till gray hairs, wrinkles, and linsay-woolsey, wind up the picture. *Miss Mitford's Sketches.*

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

POLITENESS.

THERE is no word so familiarly used by the world, and at the same time so little understood, as *Politeness*. Altho' many writers in this, as well as in former ages, have devoted their attention professedly to this subject, and have endeavoured with ingenuity and talents, to make it plain and practical to all, yet their labours have, hitherto, been crowned with but little success. It is not to any capriciousness in the nature of politeness that we may attribute so many failures, but rather to the indefinite and unsatisfactory manner in which it has been treated by different authors. Lord Chesterfield has reduced it to a science, and gives a very just definition,

when he says, "it is a study to make every one happy about us." This definition comprehends its true spirit and essence, and it would be well for us in our intercourse with each other, to impress it on our memories.

I was led to make these remarks by calling to mind a visit, which I made last spring to a maiden aunt of mine. A more benevolent heart than hers never beat in woman's breast, whether married or unmarried; but she had formed erroneous ideas of politeness, and supposed that to render her friends happy, she must oppress them with civilities of every description. The moment I arrived at her house, I was surrounded by a troop of domestics, who, having been apprised of my arrival, stood ready to do me every officious kindness in their power, so that it was some time before I could disengage myself from my horse for fear of giving offence, to some of these good people. At the door I was met by aunt Tabitha, with her whole family of lap-dogs and kittens. After a hearty welcome, and a particular introduction to each one of these favourites, I was ushered into the parlour, and seated before an uncomfortably warm fire, in a large easy chair, which I found it impossible to move, and in this situation I became almost literally roasted. At supper my aunt kept so continually demanding what I would be 'helped to,' and was so often filling my cup, and replenishing my plate, that I was totally deprived of all the appetite which my journey had previously given me. When the hour of rest arrived, a new scene of troubles commenced—my bed was positively scorched through with the warming pan;—nor was this all—I had scarce drawn the curtains round me, when my dear careful aunt honoured me with a *visit*. It was always her custom, she said, before

vol. I.

she retired herself, to see her friends comfortably a-bed. After looking to the windows, and closing the closet doors, and laying upon my already overloaded back the additional weight of six blankets! she made her compliments and retired. The consequence was that after a profuse perspiration, unable any longer to breathe under such an immense weight of clothing, I threw off the greater part, and awoke the next morning with all the symptoms of a violent cold. But now arrived the grand climacteric of all my sufferings. Aunt Tabitha, the moment she heard my hoarse answer to her morning salutation, with even maternal anxiety, immediately produced a vast variety of favourite panaceas. Almost with tears in her eyes, she forced them upon me, and after swallowing a portion from the whole routine of her infallible specifics, I became *actually sick*, and little less than distracted.

It was my original intention to have protracted my visit for some weeks; but finding it impossible to exist in a family where every one seemed conspired to torment me with civilities, I pleaded several indispensable engagements, and pronounced my farewell—resolving never again to encounter, if possible, the mistaken politeness of my venerable aunt. L—.

Salem, Aug. 1828.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

"We are but the venders of other men's goods."

"In White county, state of Tennessee, near the town of Sparta, there have been discovered three burying grounds, where a very small people are deposited in tombs (coffins) of stone. The greatest length of the skeletons is *nineteen inches*. Some of these people appear to have lived to a great age—their teeth being worn smooth and short, while others are

70

full and long. Many of the tombs [graves] have been opened, and the skeletons examined. The graves are about three feet deep; the coffins are of stone, made by laying a flat stone at the bottom, one at each side, one at each end, and one over the corpse. The dead are all buried with their heads to the east, and in order, laid on their backs, with their hands on their breasts. In the bend of the left arm is found a cruse or mug, that would hold nearly a pint, made of ground stone, or shell of a grey colour, in which is found one, two or three shells, supposed to be sea-shells. One of these skeletons had about the neck *ninety-four pearl beads*. There are many of these burying grounds. Near the one which I examined is the appearance of an ancient town. The bones found in these graves are strong and well set. The whole frame appears to be well formed. These grave yards are in extent from half an acre to an acre and a half. In the same neighborhood is a burying ground where the dead are buried in the same manner as above described, and where the skeletons are from *seven to nine feet long*."

Singular Circumstance. We understand that a short time since, a little child, between one and two years of age, at Elmira, in this county, crept out of the house, unnoticed by its parents, and sat down upon the ground at a short distance from it, and while playing with a pair of shears, the little speechless innocent had its attention arrested by the appearance of a rattlesnake, and not aware of any danger, the child struck the animal with the shears—he coiled and sung by the infant's side—the child gazed with the greatest intensity upon the beautiful though venomous reptile—and for a long time, as the child repeated the strokes, the serpent would

hiss and rattle, without attempting in the least to injure the child. The snake was between 4 and 5 feet in length. —
Tioga paper.

Renovation. It is stated that a Mrs. Galusha, of Monmouth, Me. now 88 years of age, has had, within the last three years, an entire set of new teeth, a new head of hair, and her sight, of which she had been for some time deprived, has been so perfectly restored, that she is now able to read the finest print without the aid of spectacles.

Accident from Sleep-Walking. About four o'clock on Friday morning, Mr. Stockton, a lodger at the Callowhill-Street Ferry House, fell from the second story window, while walking in his sleep. He was taken up without having received any material injury.

The Lion's Soiree. We stopped last evening to pay our respects to the *Lion* and his associates, next to the Broadway Circus. We found the *Forest Monarch* in a very good humour, and looking through his bars at the company with a very sociable phiz. On his right is the untameable *Hyena*, the searcher of the graveyard, and the most rapacious of all animals. On the other side is the *Royal Tiger* of Bengal, the most beautiful savage that we have ever seen of that species. It is really a pity that an animal of such exquisite proportions and radiant colours, should possess so treacherous, fierce and relentless a temper. A pleasing contrast is to be found in his neighbour, a fine young *Leopard*, fat and lazy, whose good nature is proof against all the provocations of his keeper. In one corner is the ferocious white bear [*the ursus horribilis*] of the north, restlessly tossing his head to and fro, and impatiently bounding against the bars of his cage. In the other corner is the *Ostrich*, whose long neck is a

subject of envy to all the champagne bibbers in town. He is a most singular object. His lower half looks something like an old gentleman's legs in white small-clothes—then there is the tremendous body, covered with glossy plumes, from which sprouts his long bare neck, that he extends, we don't know how high. But the most amusing of all is a little monkey, somewhat larger than our thumb, [the marmozet], whom a gallant friend of ours covets for an appendage to his watch chain. He is the most ludicrous caricature of humanity that we ever saw. He is somewhat of a dandy, and very particular in his appearance. He washes his face every morning, acts as his own *friseur*, and has quite a *recherche* air when he sits for company.

The Lion's *soiree* was pretty well attended, but we suspect he appears to the most advantage at his *levees*.

— Morning Courier.

Fallen Greatness. When I passed through Heidleburg, the unfortunate ex-king of Sweden [Count Gustavson] alighted at the same hotel where I stopped. He had just left the stage-coach, and entered the dining-room of the *Posthof*, his portmanteau under his arm, dressed plain and rather poorly, and without a servant. The room was crowded with passengers and students: the conversation, though not noisy, yet lively. As soon as the ex-monarch entered, a deep respectful silence ensued, the students left off smoking, and the gentleman who occupied the head of the table rose to make place for the distinguished guest. The landlord approached him, and asked whether he would not be pleased to hear the band of musicians which just entered. He consented, but they were not permitted to address him for the petty customary compliment—as it was generally known that he

was very poor, and reduced to the necessity of pawning, at Basle, his portmanteau. There was not a sneer, nor the least sign of contempt shown towards the dethroned monarch, so reduced in his pecuniary means. A deep respect was legible on the countenances of the whole company, as far from servile cringing to high life, as low contempt of fallen greatness. I could not help expressing my satisfaction to one of the students, a beautiful, noble, and proud looking young fellow, dressed in the Teutonic costume. "Sir," said he, seriously, "we would not show so much respect towards the Emperor of Austria, but Count Gustavson is unfortunate," and raising his voice emphatically, "wo to the wretch who adds to the load of the oppressed!"

Austria as it is.

Says the Rochester Daily Advertiser, "The population of Rochester is *twelve* thousand, instead of nine thousand, as stated in your last." The more the merrier!

The President of the United States, with several distinguished citizens, attended the annual commencement at Cambridge on Wednesday. We understand that the exercises were highly creditable to the students and the Faculty.

Bower of Taste.

PHYSIOGNOMY,

WHEN considered as a science, from which infallible inferences may be drawn respecting the features of the face being always indicative of the properties of the mind, appears on a critical view of the subject, almost as absurd as the doctrine of phrepolology, which supposes that the "march of mind" is discoverable on the *surface* of the pericranium, and views the human head as an agriculturalist would a landscape, predicting the fertility or barrenness of the soil by the number of mountains and rivers which it exhibits.

We once knew a boy whom the granddames considered as a most glorious subject for the investigators of this new philosophy to

ecture upon—until the fatal secret was discovered, that he owed the possession of his *bumps* of honour, not to nature, but to the accidental descent of a brick-bat upon his *caput*, as also to a memorable tumble down three pairs of stairs, which no doubt assisted in developing the organ of acute sensibility for a certain time.

But to return to Physiognomy. The passions and occasional workings of the mind are always, in a greater or less degree, portrayed in the countenance; but they have no influence in the formation of the features. Many a noble intelligent mind, and many a bold aspiring genius, has been "born to blush unseen" beneath the covert of a lowering brow, or the dim twinkle of a half-closed eye, which appears rather as if holding communion with its owner, than the world,—while we often find the fair expansive forehead badly furnished within, or the pure blue eye, clear as the face of heaven, rolling in listless vacancy, for want of *soul* to concentrate its beams.

Far be it from us to decry the power of beauty, or question its union with intelligence. It would be delightful to believe that the beautiful were always intellectual; yet, though this is generally the case, there are some exceptions. Still more unjust would it be to infer that a harsh set of features, or a deformed person were indicative of a depraved heart, or a weak understanding.

Memoirs of the Rev. Dr. Holley. When the great and the good pass away from among us, it is a source of pride as well as gratitude, that those gifted spirits who have been their associates in the cabinet, the council, or the desk—who have gathered with them round the social board, in the full confidence of friendship, should, in the hour of sorrow, come forth with their tribute offerings to consecrate the memory of the dead! Although the professional talents, and private virtues of our revered Holley need no eulogist to revive a recollection of his worth in the bosoms of those whom he honoured with his friendship, yet a recognition of the irreparable loss sustained by the world of letters, and that circle of refined society of which he was the proudest ornament, is a debt due to his memory as a profound scholar, and a polished gentleman.

The classical discourse of Professor Caldwell is calculated to excite our high admiration of his talents as an author, in illustrating the character of the christian and the philosopher. But what shall we say of *her*, the object of his first and dearest affections—who reciprocated in his religious duties, participated in his literary triumphs—who watched over his couch of suffering, with the devotion of woman's

love—and finally, ere the life-blood was cold about his heart, saw "him who had been her pride and boast," consigned forever to the deep ocean's breast! *Her* "memorial" breathe of a *holier* feeling, than those which were dictated only by a conviction of the splendour of his talents, and his worth as a man; and few will read this work without ascribing its chief interest to this talented lady.

Journal of Education. The contents of the last number of this popular work are such as must be highly interesting to all those who are engaged in the important duties of instruction. Even the most fastidious critic will acknowledge the perfection of the theory of education here exhibited, as well as its apparent practicability. Even those who are not seeking to qualify themselves as instructors, will derive both pleasure and improvement from the pertinent remarks, and judicious arguments of its Editor.

The Ladies' Magazine, for August, is received. Its contents are:

Intemperance—CENSOR.
Sketches of American Character—No. 8—
The Springs.
Novels—F*.
Flirtation—E. B. W.
The Port Folio.

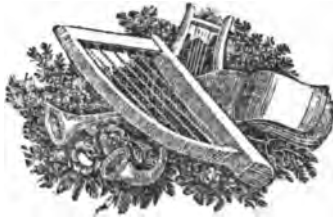
Original Poetry.

The White Mountains—L. H. S.
Bayard.
Lines—T. C. O.
To Trinity Church—Q. X. Y.
Summer Morning—INEZ.
The Peri and the Gem—CORNELIA.
Literary Notices, &c.

The uncommon number of communications that have been laid on our table during the two past weeks, certainly claim our thanks, if no other recognition should await them. Such as please us will appear in due course. "Bertram's" interesting sketch was mislaid. The fair "Celeste" will rise in our next. In complying with the request of a subscriber, we would remark that, should we publish Hamlet's address to the 'maiden,' our friends would think we merited the same title.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE, is Published every Saturday, by DUTTON & WESTWORTH (formerly State Printers,) Nos. 1 and 4, Exchange-Street, Boston, who are authorized to transact all business relative to the Printing and circulation of this work. All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor.—[] All letters must be Post paid.

THE HEROES OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

PARAPHRASE

Of part of the second Chapter of ST. LUKE.

Oh! who is the Sage with his white flowing locks,
That to Israel's shrine bends his way?
Humility dwells in his soul-speaking eye,
Which with pious devotion is turned to the sky—
And illumin'd by Heaven's own ray!

His care-stricken features, and time-withered frame,
Jerusalem's prophet declare—
Whose spirit seems anxiously waiting its flight,
From this cold orb of earth to those regions of light,
Where the blest and the purified are.

For, lo! the rapt seer in bright vision was told,
That the dread "King of Terrors" should flee,
Till the promised Salvation of God should appear—
Till the song of redemption should burst on his ear,
And his eyes should the "HOLY ONE" see!

Inspired by the Spirit, he sought the pure fane,
And Bethlehem's infant beheld,
Whom, with pious delight to his bosom he prest,
And devoutly the name of JEHOVAH he blest!—
While the Temple with glory was fill'd!

Now suffer thy servant in peace to depart,
Since his eyes have beheld thine own light,
E'en the Gentiles shall hail the fair EASTERN STAR!
Which pours its mild beams o'er the nations afar—
And rejoice in his glorious light!

SARAH ANN

THE PRIZE ADDRESS,

Written by WILLIAM LEGGETT, Esq. author of "Leisure Hours at Sea," obtained the "premium cup," worth Fifty Dollars, as being the best offered for the opening of the Bowery Theatre, New-York. It was spoken by Mr. E. FORRESTER, in his usually impressive style, and received with much applause.

Behold the scene, where late with crackling rage,
Wide sheets of fire inwrapt the burning stage!
Where, cloud on cloud, revolving flames rose high,
In flickering volumes, through the glowing sky,
And blazing fragments of the ruin driven,
Like meteors, flashed along the vault of heaven!
While started thousands gathered by the light
That mock'd the day, and stay'd approaching night,
Throng'd round the spot, in pallid silence gaz'd
On the proud dome, where red destruction blaz'd,
Saw the bright havoc wide and wider swell,
And sigh'd—as SHAKSPEARE'S classic structure fell!

It seems but yesterday the blackened wall,
And scathed column, marked our temple's fall;
Lone relics left, in ruined beauty stood,
While all around was waste and solitude!
Now—this fair shrine, more stately than the last,
Rear'd from the smouldering ashes of the past,
(Like Theseus' son, who from his early tomb
Sprung back to life in renovated bloom,)
In finish'd beauty meets th' astonished gaze,
And soars as proudly as in former days;
While fashion, taste, gay youth, and thoughtful age,
In smiling circles, gather round the stage!

The stage!—a mimic world by fancy drest
In varied charms that thrill the polished breast;
Where painting, poesy, and music roll
Their blended influence o'er the vanquish'd soul;
And bright-eyed eloquence uplifts his voice,
To bid the guilty quake, the good rejoice!
Here genius reigns, with necromantic power,
And lends strange witchery to the evening hour;
He waves his wand—and glittering phantoms pass,
Like spectre kings in Banquo's prescient glass,
Each in its turn impressing on the heart
Some useful lesson with persuasive art.

Around his throne the thronging muses stand,
And light wing'd fiction soars at his command;
Grave history bends, with dust of ages spread,
And reads the secret of the mouldering dead;
The dark brow'd maid her gleaming dagger rears,
Now fires the soul with rage—now melts to tears;
While gay Thalia tries her sportive wiles,
Lulls care to rest, and lights the cheek with smiles.

Since first, in Athens, dawned the drama's day,
All climes and ages have confessed its sway.
There are, who shrouded in Cimmerian night,
Deride its power, and turn them from the light;
Whose bigot hearts, too cold to feel, refuse

All moral beauty to the tragic muse ;
 And censure smiles that owe their dimpled birth
 To her bright sister's feats of frolic mirth :
 But wisdom's sons revere the scenic page,
 And own its influence, pictured from the stage ;
 Here learn to hate delusive error's face,
 And shun the windings of her devious race ;
 Feel, as they gaze, what suffering virtue felt,
 Glow at her triumphs, o'er her sorrows melt ;
 Till warm and chastened by the drama's fire,
 They nobly strive to be what they admire.

May this proud fane, by art's creative hand,
 Rear'd from the dust, as by enchantment's wand,
 Still know the bounty that was wont to cheer
 The mimic hero in his efforts here :
 May radiant wit assert the cause of truth,
 Teach vicious age, and guide the steps of youth ;
 While playful satire hurls a harmless dart
 At folly's plumage—not at merit's heart ;
 Thus shall the Drama please and mend the age,
 And virtue's voice applaud the moral stage.

THE SECOND PRIZE ADDRESS,

Written by PROSPER M. WETMORE, Esq. was recited by Miss ROCK, with much grace and spirit between the entertainments of the evening.

As pilgrim wanderers from a far-off shore,
 Blissfully tread their native soil once more—
 And, while they gaze with rapture beaming eyes,
 On each lov'd scene—the hills, the vales, the skies,
 Forget all perils of the way worn past,
 In joy to meet long cherished friends at last ;
 Thus, cheer'd by hope, the drama's votaries come,
 Your smile the sun that lights them to their home.

Fond memory, cease thy soul-subduing power,
 Nor e'er recal the horrors of that hour,
 When the hot breath of the red whirlwind came,
 And desolation fann'd the crackling flame.
 Lo ! where the appalling vision starts to view !
 Destruction glares through clouds of lurid hue—
 F'ell havoc hovers o'er the tottering walls—
 Hope shrieking flies—the mighty fabric falls !
 Where towered its pride, a smouldering ruin lies—
 The enchanter speaks ! behold new splendours rise !
 Perish remembrance of *that* fearful night,
 Before *this* scene of loveliness and light.

Immortal Bard ! whose life-reflecting page,
 Undimm'd by time, descends from age to age—
 To thee we dedicate the drama's shrine ;
 Taste rears its dome—the pedestal is thine.
 Within this temple, votive to thy fame,
 Genius shall kindle at thy muse's flame ;
 And the warm incense of the heart shall rise,
 To nature's minstrel, feeling's sacrifice.

O'er the glad scene where genius sheds his light,
 A godlike radiance gilds the mental sight ;
 Imperial mind high adoration pays,
 And lights her fires at his meridian blaze ;
 Within the drama's courts he scatters gems,
 More rich than sparkle in earth's diadems :
 Wak'd from her golden dreams in sun-lit bower,
 Where thoughts elysian wreath the captive hour,
 On new-fledg'd pinions borne through realms of light,
 Imagination soars her eagle flight ;
 While genius leads—earth, sea, and world-strewn sky,
 Unveil their mysteries to the ardent eye ;
 And fancy's bright creations start to life,
 With all the attributes of nature rife.

Let shadowy forms in phantasy be shown—
 Rapt fancy build an empire of thy own !
 Where yonder gay and sylvan scene unfolds,
 A fairy court its mimic revel holds ;
 Amid the mazes of the umbrageous grove,
 Joyous or sad the air-wrought visions rove ;
 Thron'd in a bower of blushing roses twined,
 Whose fragrant odours fill the summer wind,
 Queen of the mystic rites, fair taste appears,
 Her flower-wreathed sceptre gemm'd with dewy tears.

What sounds melodious on the zephyr swell ?
 'Tis music, breathing o'er her sweetest shell !
 Apollo's train flits through the viewless space,
 And genius paints the eloquence of face ;
 Child of Italia's sunny skies ! 'tis thine,
 To thrill the breast with harmony divine ;
 And see where glides to music's rapturous measure,
 The nymph of graceful step and soul of pleasure ;
 Thalia's glance its pensive lustre darts,
 With smiles to soothe, or tears to sadden hearts ;
 Pale, wan, and desolate, the tragic muse
 Stalks darkly by ; her glistening eyes diffuse
 A melancholy sadness round—'tis past—
 That piercing shriek ! despair hath sighed its last !
 The veil of fancy drawn, her dreams depart,
 The spell is gone she flung around the heart ;
 Reality appears ! in all the light
 Of truth it bursts upon the gladdened sight.

To shed sweet fragrance o'er life's weary hours,
 The drama comes to strew her choicest flowers ;
 She brings her treasures to your fostering care,
 Nor doubts the sunshine of your smiles to share ;
 Her cherish'd home in feeling's breast she rears,
 Basks in its smiles, and doats upon its tears ;
 Truth's laws shall rule the fictions of the stage ;
 Her themes can ne'er offend a moral age :
 Life's varied scenes this mirror shall reflect,
 When taste prescribes the genial feast of intellect



“ With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
 “ We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,”—PAINÉ.
 The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
 From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....SEPT. 6, 1828. No. 36.

GREIFENSTEIN CASTLE.

GREIFENSTEIN was last ruined by the Swedes, in 1645, and is one of the castles named as having been the prison of Richard Cœur de Lion; nay, they even show an iron cage here, in which he is said to have been cooped. The ruins are reported to be haunted by an old white woman, and a legion of

“ Black spirits and white,
 Red spirits and gray,”

who do her awful bidding. This tradition has probably arisen from the circumstance of its last inhabitant having been an ancient gentlewoman, the Lady Bountiful of the neighborhood, who devoted all her time to the cure of disorders, and was so generally successful in the treatment of her numerous patients, that she was at length suspected of possessing supernatural power. At her death, therefore, instead of canonizing her, as in duty bound, the ungrateful peasantry have convert-

ed the kind-hearted old lady, who was certainly “ a spirit of health,” into “ a goblin damned:” and they are less excusable, as the castle is not in want of such an attraction, the *terrain* being already occupied by as romantic a spectre as ever revisited “ the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous!” The legend, indeed, attached to those venerable walls, is one of the most interesting on the Danube. Thus it runs:

As early as the eleventh century the lords of Greifenstein were famed and feared throughout Germany. One of the first knights who bore that name lost his lady soon after she had presented him with a daughter, who received the name of Etelina. The dying mother, painfully aware how little attention would be paid to the education of a female by a rude and reckless father, half knight, half freebooter, however

fond he might be of his child, had recommended her infant, with her last breath, to the care of a kind and pious monk, the chaplain of the castle, and under his affectionate guidance the pretty playful girl gradually ripened into the beautiful and accomplished woman. Sir Richard of Greifenstein, though stern, turbulent and unlettered himself, was nevertheless sensible to the charms of his daughter; and often, as he parted her fair hair, and kissed her ivory forehead, before he mounted the steed, or entered the bark that waited to bear him to the hunt or the battle, a feeling of which he was both proud and ashamed would moisten his eye, and subdue a voice naturally harsh and grating, into a tone almost of tenderness. On his return, weary and sullen from a fruitless chase or a baffled enterprise, the song of Etelina could banish the frown from his brow, when even the wine-cup had been thrust untasted away, and the favorite hound beaten for a mistimed gambol. So fair a flower, even in the solitary castle of Greifenstein, was not likely to bloom unknown or unsought. The fame of Etelina's beauty spread throughout the land. Many a noble knight shouted her name as his bright sword flashed from his scabbard; and many a gentle squire fought less for his gilt spurs, than for the smile of Etelina. The minstrel who sang her praises had aye the richest largess; and the little foot-page who could tell where she might be met with in the summer twilight, clinging to the arm of the silver haired chaplain, might reckon on a link of his master's chain of gold for every word he uttered. But the powerful and the wealthy sighed at her feet in vain; she did not scorn them, for so harsh a feeling was unknown to the gentle Etelina. Nay, she even wept over the blighted hopes of some, whose fervent

passion deserved a better fate; but her heart was no longer hers to give. She had fixed her affections on the poor but noble Rudolph, and the lovers awaited impatiently some turn of fortune which would enable them to proclaim their attachment without fear of the anger and opposition of Sir Reinhard, who was considerably annoyed by Etelina's rejection of many of the richest counts and barons of Germany.

Business of importance summoned the old knight to the court of the Emperor. His absence, prolonged from month to month, afforded frequent opportunities of meeting to the lovers; and the venerable monk, on whom the entire charge of the castle and its inhabitants had devolved at Sir Reinhard's departure, was one evening struck dumb with terror at the confession which circumstances at length extorted from the lips of Etelina! Recovered from the first shock, however, his affection for his darling pupil seemed only increased by the peril into which passion had plunged her. In the chapel of the castle he secretly bestowed the nuptial benediction upon the imprudent pair, and counselled their immediate flight and concealment, till his prayers and tears should wring forgiveness and consent from Sir Reinhard, who was now on his return home, accompanied by a wealthy nobleman, on whom he had determined to bestow the hand of his daughter. Scarcely had Rudolph and Etelina reached the cavern in the neighboring wilderness, selected for their retreat by the devoted old man, who had furnished them with provisions, a lamp and some oil, promising to supply them from time to time with the means of existence, as occasions should present themselves, when the rocks of the Danube rang with the well-known blast of Sir Reinhard's trumpet, and a broad banner, lazily unfolding itself to

the morning breeze, displayed to the sight of the wakeful warden, the two red griffins rampant in a field vert, the blazon of the far-feared lords of Greifenstein. In a few moments the old knight was galloping over the drawbridge, followed by his intended son-in-law. The clatter of their horses' hoofs struck upon the heart of the conscious chaplain, as though the animals themselves were trampling on his bosom; but he summoned up his resolution, and, relying on his sacred character, met his master with a firm step and a calm eye in the hall of the castle; evading a direct answer to the first inquiry for Etelina, he gradually and cautiously informed Sir R. of her love, her marriage, and her flight. Astonishment for a short space held the old warrior spell-bound; but when his gathered fury at last found vent, the wrath of the whirlwind was less terrible. He seized the poor old monk by the throat, and upon his firm refusal to reveal the retreat of the culprits, dashed him to the earth, had him bound hand and foot, and flung into a pit beneath an iron grating in the floor of the donjon, or keep of the castle. Tearing, like an infuriated pacha, "his very beard for ire," he called down curses on Etelina and her husband, and prayed that if ever he forgave them, a dreadful and sudden death might overtake him on the spot where he should revoke the malediction he now uttered. Upwards of a year had elapsed, when one winter day the knight of Greifenstein, pursuing the chase, lost his way in the maze of a wilderness on the banks of the Danube. A savage-looking being, half clothed in skins, conducted him to a cavern, in which a woman similarly attired, was seated on the ground, with an infant on her knees, and greedily gnawing the bones of a wolf. Sir Reinhard recognized in the squalid form be-

fore him, his once beautiful Etelina. Shocked to the soul at the sight of the misery to which his severity had reduced her, he silently motioned to the huntsmen, who came straggling in upon his track, to remove the wretched pair, and their poor little offspring, to the castle. Moved by the smiles of his innocent and unconscious grand-child, he clasped his repentant daughter to his bosom as she recrossed the threshold, bore her up into the banquet-hall, and, consigning her to the arms of her faithful Rudolph, hastened down again to release with his own hands the true hearted monk, who still languished in captivity. In descending the steep staircase, his foot slipped, and he was precipitated to the bottom: his fall was unseen, his cry was unheard: dying, he dragged himself a few paces along the pavement, and expired upon the spot where he had just embraced and forgiven his daughter. Rudolph, now lord of Greifenstein, restored the chaplain to liberty, and lived long and happily with his beloved Etelina; but the spirit of Sir Reinhard to this day wanders about his ancestral castle, and will continue so to do till the stone whereon he expired, shall be worn in twain. 'Alas! poor ghost!' the very slight hollow which is at present perceivable in it, affords you little hope of its division by fair means, previously to the general "crack of doom."

Saturday Evening.

THAT TRUE RELIGION can ever be unfriendly to the cause of knowledge, all experience tends to disprove. It is to the abuse of this sacred feeling, to superstition, and bigotted enthusiasm, especially, when clothed with power, that we are to impute the numerous and powerful checks which have from time to time under the name of religion,

been opposed to the development of mind, and the spread and progress of science. To the agency of these causes, cramping the energies of the intellect, and restricting the excursive tendency of learned curiosity and philosophic research, we can trace the darkness and ignorance, and the grovelling apathy, which have pervaded and still pervade many countries of the earth.

Even at this day, wherever a childish superstition reigns, there the starless night of ignorance and slavery, and moral degradation, must prevail, and the only instrument by which a revolution can be effected, is a knowledge of the Deity. Hence the advantages which the introduction of the Bible to the knowledge of a nation so soon effectuates. Hence the blessings of the Reformation, which alone contributed more, if we except perhaps, the invention of printing, than any other event in the history of man, to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge, and lay the foundation for the great moral & political regeneration, which already achieved in this hemisphere, must sooner or later embrace every nation in Europe, and thence be dispensed over the whole habitable globe.

In opposition to the beneficial effects which have resulted from a knowledge and worship of the true God, the examples of Greece and Rome might be adduced. These countries, although sunk in a barbarous superstition, and most puerile and fanciful mythology, produced poets, and orators, and philosophers, whose verses and discourses, and sublime speculations have left an impress on the learning of after ages, which must be durable as time itself.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

FANCY AND PERSEVERANCE.

ASTRONOMY being one of my favorite studies, I wandered forth one

bright and cloudless evening, to observe the situations of those heavenly bodies, which were then brightly visible, and endeavor to trace their courses through the fields of space. I seated myself beneath the shadow of a tree, on the banks of a delightful river, and while my mind was absorbed in contemplating the stars, suddenly I heard the sweet notes of a guitar not far distant, and looking towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded, I beheld a boat gently gliding towards the shore, near where I was sitting.—Having a curiosity to know who the apparently happy party were, and pleased with the melodious sound of the instrument, I determined to remain till they should arrive. The first object that attracted my attention, was a beautiful lady, who appeared superior to the rest of her company. She was about the middle stature, of an elegant form, and a lively and expressive face; her fine black eyes diffused a charm over all her features, and a variegated mantle flowed from her polished shoulders. Soon as they had landed, she approached and addressed me, with an air of such complacency, as diverted me at once of all my former diffidence. "Maiden," said she, "upon what art thou musing in this fair solitude? Thy countenance indicates a mind fraught with inquietude."

There was so much suavity in her voice and manner, that I hesitated not to impart to her the subject of my thoughts. She started back with a look of surprise, when I had concluded, and exclaimed, "Dearest girl! art thou so vain as to expect to gain the knowledge of a science which was never designed for human comprehension? The tender minds of females, especially, were never formed to pry into the hidden works of nature: and to study that which must be so obscure, & tedious. Philosophy, Astronomy,

and Mathematics, may employ masculine minds, but is it not enough for us to know that the sun, moon, and stars were made, by God, and placed here to light our paths? that these, and all other things were ordained for our use and happiness? Then why seek for any thing, but enjoyment? Has not the poet said,

“To enjoy, is to obey?”

I readily assented to her arguments, and replied, “Gladly would I leave my present abode, could I be relieved from my daily studies, many of which are irksome.”

Hearing this, she instantly seized my hand, and bade me go with her, and said she would teach me nothing but what I had a desire to learn, and talents to acquire. Pleased with this idea, I arose to follow her, and had just placed my foot upon the plank to step into the boat, when I felt myself suddenly detained, and turning, beheld a nymph of a less agreeable aspect. The former lady, whom I shall now distinguish by the name of FANCY, seeing the stranger, immediately left the shore, and the last echo of the oars upon the water, soon died upon our ears. The latter, whose name was PERSEVERANCE, was quite the reverse of Fancy. She was tall, crooked, and what the world would call homely; but an attentive observer, in her keen unbending eye, might trace a mind of firm resolve. Her dress was not studied, neither were her manners graceful; but a sedate smile sat upon her countenance, which indicated a thoughtful and happy mind. She modestly told me, she had heard all that had passed between me and Fancy. “Once,” said she, “I felt as you now do. But *Reason* told me to become acquainted with the laws of *nature*—the boundaries of the globe—and the government of the solar system. The more difficult it seemed to me, with the more ardor I prosecuted my studies, until I

overcame all obstacles, and have at last reached the summit of my wishes. Cast thine eye, upon that smooth lake and see the bright stars reflected on its surface. Hast thou no desire to understand their motions—and the laws by which they are governed? By diligence and application thou mayest.—And what is your reward? The enlargement of your intellectual faculties, by which you will be enabled more fully to appreciate the glorious works of your creator, and though of less importance, you will possess the power of removing the stigma which the illiberal have fixed upon our sex, of being incapable of comprehending the mysteries of philosophy. At this moment, the village bell startled me from a dream, I found I had indulged in while contemplating the stars! but on returning home, I determined to pursue my studies with renewed vigour, and by unceasing diligence, I was enabled in the course of a few weeks, to understand the motion of the heavenly bodies, and to gaze upon the starry world with delight and improvement. I therefore resolved from that time, never to despair of any thing, which *application* and *perseverance* could accomplish.

CELESTE.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

ELLEN—A SKETCH OF TRUTH.

“How are the roses on that cheek decay'd,
That eye is dim which shone benignly bright,
The holy meekness that her heart display'd
Hath sought its home in worlds of endless
light.

Mute is that voice whose mellow accents stole
Like Gilead's balm, into the wounded soul.”

ELLEN was the friend of my childhood. She was young, gay, and beautiful; the rosy bloom of health glowed on her cheek, and pleasure danced in her eye. Bright morning beheld her plucking the flowers yet sparkling with dew; and at eve, sweet sleep wrapped her senses in forget-

fulness. A father's holy love, and a mother's tender care, observed each dawning virtue of their daughter, and smiled with approbation upon all her affectionate endeavors to please.

Of't have we rambled through the field and wood, with hearts bounding with joy, and viewing in perspective many years of happiness, till the mild beauties of evening threw a dim curtain over the surrounding landscape, and the twinkling stars told us, we must part.

Thus passed our childish days. Alas! we little thought that life was a dream, and all its enchanting prospects empty and delusive. But time had scattered the snows of age upon the head of her father, and the angel of death summoned him to the tomb, and ere the deep wound in her youthful heart was healed, her mother, too, was gone. The voice of paternal tenderness no longer soothed her cares, or hushed her aching bosom into peace. And slander came with its contaminating breath, and blanched the roses on her cheek, and stole the lustre from her eye. But again was she compelled to taste the bitter cup of sorrow. A sister, young and lovely like herself, was torn forever from her view, and borne to the cold damp grave. Her early doom drew tears from the careless observer, but it pierced the heart of my friend with inexpressible grief. Feeble nature could bear no more. She drooped like the fair flower severed from its parent stem, and long her spirit hovered on the verge of eternity. But the God of the fatherless did not forsake the orphan child in the hour of woe; he poured into her bosom the healing balm of religion, and diffused an unearthly sweetness over her pale cheek. Hope now dawned in her soul, and with a heavenly smile she pressed my hand, and bade the world adieu.

Such is life. The morning sun

promises a day of serenity and happiness; but ere it reaches the meridian, how often dark clouds obscure its beauties, while the tempest spreads desolation around it. Had not the beneficent Author of our being endowed us with fortitude to support us in the hour of affliction, and given us hopes of happiness hereafter, to compensate us for the sorrows of this life, we should be miserable indeed. **EDITH.**

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

ESSAY.

INFLUENCE OF FEMALES ON SOCIETY.

WHEN the parents of the human family were placed in the garden of Eden, they were designed to promote each other's happiness. When they were expelled from paradise, woman still retained the friendship and esteem of her companion, and was treated by him as an equal, and has continued to be so considered in some nations to the present time.

In infancy and childhood, when the mind is most susceptible of impressions, its discipline depends almost entirely on female influence.

Two families of children are presented to our view, nearly equal in age and abilities, but whose conduct exhibits a perfect contrast. The members of one family discover an amiable and affectionate disposition, are kind and attentive to their parents, respectful to their superiors, and contribute to the happiness of all with whom they are connected;—while the others are arrogant and vicious, desirous neither of their own improvement, nor that of others. If we inquire into the cause of this difference, we find it not in their fathers, for their characters are similar, and each supplies his own family with the same means of instruction; neither do we find it in the state of society, for they are situated in the same neigh-

borhood ; but this dissimilarity must be attributed to their mothers, whose characters are directly opposite ; the first leads an exemplary life, is systematic in her instructions, and uniformly endeavors to teach her children by example as well as precept, to follow the paths which lead to virtue and happiness ;—while the other is indolent, irregular in her habits, and ill qualified to yield them instruction. She permits her children to follow their own wayward inclinations, and thus her offspring have received erroneous impressions ' which will grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength.'

Although as a mother the influence of woman is great, yet it is not confined to that situation alone. As a teacher, a sister, and a wife, they may, and often do effect much, which has a tendency to increase the happiness of those within their sphere. What a change do we sometimes witness in a man, who is even depraved in his habits, and tyrannical in his temper, from the circumstance of his being united with an amiable and virtuous lady.

In those countries, where females are treated as slaves, or considered almost upon a level with the animal creation, we find her influence proportionably limited ; and society widely different from that of enlightened nations, where females are considered as the companions of man—in almost all the walks of life participating alike in his cares, his pleasures, and his sorrows.

The Coriolanus of Shakspeare exhibits a striking instance of the influence of woman, in subduing the powerful feelings of the stern Roman. In short, history furnishes innumerable examples of the benefits derived to society, from the virtues and energies of her mind ; and it is a fact universally admitted that the power of woman increases in equal ratio with the civilization of man, and her influ-

ence over his mind is proportionate to the refinement which it has received from education. **BERTHA.**

—
FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.
—

ON the death of their father, Edwin and Frederick Durward were consigned by their mother to the care of their only surviving male relative, an uncle, who was settled as a merchant in America, and who anxious to relieve her of the charge of their education, proposed their leaving England for this country, here to remain, until their studies should be completed. Edwin was of a studious and intellectual character, and entered college with a determination to excel, and high anticipations of future honours. Frederick was volatile and capricious, but withal seemed amiable ; yet so averse was he to classical pursuits, that he resolved to enter the counting room of his uncle, as a merchant, which required but little comparative preparation. During his college vacations, which were passed at a country residence of his uncle's, Edwin became enamoured of the lovely Mary Ashton, the village belle. From this term, it should not be inferred that Mary was a light and trifling girl, vain of her beauty and ambitions of conquest. No : beautiful she certainly was, and no doubt sensible of it ; but in the singleness and purity of her heart she loved but one—and him she loved with all the ardour and enthusiasm of that romantic passion, which sees perfection in its object. It was Edwin's design on leaving college, ere he should choose a profession to visit England, with his brother, and after settling their father's estate, to induce their mother to spend the rest of her life in America. The prospect of concentrating in that little village, all those beings whom he most loved on earth, was a delightful thought to Edwin.

One evening, while he was reclining in the garden bower with his Mary, and breathing to her ear his hopes of happiness, a letter was handed him bearing a black seal—hastening into the Hall, opened it, and in a tremulous voice read to the anxious Mary an account of his mother's death! and a request from her executor, that he would, as the eldest son, immediately come and attend a legal adjustment of her estate.

On communicating the event to his uncle and brother, it was thought advisable to go as soon as possible.

With the warm confidence of his honest heart, Edwin took the hand of his lovely Mary and placed it in that of Frederick. Oh! my brother, cried he, guard and protect her in my absence, as if she were indeed your *sister*, and whatever I can do to promote your future happiness, shall be done. I shall return as quickly as my affairs will permit.—I will not describe the parting of the lovers—no *vows* of fidelity were perhaps spoken, but their mutual obligations to each other were deeply felt.—They separated—and soon a letter announced his safe arrival in Europe. Grateful to Frederick for the kind attentions she received, the innocent Mary delighted to ramble with him by moonlight as she used to with Edwin, and talk to him of her lover and their plans of future happiness, for he had concluded at the persuasion of her parents to pursue the practice of Law in that village, a course which, if it promised not wealth or fame seemed to insure him happiness. But how often are our fairest prospects blighted!

Almost from the hour of Edwin's departure, the attentions of Frederick to Mary were unremitted; he walked, sung with, and read to her, and for the first time in his life he appeared to enjoy the charms of Poetry.

In short his whole soul was evidently absorbed by the beauty and softness of the lovely Mary. No blame could attach itself to him for his susceptibility—his error was encouraging a passion which must result in the misery of all! he seemed even to abandon himself to this illusion of his senses, heedless of the precipice on which he was standing. All that suavity of manner for which he was distinguished, had vanished & given place to a wild abstraction which was discoverable both in his air and conversation. On being questioned, he at length ascribed it to bad intelligence from his brother. Distracted at these insinuations Mary implored his confidence, when he with the cold cruelty, and designing wickedness of a fiend, told her that the property of his brother was left to him on these conditions alone, that he would wed the daughter of a rich banker—that the contract had been sealed by the fathers of each—and a refusal on either side, would be fatal to their fortune. After some hesitation, Frederick added—My brother, I fear, must be changed—sadly changed, to desert you! But I see it—wealth, fashion, and perhaps *beauty*, have dazzled his eyes, and he has proved—what many of our sex have done before—*faithless to his vows!* Overpowered by the frenzy of conflicting passions, Mary sunk for a moment unconsciously upon his bosom, but suddenly starting from his arms, she exclaimed, “Do you tell me he has broken his vows?” Frederick covered his face with his hands in silence. “Is he married?” said she, with the unbreathing calmness of a statue. “*He is!*” said Frederick, and hastened from the room.

It should here be stated, that Frederick had received frequent letters from his brother, enclosing always one for Mary—complaining of a vexatious lawsuit, which threatened to deprive him of the bulk of

their fortune, unless he could fully substantiate his claims to the disputed property. To effect this, he was obliged to travel to the most remote parts of the kingdom; but he was resolved to settle all his affairs before he left England, as he meant never more to return there. Those letters to Mary, breathing the fondest love, and anxiety to see her, were destroyed, and with the insidious wile of a serpent, he stole to the paradise of Innocence to seal her ruin: Enjoying the implicit confidence of Mary, she at first viewed him as strongly compassionating her fate. But soon the veil fell from her eyes, and she beheld him as her lover! At first she recoiled from the impassioned clasp of his hand, but the sophistry of an artful man—what may it not accomplish? Who, argued he, should succeed Edwin in your affections so naturally as myself? *He* is lost to you—he is unworthy of you. My whole life shall be devoted to make you happy!—Consent, then, dear Mary, nor waste the bloom of your existence in useless repining.

Slow indeed was the transfer of Mary's affections to Frederick: her love, however, if so it might be called, was the simple result of gratitude for his tenderness to her in the hour of sorrow. Yet he even seemed satisfied with this, and at length obtained her consent to be his, without reflecting on the probable consequences of such a step. Scarcely had the bride-maids completed the adornment of the pale though beautiful Mary, and twined amid her bright hair a wreath pure as her own fair bosom, when they were summoned by the joyous bridegroom, who waited to hand them to the drawing-room, where were assembled all their friends to witness the ceremony. As the word *Amen* sounded upon her ear, a chill sensation crossed her heart, and smiling upon the cheerful group,

VOL. I.

she entreated a few hours solitude in her own apartment to make some further arrangements for the journey which they were immediately to commence. On entering her chamber she found on her table a packet of letters, which her maid told her were left by a sailor, with a request that they might be given to her, if she was living! As if forewarned by a presentiment of ill, Mary told the servant to leave her; and with a trembling hand grasped the fatal packet, and as her eyes fastened with aching intensity upon the superscription, she fell deprived of motion and sense upon the floor! Recovering at length from her insensibility, a confused recollection of the letter struck her—and summoning all her fortitude, she arose, and with all the firmness she could command, broke the seal! Here, then, was the web of deceit unravelled. She beheld her lover, in all his former truth and ardour, anxiously inquiring why she had not written him—explaining the cause of his detention, and finally assuring her that ere many weeks should elapse, he should be united to the only one in life who could make him happy—never to separate, his own dear Mary! Here also was unfolded the demoniac part that Frederick had played, by a reference to the letters which were committed to his care for her! and his villainous fabrication of that artful story that had obtained for him her hand. All rushed upon her with the wild overwhelming power of the ocean storm upon an insulated rock. Her soul seemed to repulse the shock with an artificial firmness. Scarcely a trace of life was visible in her marble features—and save the deep flashing of her dark eye, as she raised her brow to Heaven, no emotion was apparent. * * * *

The hall below resounded with joy and festivity! The carriages were ready, and the foot of the

bridegroom was upon the stair to conduct his Mary to the embrace of her friends, from whom for a short time she was to separate. Arrived at her chamber, no welcome responded to his knock, and no voice answered his own! throwing open the door, no trace of Mary was there, save the bridal wreath which was scattered upon the floor! Mary was gone forever!

* * * * *

She whom the mountain huntsman found—embosom'd in the deep cold wave—clad in her bridal robes, was Mary.

The tale is not yet told. The brothers met—apprized of the story of his villainy, and urged by despair and revenge, the phrenzied Edwin plunged his dagger into the *Traitor's* heart! and hastening to the mountain-cliff, he sought an oblivion of his sorrows beneath the same wave that had shrouded the breast of his devoted *Mary*.

BERTRAM.

HOSPITALITY,

TRIUMPHANT OVER REVENGE.

To be hospitable to friends, to acquaintances, and even to strangers, is one of the first duties instilled into the mind of the Corsican; and the traveller may knock at any peasant's hut, secure of sharing the fare of its owner. He must not, however, offer his host a pecuniary recompense, for that would be considered insulting. Indeed, the duty of hospitality is here sometimes carried to a romantic extent, as the following traits will evince.

The families of Polo and of Rocco had long entertained a violent hatred towards each other. The former resided in the village of Tosa, the latter at Orbellara. Important business called the chief of the family of Polo into the neighborhood of Orbellara; and as he left his house suddenly, he conceived his rivals would not be aware

of his journey. When about to return homeward, he learnt that the emissaries of Rocco were lying in ambuscade to attack him. The day was on the decline, and darkness soon surrounded him; whilst one of those dreadful tempests arose, which are not unfrequent in the south of Europe.

Polo knew not which way to direct his steps; each moment he expected to find himself in the midst of his enemies, to whom the flashes of lightning were to disorder him. Danger thus besetting him on all sides, he determined to knock at the house of his antagonist, Rocco, the chief of the family. A servant appeared.

'Go,' said he to her, 'tell your master that Polo wishes to speak with him.' At this name, so dreaded by all the family, the servant trembled with horror. At length Rocco presented himself; and with a calm look, and unflinching voice, asked Polo what he wanted of him at such an hour?

'Hospitality,' Polo answered, adding, 'I know that many of your household are concealed in my road homeward, for the purpose of taking my life: the weather is frightful; and I know not how to avoid death, unless you afford me, for this night, an asylum.'

'You are welcome,' replied Rocco; 'you do me justice, and I thank you.'

Then taking him by the hand, Rocco presented him to his family, who gave him a cold altho' a courteous reception. After supper, Polo was conducted to his chamber.

'Sleep in peace,' said his host; 'you are here under the protection of honour.'

On the following morning, after breakfast, Rocco, well knowing that his emissaries were watching for Polo, conducted his guest to a torrent, beyond which he might securely proceed. They here parted;

and Rocco added, as he bade his companion adieu :

'In receiving you into my house I have done my duty. You would have saved my life under similar circumstances. Here then ends the rights of hospitality. You have insulted me ; and my hostility has been for a time suspended ; but it revives on our parting, and I now declare to you again that I seek for revenge. Escape me, if you can ; as I, on my part, shall be on my watch against you.'

'Listen,' replied Polo ; 'my heart is overwhelmed ; and my anger is extinguished. Follow your projects of revenge, if you choose ; but, for me, I will never stain my hands with the blood of one to whom I owe my life. I have offended you, you say ; well, forget it, and let us be friends.'

Rocco paused for a moment, embraced his enemy, and a reconciliation ensued, which, extending itself to the two families, they lived afterwards on the best terms imaginable.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

"We are but the venders of other men's goods."

Colloquy between an English Lady and a Yankee Officer. Soon after the revolutionary war, Capt. P., a brave Yankee officer, was at St. Petersburg, in Russia, and while there, accepted an invitation to dine ; there was a large number at table, and among the rest an English lady, who wished to appear one of the knowing ones. This lady, on understanding that an American was one of the guests, expressed to one of her friends a determination to quiz him. She fastened on him like a tigress, making many inquiries respecting our habits, customs, dress, manners, and modes of life, education, amusements, &c. &c. To all her inquiries, Capt. P. gave answers that satisfied all the compa-

ny, except the lady ; she was determined not to be satisfied, and the following short dialogue took place:

Lady. Have the rich people in your country any carriages ? for I suppose there are some that call themselves rich.

Capt. P. My residence is in a small town upon an island where there are but few carriages kept—but in the larger towns and cities on the main land there are a number kept in a style suited to our republican manners.

Lady. I can't think where you find drivers—I should not think the Americans knew how to drive a coach.

Capt. P. We find no difficulty on that account, madam : we can have plenty of drivers by sending to England for them.

Lady (speaking very quick.) I think the Americans ought to drive the English, instead of the English driving the Americans !

Capt. P. We did, madam, in the late war ; but since peace we permit the English to drive us !!

The lady, half choaked with anger, stood mute a minute, and then left the room, whispering to her friend—The Yankees are too much for us in the cabinet, as well as in the field.

—
Sir Walter Scott. "In passing a bookseller's, I stopped to buy a map of Hæmus. While looking about the shop, the bookseller, who spoke French, directed my attention to a portrait which he had just hung up. I asked him who it was, and he replied, "Le Sieur Valtere Scott, l'homme le plus celebre en toute l'Europe," [Sir Walter Scott, the most celebrated man in all Europe.] It was certainly no small proof of his celebrity, to have his picture thus exhibited in an obscure town at the remotest confines of civilized Europe ; his novels, translated into French and German, form-

ed a considerable part of the books in the shop."

Shaving Concern. An extraordinary legacy has recently been made by the late Mr. George Tenant, carpenter of Bethnal Green, viz: £20 a year, which is to be expended for shaving a number of the poor parishioners on a Saturday night, by two barbers in that parish. The intention is to facilitate the attendance of the lower class of people at divine worship on Sunday.

Miser Able. Charles Martin, a miser, lately died in England in extreme miser-y. Property was found concealed about his house amounting to upwards of £4000.

Who bids for Apollo? The dog Apollo, whose performances in this city excited so much astonishment, is offered for sale in New-York for one thousand dollars.

Bower of Taste.

BEAUTY.

THE bearded Philosopher may argue, and the grave moralist declaim against the superior influence of beauty in society, compared with mental endowments—but so long as the lyre of the poet shall derive inspiration from the charms and perfection of "the human face divine," the arguments of the philosopher will be disregarded, and the precepts of the moralist will be forgotten. Beauty, like "a bright and particular star" will ever attract the gaze of admiration, whether in crowds, or in solitude; and it is scarcely to be wondered at, considering the homage which appears as an involuntary tribute from all, that its possessor should become vain. Extraordinary power of mind is necessary to secure a youthful female from the indulgence of this weakness. She, who is so *unfortunate* as to be celebrated for her personal attractions, has a difficult part to sustain in society. There are always many who from envy will ascribe to vanity, the unstudied display of those graces which nature has given her, even the peculiar harmony of her voice will often be mistaken for the lip of affectation. From many instances within our own observation we have thought, with reference to the general lot of Woman that

she who was the most beautiful, was by no means the most happy.

VIEW OF MEXICO.

THIS is decidedly the finest Panoramic Painting that has ever been exhibited in this city. The moment we enter the circle, we seem in a land of enchantment—surrounded by temples, palaces and monasteries, with rich extensive pleasure grounds in perspective—the whole enlivened by groups of figures that seem almost to greet you from the canvass. The bold relief of a bright warm sky, and the soft falling of the shadows where the light is intercepted, has a tendency to render every object as clearly and strongly defined as those of reality, and considering the freedom which the artist has exercised in his colouring, and the strength of his outline, there is a delicacy in his finish, which we have never before witnessed in so large a piece; particularly, in the sky, and sun-light, which are the most difficult parts of Painting. We hope all who would encourage this noble art will visit the Panorama, which will amply repay them.

New-York Mirror. The last number of this work contains a splendid engraving of the "*Bowery Theatre.*" It stands boldly forth, relieved only by the sky, and has a much finer effect, than if exhibiting the adjacency of any other building. The "*Musical*" are also delighted with the new song "*Love from the Heart,*" which appears in the same paper. Mr. Morris leaves no path untried, to procure amusement for his friends. Almost every number presents us with some new specimens of art, and many original efforts of genius. We wish he would give us a view of one of their fine churches, in some future number.

The Boston Statesman, too, often gratifies us with a musical treat, generally original, and from our best composers. The paper of last Saturday contains a Waltz, which is highly spoken of by the "*Amateurs,*" composed by Mr. HANNA, the celebrated sine professor, with accompaniments, by Mr. WORSLEY.

The Philadelphia Souvenir, of Aug. 27, publishes a fine engraving, descriptive of the ascent of "*Mount Blanc,*" accompanied by an interesting article from the pen of Doct. HOWARD, of Baltimore, a gentleman of high literary reputation, who in 1819 ascended the mountain—to a minute description of which, is added many entertaining accounts, of persons who have, at different periods, accomplished this perilous tour.

Tremont Theatre.

So much has already been said respecting the internal improvements of this splendid establishment, and so many abler pens have been employed in describing the appropriate design of the proscenium, the classic beauty of the 'drop scene,' and the rainbow brilliancy of the 'boxes,' together with that luxurious retreat from a crowded circle, the '*Salon*,' that it would seem superfluous in us to make other than a passing remark on the subject.

The *Academic Grove*, 'where Plato taught,' may not, on a first view, be thought so illustrative of the attributes of the stage, as a scene imagined from the fanciful mythology of

the heathen school, which does indeed form the principal ground work of the modern drama; but when it is considered that the high walks of tragedy, are immediately connected with those of science, the grove of Academus will not appear inappropriate, as associated with the stage. The improvements of the theatre, and the strength of the company, as exhibited in the bills of the evening, drew, as was expected, a full and fashionable house.

The following Address, furnished for the occasion, at the request of the Committee of the Tremont Theatre, was spoken by Mr. Archer, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, whose appearance was greeted with the warmest applause.

ADDRESS.

Immortal Genius of the Drama—hail!

Thou who wert hovering in those classic shades,

Erst, consecrated to Castalia's maids—

Whose notes, soft breathing through fair Tempe's vale,

Borne on the bosom of the fragrant gale,

Apollo caught—swift as electric fire—

As burst th' ethereal flame o'er Memnon's sacred urn,

The God of Day arose—and swept his glorious Lyre!

And as abroad his robes of light were flung,

Floating afar, through the blue arch of heaven!

Yon bright revolving spheres that circling burn,

In quenchless glory round the shrine of even,

With seraph harmony responsive rung—

While high Olympus echoed to the choir!

To the wide measure of the woodland song,

Breathing forth from rosy bowers,

Bright Psyche led her joyous troop along—

While all those rapture-breathing hours,

That hover round the car of early day—

Kirtled with morning's dewy flowers,

Joined in the joy-inspiring lay!

Emerging from those Academic groves

Where Athens listened, as her sages taught—

Those shades which still proud Grecia's genius loves,

A youth advanced—his kindling brow was fraught

With the bright flame which bold Prometheus caught

From the pure fountain of eternal light!

The flash of heaven was in his eye,

The grasp of power was in his arm—

Yet his young cheek was glowing bright,

With all that mystic passion's thrilling charm

Which lights the radiant blush of ecstasy!

Oh! who was he? That bright-ey'd youth, who kneel'd

In rapt devotion at the Delphic shrine,

To whom in glowing vision was revealed

The sacred mysteries of the spheres divine?

'Twas *THESEUS*—'twas the *Drama's* first born heir!

Her kindling spirit like a halo bright,

Wreathed the rich tresses of his golden hair,

And gave his eye her own immortal light!

As fondly listening to the muses' choir,

He pour'd his soul in wild impassion'd prayer,

And won from Thalia's hand her glowing Lyre;

While as the chords beneath his fingers rung,
The flowers of Genius round the minstrel sprung!

Star of Dramatic glory! 'twas thy doom—
To sink mid bigotry's cimmerian gloom!
Yet ere those clouds opaque had passed away,
With all the splendour of meridian day,
O'er Avon's mighty bard thy light was thrown,
While Albion's classic shores with glory shone!

IMMORTAL SHAKSPEARE! from yon dazzling height—
Thron'd 'mid thine own fair galaxy of light—
Columbia claims thy blessings on her shrine!
By Freedom's sons, inscribed to thee and thine.
Here buskined genius with bold ardour fraught,
Shall scan thy mighty pencillings of thought—
With Protean power, explore the Drama's maze,
And yield to moral worth her tribute praise,
Teach the dull pedant to abjure his school—
And learn within these walls the "golden rule!"
Shew that our Stage, 'neath Wisdom's mild control,
May prove an ordeal to the purest soul,
Which, from the dross of earth refin'd, shall rise—
Like fragrance mingling with its native skies!

Ye liberal patrons of dramatic worth,
To you this classic Temple owes its birth!
Rear'd in the sun-light of your generous smile,
Be yours, to cheer the Thespian laborers' toil;
Be ours, the intellectual feast to spread—
And o'er each scene a bright enchantment shed!
To this fair court we proudly trust our cause—
Your judgment, and your taste, shall be our *Laws!*

In the play of *Speed the Plough*, all the strangers of the corps dramatique, who appeared, were respectfully received; but we noticed with pleasure, that our favorite "*Exquisite*," Mr. Thayer, was remembered generally, and greeted with the most enthusiastic welcome; as was also Mr. Field. In the after piece of the *Review*, Mr. Hyatt, as Caleb Quotem, drew forth a mixture of mirth and applause almost deafening, which was received by him, with characteristic gestures of gratitude.

Boston Theatre.

THE brief engagement of the French company at this house has been a subject of regret to many, particularly those who read the language, as also the lovers of music. To such persons, their performances were highly interesting—but to others, scarcely superior to a well organized puppet-show; it was a source of infinite amusement, to look from the stage on the surrounding faces, merely to learn the effects which their trilling and *gesticulating* had upon the audience. Some were laughing precisely where they should have cried—while others were half-crying, from fatigue, or yawning in the most expressive style, at some of Monsieur's finest sentiments! (O, les Barbares!) Curiosity will for a few nights follow these novel entertain-

ments, but the zest will subside with the excitement—for Yankees, in general, like nothing which they cannot comprehend.

"Trust not man, for he'll deceive you."

When we published the first and second chapters of the "*Tale of the Revolution*," we had the assurance of the author, that the rest should be furnished in due order. He has broken his faith with us—and we must therefore cast him upon the mercy of our readers, "without one feather to break his fall." For the future we wish it understood, that no article which is designed "to be continued," will be published, unless the whole is previously furnished. N. B. We have just received the promised copy: it will appear in our next.

WANTED, and for which double the subscription price will be paid, if sent to the office of the publishers—Nos. 1 to 11 inclusive of the BOWER OF TASTE, Vol. 1.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE, is Published every Saturday, by DUTTON & WENTWORTH (formerly State Printers,) Nos. 1 and 4. Exchange-Street, Boston, who are authorized to transact all business relative to the Printing and circulation of this work. All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor.—[All letters must be Post paid.]

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

TO CHARLOTTE,

On receiving from her a beautiful BUST OF APOLLO.

Say, sculptur'd model of celestial grace,
If thou *couldst* feel, would not the sombre shade
Of deep regret, steal o'er that heavenly face,
On being from thine own fair shrine convey'd?
Where taste and genius their bright offerings wreath'd,
As Beauty o'er her lyre in passion'd breath'd?

Yet, since thou'st deign'd to grace my humble home,
I'll treasure thee as friendship's fond bequest—
Though thou hast left fair learning's loftier dome,
E'en there, thou couldst not be a *dearer* guest.
My friend—as oft Apollo's shade I view,
I'll think of music, poetry, and *you*.

When twilight falls with warm and mellow ray,
Softening the sweep of beauty's graceful line—
In the last trembling blush of closing day,
I've thought his marble brow resembled thine,
Like *thine* the flowing ringlets of his hair,
And fancied, as I wished, that thou wert there. AUGUSTA.

EVENING MUSIC.

List to the Harp!—Its fairy strain
Now wakes and tells of love again!
Long has its note deep silence kept,
And all its wild enchantment slept—
But gentle fingers touch the strings,
And memory's fond imaginings
Start into life. The hour of glee
Once known, seems now again to be;
It tells a lively tale full well,
Or weaves full sadly sorrow's spell

While gentle as the turtle dove,
 Its holier whisperings, breathe of love.
 List—list again!—with theme of fire,
 A bolder hand awakes the lyre!
 Discourses of the furious storm—
 Before you brings the warrior's form—
 Echoes the foeman's fiery breath,
 And speaks in solemn strains of death.
 Wild Harp! o'er my impassioned soul—
 Thy breathings hold a deep control!
 Though at the tender tale of woe
 The bitter tear will oft-times flow,
 I would not give that thrilling sense
 Which feels your influence so intense,
 For all the miser's hoarded gold,
 For which so much of joy is sold:
 Would not be robbed of one short hour,
 Like that which lately owned your power,
 When beauty ruled your magic measure,
 For days of every former pleasure.

C*****

GRUMBLINGS OF AN EDITOR.

I wish to Heaven, I could not read!
 I wish to Heaven, I could not write,—
 Which means a sort of flourish upon paper,
 Drawn forth by snatches, "at the utmost need"
 Of PRINTERS' DEVIL—a poor half starv'd wight,
 Who seems much more inclined to cut a caper,
 Than calmly wait, in propria persona,
 For the sublime effusions of your quill!
 And then your inspirations—"far between,
 Like angels' visits" come. Say what you will,
 It is enough, BY JUPITER! to wean
 One of all thoughts of *Rhyme*. We alone are
 Made to suffer *all* the miseries the "chair"
 "Is heir to." This is not as it should be!—
 In struts a Fop! grumbling about an error,
 Typographical, but *you* must bear it!
 Next comes a POET, or a thing that would be,
 And shows a flaw, and says *you* must repair it.
 One rails at you because he was rejected;
 Another asks you *why* he was neglected!
 Some sue for rhyme, and others beg for reason,
 Statistics, or the fashions of the season;
 Call for a love-tale, with some murder in it,
 As if such things were "got up" in a minute!
 ATLAS! the globe upon your back 's a bubble,
 Compar'd with editorial toil and trouble!

C*****



“ With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
 “ We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,”—PAINÉ.
 The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
 From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....SEPT. 13, 1828. No. 37.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES—No. 1.—(Continued.)

We “hold the mirror up to Nature.”

D' L A M E T ;

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER III.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord.—

Gloster. As much to thee, my good lord chamberlain—

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment ?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must !

But I do hope to live to give them thanks, That were the cause of this imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, my lord, no doubt.—

RICHARD III.

THE measures alluded to at the conclusion of our last chapter were all executed, and Henri D'Lamet was received with joy and triumph, as a material accession to the republican ranks, as bringing with him wealth, strength and influence. He was permitted to choose from the various civil and military posts in the city, that most agreeable to his wishes ; and this pertaission also extended to the selection of the soldiers, who were to be placed un-

der his command. So well had he contrived his plans. But he resolved to evince no elation at his success, nor did he even seem to be conscious that these honours were intended as such. He was appointed to the immediate command of the soldiery who guarded the palace in which Louis and Marie were confined: this, however, did not take place till sometime after his entering the republican ranks, as a too sudden approach towards attempting the consummation of his plans, he was, with reason, apprehensive, would go far to frustrate them. But when, at length, he found himself possessed of free powers of access to his monarch's prison-house, he resolved to use well the advantage he had gained ; and to effect that purpose to the achievement of which his dying parent had devoted him. “ Surely, (thus reasoned Henri) a deceit like this, in defence of my

king, and my country's honour, when traitors are the only dupes, is pardonable, if not indeed praiseworthy."

He one night took an opportunity, which his access to the interior of the palace allowed him, to introduce himself to the presence of the royal prisoners, as the son of a once loved friend of the Bourbon. Accordingly, while patrolling the gallery, which led to the king's apartment, discharging his duty, which consisted in relieving and setting the guards for the night, he ordered the soldier, whose station was on the interior of the door of that apartment, to remain without, until he should receive further orders, and that, in the mean time, he himself would perform guard duty within. He was obeyed, and entered the room. The unfortunate king was extended carelessly on a couch, and Marie Antoinette, the beautiful and fair, was reading to him. Respectfully approaching them, he made known his name, birth, and errand. He begged to be pardoned for his present intrusion, and informed the royal pair of his father's devotion of his property and children to their cause. He briefly stated that he had provided means, by a skilful and prompt improvement of which, they both might soon be at liberty, and with friends.

Louis seized the youth's hand: his heart was full; and minutes elapsed before he could find utterance for his emotions: at length he spoke—"Son of a man—a braver, truer, nobler, than whom, France's monarchs never knew—thy young head and hand shall yet win thee renown! Yes, brave youth! we will follow thee, and escape the ruffian hands of those, with whom Will alone is Law!" A development of his plans was then requested, and made—and Henri then retired, to take the necessary steps for their execution.

The day after D'Lamet had opened to Louis and Marie the plans he had formed for their delivery, he took horse, and rode to the chateau we have alluded to, as the place whither Father Francis and Henriette had retired. He rode rapidly along, and upon his arrival, (being obliged, from the nature of his duty at home, to return on the same day) he had little leisure for even the cordial interchange of kindness and affection, which usually mark the meetings of friends after a long separation. He had thrown himself from his horse, and was proceeding to enter the little door which led to the chateau, when it was thrown open, and Henriette rushed into his arms, and fondly embracing him, shed tears of real joy at again being permitted to hang upon his neck. Henri clasped her to his bosom, and then suddenly throwing her from him, exclaimed,—“But this is no time to indulge in private feeling,—now—when God himself holds out to us the means to perform a duty to Him, our country, our king, and our father's memory—the discharge of which will win for us a name forever on the rolls of fame, and a reward, greater even than this, from the hands of the patriot's God!”

“Speak, my son,” said Father Francis, “speak, and let us take counsel together, how this glorious deed may be wrought. What hast thou done, and what wilt thou have us to do?”

“Father,” replied Henri D'Lamet, “I have the power of admission to the king—my command is over his immediate guard,—that whole patrol is within the palace-walls. The outer guard is vigilant and jealous in the extreme: the possibility of passing there, in any disguise, even if I could accomplish the delivery of Louis from the interior of the prison, is, in my mind, a matter of dreadful doubt. But still,

let us resolve to make the attempt boldly, yet with caution, and desiring it as we do, let us be confident of success. There is a friar residing in the outskirts of Paris, whose person closely resembles that of the king. This man I know, and have found him to be a staunch friend to the dethroned family—one, who would lend his own exertions towards the accomplishment of its delivery from bondage. The priest who had, for some time, officiated in the performance of religious services in the presence of the king, was last week guillotined, upon suspicion of being engaged in a conspiracy, with a party; without the palace, for the forcible rescuing the king from imprisonment; and services have since been suspended in the palace until this morning. As if by entreaty of the Queen, I begged of the Tribunal permission to introduce a holy man into the royal apartments, for the performance of religious services; promising at the same time to remain in the presence of the prisoners, during the whole time the priest should be thus engaged. My services, the devotion of my property to the republic, and my watchfulness in the discharge of my duty, were all considered by the Tribunal, and my request was granted. Father Michael said mass in the palace, and in passing into the king's apartments, I took especial care that he should be observed by all the guards. By those on the outside of the palace, notwithstanding I was with him, he was stopped and questioned; but my presence was a sufficient passport for him after these were satisfied. I have closely observed each tone of this man's voice, each accent, and each cadence; and even now, think it would be difficult for one to discover the priest by the tones of our voices in speaking. Now, it is my plan to introduce myself into the palace attired as this Friar; previ-

ously apprising the guards that he is expected to be at the gates at a certain time, and that he must be permitted, by order of the tribunal. Having passed all the guards, which my knowledge of this man's voice will enable me to do without difficulty, I shall array the king in the dress of Father Michael, and opening the doors to him, shall direct him how to pass the guard, and whither to direct his steps. The good father has promised his assistance, and to his house shall I direct the king. Here he will be safe from his enemies until other means can be employed for his farther removal from their deadly reach."

"But, my son," interrupted Father Francis, "if he, too, should be questioned by the outer guard?"—

"Oh! I had forgotten to add, that to-morrow I shall again introduce the good priest, and shall impart my design more fully to the king, and request him also to study, and try to imitate his voice. Besides, you are aware that the oftener the real friar enters and is questioned, the less likely to be suspected will the pretended one be."

"And Marie?" said Henriette.

"Four days hence, my sister, I shall return hither, when I will disclose to you another plan, to be executed at or about the same time, for the delivery of the queenly Antionette; till when—Adieu!"

So saying, and kissing the beautiful forehead of the fair girl, & bending his own to receive the paternal benediction of the good father, he threw himself on his horse, and in a few hours passed the closely guarded gates of the Luxembourg, the palace late, but now the prison of Louis of France.

A——y.

-Ti-

(To be continued.)

Why is a confectioner like a murderer?

Because he makes *I Scream!*

Saturday Evening.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

INSCRUTABLE are the doings of the Almighty ! Deep and past finding out are his mysteries. The loveliest blossoms of creation wither before the scathing blast of Death ! And beauty passes away from our sight like the illusion of a blissful dream. But "*His* ways are not like our ways," or "*His* thoughts like our thoughts ;" and who shall say unto him, What doest thou ?

Lately I visited the dwelling of my friends. The sounds of joy and gladness drew from me a remark upon their happiness. Blest in each other's love, and grateful for the beautiful pledge of their mutual affection, who promised to be the pride and honour of their house, they glided peacefully on the smooth tide of life, without an apprehension of those storms which so often disturb its surface. *She*, the object of their hopes, shone o'er their path, like a meteor which was doomed to be absorbed by that source which gave it light. Her person was lovely—as pure as Spring's first flower ; and her mind was a gem above price. Yet she has descended into the valley, even unto the shadow of Death ! though her beautiful form is now darkened with the impress of frail mortality, yet her spirit, we know, is with Him who gave her being ! "The dead pass away and are forgotten," says the moralist. Yet long shalt thou, dear Catharine, be remembered. The tears of one who watched beside thy couch of suffering, will often mingle with those of thy bereaved parents : that friend, who returned with them to the desolate house, where the cheerful smile of their beloved Catharine, no longer illumined their hearth, or her voice welcomed their return, will, so long as memory shall last, consecrate her early grave with the tear of affection. H—e.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

"LOVE IN A MIST."

It was a beautiful night. The misty garniture of twilight had subsided from heaven—the stars flashed with their own peculiar wavy brightness—and the swelling silver moon went with an imperial majesty among the constellations.

"Come, Stanley—will you walk this evening ?—There is a beautiful retreat on the hill there, d'ye see—green trees, and bushes—all very green, and peculiarly apropos, for a melancholy—Come, I say."

"I will, George," replied Stanley, hesitatingly, "ay, I'll go, since you desire it. I am melancholy—very—very sad, indeed," said he—"Do you know why ?"—

"No—if I do, I'll be....hung."

At this moment, they had gained the summit of the hill, and they both stood as it were entranced, by the silent, deep magnificence of nature sleeping.

"Look !" said Stanley with enthusiasm, "away there, where the moon is filling the wilderness with bright spirits !—and the lake between the hills—it is learning to be like heaven, with its still blue bosom—its mimic moons, and stars !—and these dewdrops, clinging, trembling and shining on the bent grass, what are they ? tears, that fell from invisible spirits over the funeral of the sun."—

"Hold, for mercy's sake !" said George. "I have forgotten to bring my dictionary—and," added he, in a melancholy tone, "I consented to come here only to have a little conversation, and say—farewell."

"Ah ! what now ? any thing new, George ? Tell us."

"My reasons are not entirely new ; yet the confirmation I have recently received of old suspicions, is of such a nature as compels me to withdraw my friendship and so-

ciety from Mr. Stanley. I shall go to the south, in a few days."

"What do you *mean*? Are you serious?—Do you talk calmly of parting?—Shall we, who have been over the ocean, and the great universe, knit firmly together by the cords of friendship and affection, talk coolly now of separation?"

"I am not capricious, Stanley—you know I am not; nor would I lightly rend the sunny bonds of friendship, leaving unlovely darkness; yet you are constantly destroying my happiness—perhaps unwittingly—but it is so. Do you know Helen Gray?"

"Helen Gray! Do you know her, George? Tell me!" said Stanley, seizing the hand of George, and looking into his face with a terrible expression of countenance.

"Ay, Stanley—I know her—I thought I knew her ten years since; but she is deceitful—I know her now! She once promised to be mine or Death's—and before we went away together, she gave me a miniature of herself—did you not know it?—here it is—heaven, how beautiful! methinks I could love her even now, false as she is! I did not speak of my affection for her, even to my dearest friends, for it was very holy"

At this moment, young Stanley, whose life itself rested on the thought of Helen's love, seemed to be overcome by strangely painful emotions, and sunk in a state of insensibility upon the ground.

George, alarmed, and forgetful of his own sorrows, hastened to the assistance of his friend; and bringing some water from a spring that gurgled musically down the rocks, he sprinkled his features, and was soon cheered by returning animation.

Yet all was not right within—he did not wake, as he had been wont, to the embraces of friendship, or from a dream of love—there was

darkness in his bosom—and in his brain—and the distant unfeeling moon pained his eyes, as he raised them to look on George.—At this instant, the moonbeams flashed on the crystal of a miniature, which hung uncovered on his breast—and which he had not before observed. George begged to look at it—he looked, but made no remark—the light was indistinct—and as Stanley was out of danger, he turned away, and hiding his face in his hands, sat down upon a stone in deep reflection. Starting at length from his reflection, he exclaimed, as if it were possible that he might be mistaken—

"Stanley—that miniature—is it of Helen—did she give it you? I could not see."

"Ay, 'twas but a short time since. And, by heaven, 'tis strange! she cannot be so deceitful as to *love* you—it is mere friendship, George, not love, that she feels for you—(the wild unearthly laugh of George half interrupted him)—she told me that she had seen you, and hoped she possessed your friendship—and told me so, too, when my suspicions were all awake—after I had heard of your attachment—yet I could discover no agitation—nay, her sweet voice was calm and unbroken as the breathings of innocence; and think ye I could be deceived at such a time—and she renewed her promises of affection.—"This night," continued he, "I saw her in greater loveliness than"—

"Ha! *this night*?" cried George in astonishment.

"This night—she was hovering like a beautiful spirit around the bed of sickness—ministering life in every smile—and obedient even to the unspoken wish of her beloved mother—and then methought there was a voiceless language by which pure spirits held unheard communion."

"Was it this night? It is only

two days since she wrote me from the Springs—there is some blessed mystery in this—that miniature, Stanley, let's see it, will you?"

"Here," said Stanley, taking the precious image from his bosom, and reaching it to George with a trembling hand.

George compared it with the one in his possession, and dropping them both, exclaimed—

"Thank heaven! it is not her—where is she—your angel? Does she reside in town?"

"Yes—what is it?—not her? I knew it could not be! * * *

Indeed it was not her—by a singular coincidence, they had ignorantly loved girls of the same name. It also appeared that the girls were cousins, and Helen Gray, from whom George had received a letter dated at the Springs, had but a few weeks before passed through the village, without the knowledge of Stanley, and had visited her cousin, and that George had been seen walking with her—which gave rise to the unlucky rumour.

Truth, however, as a rising sun, dissolved the 'Mist,' and they separated, with greater love for each other, and for those better portions of mortality, from whom they had been so nearly broken. NILE.

Few have succeeded so well as Chesterfield, in describing the miseries and hair breadth 'scapes of the Bashful Man. The following, though somewhat similar, is the best satire on awkwardness, that we have seen:

THE AWKWARD MAN.

I AM, I confess it with some shame, as ignorant of the world, as the world is of me; and have only been used to look at men as children look at an eclipse—through glasses darked and dulled with the smoke of my midnight lamp, which doth

—"Oft outwatch the bear

With thrice great Hermes, and unsphere

The spirit of Plato, to unfold

What worlds or what vast regions hold

The immortal mind."

But a kind, yet mistaken, friend of mine, who insisted that the 'proper study of mankind is man,' after numberless invitations, polite pressures, and gentle tuggings, pulled me up by the roots from my studious bower, as a gardener plucks up a thriving weed, disentangling my very heart-strings and eye-strings from the richly cultured ground of the Muses' garden, and dragged me from my learned lair, to accompany him on a visit to some moderately fashionable friends in town. It was not till after much hesitating, apologizing, and entreating him not to push me, so soon following my arrival in town, into that vortex which I dreaded—into gaieties so opposite to the seclusion in which I had passed my late pupilage in the west of England; till, after enquiring over and over again, whether they were very fashionable people! and being assured that it was a plain worthy Scotch family, the widow & son and daughters of Col.—, who had but lately arrived in this country from the East Indies, where the gallant colonel had died, leaving them in very handsome circumstances,—that I submitted at last to go, with as good a grace as Barnardine did to be hanged; and it cost me as many efforts to step up to the door, as him to mount the steps of the scaffold. The knock was given, the door opened; and my friend [must I call him so?] perceiving that I would fain have retreated, dragged me in, as the young oxen were dragged into the temples of the ancients, when they were meant to be sacrificed. We were in, however; and I passed very successfully along the line of cane and lapdog carriers, and other gilt gentlemen of the shoulder-knot, without being openly quizzed; and I therefore began to augur favorably of my future success. I made something like an oblique bow, which, for any thing I know to the contrary,

was meant for the company present, but it might be mistaken to have been intended for the bust of Shakspeare on the side board, as for the use I had put it to.

This would have passed unnoticed had I not, in the first place, in retreating my right foot from a bow in advance, come with my heel, which was new pumped, sharp against the shin of the footman who was politely waiting to see me to a chair; had I not, in the second, in shaking hands with each one of the party, on being introduced, nipped one of the young ladies' fingers almost in the bud, and dropped the hand of a second without shaking it, that I might grasp that of a third who was waiting to go through the ordeal; and had I not, in the third place, shook the hand of the friend who had introduced me, so long & so cordially, that you would have supposed I had never seen the man before in my life, instead of having been brought there by him.

But the spirit of unaccustomed gallantry was still effervescing within, and I thought I might venture being polite to the lady on my left. I watched her wants, therefore, with the eye of a lover, seeking occasion for saying some gallant thing, or for doing one.—Her eyes, which were the prettiest pair of blue eyes I had ever seen out of poetry, settled upon a peach, like two sister butterflies of that azure hue which gives to the blue seraphs of the vale of Cashmere the sovereignty for beauty. I was all haste to serve her eyes, and so to win her heart; but darting my arm too hastily, I threw down a decanter of wine, whose issuing tide divided and subdivided itself into as many streams as you may sometimes see issuing from an allegorical urn in a country map. Great consternation ensued: the captain feared a stain on his military small-clothes, the clergyman on the sacer-

dotal cloth, and the ladies looked after the unsullied snow of their gowns, with as much care as they would after their characters for spotless virtue: many apologies were made by my blushing friend for my blushing self, which was very handsome in him, as I was too confused to apologise for myself, and was fully employed in damming up the main stream with my handkerchief, till the assisting hand of a footman at my elbow, who was as welcome to me as the sun to the rain drenched meadows, had dried up the vicious inundation. My friend lied for me like the truth. I was first of all very near sighted, and could not see across a table, though he had very often envied me the length of my sight; and next, I was very nervous, tho' he had often declared me to be too strong in our gymnastic exercises. The accident was soon forgotten, the company was again calm, and Awkward "was himself again."

The servant had been despatched below for some purpose or other; and I, being immediately over against mine hostess, was very smilingly requested to succeed him in his pleasant office of waiting on the ladies! What could have induced the good old lady to confer such a distinction on me, of all men else, seeing what she had seen, I know not; but it was my fate: it was perhaps meant in kindness to me, that I might, by a short course of honourable employment, qualify myself for future honour. Oh, cruel kindness—kind cruelty! I could not refuse (what "man, of woman born," could?) the honour of serving a bevy of the prettiest dames in Christendom; I accepted, therefore, with an outward smile of satisfaction, but an inward shrug of chagrin, an office which I could not relinquish, and knew I should disgrace. I left my seat with the fearful plate of toast in my trembling

hand; and whether it was the fear of its slipping from my hold, which induced me to pinch it too tightly with my finger and thumb, or whether it was the brittleness of the china, I know not, but just as I had reached the first fair one of the circle, split went the plate, and splash went its well buttered contents into the muslin of the shrieking lady, leaving me convulsively nipping the fragment of the plate more tightly than ever, and blushing with shame and confusion, as I vainly stammered out an apology, interrupted by more *dashes* than you will find in ten chapters of *Sterne*. My young lady could not conceal her chagrin at being so much bedaubed; my friend refused to lie for me more—there could be no hereditary antipathy to a plate of toast and butter! But here my fair wit, who, I verily believed, 'loved me for the dangers I had undergone,' as I loved her 'because she did pity them,' saved me from the frowns of the gentle partner in this last dire accident, by wittily remarking, that her fair cousin was never before *toasted* by any gallant!

—
FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

—
HOME.
—

To friendship's charms I bade adieu,
And calmly all its joys resign'd;
But oh! how keen my sorrows grew,
As my lov'd "HOME" I left behind.

How delightful is it, after an absence of years, to return to the home of one's childhood, that home where we have passed so many happy hours—to be received with cordial affection, by those friends, whose uniform and kind attentions have endeared them to us; to see the smiling and happy countenances of parents, brothers, and sisters, all of whom are rejoiced to welcome us once more. Even the greeting of the old dog, who appears to recog-

nize us, is a pleasure. How happily we seat ourselves by the cheerful fireside, and recount the events of our absence, and as we look up, we occasionally catch a glance of the deep interest depicted on each face, while listening to our recital of the past.

If we direct our eyes to the window, the same scene meets our view which delighted us in infancy, when our innocent moments glided imperceptibly away; the same trees, under whose shade we have reclined at noonday; and the same walks through which we have so often strayed at twilight, are still there; and while gazing around, we *feel*, rather than *confess*, that this is the summit of earthly happiness!

"A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere."

While indulging these pleasing reflections, we are unwilling to believe that the inmates of this happy home must eventually separate: we hardly think it possible that we can be deprived of these cherished objects of affection, or be doomed perhaps to seek a home elsewhere. Yet how many, when they least expect it, prove this sad reality!

Or, we will suppose, after a long absence from home, when the heart like the dove of peace, pants for the ark of rest—on arriving at the well-remembered mansion, with all the delightful recollections of '*Home*,' crowding about our happy hearts—to hear no familiar voice, to meet no relative, no friend, to bid us welcome in our father's hall—to be coldly told by its formal possessor, that the former occupant is dead! and that the family are dispersed!—This is too much for the heart to sustain, whose paradise was '*Home*.' Still, we feel a gloomy pleasure, such as a departed spirit may be supposed to enjoy, in hovering over scenes of former happiness,—wit-

nessing the growth of trees which our hands have planted, or tracing the course of the stream by which we have sported, although in possession of another. The holiest feelings of the heart, are such as arise from a remembrance of home, where the first lessons of virtue were taught, and the kind and social feelings of nature were first encouraged, and strengthened;—these are the purest sympathies of which the heart is susceptible.

ELLEN.

No man is willing to confess that he is ignorant of that which common men cannot believe him to be ignorant of. Give him time—and if he have a *very* stout heart, he may, after a little shuffling and prevarication, admit that he has not yet made himself master of the subject—or he will say that he has forgotten it—not having paid much attention to it for a long time: or apologise for his ignorance—or promise to carry a plan into execution, a favorite plan, the first leisure day that should occur, whereby he should never have to reproach himself again with an ignorance of what he ought to know, and feels ashamed of himself for not knowing, &c. &c.—seeking first, to avoid an exposure of his ignorance, and next to explain it away.

Have you never been spoken to, somewhat in this way, by one who was anxious to find out your standing at home.

When are Miss A. B. and Mr. C. D. to be married? two fashionable persons above you—whom you have heard of, are supposed to know, but do not know.

Look me in the face, reader. Have you ever been asked that question, or any thing like it? And what was your answer? Had you the courage to say—*I don't know*? Or did you not rather say—why, really, I can't tell—I came away in

a great hurry—heard nothing of it lately—fine girl—good match—dare say it will soon be.

Have you ever been to Washington, when such and such levees, or dinner-parties, or suppers, were all the go? Have you been there long enough to be invited, and to expect an invitation, if you are any body—and this without getting one? Have you been particularly introduced by particular request—and been disappointed after all? And what has been your answer, toward night, when all the world about you were beginning to dress up; and one half the world, at least, by way of ascertaining whether you are to go or not, offer to call for you; or say you are going to Mrs. A.'s or Mr. B.'s this evening, I hope, or in a less delicate way—pop the question to your teeth—are you going to night? when you know, that if you are not invited, you are almost the only blackguard in the city who is not; when you understand, and so do all the world, that to be invited, is no longer a compliment, and that not to be invited, is a direct affront; tell me now, upon your word of honour—no shuffling—had you ever the courage to say—no—I shall not go—for—I am not invited? And have you not, on the contrary escaped by saying—I do not know—I am not quite determined—I have letters to write—perhaps I may drop in (still trusting that there may be some oversight or mistake, and that your card may come before it is too late)—you need not call—I have not yet made up my mind—or my friend so and so has promised to call. And when the malicious devil adds—bye, bye, we shall hope to see you: I will mention to Mrs. A. that you will come if you can—or, shall I make your apology if you don't come? (the wretch!) to the lady of the house—have you the heart even to tell the truth? or do you not rather fly to another subter-

fuge, and beg him not to take the trouble—not to mention it—for that you would rather have nothing said about it; or you would rather have the lady believe that the note miscarried, if you should not be able to go; or that you hoped and expected to the very last moment to be there.

Once more—and I have done; for I would let no body escape the punishment that such disingenuousness and folly deserve.

When you have been too *poor* to go to the theatre; or to drink wine; or to indulge in any other foolish expense—have you ever told the simple truth? Have you ever said, particularly to a stranger, or before strangers: I cannot afford it—I am too poor. On the contrary, have you not pleaded dislike—previous engagement—head-ache, and anything and everything but the truth? Alas, poor human nature.

The traveller, when he first goes abroad; and the passenger when he first puts his foot upon the deck of the vessel, is astonished at everything, or at least interested with everything. But has he the courage to own it? oh no. He keeps the secret of his ignorance, smothers every beautiful emotion, under an appearance of apathy, or indifference, like the North American, or the drawing-room savage, the indian or the dandy, both of whom act alike in the same cases of novelty, alike I mean, in effect, though not in manner; for the apathy of one is imposing, and that of the other an imposition. And when they come to relate, whether in conversation, or in writing, in the form of a familiar letter, or a book, as the fashion of *that* day may require, they pursue the same foolish and disingenuous policy, all that they record is recorded with a frigid indifference, or a yet more frigid particularity, unnatural, in proportion as it seeks to substitute inven-

tion for fact, preposterous, in proportion as it is disingenuous, and as it *invents* rather than *records*.

Yankee.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

"We are but the vendors of other men's goods."

A gentleman of no very *gentle* temper taking a favourite china mug of his wife's to draw some cider he slipped on the stairs which brought him full length upon the cellar floor. His tender spouse, more anxious for her darling mug, than for the welfare of her better half, ran to the head of the stairs and cried out, "My dear have you broken the mug?" Smarting with pain, he replied, "No, but I will," and immediately dashed it against the wall.

The New-York Statesman says, "That prim, stiff, unmeaning, shadowless, dirty exotic, the Lombardy poplar, ranks and files of which have invaded our shores, and driven back the natives of our own woods, is now, we hope, proscribed by universal consent, and will be exterminated as soon as possible."

A gentleman in company complaining that he was very subject to catch cold in his feet, another not overloaded with sense, told him that might easily be prevented if he would follow his directions. "I always get (said he) a thin piece of lead out of an India chest, and fit it to my shoe for this purpose." Then, sir, (said the former) you are like a rope dancer's pole, *you have lead at both ends.*"

On the 19th ult. Mr. Davis King, of Wells, Vt. in crossing a part of Lake Champlain, with his wife and child and a man hired to convey him, was upset with the boat, and all but himself perished. His wife was but 16 years old, and with her child of 11 months clasped in her

arms, was twice drawn on the boat by her husband, but washed off again and sunk.

Improved Fire-Arms.—A man having sold a gun to an Irishman, he soon returned with it, complaining that the barrel was much bent. "Is it?" said he, "then I ought to have charged more for it." "Why so?" said the other. "Because these pieces are constructed for shooting round a corner."

A little lawyer appearing as evidence in one of the courts, was asked by a gigantic counsellor, what profession he was of; and having replied he was an attorney, "You a lawyer? (said Brief,) why I can put you in my pocket." "Very likely you may, (rejoined the other) and if you do, you will have more law in your pocket than you will in your head."

Forgetfulness.—A rogue asked charity, on pretence of being dumb. A lady having asked him, with equal simplicity and humanity, how long he had been dumb, he was thrown off his guard, and answered, "Five years, madam."

Extraordinary Fish. Mary Fish died in Dorchester county a few days since, aged 121 years.

Escape from a Sutte. A correspondent of the Bengal Hurkaru gives the following detail of the escape of a woman from the funeral pile of her husband:

Having been informed that a Sutte was about to take place at the Chitpore Ghaut, I left my residence with the intention of proceeding to the spot. On arriving at the Thanna, I learnt that the woman who was about to immolate herself had after feeling the fire, leaped from the pile, and made her escape. In consequence of this intelligence, I alighted from my buggy, and enter-

ed the Thanna, wishing to make myself better acquainted with the particulars. The Darogah informed me, that having received a strict charge from the Magistrate to see that every thing was done at Suttees according to law, he had acted up to his orders; and that, in consequence, he had caused the fire to be put to the pile before the woman ascended it; and that after she had laid herself upon it, had suffered no one to bind her; that the woman, as soon as the fire reached her, leaped from the pile, and he had taken her for protection into custody. The poor creature lay on a mat in the Thanna. Her wounds did not appear to be severe—one side of her face, and a part of her back were burnt. On being interrogated as to the reason of her ascending the pile, she replied by pointing to her forehead, intending thereby that it was her destiny. She expressed great horror at the idea of returning to the fire. In answer to my question as to what she wished to do in future, she said that she wished to be taken to her house, and that in case her relations would not receive her, she had property sufficient to maintain herself. The probability of her returning home seems to be small, as the universal opinion amongst the people was, that her family was already much disgraced by her conduct in not burning, and would be much more so if they received her. By an order of the magistrate, I find this morning that she has been conveyed to the hospital, where, it is to be hoped, she may soon recover from her wounds. This fact convinces me, and I have no doubt it will most of your readers, that were the native police officers more generally careful that nothing on these occasions was done contrary to the regulations of government, which are forwarded to them by the magistrates, the number of Suttees

would soon materially decrease. Of the inability of the poor deluded woman to stand the fire, the Brahmins are well aware; and hence may be traced the brutal custom almost universally practised by them, of binding the widow to the pile, either with bamboos, passed over and fastened down on both sides, or by heaping a great weight of wood, &c. upon the bodies. Were they allowed to do nothing of this kind, which I believe is contrary to their Shasters, it is not to be doubted that one woman in a hundred would not remain to burn.

Woman lost Paradise to make man wise; he deserves purgatory if he makes her wretched.

It is stated that Lady Morgan has bequeathed her body to the surgeons for dissection, after the termination of "life's fitful fever."

Bower of Taste.

PRIDE.

"Pride—rank pride, and haughtiness of soul."

NOTWITHSTANDING all the arguments of reason and common sense, against the indulgence of pride, still, either from some real, or imaginary superiority to others, we are but too apt to cherish this weakness, without reflecting how degrading it is to the character of an intellectual being. Let us for a moment consider the various sources of human vanity. Are we proud of those perfections of face and form, that attract the admiration of the world? Let us reflect that even now, the worm of the grave is waiting to banquet on the cheek of beauty!—Are we proud of intellectual power, or literary attainments? Let us pause at the cell of the maniac, and listen to the ravings of a ruined mind! He, who perhaps once soared in the regions of science, even beyond the boundaries of human research, now, with the impotence of infancy, "waves a straw, and tells the kingdoms he has ruled."—Are we proud of ancestry—of the deeds of our fathers? Let us honour their memory, by emulating their worth, and imitating their examples. Illustrious birth may entitle us to a high station in society, but it is our own merits alone that can secure it. Yet there are those who vain-

ly imagine, because they are descended from the great, that their vices, or follies are effectually concealed beneath the sweeping mantle of hereditary dignity, totally regardless of this truth:

*What can ennobled sets and knaves and cowards!
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.*

But the most contemptible species of pride that can inflate the human brain, is that which proceeds from a consciousness of wealth, the chuckling calculation of pounds, shillings and pence! What can be more disgusting than to see a purse-proud wretch blustering in society, puffing forth his own consequence, like a bull frog in a stagnant pond; ignorant that he is tolerated but for his wealth, and that should his riches take unto themselves wings and fly away—not one, even among his parasites, who honour him by 'eating his dinners,' would hold forth a hand to save him from destruction.

SCRAPS FROM A PORT-FOLIO.

Almost every body who has achieved the "fashionable tour," has at some period or other of the route experienced, what perhaps was never felt before, a 'propensity' to authorship; and in the honest simplicity of their hearts, have adventured descriptions of places, and views of scenery, although conscious that they have been 'described,' and 'sketch ed,' a thousand times before, with all the possible embellishments that truth will admit, or fancy and genius supply. Still, all have an undoubted right to scribble to their hearer's content,—from the demure little quakers who sily pencils her thoughts in a miniature souvenir, to the dashing tourist, who figures as the "Munchausen" of the steamboat deck, attracting in his wake all who choose to listen to his "life and opinions," or who are willing to be amused with his inflated nonsense. Yet when we meet with the modest and the intelligent, whose minds and manners have derived improvement and polish from their intercourse with the learned and polite world, we feel more pleasure in listening to, and profiting by their opinions, than in the expression of our own.

* * * * *

"Never make a toil of a pleasure," said my grandmother. Good old lady!—had you ever travelled up the Catskill, you had certainly forgotten your proverb, as soon as you arrived at its summit.

Yet the ascent of this mountain is effected with so much labor to the horses, perhaps under a meridian sun, that together with the occasional prospect of breaking your neck, detracts much from the pleasure the excursion would otherwise afford.

As we approach, the view of the 'mountain house' has a grand and imposing effect. It reminds us of some Temple of enchantment, embosomed in the solitudes of a forest. Nor does the illusion cease, as we enter its capacious hall. Splendid mirrors sparkle in the drawing rooms, and rich carpets spread the floors, while couches of ease and elegance afford a grateful relief to the weary traveller.

The lower hall, or 'eating room,' is fancifully fitted up, and decorated with wreaths of evergreen and laurel, with which the flowers of the season are intermingled. When the rooms are lighted, these ornaments have an effect peculiarly pleasing.

Our meals were enlivened with a tolerable band of music, and our board well supplied with all the solids and luxuries that were procurable, served up in a neat and handsome style.

The evening entertainments vary according to the taste of the visitors. Dancing is less frequent here than at many of the watering places. Music, chess, reading, and conversation, employ the intermediate hours between walking and eating, which upon the Catskill claim no inconsiderable portion of our time.

The first view of the Falls rather disappoints us with respect to the quantity and force of the water, compared with those of Niagara and Montmorenci. The artificial process of letting it forth, has a tendency (in idea at least) of lessening the native sublimity of the scene.

In order to obtain the most advantageous view of these falls, we should descend into the ravine below, where we may even pass beneath the sheet of water with perfect safety. By the power of refraction, rainbows of the most beautiful and brilliant hues, are formed in this deep chasm, and as clearly defined, as those in the sky, after a shower.

The view from this mountain at sunrise, is one of the most magnificent spectacles in nature. Sometimes the dense clouds that settle round its base, give it the appearance of an island, while the shadows that are reflected, as upon the surface of a river, complete the illusion. Here, I could well conceive of Ossian's fancying that he beheld the ghosts of his fathers bending from the clouds, or "gliding, half viewless, in mournful conference together." Some of our party actually succeeded in getting up several respectable ghosts, who after solemnly marching round the hill, evaporated in a sunbeam. Below this "glorious host of clouds," is stretched a miniature view of the richly cultivated farms on the borders of the Hudson, divided into squares, as regular as those of a Parisian garden, and

beyond these the majestic steamboat winding its way through the mazes of the river, or the light shallop, spreading its white sail to the breeze.

The Arcade Store. Among the many improvements that have recently taken place in our city, none are more worthy of remark than the splendid and tasteful establishment of Mr. I. W. Goodrich. The Arcade Store forms a complete crescent from Washington, into State street; and its counters and cases exhibit some of the finest pieces of sculpture, and some of the richest goods, that have ever been imported into the United States.

The Toilet. We are truly happy to remark upon the improved character and appearance of this paper. From its pages, we should infer that the Editor was a scholar, and highly qualified to conduct a literary journal.

The Tremont Theatre, continues to attract crowds of fashionables. Mrs. Papanti, a general favourite of the public, has recently been added to the stock company; who, with Miss George, and Mr. Howard, afforded us a rich musical treat in the "*Reapers*," on Tuesday evening. The public is on the tiptoe of expectation, anxiously awaiting the appearance of Mr. Booth.

"Schooley's Mountain.—The southern travellers commonly visit it on their return from their northern tours, and form a very agreeable society. No air can be purer or more refreshing than that of the mountain; the mineral spring possess high reputation; the adjacent vallies are as picturesque as fertile, and accessible by safe and pleasant routes. Those who know only the lower regions of New-Jersey, flat and sandy, have no idea of the contrast which the noble hills, rich meadows and excellent turnpike roads of the upper, make to the delight of the traveller.—There are two large hotels on the top of the mountain, both spacious and well managed. *Belmont Hall*, kept by *Mr. Bowne*, deserves to be particularly recommended for the convenience of the chambers, parlors and piazzas; the abundance of good fare; and the obliging and gentlemanly character of the host."

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by Mrs. KATHARINE A. WARE, is Published every Saturday, by DUTTON & WENTWORTH, (formerly State Printers,) Nos. 1 and 4, Exchange-Street, Boston, who are authorized to transact all business relative to the Printing and circulation of this work. All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor.—[P] All letters must be Post paid.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

AUTUMN.

I know 'tis bright—'tis beautiful!—but yet
I ne'er could look on Autumn's golden leaf,
Her robe of changeful dye, and not regret
That vernal loveliness should be so brief.

Who sighs not over Summer's fading rose?
Although around us other flowers are wreathing,
Whose bosoms richer, gayer tints disclose,
And with whose fragrance every gale is breathing.

Still, this fair flower, to young affection dear,
If once enshrin'd within a faithful breast,
Oh, never to the heart that lov'd sincere,
Can other blossoms be as fondly prest.

Yet when the garden's loveliness is past,
We look upon the forest's towering pride,
Which, though we know too soon must meet the blast,
We breathe a fervent wish to hope allied—

That soft Fatonian gales, with gentle breath,
And genial suns the fading scene may cheer,
Arrest awhile the chilling shafts of death,
And sigh a requiem o'er the closing year!

Oh! there's a desolation wild, and bleak,
In winter's dread approach: our bosoms feel
A paralyzing chill, we cannot speak,
Cling round the heart—o'er all its pulses steal;

'Tis nature's death we look on—each cold blast
Sounds as the knell of some departed joy;
The ruthless conqueror o'er each scene hath past,
With mighty arm commission'd to destroy!

AUGUSTA.

TO THE ROSE OF AUTUMN.

Gem of the mildly closing year,
On nature's breast reclining!
Oh! who would leave thy mildness here,
For bowers, in beauty shining?
Bloom then along thy native hill,
By no rude hand invaded!
Thy flowers, like hope, shall flourish still,
When all but thine are faded!

Go—wreath that pensive form that lies
 O'er love's last mansion bending,
 And sinks, like day in summer skies,
 Or evening's star descending.
 Smile o'er her sable couch of rest,
 And droop not thus in sorrow,
 For sure the regions of the blest
 Shall be her home to-morrow.

Go—and with fading garlands bind
 The dark stern brow of madness ;
 And melt that joy-deserted mind
 To more than childhood's sadness.
 Tell her of him whose lowly grave
 Shall meet that dark eye never ;
 His pillow is the stormy wave,
 The deep, his home forever !

Then, rest thee, Autumn's lingering flower,
 In life's last fragrance lying ;
 And droop along thy golden bower,
 Still lovely, though in dying ;
 And thou shalt seem, while fading there,
 In ruin calm reposing,
 Like virtue on this scene of care
 Her weary eyelids closing !

G.

 THE DESTINY.

*"Alp look'd to Heaven, and saw on high
 The sign she spake of, in the sky." BYRON.*

'Twas evening—and the summer's sun
 Had sunk beneath the western wave,
 And parting day its twilight threw,
 O'er the still world a sombre hue,
 And all was lone and dreary—save
 When the pale moon her course to run,
 Uprose, and silver'd o'er the scene.
 'Twas in that soft enchanting hour,
 I felt the charm of beauty's power,
 Not thoughtless gay, but seraph-like serene.

I wander'd far with one as young,
 And lovely, and withal as fair,
 As poet, in his wild romance,
 Or warm enthusiastic trance,
 E'er dream'd of—every charm was there,
 That might inspire the minstrel's glowing song,
 Or tempt the youthful artist's hand to paint—
 Tracing with e'en prophetic skill
 Her seraph beauties—fearful still
 That the fair sketch, though bright, was all too faint !

We wander'd far—Cynthia, half veil'd,
 Withheld from earth her dewy light;
 And struggling through a hazy cloud,
 Embosom'd in a darksome shroud;
 Or veiling the fair queen of night,
 In wreathing mists the thin clouds sail'd,
 In fleecy softness, flake by flake;—
 'Twas then the lovely maiden raised
 Her dark eyes up to heaven! and gazed
 Upon the scene, while thus inspir'd, she spake:

“As yon pale moon, that struggles on,
 In fruitless, vain attempts to free
 Her pathway from those clouds that throw
 A mantle o'er her stainless brow,
 E'en such shall be thy “destiny!”
 And will those “clouds,” (I whisper'd,) ne'er be gone?
 Pressing her lily hand in mine—
 When she in accents soft resum'd,
 While a bright ray her eye illum'd,
 “Amidst dark shades some joys will yet be thine.”

* * * * *

Time may roll on—may chill this beating heart,
 But long as it responds to memory's power,
 Her cherish'd image never shall depart—
 Not e'en one smile, that blest that sacred hour!

ORCHEL.

Mrs. WARE.—The following beautiful Stanzas, adapted to the popular air of “Sweet Home,” are presented for a place in your Bower. By admitting them you will gratify a friend to the Muses.

M * * *

“HOME, SWEET HOME!”

“Through forests of verdure delighted I'll roam,
 'Mid the green, sunny banks of my dearly lov'd Home:
 Where the tear of affection, and love's tender smile,
 Will the moments that glide on so sweetly beguile.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 There's no place like Home!

More dear to my bosom than fame's splendid dome,
 Is the cot of my fathers, my own blissful Home,
 Where each sunbeam so gaily that play'd thro' thy trees
 Shewed scenes of contentment, and calmness, and peace.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 There's no place like Home!

To summon me hence, when some angel shall come,
 To bear me above to a happier home:
 To the vale of my youth, my last look shall be given,
 'Twill seem, as it now does, the foretaste of Heaven!

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 There's no place like Home! T. C. O.*

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



“ With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
“ We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,”—*PAINÉ*.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....SEPT. 20, 1828. No. 38.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES—No. I.—(Continued.)

We “ hold the mirror up to Nature.”

DE LAMET;

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER IV.

“ One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, where the charger
stood near— * * * * *

She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush and
scour.

They'll have fleet steeds that follow, said young
Lochinvar.”

LADY HERON'S Song in Marmion.

Nor many days after the visit to father Francis's chateau, the events which transpired whereat, we alluded to in the last chapter, Henri De Lamet again rode thither, as he had promised his sister he would, for the purpose of unfolding to her a design he had formed, for the restoration of Marie Antoinette to liberty. He had taken measures, in the interim, for carrying into execution the plans we have already laid before the reader for the delivery of the king; and he had designed that the escape of Marie should be attempted previously to that of Louis. Having imparted his plans

to the inhabitants of the chateau, he again returned to Paris to put them into execution.

The entrance from the courtyard within the palace walls, to the suit of apartments in which the Royal prisoners were confined, was through a large hall or gallery, which has before been alluded to in the progress of our tale. This hall was guarded by a band of soldiers, who were stationed before each of the numerous doors that opened into it; so that no motion of those confined there, (for there were guards *within* these apartments, as well as *without*) nor of those who visited them in the regular discharge of their duty, could be unheeded or unwatched. Henri De Lamet, in revolving in his mind the plans he had formed for the completion of his patriotic design, had been fully aware of, and had attempted to guard against this diffi-

culty. We have already said that he had chosen these soldiers himself from among those whom the Tribunal had drafted for the performance of this duty. These he did not attempt to gain over to his interest by promises or bribery; he knew that there was too little dependence to be placed on them, even under these most powerfully persuasive inducements to fidelity; and he was too well aware of the evil consequences of a betrayal of his designs, to impart them to such men. But he had reduced them to a state of such complete subordination—had made his command—his word, nay, even his *nod*, so thoroughly a check upon them, that they dared not disobey, and did not presume to question the slightest expression of his will. He feared nothing less than the establishment of a system of *espionage* upon his movements among them, while he had every reason to dread their being willing to transfix him, feared as he was, with their bayonets, upon the discovery of any plan for the deceiving the Tribunal, or the delivery of the prisoners committed to his care. During the earliest part of the time of their confinement, the Royal pair were allowed privileges, which, in proportion to the progress made by the Revolutionists in the accomplishment of their designs, they were gradually deprived of. It is a well known fact that the queenly Marie, in the latter days of her captivity, was reduced to the necessity of spreading her own bed—performing her toilette, miserable though it was, unassisted and alone—and as Sir Walter Scott, in his celebrated *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, has recorded, she was compelled to perform all those duties of her wretched household, which even the merciless Tribunal had at first deemed it too degrading to impose upon her. But this happened not

as yet. During the period at which the date of our tale is fixed, there were two female servants, who, in the pay of the Tribunal, performed the usual duties of the queen's bed chamber. One of them Henri had attempted to win, by golden gifts and golden promises, to his purposes: and this, as he discovered, it was not difficult to accomplish. So completely depraved at that period were the lower classes of people in Paris, that though an oath solemnly made in the name of every saint in the calendar were to be broken by such a course, the highest bidder might have won their allegiance for the time, precarious as it was. These women had free egress and ingress at the palace, but, in order to avoid deception, they were required to exhibit to the chief of the guard, each time they left the walls or entered the gates, a card, certifying under hand and seal of the Tribunal, their business, and the situation they held within the palace. Henri, for obvious reasons had previously effected various changes in this department, pleading as a reason therefor, his apprehension of their being engaged in plots and conspiracies, for the delivery of the queen, upon whom it was their duty to attend. So that the guards were no longer surprised at seeing these frequent vacancies so frequently supplied with new incumbents; and indeed, if they had been, the pass-card always duly shown, with the broad seal of the "Republic" appended thereto, had been sufficient to silence their doubts, or prevent an expression of them.

De Lamet, a few days after his last visit to the chateau of father Francis, had dismissed from the queen's room one of the two menials whose duty it was to be near Marie's person at certain times in the day, and had assigned as a cause for thus doing, a suspicion that the queen had

been tampering with her. This of course satisfied the Tribunal, and Henri's devotion and patriotism were highly applauded by that body. He transferred the pass of this woman to his sister, Henriette, whom he introduced to the prison-house of the queen, dressed in coarse attire, her delicate features being completely disguised, by a dark, brown paint, which gave to her fine complexion the swarthy, sunburnt tinge, peculiar to the lower class of citizens. Arrived at the outer gate, Henriette boldly showed her pass: the guard merely glancing at her, and with a deep oath swearing, that "De Lamet was careful indeed of spies and traitors, seeing that he was ever changing hands within the palace," he let her pass unquestioned and unsuspected. On arriving within the walls, Henri met her, manifesting no more interest in her appearance, than he had ever done in the arrival of any of her predecessors in duty. He ordered her to give him her card, looked at it critically, and then, opening the door of the queen's apartment, entered it with her: it has been observed that a guard was always stationed *within* as well as *without* each apartment, but at the time of which we write, it was allowed the queen to be alone with her female attendants, about one hour daily; during which time, the sentinel, whose station was within, kept joint guard with him of the outer post. Henri reminded the soldier on duty at this time that the queen's hour of devotion had arrived, and he quitted his post instantly, followed by De Lamet, leaving Marie and Henriette within. A few moments before the time usually allowed Marie and her attendants for the performance of this duty, had elapsed, the other femme de chambre arrived and going through the usual forms, was admitted. Henri soon after appeared before the door of the

apartment, and carelessly walked to and fro in the gallery. Soon a gentle cough was heard from within, and De Lamet ordered the guard to resume his post. His entrance was the signal of the attendants to retire, and two women left the apartment, each shewing Henri, as officer of the inside guard, her pass-card, traversed the halls—and arrived before the officer on the outer station. This vigilant sentinel surveyed them with keen eyes for a moment, & examining their tickets gave them free and unquestioned egress. Henri, from a window in the palace had breathlessly waited their every step, and when he saw them clear off, and safe from the walls, he again breathed freely. But he did not make any exclamation of joy, nor would the most careful observer have discovered aught in his behaviour to warrant a suspicion of what was passing in his mind.—*Marie of France, and Henriette DeLamet* were in safety on their way to father Francis's chateau. The other female attendant, attired in Marie's dress, and having darkened the room, pleading a headache as the cause, extended with her face averted, upon a couch in the apartment, had succeeded in deceiving the sentinel of the inner post, who still imagined the queen to be under his guard. When the hour came for relieving him, he resigned his musket to Henri, who, on taking it, carelessly observed, that the rascal-soldier who was ordered on this station, had failed to appear in due season, and that he himself must watch there for him: he then bade the sentinel to warn the dilatory soldier of his duty, and bid him to hasten. Then, having closed the door, he approached the couch where Christelle was lying in disguise, and hastily asked her, if she had explained their plans to her husband, as he had bidden her? "Yes," replied Christelle, "and he

is to let me pass as a sane-culotte, during his hour of duty."

"But will he not betray us?"

"Pay Julian well, and no fear of that, Monsieur."

"Ay, but what if he be paid by some one else, a little higher?"

"Why, then," answered the woman, with surprising effrontery, "he would be a great fool to let the chance slip of pocketing the extra sous."

"Well, Christelle," said De Lamet, "you shall both be richly paid: but how can you pass the guards?"

"Oh never fear that! Julian knows the whole corps very well; and he has got up a very good story for them. We can pass together!"

Henri then threw her a purse of gold, and resigned his post to Julian, who by this time had arrived. His watch lasted until the next morning; by which time, De Lamet hoped to be able to consummate his other and more difficult plan.

How he succeeded in accomplishing this, will be seen in our next and final chapter.

A——y. —Tr—.

(To be continued.)

Saturday Evening.

It is generally believed that those Grecian and Roman sages who have committed their names to records as imperishable as the literature of the world, studied a philosophy which received some modification of its doctrines from the oracles of truth; and that these men had little or no confidence in the popular theology of their respective countries. They had seen, though with a dim eye, and at an immeasurable distance, that lamp which was lighted up on the summit of Mount Zion; and hence it was that they themselves were prepared to shine as brilliant stars upon the bosom of

surrounding darkness. It is well known, that the Romans derived their literature and philosophy from the Greeks; and it is a fact equally indisputable, that the Greeks, the most shrewd and enterprising of all the nations of antiquity, imported the elements of their knowledge from Egypt and the East. At least six centuries before the christian æra, their philosophers began to travel into distant countries, in search of intellectual and moral instruction. Thales led the way, and Pythagoras followed his footsteps: and among other acquisitions with which they returned to their native land, they unquestionably carried back the knowledge of facts and principles derived from revelation. The same may be said of most of the distinguished sages of Greece. During their travels, and residence, and researches, in foreign lands, they probably met with the writings of Moses, and perhaps of some of the prophets; and through these channels the river of life was permitted to mingle some of its waters with the streams of Grecian learning. So true it is, that some correct and enlightened views of theology were associated with the first intellectual attainments of antiquity, that it may be fairly questioned, whether the system of polytheism has ever been able to elicit human genius, or to exhibit one efficient motive to human refinement."

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

IN one of those delightful retirements from the busy world, which decorate the banks of the Schuylkill, four miles above Philadelphia, resided, some years since, Mrs. Seldon and her little family, consisting of an only daughter and two or three domestics. She was an English lady, and had emigrated to this country shortly after the close of the revolutionary war. It was a strange and romantic idea, which

caused her removal from her native country; her husband, to whom she was tenderly attached, had died about a year before, on his return from India, leaving her a handsome support. But from the moment she heard of his decease, she said, she found there was no happiness left for her in England; every thing that she saw or heard—the little groves that surrounded her dwelling—the melody of the rippling waves that flowed at the foot of the garden—the shepherd's whistle, and the huntsman's horn, brought to mind only the delightful days of years now gone forever. She thought the novel scenery of a new country would wean her from these recollections, and was necessary to her health. Having arrived at Philadelphia, she took the little cottage I have spoken of, and made an effort to be a happy mother. But the effort failed. In less than a year after, a rapid decline succeeded a fixed and settled melancholy, and she dwindled in a brief space of time into eternity.

The transition of Mrs. Seldon had been so sudden, that little time was allowed Lauretta to prepare for the event—and when the final trial was closed, when after she had watched over that feverish bed, exhausted all her spirits, day by day, to light up a little cheerfulness in her mother's countenance, and wean her away from that slow and cankering despondency, which had subdued her; when after suffering all that anxiety which hovers between hope and despair, the event she had not dared to think of, burst upon her, and she saw on her mother's lips the signet "it is finished" set, and those eyes in whose smiles she had been nurtured, closed forever,—it would not have been wondered at if her young heart had sunk within her, although it did not appear at first to do so. She attended the funeral ceremonies with a calmness that

seemed like resignation itself; and when the attendants sung the sweet but touching hymn, beginning with

"Why do we mourn departed friends?"

a glow came across her cheek, which brightened at the lines—

"The graves of all his saints be bless'd,
And softened every bed—
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head."

To one who had visited Lauretta months after these scenes had passed, a surprising change would have been visible. Those who have been called to sit by the bed of sickness, where all that was dearest to the heart lay pale and helpless, waiting, perhaps, the slow but steady approach of the last sad messenger—have known, can easily feel, at least, something of that wasting weariness which comes in such seasons over the heart. The very gaiety of nature—the blooming meads and bowers—the song of the unconscious passenger—the lively tinkling of the bells, and the whole round of life and pleasure which enchant the heart at ease, throw a deeper melancholy over the anguish of a suffering bosom. But all this Lauretta had endured without a murmur. It was not till the scene was closed,—and the grave had taken its victim—that her grief seemed to burst forth. Then indeed despair—

"Like a worm i' the bud,
Fed on her damask cheek."

Misfortune seldom comes alone. While a happy girl on the banks of the Humber, she had engaged her heart to one who was entirely worthy to receive it. She was now far from the scenes which, in former times, were endeared by the innocent indulgence of the first love she had ever cherished. But that was not all; her lover had met with a reverse of fortune; to retrieve his affairs, it was necessary he should leave England on a foreign and a dangerous expedition; and having

given up all hope of ever seeing Lauretta again, he sent her a farewell letter, in which he mentioned that he had visited the little cottage where she used to sit and sing :

“The moon had climb’d the highest hill,
Which rises o’er the source of Dee,”

for the last time, “but,” said he, “I did not go up to that sacred bower at the end of the grove : it had been the scene of too much bliss ever to be visited in such sorrowful times as these.”

This was the situation in which Lauretta was placed. Yet her mother’s grave was the only confidant she trusted her sorrows to ; there she would sit alone, and watering the flowers she had planted, with her tears, exclaim—“Mother, thou canst not see me weep now—once, when I was full of sorrow, I suppressed it, and seemed gay that thou mightst be cheerful—but now I will weep and weep till I come to thee.”

It was there I saw her for the first time—and the few scraps I then gathered of her story, interested me so much, that in the summer of —, from my long absence at the southward, I drove up to the residence of an old acquaintance in the neighborhood of the cottage, where Lauretta had lived, purposely to obtain some information of her. Mr. B. when I questioned him, took my arm, and said, smiling—“Walk with me to the other end of the lane, and I will show you what will unfold the tale.”

I went with a heavy heart—and as I kept my eyes bent towards the old burying-ground, to catch the first glimpse of her marble memorial, I observed a fine new building standing near the place where the cottage formerly stood, and to it we directed our steps. Mr. B. entered without giving me an explanation, and bade me follow—but judge my surprise when the first face I met was Lauretta’s—no longer, it is true,

the sorrowing Orphan Girl, but the happy wife of her earnest lover.

Mr. W. had made a short but prosperous voyage to the Mediterranean, and on his return to England, hearing of the death of Mrs. Seldon, he followed Lauretta to Philadelphia, where, in a short time after, their mutual constancy was rewarded by a union, and their joint property promised ease and elegance to the remainder of their days.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

ESSAY,

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

IN comparison with those divine laws which govern all created things, how weak and imperfect are those instituted by man ;—and how insufficient to regulate his conduct, unless founded on the basis of morality, and a strict adherence to the principles of religion. Those who make or enforce laws, with the hope of benefitting or reforming society, should themselves be unexceptionable both in principles and character, else how can they conscientiously expect a strict observance of their precepts ? We have no right to preach a doctrine we do not ourselves believe, or exact obedience to rules which do not regulate our own conduct. We should laugh at the comedian, who in a grotesque mask, should read to us lessons of morality, or at the harlequin, who would attempt to lecture upon philosophy. Yet not more absurd would such exhibitions appear, than for us to promulgate theories and rules for the practice and improvement of others, of which we are totally regardless ourselves.

“Office confers dignity.” This is a mistaken idea. No dignity resulting from the important charge of high office, or the confidence reposed in us by others, can pertain to our characters, unless we

are really worthy of the station we fill, and conscientious in the discharge of its duties.

We should, however, be charitable in judging of the conduct of our superiors, for we may not be qualified for the task of such an investigation, and while at least we are immediately under their control, we should endeavor to believe that their *practice* corresponds with their *precepts*, unless others who may be wiser than ourselves convince us to the contrary. K.

From "Salathiel."—By the Rev. G. Croly.

BURNING OF AN' AMPHITHEATRE.

* * * * * Rome was an ocean of flame. Height and depth were covered with red surges, that rolled before the blast like an endless tide. The billows burst up the sides of the hills, which they turned into instant volcanoes, exploded volumes of smoke and fire, then plunged into the depths in a hundred glowing cataracts, then climbed and consumed again. The distant sound of the city in her convulsion went to the soul. The air was filled with the steady roar of the advancing flame, the crash of falling houses, and the hideous outcry of the myriads flying through the streets, or surrounded and perishing in the conflagration. All was clamour, violent struggle, and helpless death. Men and woman of the highest rank were on foot, trampled by the rabble that had then lost all respect of conditions. One dense mass of miserable life, irresistible from its weight, crushed by the narrow streets, and scorched by the flames over their heads, rolled through the gates like an endless stream of black lava.

* * * * *

The fire had originally broken out upon the Palatine, and hot smoke, that wrapped and half blind-

ed us, hung thick as night upon the wrecks of pavilions and palaces; but the dexterity and knowledge of my inexplicable guide carried us on. It was in vain that I insisted upon knowing the purpose of this terrible traverse. He pressed his hand on his heart, in re-assurance of his fidelity, and still spurred on. We now passed under the shade of an immense range of lofty buildings, whose gloomy and solid strength seemed to bid defiance to chance and time. A sudden yell appalled me. A ring of fire swept round its summit; burning cordage, sheets of canvass, and a shower of all things combustible, flew into the air above our heads. An uproar followed, unlike all that I had ever heard—a hideous mixture of howls, shrieks and groans. The flames rolled down the narrow street before us, and made the passage next to impassable. While we hesitated, a huge fragment of the building heaved, as if an earthquake, and fortunately for us fell inwards. The whole scene of terror was then open. The great amphitheatre of Sathilus Taurus had caught fire; the stage, with its inflammable furniture, was intensely blazing below. The flames were wheeling up, circle above circle, through the seventy thousand seats that rose from the ground to the roof. I stood in unspeakable awe and wonder on the side of this colossal cavern, this mighty temple of the city of fire. At length a descending blast cleared away the smoke that covered the arena. The cause of those horrid cries was now visible. The wild beasts kept for the games had broke from their dens. Maddened by affright and pain, lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, whole herds of the monsters of India and Africa, were enclosed in an impassable barrier of fire. They bounded, they fought, they screamed, they tore, they ran howling round and round the cir-

cle ; they made desperate leaps upwards through the blaze ; they were flung back, and fell only to fasten their fangs in each other, and, with their parched jaws bathed in blood, die raging. I looked anxiously to see whether any human being was involved in this fearful catastrophe. To my great relief I could see none. The keepers and attendants had obviously escaped. As I expressed my gladness, I was started by a loud cry from my guide, the first sound that I had heard him utter. He pointed to the opposite side of the amphitheatre. There indeed sat an object of melancholy interest—a man who had either been unable to escape, or had determined to die. Escape was now impossible. He sat in desperate calmness on his funeral pile. He was a gigantic Ethiopian slave, entirely naked. He had chosen his place, as if in mockery, on the imperial throne ; the fire was above and around him ; and under this tremendous canopy he gazed, without the movement of a muscle, on the combat of the wild beasts below,—a solitary sovereign, with the whole tremendous game played for himself, and inaccessible to the power of man.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

"We are but the venders of other men's goods."

Buried Alive. The American Daily Advertiser contains the following lamentable account, in the form of a communication :

"One day last week, a most unpleasant occurrence took place at the Union Burial Ground, on Primestreet, near Fifth, in Southwark. A young woman, about 19 years of age, having, as it was supposed, died suddenly of cramp in the stomach, the night before, was brought to be interred ; after the relatives and friends who attended the funeral had left the ground, the person

filling up the grave, when he had thrown several shovels full of earth upon the coffin, heard a groan proceeding from the grave ; he immediately obtained assistance, got the coffin out of the grave, and opened it, when it appeared that the young woman had turned completely on her side, and blood was issuing from her mouth and nostrils ; medical aid was procured as soon as possible, but without avail, as it appeared that life was extinct. This most unfortunate instance of premature interment, should be a warning against too early a burial in any case where death is sudden, or only preceded by a short illness. It is to be feared that too many instances of this kind occur, that are never discovered."

Mistakes of Ambiguity. Ambiguity of speech sometimes leads to very sad mistakes. A militia captain received a billet from a lady of fashion, requesting "the pleasure of his company to tea" on a certain evening. Now a query arose how to understand the word company ; and the captain being a man of real military views, very naturally came to the conclusion, that it meant neither more nor less than the *company* of militia which he had the honour to command. Accordingly, what was the astonishment of his hostess and her friends to behold, not only the captain, but his whole company, from the highest subaltern to the most ragged private, armed and equipped in their usual style, punctual to the hour of invitation, dry as dust, and hungry as lions ! Never was such consternation in the drawing-room before. The old ladies lifted up their hands and eyes in astonishment ; the young ladies squalled as if they had seen a spider or a snake : the dandies exclaimed, "they'd ought to be shot, odd rat 'em !" the master of the house bit his lip with

vexation; and the hostess, as in duty bound, went into the hysterics. In which situation we leave them to the sympathy of the reader.

Somnambulism. A few days since, as the London and Liverpool mail was travelling upwards very near to stony Stratford, and going at a gallop down a little declivity, a gentleman, the only inside passenger, opened the coach door, jumped a considerable distance into the road, and then flew to the head of the leaders, seizing the bridle of one of them with uncommon earnestness: the coachman contrived to pull up the horses without injuring the madman, (as he then conceived him) who on being shouted to by the passengers on the roof, (who were alarmed at so singular a proceeding) stood for a while apparently in confusion, and then in silence slunk back into the coach. On being questioned afterwards, he said he thought the horses had run away, and that to save the life of himself and the rest of the passengers, he must stop the leaders; and to his great surprise when awoke by the voices of his fellow travellers, he found that under the illusion of a dream, he had done that unconsciously and unhurt, which most probably under other circumstances had cost him his life or limbs.

On Thursday last, Eli Mitchell and Joshua Brook, of Elland, colliers, for a wager of two sovereigns, ran a mile upon the Halifax turnpike road, upon their *hands* and *feet*. Mitchell performed this extraordinary feat of quadrupedism in 10 minutes and 15 seconds, having distanced his competitor.

Manchester Mercury.

From the London Courier, July 22.

Horrible Spectacle—Melancholy and Distressing Shipwreck. The brig Catharine and Hannah, of and from Sunderland, Capt. Lumsden,

vol. I.

arrived in our harbour on Thursday night, and we have been put in possession of the following distressing particulars, which tend to recall, in their narration, the tragedy which has so recently taken place.

The captain states, that on the 4th May, he picked up a boat belonging to the *Superb*, of and from Bristol for Quebec, which ran foul of an iceberg, on the 21st April, which stove her forward. This unfortunate occurrence obliged all hands to take to the pumps, at which they continued without intermission, for two days and a night, when a schooner hove in sight; and the captain proceeded in the jolly-boat to treat with them to take the crew. While the captain was so engaged, the vessel being quite in a sinking state, the crew left the pumps to get the boats out to leave her. They succeeded in getting a boat, (the one subsequently picked up) and seven men got into her, on which they unhooked the tackle, slipped the ship, but could not regain her, and it coming on thick, they could not find the schooner, and the unfortunate men were left to the mercy of an all-wise God—without provisions, water, masts, sails, or any thing that would enable them to struggle for existence, save and except two oars! In this state, they were buffeted about for eleven days, not knowing in what direction they were moving, and with feelings it is totally impossible to describe, when they were fallen in with by the *Catharine* and *Hannah*, and the scene that presented itself was sufficient to appal the stoutest heart—as it had already struck the crew with horror. Of the seven men, only two were alive. Two of them died about twenty-four hours after leaving the ship, from their previous sufferings, and on their bodies the other subsisted some time. Three others were also dead in the boat, whose blood afforded drink; and their bo-

dies sustenance to the wretched men, who lived to narrate the heart rending tale—in a word they were endeavouring to prolong a wretched existence by eating and drinking each other's blood!—and, further to add to their misery, they were dreadfully frostbitten, before death had terminated their sufferings. Capt. Lumsden instantly took the living men on board, but only one of them survived about twenty four hours. The other survivor is so much frostbitten, that it is thought his legs must be amputated, and from all he has suffered, his recovery is considered doubtful. It seems that his being able to sustain himself longer than his companions in misery, was owing to tobacco. He states that the mate, second mate, and eight of the crew, were left on board the Superb, and when they parted her the carpenter was engaged in cutting away the staunch-ions, to get the long boat over the side—it being washed to leeward against them. It is to be hoped that Captain Keane remained on board the schooner, and lives to give a more detailed account—and that we shall hear of the safety of those on board the Superb.

Yesterday, about the middle of the day, as a young girl was sitting on the step of Mr. Jones' seed warehouse, with a little child laying in her lap, a rat came out of Mr. Wright's premises, and deliberately walked up to the children, seized the little one's arm, and held fast to it. The screams of the children attracted the notice of the bystanders, and a man named Clemson happening to come up with his dog, the rat was very soon disengaged from the child's arm, and killed. The little sufferer was so much lacerated as to be obliged to be carried to a surgeon to have the wound dressed.

"Of an ancient but decayed family." There is a melancholy at-

traction in the phrase. It tells a story of by-gone days, of lordly hospitality, and fallen splendour; of courtly magnificence, and sudden and overwhelming ruin. There was a lonely remnant of such a race; and the fortune of her family had fixed its signet upon her bosom. Her young form bent forward in its earnestness, and her prophetic spirit kindled in her dark eye: "Some dreadful sin has been committed by our fathers, and the curse is upon us. And this is the curse—phantoms of happiness are conjured up before us, and promises of good days to come; they lead us on thro' pain and peril, and vanish in an instant: and this is the curse—the cup is sweetened, and the draught sparkles to the brim; we wish to grasp it, and it is dashed from our lips. Some have their misery in their fortunes; the dart is pointed to the hoary head, or finds its way to the recesses of the young heart: one falls by the thunderbolt of heaven; another is swept into the bosom of the waves; hearts spring lightly from the pressure of woe, and a race sinks to rise again. But misfortune has followed us from age to age, & all of the blood of my fathers has felt its iron grasp; misery has been our doom from sire to child—and can I hope that doom will be reversed for me?" She ceased—her hands were folded, and her cheek wore the calm and settled paleness of sorrow—and the destination of that maiden was the cloister, the shrine, and the veil. *M. Carr*

THE SAMPHIRE GATHERER

There are few avocations attended with so much danger as that of gathering rock Samphire, which grows in great plenty along the hedges and down the perpendicular sides of the cliffs near Reanel's Cave in Glamorganshire, Wales.

The method employed by these adventurers in their dreadful occu-

pation, is simply this: the Samphire gatherer takes with him a stout rope and iron crow-bar, and proceeds to the cliff, fixing the latter firmly into the earth, at the brow of the rock, and fastening the former with equal security to the bar, he takes the rope in his hand, boldly drops over the head of the rock, lowering himself gradually until he reaches the crevices where the samphire is found. Here he loads his basket or bag with the vegetable, and then ascends the rock by means of the rope; carelessness or casualty in a calling so perilous as this will sometimes produce terrible accidents.

There is a story related of a poor cottager of the name of Evaps, which is so full of horror, though not terminating fatally, that the bare idea of it makes the blood run cold from the heart.

It appears that this outrageous fellow had been in good circumstances, but misfortunes had reduced him to the lowest ebb of wretchedness and want. His wife and large family of eight children were crying around him for bread; unable to endure the thought of his dear little ones suffering, without making an effort to save them—in a moment of desperation, he borrowed the crow-bar and rope of a neighbouring cottager, and proceeded to the extremity of the rock without one thought of danger of his undertaking (never having ventured before;) he fixed the crow-bar, attached the rope to it, and boldly descended the cliff. In the course of a few minutes reached a ledge, which gradually retiring inwards, stood some feet within the perpendicular, and over which the brow of the cliff beetled consequently in the same proportion. Busily employed in gathering the samphire, and attentive only to the object of profit, the rope suddenly dropped from his hand, and after a few oscillations

became stationary at the distance of four or five feet from him. Nothing could exceed the horror of his situation; above was a rock of sixty or seventy feet in height, whose projecting brow could defy every attempt of his to ascend it, and prevent every effort of others to assist him. Below was a perpendicular descent of 100 feet, terminating by rugged rocks, over which the surge was breaking with dreadful violence. Before was the rope, the only means of his return; but hanging at such a tantalizing distance as baffled all expectation of his reaching it. Here therefore he remained until the piercing cries of his wife and children, who alarmed at his long absence had approached the very edge of the cliff, aroused him to action.—He was young, active and resolute; with a desperate effort therefore he collected all his power, and springing boldly from the hedge, he threw himself into the dreadful vacuum and at the suspending rope! The desperate exertion was successful, he caught the cord, and in a short time was once more at the top of the rock.—No language can describe the scene which followed—himself, the dear partner of his heart, and his little offspring, were in one moment raised from the lowest depth of misery, to comfort, joy and happiness.

Bower of Taste.

FEMALE FASHIONS.

We have received a communication from our correspondent Bertram, who rails most vehemently against the present mode of female dress; indiscriminately attacking hats, shawls, gowns and ruffs, all of which he says, "he does most heartily despise!" Now, had our critic of the *Toilette* confined his satire to the "hat of huge circumference," the "inflated sleeves," and the "all-sweeping flounce," its truth might have been admitted. But why the modest enveloping shawl, and that (rather necessary) article, a *gown*, should come under the ban of ridicule, we cannot understand. What substitutes would be please to

propose, provided the ladies should abandon these garments? Perhaps the aboriginal costume, as he is fond of "unstudied simplicity." Sir, we dare say, that you are an old bachelor and take this method of showing your spite to the ladies; for we will submit it to the liberal of both sexes, whether the present female fashions are not rather graceful in effect than otherwise?—always excepting those few devotees of the *ton*, who caricature every thing. Another proof corroborative of this 'guess' is, that Bertram compares the 'flippancy of this age,' with the 'sobriety of the last'—a poor argument in favour of the 'march of mind.' But we believe no such thing. Our mothers and grandmothers were as fantastical in their habiliments as their descendants. Should we judge of the ancient portraits which exhibit the fashions of those days, we should say, even more so: look at the superstructure of a woman's head, forty years ago! and the stilted elevation of her heels, (which must have jeopardized her neck in descending a staircase) and compare these with the plain broad shade of the simple 'Leghorn,' and a slipper, that approaches at least to the form of a human foot,—which has the advantage in point of rationality?—Introducing this subject, reminds us of a beautiful pamphlet, whose receipt should have been sooner acknowledged.* It contains three fine engravings, representing the most modern European fashions, with copious explanations relative to each. This work should be in possession of all who profess the art of dress-making and millinery. It is also a valuable assistant to those ladies who model or adjust their own dresses. The following extracts may be gratifying to some of our young friends. We also extract an article upon "gentlemen's dresses," from a foreign periodical to shew that eccentricity of dress is not confined to either sex.

Evening, or Theatre Dress. A dress of crimson, trimmed very simply round the border, with bands of a color three shades darker;—the corseage fitting tight to the shape. A mantle of Indian cachemire, with an elegant oriental border of various colors; pelerrine cape to correspond, scalloped at the edge; over that a falling collar cape. The hair parted on one side from the forehead, and ornamented on the left, with a wreath of holly. Necklace formed of two rows twisted, of large pearls.

Walking Dress. A pelisse of gros de Indes, of lavender-blossom colour, with chequers in hair stripes of black—the chequers forming a lozenge. A bias fold surrounds the border, sur-

mounted by a row of scallops, edged with three narrow rouleaux, forming on the scallop a kind of Greek pattern. Down the front of the skirt, over the part where it fastens, is a broad rouleau; down each side of which is a row of scallops, at separate distances; ornaments the same as those round the border. The body is a *la Circassienne*, but the drapey is neatly drawn across the bust, so as to show the contour of the shape to advantage. A falling collar, the same as the pelisse, surmounts the body, but is trimmed round with a double frill of lace or blond. The sleeves are *en gigot*, but of a very moderate width; they have mancherons of scallops, and a row of the same ornaments stand up from the wrists, in the manner of antique points. The bonnet is of *gros de Naples*, of straw-yellow, beautifully trimmed with very broad ribbon: variegated stripes on a white ground. Branches of the weeping willow fall over the crown to the edge of the brim. This bonnet ties under the chin, with ribbon of the same kind as that which ornaments the crown. The shoes are of kid, the same colour as the pelisse; and the gloves, steam-yellow.

Dining Dress. Among the dinner party dresses now worn is one of gros de Naples, the colour of the peculiar blue of the lavender blossom: it is trimmed at the border with lozenge points, placed on as flounces; the lower row of points are so set on that the head of each diamond joins a *dent de loup*. The upper row of lozenges is headed, each diamond, by a rosette of spring green ribbon, with which all diamond lozenges are bound. The body is made with a point in front; and a stomacher at the bust, formed by small lozenge trimming, finished to correspond with that on the skirt: a row also of these ornaments encircle the wrists, over a narrow, and plain cuff of the same silk as the dress.

Gentlemen's Dresses, &c. The most fashionable have left off wearing stays, but the waistcoats descend very low, and are laced behind like a corset. The waist of the frock coat is now so long that where it is buckled, it wrinkles up, and forms plaits across. Coats, whether of merino or cloth, have collars of rather a

* The World of Fashion.

large size. The part which turns back, is narrow, flat, and very long. The waist is broad, and the flaps are so large that they cover the hips. Any gentleman who wishes to be thought really fashionable, ought to wear in the button hole of his coat, a *rosebud*. When at dress parties, this bud should be placed between his shirt and his under-waistcoat. The waist-coat descends so low, that the tailors hollow them out on each hip; without that precaution, they would ruck up. There is a kind of washing material, for the under dress, which is double twilled, and of different colours, green and grey, blue and grey or yellow and white. We notice this kind are made in the Russian fashion, without any plaits. When a dasher is walking, he puts one hand in his pocket behind, and brings the flap of his coat forward on one side. It used to be remarked in trifling conversation, that a tall, thin man, with his waist pinched in, and if he is withal very full, looks like a grasshopper in an asthma.—*London Gentleman's Magazine of Fashion.*

SCRAPS FROM A PORT-FOLIO.

NEW LEBANON.

THIS delightful spot, though less known to fame than the plains of Saratoga, is infinitely superior, in point of rural beauty, to that, or any other watering place in the United States. The soil is extremely fertile, and under the highest cultivation; yet the waters are by no means equal in their medicinal qualities to those of Saratoga or Ballston. On approaching the village, we are struck with the neatness and taste of the buildings, as also with the picturesque beauty of the landscape, which derives a peculiar charm from the bold contrast which the dark mountains form with the soft verdure of the meadows, and the deep, cool vallies, through which the lucid streamlet winds, reflecting, as upon a polished mirror, the surrounding scene. Here, by indulging a romantic imagination, we might fancy ourselves straying through the classic shades of ancient Greece! Beneath the pensile willow, or luxuriant elm, groups of philosophers and statesmen are seen—some reposing at ease, and others engaged in deep argument, or animated discourse. While arm in arm a youthful trio, lovely as the graces, are hovering round the sparkling fountains, in the gaiety of their happy hearts, eager to quaff the cup of health, while their dimpled cheeks are glowing with her brightest roses. Yonder, strays a fond devoted pair,

looking forth upon life's fair perspective, and sketching scenes of future happiness. Here, age with youth, and wealth with poverty, make up the human panorama.

Apart from the throng of fashion, and the notes of mirth, glides a pale form—the victim of consumption—reclining on the fond supporting arm of him who has her earthly vows. Fair and fragile as the flower that bends beneath her tread, the summer hour will also close her brief existence. There is a blush upon her cheek, and a sparkle in her eye, but they speak not of health, or hope—these are gone forever. * * * *

The "New Hotel" is spoken of as a splendid establishment; but we prefer the old one, in point of locality, as well as comfort. We hate new buildings—they savour too much of paint, paper & whitewash. Less etiquette is observed in the halls of Lebanon, than in many fashionable places. So much the better; those who travel seek a *refuge* from the formalities of the city; time glides happily with those who feel a disposition to join in the social enjoyments of the place. Such as stand aloof, too dignified to be amused with the varieties of life, are alike insensible to its purer pleasures. * * *

The settlement of the Shaking Quakers, is no inconsiderable attraction to the visitors of Lebanon Springs. Their dwellings, workshops, &c. are exquisitely neat, and many of the articles which they manufacture, are curious, and all are highly finished. They are plain, though civil, in their manners, and appear pleased with the notice of strangers, to whom they readily exhibit specimens of their work. Still, they are an amazing queer people! We wish we really knew what their religious principles were. Their brains seem none the worse for turning. All are industrious, and many are intelligent. * * *

A stage coach wit, who had something to say on all occasions, and to all people, seeing a little yellow headed cowboy leaning against a tree by the road side, while the bells were ringing for church, called out, What are you waiting there for, you young dog! Why dont you go to church? "I was waiting for the stage, sir, to show the passengers the way—Guess ye'd better stop!" said the boy with a grin.

A few miles farther on, a pretty red cheeked girl ran out of a cottage, and held up a basket of fine apples. What are they? cried our genius. "Apples." Oh, I've hated apples, ever since I read that Paradise story of Milton's. I'll none of them. Have you no pears, my dear? "Yes, sir," said the girl, with an arch giggle, "here's a pair"—holding up two apples that grew on one stalk—"Will you have it?"

Legend of the Catskill: There is a legend abroad, respecting the Catskill (or Cattskill) Mountain. It is said to have derived its name from this circumstance. There used formerly to be a den of catamounts near its summit. Each night they would sally forth into the newly settled village below, wounding and destroying sheep, poultry, &c.; and sometimes even the inhabitants. To prevent this evil, a few young men formed themselves into a company, which they called the Cat-kill hunt. On the first day of each month, they assembled and ascended the mountain, armed, in pursuit of these savage animals, having first, by a general contribution, raised a purse as a reward for the hunter who should succeed in killing the animal.

HYMENEAL EXTRA!

MARRIED, in this city, on Thursday evening, (officiating priest not known) "THE BACHELORS' JOURNAL," to the celebrated "YANKEE," and the interesting "LITERARY GAZETTE." Success to the Triumviri! This respectable weekly had for some time contemplated *suicide*, but finally concluded to follow the example of its editor, and *marry!* *Tel maître, tel valet.*

Tremont Theatre.

The public has at length been gratified by the appearance of Mr. Booth. On Monday evening last, he made his *debut*, as Richard III, to the most numerous and fashionable audience that we ever witnessed. KEAN has ever been our standard of perfection in this character. Shakspeare himself could not have chosen a more perfect representative of the artful, blood-thirsty tyrant, than Kean, who possesses by nature all the external requisites, at least, to enact the villain to the life. Mr. Booth, in our opinion, is a far more polished actor. He is less extravagant in his gestures, and labours less for stage effect, and in no instance appears to be addressing or observing the audience, which is a fault common with some of our first actors. He has none of that guttural *soliloquizing*, which often in the *dialogue* marked the playing of Mr. Kean. There were many original touches throughout the piece, which were remarked with approbation by the critics, who pronounced his fencing-scene superior to that of any of his cotemporaries.

During the past week, we learn that the theatrical attractions have been of a superior character. On Tuesday night, their musical powers, vocal and instrumental, were successfully called forth in the Devil's Bridge. On Wednesday, Miss Rock, the celebrated favourite of the stage, made her first appearance in Letitia Hardy, and was hailed with the warmest welcome by her friends and admirers.

The publishers of the Bower of Taste would respectfully suggest to their patrons, who have not paid in advance the sum of \$2 50, per annum, that to those who defer payment until the close of six months from the date of their subscription, the terms are \$3 per annum. Such as have accounts unsettled, will confer a favour by adjusting them.

Gratified by the liberal encouragement which is extended to this work, they have the pleasure of stating, that since the publication of the 27th No., above 100 subscribers have been added to the list, and that nearly One Thousand copies are now circulated.

Those new subscribers who wish for the

2d vol. complete, commencing with No 5, may obtain a few copies, by applying at the office of Dutton and Wentworth, Nos. 1 and 4 Exchange Street.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE, is Published every Saturday, by DUTTON & WESTWORTH, (formerly State Printers,) Nos. 1 and 4, Exchange-Street, Boston, who are authorized to transact all business relative to the Printing and circulation of this work. All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor.—[P] All letters sent *be Post paid.*

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

TO GORDON.

Can reasoning Man, who boasts a glorious race,
But little lower than the sons of light,
Who, plac'd in Eden's garden, face to face
Commun'd with DEITY, beneath the bright
Unclouded heaven! Whose path was in His sight,
While mission'd angels watch'd his evening bower;
He, unto whom was given th' unquestion'd right,
And rule of this fair globe! Who, from that hour
Has held, and still shall hold, o'er earth, a monarch's power?

Can he behold those countless orbs that roll,
Thro' you blue space? survey the outstretched sea,
That "knows its bounds"—and ask—*have I a soul?*
Am I an heir of immortality?
Or shall I, when from this frail being free,
Like the brief things that flutter, or that creep
Beneath the sun beam—pass away—to be
No more remembered! Sink in the cold deep
Grave of dark oblivion—death's eternal sleep!

Might not the man who questions thus, exclaim—
There is no God! the elements were hurled
By chance, to form, and order! you bright flame
That lights the skies—and this all perfect world,
Were but the effect of chance—nay, even man,
In all his "Godlike beauty," mind, and power,
Form'd to explore the universe and scan
The Heav'ns—owns no Creator! like the flower
That perisheth --he sprung and withers in an hour!

Sad fate, for those who through a life of toil,
With sickness, sorrow, and despair, have striven,—
When they have 'shuffled off this mortal coil,'
To find no treasur'd joys laid up in heaven,
Their hopes—but the illusion of a dream!
Sad fate, for those who teach the way of light,
To see their dearest prospects, like the beam
Of evening melt away; and all those bright
And fondly cherish'd hopes, sink in eternal night.

AUGUSTA.

SONNET TO HELEN.

Helen—from thee I've wander'd far,
 O'er hill and dale away ;
 Yet still thou art the only star,
 Shining with bright and steady ray,
 To cheer my destiny.

Though far from thee, alone I roam,
 Beside my native stream,
 Thy image, girl, illumes my home
 With rapture's evanescent beam :
 All speak and breathe of thee !

'Twas here thy smile of tenderness—
 'Twas here thy sparkling gaze,
 Told me thou hadst the power to bless,
 To crown with joy my future days,
 And bid me dream of heaven —

Then come, fair Helen, share with me
 My peaceful, humble lot,
 Life would be joyless without thee—
 Unless to grace my woodbine cot
 Thy blooming charms were given. COLUMBIA.

TO ———,

Come gentle dove, thou bird of love, .
 And tune my harp to sing ;
 The softest note that e'er can float,
 From oft its dulcet string.

A charming name I fondly claim,
 To breathe upon my lyre,
 And may it rest forever blest,
 Enshrined by loves pure fire.

Thou beauteous maid in truth array'd,
 With bright and sparkling eye,
 And crimson cheek, with spirit meek,
 To soar above the sky.

Forever may thy footsteps stray,
 Through paths of blooming flow'rs,
 And every rose its sweets disclose
 Within these shady bowers.

O, may thy dreams like summer streams
 Be ever bright and calm ;
 May hope and peace O, never cease
 To weave the blissful charm.

Thus, mayst thou live, and freely give
 Thy heart to me alone,
 And be our loves soft as the dove's
 Its *Coo*, without its *moan*.

We'll heave no sigh for days gone by,
 But mingle to the last—
 In silken, chains, its joys and pains,
 Till life's brief hour is past.

X. Y. Z.



“ With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
 “ We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,”—PAINÉ.
 The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
 From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....SEPT. 27, 1828. No. 39.

THE FLOAT.

THAT little dwelling, said my friend, is the cottage in which Mary Allerton once lived. Poor Mary! many a time have I seen her on a summer morning sitting under the honey-suckle, which then hung its verdant drapery over the rustic porch; and very sweet did Mary look as she sat there in her neat attire. She had been left an orphan while yet a little child, and, excepting myself, she had not a friend on the wide earth; but she was an industrious girl, and when she used to come on a Sabbath morning to my church, bending with her meek looks over her tattered bible, many a kind blessing was breathed by the aged matrons upon her head. The young maidens of the village, too, loved Mary Allerton; and often did they assemble round her evening hearth, when the season of Christmas came in its happy idleness. Many a time have I stopped at Mary's door, and

listened to the sweet concert of voices, as the young girls sang their Christmas carol; and many a time have I also heard arise the sounds of thanksgiving and prayer from that humble dwelling.

Mary was often about my house, for she was the most industrious girl in the village: besides, I felt much kindness for her; and I had great pleasure in listening to her wild and artless singing. Well, time wore on, and Mary grew up to be a woman—a fair, graceful woman. Yes; though but a simple villager, Mary would have graced a court. Yet there was ever a look of sadness in her face, and her voice was like some thrilling melancholy music. It was in autumn that William Stuart came to settle in the village. A fine manly looking lad he was, and his cottage soon rivalled even Mary's in neatness. William could, as Mary used to say,

put his hand to every thing ; and when I saw how anxious he was to get employment, and how useful he could be, I had him often to work in my garden, and to do little jobs about the manse. I soon perceived that he contrived to find out something to do on the days when Mary Allerton was working for me ; and at those times he always made his appearance with a nosegay of Mary's favourite flowers, which before he left the manse, was usually transferred to the bosom of the maiden. About this time did I also observe a change in the bearing of the fair girl : formerly, her eyes met mine with looks of innocent confiding—now, they shrank abashed before my glance. Yet did they at times flash with a gladdened and brightened beauty, from beneath her long lashes ; while blushes, as if from a heart newly awakened to some strong emotion, would dart vividly across her cheek. And soon the cause of all this was told to me by William Stuart : Mary had promised to become his wife.

On the evening previous to the day on which they were to be married, I happened to be passing Mary's door ; and as I wished to speak to her, I went into the cottage. There was a cheerful blaze upon the hearth, and a fir candle was burning bright upon the ingle. The change from the night air was very grateful to my feelings ; for there was a cold north wind blowing and driving the snow in heavy showers from off the hills. The moon came out from behind the clouds in fitful gleamings, and threw her stormy brightness on the troubled Spey ; and as I listened to the hoarse murmurs of the blast, I drew my chair closer to the hearth. Mary was sitting opposite to me on a low stool, the red blaze of the fire shone full upon her face. Perhaps it was this that gave to her cheek that unnatural colouring, and as I thought so, I

moved a little away from her—but no : there *was* a strange glow upon her cheek, and an unsettled brightness in her eye. She sang—and never did the lark sing with a gayer note than on this evening did Mary Allerton ; yet was there something so wild and startling in her mirth, that I would fain have checked it, but I could not ; for was it not natural that she should be happy on the eve of her bridal ?

As I walked homeward, the snow was drifted across the path in dark whirlwinds, and the trees tossed their branches wildly in the air. I looked around upon the tempest, and thought of those who were now exposed to its terrors. There was a market that day in a neighboring village, and I knew that many of my parishioners were there. As I remembered this, I looked anxiously at the dark and foaming waters of the Spey ; for I much feared that in their hardy and intoxicated daring, the men might attempt to cross the river, even in the darkness and in the storm. William Stuart had also gone to the fair, but about him I felt no fear, for he had promised Mary not to return home that night, and I was convinced that he would not disobey his bride. I was seated in my parlour, listening to the still increasing storm, when I heard a loud knocking at the gate, and the sound of many voices. Something they said about William Stuart—I knew not what ; but I rushed to the door, and followed them, as they ran wildly towards the river. On the bank there was assembled a crowd of people : some stood in silent groups, yet in the moonlight I could see that their hands were clasped, and that their hearts were filled with a strong emotion. Others were walking to and fro, while they uttered frantic and broken wailings ; and in the midst of a denser and more collected crowd, I beheld the dead

body of William Stuart, and by his side, upon her knees, was Mary Allerton, wiping with her long hair the frozen blood from his brow. When I approached, she looked up and smiled. May I never again look on such a smile! Then she covered the face of the corpse with her handkerchief, and said, 'That's a sound, sound sleep; but he'll sleep aye the sounder that I am singing; and she sang—

'I'll make to my bridegroom

A grassy green pillow,

And our bed will the red heather be;

And the wild birds will sing,

And wild flow'rs will spring

Round my braw bonnie bridegroom and me.'

It was terrible to hear her sing—ever when she stopped in her wild melody, looking up with her calm idiot smile.

On the morning after that dreadful night, I learned that when at the market, William Stuart was observed to place his hand upon his brow, as though his mind laboured with some painful feeling; and once he was heard to say there was a strange thought within his heart, that he must die that night. Soon afterwards his friends missed him from the fair, and it was conjectured that, influenced by the gloomy fancy with which he was haunted, he had resolved to return home, that he might once more look upon the sweet face of Mary Allerton. A shepherd-boy happened that evening to be seeking a stray sheep, and said that, from the opposite bank, he had seen a man push a float into the stream. It was wildness, the boy thought, on such a night; but the man seemed to have a powerful arm, and for a time the raft passed steadily, though slowly on. Presently, however, it approached that part of the river where most danger was to be apprehended. The waters, which on the other side were calm and turbid, here rushed along in eddying cur-

rents. The man redoubled his efforts to guide the float in its course of peril. For a moment did the boy see it heaving and tossing in the blackness of that boiling flood: then the moon was veiled behind a cloud—the wind rose with a sudden gust—and there was a sound as of trees bursting asunder;—this was succeeded by a low wailing cry, and then all was again still. When next the moon shone out from the cloud, the raft was floating in separate planks upon the water—but the man was gone!

* * * * *

I took Mary Allerton home with me, and she lived there for many months, but her senses returned to her no more; yet was she ever gentle in her weakness, and her only pleasure consisted in gathering flowers to hang upon William's grave. One morning she was missing; we searched for her in all her accustomed haunts, but she was not to be found. Then some one said that she had been walking towards the river. I went thither, and on the bank, where a year before she had been found kneeling by her lover's body, I saw her lying. I approached and spoke to her: she answered not. I lifted her from the ground, and found in my arms a stiffened corpse!

Saturday Evening.

CONVERSION OF MARTIN LUTHER.

DURING the dark ages, or rather at their expiration, religion and letters revived together. They had been buried in the same grave, and they were resuscitated by the more than magic touch of the same finger. The name of Martin Luther will be venerated while learning and religion shall maintain their existence and authority among men. He was eminently qualified for the work which Providence had assigned

him. The story of this man will never lose its interest. He was educated for the profession of the law, but an act of God unsettled all his former purposes, and gave a new direction to the whole tenour of his future life. As he was walking with a fellow-student in the fields, he was stricken by a flash of lightning to the ground, and his companion instantly expired at his side. This providence affected his spirits, and under the influence of the prevailing fashion of the age, he retired to a convent to spend his remaining days. Here he met with a Latin Bible, the first that had ever greeted his eye. This Bible gave liberty to Luther, and Luther, with this Bible in his hand, gave liberty to the world. The republic of letters, and the science of politics, not less than the Christian church, are indebted to the genius, the learning, and the exertions of this great reformer. His direct and appropriate object was religion, but the departments of literature and legislation have experienced their full share of practical effect. The same shower which watered the garden of God, caused the surrounding fields to assume a livelier green, and the distant wilderness to diffuse its fragrance as the rose.

ESSAY,

ON THE CHARMS OF RURAL LIFE.

How beautiful is the country! We are told that Paradise was a garden—the shelter of our first parents, a bower, and the employment of Eve, to tend the fragrant flowers—and this *was* happiness, and this *is* happiness: though the garden no longer blooms with perpetual verdure, though the voice of weeping and lamentation is sometimes heard among the bowers, and though the beautiful blossoms, by their decay, remind us of the perishable nature of all that is fair and sweet, yet still

there is enough of happiness left to make us feel what Eden was.

Wearied with business and its dull unvarying round, where do we seek for refreshment to our languid spirits? Worn out by pain and sickness, where do we hope to find returning strength? Satiated by pleasure, where do we fancy we shall regain the healthy tone of our mind? Stung by disappointment, and oppressed by sorrow, where do we fly but to the retirement of the country? There we find rest for the weary—health for the sick—exhilaration for the languid—and a holy calm for the sorrowful soul.

Crowds pass along from street to street, and all they can see of nature is the sky above them, obscured by the smoke of the town: they talk of their pleasures, they talk of their politics, till their blood boils, and they talk of their wealth till their hearts freeze.

In the country, with nature unbounded, above and around, their conversation is of the happy valleys, where all looks too peaceful for sin to enter, or of the far off mountain, whose inhabitants must live in tranquil innocence. The heart is so acted on by the balmy air, the music of the woods, and the beautiful scenery, that it expands, and warms to all who live beneath the same skies, and traverse the same globe.

Here the painter first taught his canvass to glow with seeming life. Here the music of the rill, the passing of the wind through the woods, the sweet song of the birds, and the tuneful hum of insects, make melody to which the most skilful musician might pause to hearken. The tabor, and the harp, and the lute, may sound at their feasts, and may enchant the ear; but the notes of mirth enlivening some deep glen, the burst of the martial band as it descends from the hill, the solemn peal or touching cadence that floats upon the

wave, now melting into silence, now rising on the ear again, and in sweet majestic swell borne along the tranquil lake at the still hour of night, is such music as, we think, angels might lean from heaven to hear!

Here science too can trace along the starry firmament, some of the wonders of creation; and, while the mind is filled with sublimity, the understanding is satisfied with certainty.

Here philosophy, far removed from each day's new commotion, can seek for truth, pure as the fountain, unclouded as the summer's skies.

Here the poet can invoke his muse, and she will answer. All breathes inspiration, every sense is charmed; the dawn of morning, the glow of noon, the close of evening, and the shades of night, all awaken his mind to some new delight; the world he sees, and those worlds beyond his sight, lift his fancy to lofty themes, and the enraptured poet cannot be silent.

—
FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

—
THE BURIAL.

"The hand is gone, that cropt the flowers:
Unheard the clock repeats its hours:
All lone and desolate her bowers:
And should we thither roam?
The echo of our empty tread,
Would sound like voices of the dead."

"HARK!" said my companion, as the village bell pealed forth its deep and solemn note, "Alas, it tolls poor Sarah's knell!" But a few days since, she was the pride of the village—revelling in the purity and joyousness of her happy heart—diffusing pleasure around her, and reciprocating in all the endearments of that society which her grace and intelligence adorned. Little thought she, as her mirror reflected the kindling blush of health, that glow-

ed upon her cheek, and the joy-lit flame that sparkled in her dark eye, that the ghastly 'king of terrors' was 'seeking whom he should destroy,' and that her loveliness might be the next trophy that the insatiate tyrant would demand as a proof of his victory over the young and beautiful! The festive hall, which erst was brightened by her smile—the hall 'where youth and beauty led the airy dance,' is now dark and desolate! The spirit that lighted, and the grace that adorned it, is fled forever! Nor less is her absence mourned in the sacred recess of friendship, or the sunny bowers of love. Not less is her loss experienced by those who have received from her hand the charitable offerings of a benevolent heart, or those consoling comforts so grateful to the couch of sickness. He, the sharer in her joys, and in her sorrows—he who was anticipating the happiness of uniting his destiny with hers—feels in this total wreck of all his hopes, that utter desolation which darkens the breast on being deprived of the heart's dearest idol. How often have I seen the fond enthusiastic George, gazing on her polished brow, and calmly beaming eye, as if she were a thing to worship! How often, too, wreathing 'mid her sable hair those fragrant flowers that sprang around them, I have seen him lead her with a look of pride to join the village dance. Or when the pale moon lent her lucid beam, meet light for hearts so pure, and forms so fair, I've seen them straying through the dew-gemmed vale, discoursing on schemes of future bliss! as if their very souls were framed for earth, and all their dearest hopes were centered here—vain, false illusion! The bright charm is broken—fair Sarah sleeps, unconscious of the tear of sorrow, or the sigh of love! Yet hers is the rest, that wakes to life and light!

MEMNON.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

The substance of the following story is recorded in Spanish History. It is a memorable instance of honour and regard to truth; and furnishes an example worthy of imitation.

"A Spanish cavalier, in an altercation with a Moorish gentleman, receiving as he thought, a contradiction, slew him upon the spot. Alarmed the next moment at what he had committed, he fled, and observing he was pursued, he threw himself unperceived over a garden-wall. The owner, a Moor, happening to be in his garden, was startled at the sudden appearance of the stranger, and hastened towards him. The cavalier threw himself at his feet, confessed what he had committed, and supplicated for safety. "Eat this," said the Moor, presenting a peach. "Behold now I receive thee in my protection, and give you security—in my word you are safe; retire here," he continued, pointing to his garden apartment, "and when darkness approaches, I will provide for thy further safety." The cavalier stepped into the apartment, struck at the goodness of his mind and generosity of his actions, and was only prevented from expressing his gratitude and obligations by the exigency of the moment. "Now God, who is just and good, be with you," and having locked the apartment, retired. This generous extension of friendship served to aggravate his feelings of remorse, & to draw forth the fierce upbraidings of conscience.

In a few moments the pursuers passed the wall within three feet of his concealment, entered the gate, and with loud lamentations, presented the Moor the lifeless body of his son! they related to him the circumstances of the affair, and a thought at once struck the Moorish father, from the connection of the story to that of the stranger's, that whilst

he beheld the murdered body of his son, he was bound for the safety and escape of the murderer.

He groaned in the excess of his feelings, and bade the corpse to be removed from his sight. "My son! my son! the only hope of my age! art thou gone to the shades so soon! Nay, nay, thou dost but sleep! Bring him before me, I command thee—nay, quick remove him. I see his soul has departed—the vital spark has fled—the warm blood of his veins is exhausted!—My God, my God, inspire me for mine honour, and give me strength to support my sorrow and my sufferings."

As soon as darkness approached, the sorrowful Moor, without making known his purpose, retired to his garden as if to grieve alone. Then accosting the cavalier, he said, "Christian, he whom thou hast killed is my son! his body lays in my house."

The cavalier confounded, shrank from his presence.

"But hold—thou art safe. You ought to suffer—but you have eaten with me, and I have given you my faith; shall I then break it? God, who is just, forbid! Rise, I command thee, and follow me—for I have provided for thy escape."

The astonished and trembling Spaniard followed him to his stable. "Now mount this, my fleetest charger! Thou hast taken the life of my son; but I thank God I am innocent of thine!"

"I will not mount!" said the Spaniard, whose firmness of mind was overpowered by convulsive feelings of remorse and shame, and tearing open his garments to his naked breast, and unsheathing his sword, he threw the glittering steel at the feet of the Moor. The Moor turned from his presence, exclaiming, "Let me not behold that which is damp with the blood of my son." "Plunge that steel into my bosom! God shall nerve thy arm

that it be steady and certain. Plunge! for it is the demand of justice, and my last desire!" "Return thy dagger to its sheath; I will not break my faith, nor take that which I cannot give; but mount, for time is pressing; mount, for I must return."

The cavalier, half assisted upon the horse, was guided by the Moor to the road.

"Now haste away; the beast is thine; and whenever thou landest in safety, may experience teach thee to practice virtue, and regard truth; to follow that repentance that may obtain pardon; and to lead that life that shall deserve happiness hereafter."

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

I have ever had a 'propensity' for a fair-haired beauty. There is something so soft, and so retiring, in the vision-like loveliness of a creature, whose sunny tresses seem almost to mingle with the light that surrounds her, that I always feel half-inclined to 'worship as I pass.' Her mild blue eye, too, reflecting the hue of heaven! and her tender blush stealing like morning's beam upon a wreath of snow—Oh! I love to gaze upon such a woman!—She seems incorporate with the pure elements that form her being—yet less of earth in her compound than falls to the share of other terrestrials. I love a fair-haired girl, of spirit meek and mild—her very look—her soul-appealing confidence in man's protection, knits a charm that holds his heart in thralldom! The bold unbending gaze of the dark eye, may fascinate—nay, even 'take the prison'd soul,'—and the crimson blush of conscious victory seal the bond;—but Woman, in her lovely gentleness—such as God gave in paradise to man—she of the azure eye and golden hair—

Here are the chains my heart would fondly wear!

AMICUS.

DANCING.

'We go to a ball.' Mercy upon us! Is this what you call dancing? A man of thirty years of age, and with legs as thick as a gate-post, stands up in the middle of the room, and gapes, and fumbles with his gloves, looking all the time as if he were burying his grandmother. At a given signal, the unwieldy animal puts himself in motion; he throws out his arms, crouches up his shoulders, and, without moving a muscle of his face, kicks out his legs, to the manifest risk of the bystanders, and goes back to his place, puffing and blowing, like an otter after a half hour's burst. Is this dancing? Shades of the filial and paternal Venus! Can this be a specimen of the art which gives elasticity to the most inert confirmation? which sets the blood glowing with a warm and genial flow, and makes beauty float before our ravished senses, stealing our admiration by the gracefulness of each new motion, till at last our souls thrill to each warning movement, and dissolve into ecstasy and love? Maiden, with the roses lying among the twinings of thy long red hair! think not that the art of dancing consists merely in activity and strength. Thy limbs, which are none of the weakest, were not intended to be the rivals of a pavier's hammer: the artificer who trimmed thy locks, had no idea that his labours were to be lifted three feet higher than thy natural height from the ground!—spare thyself such dreadful exertion, we beseech thee, and consider that thine ankle, tho' strong and thick as St. George's pillars, may be broken or sprained, with such saltations.!

"Her's was a Seraph's—
His a Gorgon's head!"

"LONG, long ago, (and the mists of thirty years are lifted from our retrospective vision as we speak,)

we went with a party of amiable girls, to see one of the grandest objects in England. Shall we forget the sunny day which lighted us merrily over valley and plain, till we entered at last on the magnificent defiles of the Cheddar Cliffs in Somersetshire? Never!—We still, (with a minuteness, of which, as we look at our diminished legs—which are at this moment swathed in flannel—we are half ashamed,) remember the fawn colored pelisse, and white straw bonnet of a young and beautiful maiden of the party. We remember the beauties of her flexible form, and the moving lights which danced across her countenance as she spoke, and still more the bright wild innocence which sealed love's seal upon her downy cheek, when'er her sweet soft lips were curled into a smile. On we went, the maiden and ourself, and we talked of—or if we talked at all, we do not remember—or at least, we have no inclination to reveal. As we wandered up the pass, and the gradual winding of the ascent brought us every instant into view of some more sublime and grander aspect of the scene, our conversation became less sustained, till when we came to the middle of the steep, where on each side of us, rose “in wild and stern magnificence,” the grand and rugged crags, with their rude projections clothed in brushwood, and mellowed by the warm tints of the noon-day sun, we should have thought it a profanation of nature's holiest mysteries, if we had uttered one word even of admiration, to the mute and interesting girl, who rested on our arm. The hawk poised himself on his broad and moveless wing, far up within the shadow of a beetling cliff, and then dashed into the sunshine and away! a joyous and delighted thing, down the windings of the mountain. The wild pigeon, too, came sailing with a flood of light upon his wings,

and circling for a moment round a jutting ledge, folded his pinions on that desolate pinnacle, and brought to our fancy, amid all the wildness and majesty of the scene, thoughts, humbler and more gentle, of the quiet cottage in the far-off land, which had been the shelter of our boyhood, and which, with such a companion as we then possessed, might be the no less fondly cherished shelter of our age. Yes, young and beautiful Honora! even amid the sternness of nature's works, our heart was softened by thy calm and lovely smile! But what the devil you could see in that thin-necked curate, who has since become your husband, it passes our comprehension to divine. He is the most enormous eater we ever encountered in our life. Could such a being, after swallowing two pound of mutton, fourteen potatoes, three rounds of bread, two quarts of beer, besides pudding and cheese, dare to hint a syllable of love to any thing but a southdown sheep? Could he have soothed thy young heart in its lonely and perhaps its melancholy thoughts, as we could have done? Could he have looked into the blue recesses of thy rich deep eyes, and forgotten every thing but gratitude to heaven for having bestowed on him a creature so pure, so beautiful? Could he have wandered into the calm solitudes, by the side of some romantic burn, and pulled the long blue bells wet with the spray of the dashing linn, and twined them in thine auburn hair, and rested beside, with a sweet and chastened affection, and read to thee “through the lang simmer day,” on some heathery knowe, far from the noisy and observing world, a world within yourselves? Oh, no! But thou, Honora! thou art the mother, we hear, of nine boys and girls, while we—are slowly recovering from a four months' fit of the gout!

R. H.”

ORIGINAL SKETCHES—No. I.
(Concluded.)

—
"We hold the mirror up to Nature."
—

D E L A M E T ;
A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLU-
TION.

CHAPTER V.

Oh! what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive!

—
SCOTT.

THE reader will recollect that the last chapter closed with the conversation between Henri De Lamet and Christelle, the femme de chambre of the Queen, whose confidence he endeavoured to secure by bribery, without reflecting that he was at this moment in the power of a woman, who had herself confessed the possibility of her accepting a "higher" bribe, if offered. Yet so ardent was he, in his determination to free his sovereign from the power of his enemies, that he thought not a moment on the peril of his own situation. Glowing with all the romantic spirit of chivalry, he believed that his single arm was destined to liberate the whole Royal Family from bondage, and that his blade was all sufficient to defend them, and all those who were accessory to this plan, from an infuriated Republic, who would of course recognise him as a traitor, should his plot be discovered.

However honorable to the character of De Lamet, as a subject, his loyal principles might be, still the deceitful part which he conceived it was his duty to sustain, in order to accomplish his wishes, could scarcely admit of justification. He had been appointed to a post of trust by the Revolutionists—nay, had even sworn to support the rights of the people! What then was his fate in case his apostacy was discovered? Disgrace and—death! Averting these thoughts, which for a moment crossed his mind, and knowing that

vol. 1.

promptness alone could insure success, De Lamet hastened from the palace, in order to obtain the habit of Father Michael, after having previously stated to the guard, that he was that night expected. In this garb, as has been heretofore related, he intended to enter the palace, and having transferred it to the king, immediately resume his own, and attend him as he had often done; father Michael past the outer guard; when, instead of returning to the palace, as formerly, he proposed meeting the king at a place not far distant, where several of the fleetest horses were stationed, in order to convey them, as also Marie and Henriette to a safe retreat, until measures could be taken to remove them from France. Eager to accomplish these plans, in a few hours, De Lamet appeared at the palace gate disguised as Father Michael, and was admitted unquestioned to the apartments of the king—who assumed his dress, while his companion soon arrayed himself in his usual costume, and having remained long enough for the supposed performance of his religious duties, the king descended from the gallery, attended by his intrepid friend! Suddenly,—the confusion of voices, and the clashing of arms, were heard! when in an instant they were surrounded by a band of exasperated soldiers, among whom they recognized *Julian*, the husband of *Christelle*! The king was immediately remanded back to prison—and loudly accusing De Lamet as a TRAITOR, he was hurried before a lawless tribunal, where after having obtained from him the secret of the Queen's residence, on the promise of pardon—they insulted him for his credulity, in relying on their promise, and sentenced him to the guillotine to expiate the crime of a TRAITOR! Next morning his head branded with this mark of disgrace, was displayed above the palace

gates! After seizing upon all the property and effects of the house of De Lamet, they permitted his sister to retire to a convent, where horror, at the fate of all her family and friends, soon put an end to her existence.

The sequel of this story will be found in the history of the French Revolution. The fate of the unfortunate Louis and Marie Antoinette of France, is too generally known, to require a repetition.

THE EDITOR.

I KNEW an editor, once—the best-hearted, noblest fellow in the world—one who was all good humour and kindness, full of anecdote and good feeling at home and abroad—in short, one who seemed to take the world as he found it, and make the best of it, for himself and those about him, too; a most pleasant, agreeable friend and companion, *except when at his letter-box.* Then, good heavens! how he'd fume and fret!—Swear? why, sir, he'd swear like a trooper!—Many the anathema that many a poor scribbler unconsciously received, while my friend was opening one scrawl, and then another, and another, penned by unfortunate aspirants to poetic bays.

I never shall forget one sultry evening in the latter part of the month of June; I accidentally popped in, just as he had engaged himself in his task of reading "communications."—"Lord, help the Editor of a Literary paper," he groaned, as I entered. Without observing me, he proceeded with his examination. "Um!"—"Ode for the Fourth of July!"—

"Blow blasts ye cannon into the sky,
For this is the great, the glorious fourth of July!"

Throwing the paper at his feet, he deliberately opened another.

"Sonnet to the Declaration of Independence"—

"Hail thou first great declaration
That made us a great a glorious nation,"

"Pshaw!" he belched forth.

"Lines to Silvy, on hearing her say she should like to go to the fourth of July."

And down that went with a shrug.

Now, his Journal was one of much respectability, and was patronised and supported by some of the best talents of the city of—. So it was to be supposed his letter-box, although filled with a great deal of trash, had nevertheless many a flower mingled with those vile weeds, wherewith to deck his columns. But fate had so ordered it this time, that all the gems of literature had fastened themselves at the bottom of the box, and consequently before he could reach one of them, he had to open and read fifty "communications," something like the above. He was hasty and irritable withal, and before he got half way through his letter-box, he stamped and swore by the holy gods it was too bad!—He was already melting with perspiration, and rising from his seat abruptly, fanning himself most violently with the last "Ode to the fourth of July" he had opened; he paced his office till the floor cracked again, when suddenly, as if some fixed determination had struck him, he called out to his foreman—

"Wilson?"

"Sir."

"Wilson, send the devil to me, for heaven's sake, Wilson!"

His devil appeared.

"Here—you devil—take this box—take this box, sir—and empty the whole of its contents—the whole, sir—into your fire!—quick, sir!"

Nay, Mr. Editor—

"Start not—'tis but fancy's death."

He who knows not the sweets of industry, may obtain wealth, but he cannot enjoy it.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

"We are but the venders of other men's goods."

SLANDER. Man, by birth, is a stranger to objects all around him; but alas! he soon learns to defame his fellow-mortal: yes, quickly he learns to hurl the poisonous dart of slander against the innocent victim of his vengeance; with a heart given up to wickedness, and in comparison harder than the adamant stone, he soon becomes an apt scholar of Diabolus, who soon gives him a commission to publish along in the streets every fault which he discovers in his fellow-being. But this is not enough to satisfy the infernal council of the black pit. He walks to some commanding eminence, ascends to the top of a lofty tower, and being assisted by the infernal demon, he stands tiptoe, and stretching forth his hand, he dips his pencil into the colours of the evening clouds, and mingling them with those of the rainbow, he portrays a picture of foibles which he has discovered in his fellow clay, and places it before the wild imaginations of human frailty. This is the task of a slanderer, and to him it is a delightful one.

O slanderer! thy tongue is more fatal than the arrow poisoned with the gum of Upas—more baleful than the sirocco of Italy—more cruel than the sword—more deadly than the effluvia of Java.

THE FEMALE HEART. The female heart may be compared to a garden, which, when cultivated presents a continued succession of fruits and flowers, to regale the soul and delight the eye; but when neglected, producing a crop of the most noxious weeds, large and flourishing, because their growth is in proportion to the warmth and richness of the soil from which they spring. Then let this ground be

faithfully cultivated; let the mind of the young female be stored with useful knowledge, and the influence of woman, though undiminished in power, will be like "the diamond of the desert," sparkling and pure, whether surrounded by the sands of desolation, forgotten and unknown, or pouring its refreshing streams through every avenue of the social and moral fabric.

MATERNAL INTREPIDITY. Some time last week, the wife of Mr. Lemuel Alexander, of Smithfield, N. H. went to the well to draw water, with a young child in her arms. While in the act from some cause the child slipped or sprung from her, and plunged into the well, which was about thirty feet deep. The mother immediately seized the well pole, with which she descended a part of the distance, and then jumped down to the relief of her child, which was raised from the water and held in that position until the cries of Mrs. A. brought Mr. Joshua Arnold to her relief. Both the mother and child were taken from the well, without having received material injury.

CHEAP WEDLOCK. Take Notice. Elijah Slider, a Minister of the Gospel, wishes to inform the public, that he has had authority to solemnize marriage, from the year 1827, in March, and desires a part of their patronage. If they will grant him their custom, he proposes to marry for one dollar, if not taken more than five miles from home, or seventy-five cents at his own house. He will be found one mile from Dayton, on the Cincinnati road, Jefferson street. *Also.*—The said Slider will pay the highest market price for linen and cotton Rags, delivered at his store, either in goods or cash.

A steam carriage for passengers is in operation in London.

Bower of Taste.

SCRAPS FROM A PORT-FOLIO.

Bring thy best lace, and all thy rings,
Thy seals—in short, the prettiest things—
Put all thy wardrobe's glories on,
And yield in frogs and fringes to none!

The same long masquerade of rooms
Trick'd in such different strange costumes,
(Surveying all these curious works)
You'd think Egyptians, Moors and Turks,
Some with good taste, and some with malice,
Had clubb'd to raise a 'pic-nic' palace!

MOORE.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

"THERE is nothing new under the sun"—
ergo, a description of Saratoga Springs will
be nothing new. Still, a sketch may afford
amusement to some of our rural friends, who
do not often see those fashionable journals,
whose business it is to shadow forth the image
of the times. Perhaps, to the village belle,
who in despite of the homilies of the parson,
still cherishes a secret longing after the del-
ights of Saratoga, a minute detail might not
be uninteresting; but to our readers "*en
masse*," such an attempt would be as "*flat,
stale and unprofitable*" as letters from Eu-
rope, by a modern traveller. We shall,
therefore, get over the ground as fast as pos-
sible.

This village has grown and improved much
within the three past years, not only with re-
spect to its dwelling-houses, but also its mer-
cantile and fanciful establishments. The lat-
ter, however, are probably of a temporary
kind, and owe their birth to the fashionable
gaeties of the place, with which they close.
It is well known that the highly medicinal
qualities of its waters are the only attractions
at Saratoga, unless it may be to exchange
courtesies with people from all parts of the
globe, who may always be seen at this toun-
tain of fashion.

These Springs are spoken of by foreigners
to be equal, if not superior, to any in Europe,
but the soil, as is usually the case, when im-
pregnated with mineral substances, is hard
and unfavourable to vegetation. The village
therefore, possesses little or no rural beauty.
Still, the proprietors of those fine establish-
ments, "Congress Hall," and "The United
States," have succeeded in cultivating the
grounds adjacent to these buildings, in a style
creditable to their taste and industry.

As we approach these gay temples of pleas-
ure, the simple elegance of Congress Hall,
with its extensive piazza supported by a range
of white pillars fancifully twined with wood-
bines and roses, strikes us with admiration,
which is not lessened by observing forms,

lovely as the Hourii of Mahomet's bower,
peeping forth from among the roses, or war-
ring a graceful adieu to their departing friends,
as the splendid chariots roll from the door.

* * * * *

"Life is a print shop, where the eye may trace
A different outline mark'd in every face."

This couplet might have been penned at
"Congress Hall," inspired by the Babelian
assemblage of all nations and tongues. Af-
ter a substantial *dejeuner*, partaking at once of
Yankee profusion and French embellishment,
the visitors separate—some repair to their
own apartments, others to the music or billiard
rooms. Thus the forenoons are passed, in
the indulgence of all those amusements which
the place affords. These extend not beyond
a stroll to the different springs, a ride through
a tangible cloud of dust, or a lounge at the
library. Perhaps your attention may be cal-
led forth to witness the "*four-in-hand*" eci-
sion of Phaeton's exploit, by some dashing
gallant of the South, who is ambitious at
least of setting the "Springs" on fire, by ex-
hibiting the spirit of his greys, beneath the
spherical curvature of his whip-lash, flour-
ished with all the grace of a Rhodian chi-
oteer.

About half an hour before dinner, the
drawing-room exhibits the strength and soft-
ty of the house, passing to and fro, in press
review, like a well organised troop, con-
scious of being surveyed by critical inspec-
tors. Here,

"Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle,
Mingle as they may."

It may be fancy, (said a satirical friend of
our side), but to me, people in general at these
places, always seem endeavoring to support
an artificial character, in preference to that
which nature has given them. Observe, suc-
ladies affect a sort of Queen-Elizabeth prin-
cess, so entirely foreign from their sweet so-
cial manners at home, that even their in-
mates would hardly know them. The gen-
tlemen, too, appear acting in masquerade
to 'get up' a sensation of some sort or other
to suggest the inquiry of "Who are they?"
seems to be a point of no small consideration.
To be 'something' abroad, though 'nothing'
at home, is by many a "consummation so
devoutly to be wished," that to effect this we
often hear the pompous *self-annunciation* of
those, who really believe their names are
known a hundred miles from their birth place.
Also, reiterated orders—ringing from the hall
to the attic, such as these—"Rooms for the
Consul of ———, Lady, and suite!"—(and
'Consul' perhaps a fractured merchant, extri-
ping from the "liberty of the yard" to a co-

sulship, to avoid paying his honest debts.) Next comes Peter Pedigree, Esquire—his owlish eyes fixed in vacancy—with “our party,” “our family,” and “our carriage,” wedged into every conversational pause, unconsciously convincing the world that his family honours lie not in his thick scull. Next comes a snug apothecary, who, after having pounded himself into the notoriety of dollars and cents, has ever since sported his silly daughter and his own carriage, at all these matrimonial fairs, with the hope of compounding his last *drug*, with whoever is willing to take it! [Yonder comes a hypochondriac exquisite, ready to “expire at a rose in aromatic pain.” Dandyism, shandyism, plebeianism, and even blue-stockingsism, is more tolerable, cried our cynical companion, than blue-devilism—personated by a pale dyspeptic biped—made up of all the miseries that ever escaped from Pandora’s box!

“Sir, do you find your health improved?” questioned our friend.

“No! no hopes of convalescence here—villainous climate—execrable roads—barbarous dinners”——

“Do you drink the waters, Sir?”

“Yes—drank seventeen tumblers before breakfast as a tonic—proved an emetic—no faith in the Springs—had as lieves drink from a duck pond.” * * *

MR. COOPER.

JOHN BULL evinces more liberality towards the writings of this gentleman, recently, than has been his wont on some former occasions. The “LONDON GLOBE” speaks thus of his last work.

“NOTIONS OF THE AMERICANS. It was to be expected that this work, by Mr. Cooper, the American novelist, would give rise to much controversy, and accordingly a very furious attack has been made upon it in a tory journal, even before the book was published. Nevertheless, making due allowance for the author’s natural partiality for America, there will be found in the work a great mass of curious and important information respecting that interesting country, which will be quite new to the English reader.”

It is by no means surprising that the literature of the “new world” should create an interest across the Atlantic. It is a fact that many American productions, which are scarcely read in the vicinity of their birth place, are received and perused with avidity by the English, who are anxious to learn every thing relative to us as a people. As yet their praises have been dealt to us with a sparing hand. Still, however, when obliged to acknowledge our literary merits, or national worth, they console themselves by remembering that we are “scions of the British Oak!”

For ourselves, we like this more than any of the previous productions of Mr. Cooper, if we except the “Spy.” He discovers a versatility of genius, high classical attainments, and a thorough knowledge of the political economy of our country. His assuming a fictitious character, is not objectionable, so long as it is well supported. It gives the author a wider field for the display of argument, and the indulgence of satire at the expense of Yankee Notions, which would not be characteristic in a professed American.

JOHN NEAL :

THIS watchful Cerberus of American literature—this insatiate gourmand of letters—has swallowed the *Literary Gazette* for breakfast, pounced upon the *Bachelors’ Journal* for a lunch, and we have no doubt, intends to dine upon half the journals of our city! Heaven defend us! Perhaps we, and twenty more like us, if they may be found, are destined to be served up for his *petit-souper*.

TREMONT THEATRE.

On Tuesday evening, we witnessed Mr. Booth’s enaction of *Sir Giles Overreach*, in “A New Way to Pay Old Debts.”

Having never before seen this play, we cannot judge of his performance by comparison; yet it would seem impossible to render a more perfect representation of the hard-hearted, grovelling plebeian, exulting over fallen greatness, or the artful knave, foiled by superior cunning. We would also mention the admirable performance of Mr. Archer, in *Wellborn*: his clear enunciation, expressive face, and graceful figure, qualify him for the *highest* walks of melo-dramatic acting. As yet he has attempted no character which has not fully gratified the expectations of the public. Mr. Cowell was excellent as *Marall*. Mr. Jones rather caricatured the *greedy* justice than otherwise. All such parts are generally over-acted, and licenses are often taken with the author, by introducing or magnifying indelicacies, which are neither creditable to the actor, or an improvement to the play. The part of *Mrs. Cowell* was a judicious cast. She is a delicate lady-like actress, and sustains such characters with grace.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. *Celeste* in our next. *Helen* came too late. What has become of *Ros?* and *Redivivus?* and our Salem friend, *L—*? We suspect he is gone to visit his “Aunt Tabitha.” We hope to learn the result. *Amanda* and her young friend are always welcome to a seat in our Bower.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE, is published by DUTTON and WESTWORTH, Nos. 1 and 4 Exchange-street, Boston—Who are authorised to transact all business relative to the printing and circulation of this Work.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

STANZAS.

Here, is "the grief that passeth show."

I saw a pale young mother bending o'er
Her first born hope : its beaming eyes were clos'd,
Not in the balmy dream of downy rest—
In Death's embrace the shrouded babe repos'd :
It slept the dreamless sleep that wakes no more !
A low sigh struggled in her heaving breast.—
But yet she wept not : hers, was the deep grief
The heart in its dark desolation feels ;
Which breathes not in impassion'd accents wild,
But slowly the warm pulse of life congeals ;
A grief, that from the world seeks no relief,
A mother's sorrow for her first born child !
She gaz'd upon it with a steadfast eye,
That seem'd to say, " Oh, would I were with thee !
As if her every earthly hope was fled,
With that fair sleeping cherub ! Even he,
Her young heart's choice, who breath'd a father's sigh
Of bitter anguish, o'er the unconscious dead,
Felt not, while weeping by its funeral bier,
One pang so deep as hers, who *shed no tear* !

AUGUSTA.

TO CLEONE.

Cleone—the pale September sky
Has borne its lovely crescent moon,
And light wing'd clouds are going by
To greet the modest evening boon ;
There is no bloom upon the west,
And all the mist is bright again ;
The weary day is taking rest
In the far chambers of the main.

Cleone ! I've been on many lands,
Since last I parted with thee here,
Ah, often have these weary hands
Been raised to wipe the trembling tear ;
You went from out my bosom's strife,
As a sweet angel from the storm,
And deeming evil of all life,
I offer'd unto death my form.

Oh, love—one night upon the sea,
 Where melancholy waters stretch
 From sky to sky—I thought of thee,
 As thoughtless of a wandering wretch ;
 And then the cold green ocean rose
 As with a kind inviting way,
 And reckless as the wave that flows,
 I stole to die among the spray.

That night is painful to me yet—
 Exceeding painful—the pure moon
 Had thrown her brilliant robe to wet
 On all the sea—and bright as noon
 Went down the influence of her smile,
 The dolphin came to greet me there,
 And rumbling sounds from isle to isle,
 Pass'd by in deep down veins of air.

And pure and clear as thy dark eye
 Was my far vision through the sea,
 Where scuttled wrecks and dead men lie,
 And all unlovely fragments be ;
 The long green sea weed waved on high
 As streamer to some sailing land,
 While the proud current struggled by
 To foam upon the distant strand.

And then I could but faintly think—
 The wave of death flow'd high my brain—
 Straining was life's last brittle link,
 And a dark cloud went o'er the main—
 I could not die—without a pang,
 For Cleone lighted memory's cup,
 And loud my echoed moanings rang
 Till friends could find and take me up.

Then I was glad : I liv'd on thee—
 I helm'd my courser of the waves,
 Like a swift wind across the sea,
 And plung'd among the deep down caves,
 And climb'd upon the mounting brine
 And shunn'd no danger—to atone
 Before thee for this deed of mine,
 And crave thy pardon, dear Cleone.

J. O. R.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XXVII.

Oh, whom shall I fear ? since the LORD is my light ;
 His wisdom shall guide me, his pow'r shall defend :
 Tho' a host should beset me, how weak is their might !
 If o'er me the eye of his mindfulness bend.

I will seek all my days in his temple to dwell,
 To gaze on his beauty and learn from his word ;
 In the time of my trouble with me 'twill be well—
 His temple shall perfect protection afford.

O'er my enemies, now, if in triumph I rise,
 The praise in thy courts shall be given to Thee ;
 If my spirit the rage of their malice defies,
 'Tis the power of thy spirit has render'd me free.

Now, LORD that my sorrows before thee are spread,
 And "Seek ye my face," animation inspires;
 Oh! deign of thy mercy to feed me with bread,
 That will satisfy all my immortal desires.

Oh! now with the light of thy countenance shine;
 And put not in anger thy servant away;
 Thy salvation and aid in time past have been mine,
 And this shall induce me to trust and obey.

CLERMONT.

Selected.

Extract from the "Records of Women," by Mrs. Hemans.

THE SUNBEAM.

'Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall:
 A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!
 A bearer of hope unto land and sea,—
 Sunbeam! what gift has the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles—
 Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles;
 Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,
 And gladdened the sailor like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades,
 Thou art streaming thro' their green arcades,
 And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow
 Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains—a vapour lay
 Folding their heights in its dark array:
 Thou breakest forth—and the mist became
 A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot—
 Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;—
 But a gleam of *thee* on its lattice fell,
 And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.

THE CHIPPEWA GIRL.

They tell me the men with a pure white face
 Belong to a purer, nobler race:
 But why, if they do (yes, it may be so)
 Do their tongues cry yes, and their actions no?

They tell me that white is a heavenly hue,
 And it may be so; but the sky is blue,
 And the first of men, as our old men say,
 Had earth-brown skins, and were made of clay.

But throughout my life I've heard it said,
 There is nothing surpasses a tint of red:
 Oh! the white man's cheeks look pale and sad,
 Compared with my beautiful indian lad.

Then let them boast of their race divine,
 Their glittering domes, their sparkling wine:
 Give me a lodge as my fathers had,
 And my tall, straight, beautiful indian lad.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



"With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
"We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,"—PAINÉ.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....OCT. 4, 1828. No. 40.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.....NO. II.

"WE HOLD THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE."

EDWIN AND OPHELIA : A NATIVE TALE.

It was in the year 17—, as I was travelling through one of the southern states, that I stopped at a small town situated on the banks of a river, and commanding one of the finest prospects in the country. On one side, the eye could trace for several miles the silver stream, winding among rocks and hills, till it became lost among the thick foliage which bordered its banks. On the other, the tall pines reared their majestic forms, and seemed to touch the clouds with their waving tops, through which might be seen the lofty spires of churches, rising from a thickly settled town at the mouth of the river. In this village I resolved to take up my residence for the season, and partake of the enjoyments of a kind and benevolent class of beings, whom Nature seemed to have knit together, for the purpose of improving their leisure hours in such a manner as to render

their little society pleasant and agreeable. At evening, the ringing of the factory bell proclaimed the joyful tidings of the end of that day's toil, when the street was immediately filled with labourers of both sexes, some of whom would wander a distance from the village, or climb a lofty hill which overlooked the place, there to enjoy the cool evening breeze, and amuse themselves by relating some love-wrought tale, or warbling over the notes of a country song. Never was harmony so profusely spread among a class of human creatures, as it was in this paradise of love; no sad countenance or discomfitted mind was there to mar the social happiness of the rustic circle, or disturb the quiet felicity of their evening rambles.

In this place I became acquainted with Edwin Clifford, a youth of most accomplished manners and

manly appearance; he was the son of a rich farmer, who had bestowed upon him a good education, and established him in business. Nature had gifted him with a noble mind and enterprising spirit, which promised success in future life. Being inmates of the same apartment Edwin and myself became most intimate, and never till this day have I met with the person whose friendship equalled his, or whose ardent affection towards man would bear the least comparison with that which he extended towards me; nor was his friendship unrequited; it was reciprocated by me, and we became the most sincere friends that fate ever chanced to bring together. Fond of each other's company, we lived for months, enjoying all the pleasures which earth could afford, indulging ourselves with the idea that none were so happy as ourselves. But during these days of happiness, Cupid was forging his silken chain, to wind it round the heart of Edwin; and fate had decreed that the cruel hand of a father should wrest it from the tender fastening, and crush both chain and heart.

After a few months had expired, Edwin began to grow careless and dilatory with regard to his business, his hours for retiring at night were irregular, and a sudden change was visible, both in his personal appearance, as well as that of discharging the duties incumbent on him as proprietor of a large establishment. In vain did I implore of him to entrust me with the secret of his present ills, which until now he had always done, even were it the most trifling circumstance. But my entreaties were of no avail; there was something that seemed to hang heavy upon his mind; and when I inquired into the cause, he would only reply that he was a indisposed but should soon get over it. Things remained in this state

for some time before I could discover the real cause of his mysterious conduct.

It was on the morning of a fine day in August, as I was walking carelessly along the banks of the river, listening to the early song of the warbling birds, and gazing upon the silver stream, as it flowed between its luxuriant banks, that I saw seated in the shade of a spreading oak, two persons, who seemed to be busily engaged in conversation. On approaching nearer, to my great astonishment, I perceived it was Edwin in company with a charming girl. On observing me, he arose, and leading her forward, introduced to me Ophelia Freeman. Here then was the mystery unveiled—having by accident discovered the secret which he had so long concealed, he was induced to confess the whole.

Ophelia was the daughter of poor but respectable parents, who resided a few miles from the village. At an early age, she had left her father's house, and engaged to work in the factory, where she procured a respectable maintenance as also afforded occasional presents to her aged parents. During the time she was a resident of this place, she had retained a pure and unsullied reputation, by which she had gained the esteem of her numerous companions; she was also possessed of a large share of beauty, which had caught the admiring eye of Edwin, and turned his attention from the pleasures which he now enjoyed, towards the more blissful days when he would be greeted by the endearing title of husband. In her he placed all his future hopes—his love was pure, devoted and faithful. When he spake of her, it was with tenderness and respect—the love which he felt was that which binds the soul forever, not the boyish fancy, which doats for a while upon a beautiful

thing, then leaves it with coldness and disregard.

I have seen him and his fair Ophelia seated together in the chaise, with the top thrown back, and the crack of his whip urging on with the utmost velocity the pace of his noble steed, driving towards the cottage of her parents, to partake of the rural repast prepared for the young guests, and to spend the quiet hours of a Sunday in company with the old people, who were always in readiness to give them a hearty welcome. This was Edwin's favourite retreat, during the summer season, to wander hand in hand with Ophelia and pluck the wild flowers which grew spontaneously in their path. The two lovers, unconscious of their future fate, let not a day pass, without enjoying an interview, and their souls became almost as strongly united by their own affection, as the bonds of Hymen could bind them; but during these days of sunshine the storm was gathering, which would wreck their fondest hopes on the shores of despair.

The time at length arrived when Edwin became desirous of changing his situation in life, and accordingly asked the consent of his father to be joined with the fair creature whom his heart had chosen. The old gentleman unwilling to connect his family with one so far inferior, and knowing that his son was still under his parental care, as yet not having arrived at the age of manhood, strongly remonstrated against the too early proposal of "his boy," and at the same time assured him that he should never consent to the union of him and Ophelia. This sudden and unexpected denial caused a deep wound in the heart of Edwin—he tried to speak, but the agonized features of his countenance plainly told the emotion which it had occasioned. Returning to his chamber in order to

collect his scattered senses, he seated himself in a chair, and leaned his head on the table, in which manner he passed the night. The harsh words of his father still sounded in his ears, and he imagined himself surrounded on all sides by enemies who were ready to destroy him. The sun arose, and found him seated in the same posture in which he had placed himself on the preceding night, and his swollen eyes truly indicated, that the shock which he had received, would in time prove fatal. He sallied forth from his chamber, and met his father, who turned a deaf ear to his entreaties,—again repeating with parental authority the words which the day before had distressed his unfortunate son,—and Edwin returned disconsolate to his apartment where he spent the remainder of the day in silent meditation. What was to be done? He could not go to his lovely Ophelia, and proclaim with his own mouth their destiny—he could not forsake her—and he could not long continue in his present situation. Three days passed away, and he came to no conclusion—on the fourth, he received a note from her, inquiring the cause of his long absence, and requesting him to see her the following evening. Driven almost to despair, he knew not in what way to give her an answer. On the impulse of the moment, he sat down and scrawled a few lines, stating the unsuccessful application to his father, and concluded by saying that business of an urgent nature would for a short time call him from home. After completing this, he rushed into the street, and observing a stage ready for departure, immediately got into it, without knowing whither he was going. In a few hours, he found himself in the midst of a large seaport town;—he wandered through the streets for some time, and at length strolled on board a ship

which was getting ready for sea. Though totally unacquainted with the hardships of a seafaring life, he made application to the captain, as a sailor, and was readily employed. In a few days the ship set sail, and Edwin left his native land, where dwelt all that he valued on earth. The ship was bound on a trading voyage, of two years; and scarcely had he lost sight of land, before he began to lament the unwise step which he had taken. His tender hands, which till now had not known work, were obliged to labour in common with others, and his delicate constitution would scarcely admit of the duty which was required of him.

The reception of the letter, and the sudden departure of Edwin, had most sensibly shocked the feelings of Ophelia;—and the effect which it produced was still greater than that which had induced her lover to forsake her. A death-like stupor settled upon her, and she became at times partially deranged. Fears were now entertained, that she would in a fit of despair put an end to her unhappy existence. She could not abide in her native land, and behold the haunts of pleasure which she and her gay Edwin used undisturbedly to enjoy. She could not revisit the cottage of her parents, without sorrowful recollections of former days. At the expiration of about four weeks, which Ophelia had spent in lamenting the loss of her lover, she suddenly disappeared. No one knew whither she had gone, and it was generally believed that she had thrown herself into the river. The consternation which this affair had occasioned, can be better imagined than described; the father of Edwin moaned in bitter anguish the fate of his son, of which he had been the cause—while the mother of the fair one deplored the loss of her daughter, and in a short time became weary

under the burden of affliction, she sunk with a broken heart to the grave.

While things remained in this situation at home, our young sailor was directing his course across the wild billows of the deep, with a mind as troubled as the waves that surrounded him. But one ray of hope still remained, which served to light his bewildered senses. He looked forward to the day when he would again land on his native shore, and in the maturity of manhood, seek his deserted Ophelia. The time had now arrived, when they were to set sail for America, but on their passage homeward, a malignant disorder prevailed among the crew of the ship; in this new trial Edwin did not escape. A sickness hung upon him, until their arrival at an American port, when he was conveyed to a hospital, where under the care of skilful attendants, he soon recovered, and awaited the day when he was to depart for home. A few days before the appointed time, as he was walking the room, he thought he heard the name of Miss Freeman pronounced, by one of the attendants. A sudden coldness shot through his blood, and he rushed from his apartment to ascertain the truth of his romantic conjecture—but it was not imagination—it was real.—The name again sounded in his ears—“Miss Freeman,” exclaimed he—“speak—tell me—is she here?”—His voice faltered, and he sunk insensible to the floor.

It appeared that a few months before, a wandering maniac had been taken up, and conveyed to this hospital; but no traces of her family could be discovered, and all the information which had been obtained, was that her pocket-handkerchief was marked *O. Freeman*.

Reader, if you have a heart you will feel for the sufferings of the forlorn and disconsolate youth on learn-

ing that this was indeed his Ophelia.

Upon the recovery of Edwin he begged to be conducted to the apartment where lay the now dying Ophelia—on his entering, she turned her heavy eyes towards him, and uttered a faint groan. He approached and took her thin hand, which hung motionless on the pillow, gazed for a moment upon her death-like features, and then burst into a flood of tears.

“Speak to me Ophelia,” said he, “do you know me?”

Her eye again brightened, and she endeavoured to raise herself, but her strength was too far gone.

“Ah, Edwin,” she said, “you have come in time to see me die—now I shall go in peace. Where is my mother?—have you seen her? Here—give her this”—reaching out her hand on which rested a ring—and with a firm voice exclaimed, “Edwin, we must now separate forever—I feel that I am dying—Oh, remember me—farewell.”

These were her last words. She sunk into the arms of death, like an infant into a quiet sleep. Edwin still held her hand, and for the last time kissed her beautiful lips; they were now cold and pale. He rushed from the scene of death, but his senses were gone forever. They bore him to his room, where in a few hours he was found a breathless corpse! A scrap of paper was pinned to the table with a bloody knife, on which was written directions for conveying their remains to his native place. His last request was complied with, and he lies buried by the side of his beloved Ophelia. A small white stone now marks the spot where rest in peace these two victims of disappointed love.

R. J.

The leaves of the wilderness, as they float along on the wind, are but the dis severed grey hairs of a dying year.

Saturday Evening.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

I HAVE frequently heard would-be moralizers, and sometimes even talented writers, quoting the sentiments of other authors to prove their own unhallowed doctrine, that real and disinterested friendship cannot exist in the human breast, because forsooth they themselves are incapable of feeling its holy influence. And yet these solemn sermonizers are read, and many readers are led to believe that mankind, and even themselves are much worse than they really are. Have not grave and reverend writers in all ages, been declaiming against the “degeneracy of the age” in which they lived, as if it was worse than any that preceded it? And is not the very reverse of this the fact? Have not the dissemination of religion, and the progress of civilization improved the mind of man in each successive age, and rendered it less subject to violent and malignant passions? Are not crimes less frequent, and is not vice more ashamed of displaying its guilty front? Let the present state of society be compared with any of the former times, and every unbiassed mind will yield an affirmative and ready answer.

Without friendship and without love, which is but a more refined degree of friendship, this world would be indeed a wilderness of thorns; existence would indeed be miserable; and death would be hailed as a kind deliverer from a tedious and loathsome prison. But it is friendship and love that sweeten the draught of life, and strew its paths with flowers. I know, I feel, that friendship is not all ‘a name,’ nor love ‘an empty sound;’ and although cares and vexations sometimes cross us, there are moments, there are hours, when the calm delights of friendship and the

endearing ties of love, can kindle in the bosom of sensibility a flame of heavenly joy.

A BACHELOR'S RESOLUTIONS.

"MARRIAGE," said my friend Bob, with a sneer upon his lip which would have done honor to his Satanic majesty himself—"Marriage! It is the trap for fools, and I'll none of it. Marry indeed! I would as soon leap off the cataract of Niagara, to catch the rainbow beneath! I'm for single independence, and hold that man little better than a simpleton—who has not the sense to despise the snares of false, false woman!"

"Why, Bob," exclaimed I, "are you resolved never to marry?"

"Yes, that I am: I don't mean to have my stairs strewed with old shoes, and cast off hats. I won't be tormented with parrots, cats, and boxes, nor allow myself to be disturbed by bad servants and squalling children—not I. Let the women flirt about to entrap the unwary young men; let them squeeze their curls, work their lace, parade their feathers and flounce their frocks; they 'waste their sweetness on the desert air.' It may do for common men, but not for me."

"Well, good bye, Bob," said I. He muttered "good bye," and we parted.

It was not long afterwards, as I was sauntering down an unfrequented street, I met my friend stepping over every impediment with a nice caution which astonished me. I was accustomed to consider him as a wild, reckless fellow, who paid no more regard to the world, than the world to him. I never discovered the slightest degree of fop-pishness in his character, but censured him for an unseemly carelessness in his dress.

He would keep an old hat merely because it was old, and he never laid aside his coat till the el-

bows were in a particular situation. His boots had always appeared sturdily unclean, and he really delighted to wear his cravat a-wry. But Bob was now an altered man. He was arrayed in a costly suit, which silently spoke the tailor's praise; and one of Young's admired hats sat triumphantly upon his head, with a gentle and scarcely-to-be-perceived inclination over the left eye; his white cravat exactly folded about his neck, was curiously twisted into a knot of mathematical precision; and a brilliant red breast-pin, in the shape of a human heart, shone sparkling on plaited ruffles, most exquisitely clean. Silk stockings and morocco pumps gave grace to his handsome feet, and he shook rich fragrance from a kerchief white as the driven snow. I was amazed, and hailed him with looks and gestures expressive of astonishment.

"Why, Bob!"—He feigned not to hear, and was quickening his pace; but I did not intend that he should so easily escape.

"Why, Bob!" I repeated, "in the name of all that's wonderful, where are you going, and what are you about to do?"

With a blush, which his well applied handkerchief could not wholly conceal—he replied:

"Oh—only walking for air and exercise—that's all."

"Oh—that's all, is it? I wonder you do not choose a busier scene for your rambles; you certainly need not be ashamed of your dress."

Bob blushed rosy red again, and stammered forth a joke.

"Yes, I have turned dandy, just to humour the world—and"—

"And what?" inquired I.

He hesitated a moment and bit his lips, but suddenly assuming his natural frankness of demeanor, addressed me as follows:

"Why, my dear fellow, I believe

there is no use of concealing it from you any longer ; so I might as well confess it at once."

" Confess !—what ?"

" Why, that I am g-g-g-going"—

" Why, what is the matter ? going where ?"

" To be"—with increasing confusion—

" To be—what ?"

" M-m-m-married !"

—
FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

A LEGEND OF NEWBURY-PORT.

Ask of the Afric—who hath forg'd his chain ?
The red man—who enjoys his wide domain ?
Is it the brave—the generous—and free—
The champions of right, and liberty !

I NEED not tell many of my readers that there is an island about two or three miles below the town of Newburyport in Massachusetts, called Plumb island—a place of general resort to the good people round, in the months of August and September ; when fifty or sixty carriages may be seen toiling through the heaps of sand with which it is covered. The island itself extends about north and south, for a distance of nine miles, in width about half a mile. At the northern extremity runs the channel of the Merrimac, and the bar is then found—at the southern extremity is Ipswich bar, where Plumb island river, which is nearly a narrow strait, *now*, runs into the broad Atlantic, which stretches out on the easterly side of the island. About three miles from the outlet of Plumb island river into the Merrimac, is the mouth of the Parker river, opening into the strait, and running with it into the ocean, at Ipswich.

About one hundred years ago (if I recollect aright) the Indians assert that there was no outlet where now the Merrimac opens into the ocean—but then all the congrega-

ted waters of the Merrimac and the Parker flowed together into the common reservoir at Ipswich ;—an assertion indeed seeming most probable, as the stream of Plumb island river is continually more and more filling with sand, and as it were growing from the bottom, to join the island to its mother land. About this time, after a strong and stormy wind had blown from the north for three or four days, it turned suddenly from this point, and breathed smoothly from the south-west. It was in August, at midday, and at low water, when a canoe came from the Merrimac, to the division stream between the island and the main land—and proceeded swiftly down the current, till it came opposite to the mouth of the Parker—and then it was stationary.

The voyagers were two children of the forest—with each a skin thrown over the shoulders, and girded round the body with a belt of wampum, closely, and falling below to the knees ; which with a pair of moccasins, completed their dress. One was a youth, and the other a maiden, either of whom would have done honour even to a civilized people : there was a native dignity that belonged to the true red man, that no other people on earth possessed—a nobleness which not a red man from the Mississippi to the Atlantic now owns—but from the same river to the Pacific—that is, wherever sophisticated man has not trodden—it is found in its original brightness ; for wherever it *has* trodden, no *Indian* has survived—no—no more than the slavish negro of the south has survived as the free Æthiop in the days of Syphax and of Juba. The maiden—whose eyes filled with beaming affection for the youth, her fellow-voyager—by her watchfulness of his smile, showed signs of her devoted love.

As they floated along the current

which was yet going outward—they laid aside their paddles, and grasped their weapons—she a fishing line of the fibres of a bear's sinews—he his bow and arrows pointed with bone and flint—at this time of the year the marsh and the sands are covered with birds even now—tho' many of these have fled before us, as have the former possessors—and then every arrow that he threw among them, bore death at its point, nor frightened the others from their places. He had shot all his arrows, and obtained for them as many birds. After he had pushed ashore his canoe, and gathered into it his birds and arrows, he plied again into the stream, and on a sudden dropt his head over the side of the canoe, and listened eagerly for a moment. When he raised his head again, you would have seen no change of countenance; while he addressed the maiden who was with him calmly as before—just in the same tone:

“Nasiti, daughter of the dove, dost thou hear?”

“No,” said she, “but what dost thou hear?” and looked up at him with terror.

“My ears are quick to hear—and the sound of an enemy's paddle is in them, and they approach—go to the shore.”

They went in to the shore, and drew up the canoe among the tall reeds, and sat down among them. Assaius (for so was the youth named) drew from the birds the bloody arrows, and deposited them in his quiver—he tightened the string of his bow, and fitted an arrow to it. Nasiti looked anxiously at these preparations—but when she gazed wishfully in his face, and would have spoken, he put his finger upon his lips, and her mouth was closed. A quarter of an hour was passed when a large canoe loaded with savages shot out from the Parker, and moved swiftly to various parts

of the stream, as if in search of some one. They rowed repeatedly by the place where the two were concealed, and made no discovery. The two were in the bed of a small creek, which was left dry at low water, and being deeply covered by the reeds, they could not be seen by persons who were going past in a canoe. After the canoe had gone by to some distance, the tide began to come in with great vehemence: their canoe floated almost immediately, and they were obliged to paddle themselves out, and to labour for their life. When they were seen by the others as they came out, a loud shout was raised, and hot pursuit was given; for the space of a mile and a half, the two kept themselves in advance of their pursuers; but then they found that they must soon be overtaken. Just at this point a long humpback ran out across the stream, and opposed itself to the current; and as the hindmost boat reached this point, Assaius dropped his paddle, seized his bow, and shot an arrow directly through the breast of one of those who were paddling. The man dropped heavily into the water—his paddle flew from his hand—and the boat struck upon the sands. It was but the work of a moment with Assaius to repair his paddle; and he urged his boat onward with his whole strength and again he had the advantage over them.

When he reached the Merrimac his foes exerted their whole strength to thrust themselves above him, and prevent him from going up the river to the encampment of his tribe; and by the utmost exertions on their part,—some of them even paddling the water with their hands,—they succeeded.

It was then for the first time that the storm from the northeast, which had prevailed for several days, had dashed over its barriers—and where now is the mouth of the Merrimac.

had formed an outlet which the river, swelling with the rains that fell, had enlarged. This freshet had so increased, that even while the tide was rising, the fresh water on the surface was running outward swiftly; and Assaius, when he found himself shut out of a return, aimed the boat's head towards the river's mouth, and was in a few moments on the pathless ocean—the first native that ever crossed the bar at Newburyport. But when he turned his head, he found that his foes gained upon him and that but a few moments would pass, ere he and she whom he loved would be either slaves or corpses. "Daughter of the dove," said he, "Lo, our foes come on, even now are they here."

"Son of the bright eagle," was her reply, "why wait we for death at the hands of an enemy! Let us do for ourselves this last deed!" and she stood erect in her canoe. Assaius clasped her in his arms, and as a huge wave came whitening on to their bark, he dropped one tear upon her, and sprang with her into the bows of the canoe. She bore up against the water for an instant, when suddenly a huge wave struck upon her, and engulfed the lovers in the boundless ocean forever.

A. R.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

ESSAY.

"HE IS GONE TO EUROPE TO FINISH HIS EDUCATION."

AFTER passing through the usual routine of those studies which constitute a useful, and polite education, it is natural for us to enquire what further is necessary to effect its final completion, in order to give us a claim to what is termed, 'a finished education,' as also to learn the nature of these pursuits, and studies which are to confer upon us this important honour. Limited as my observations have been, till I have formed some conclusions

VOL. I.

relative to this subject, which although they may be erroneous, are the result of observation, and a wish to learn the truth.

Do we go forth into the world for the purpose of surveying the sublime and beautiful of Nature, of investigating her mysteries, and thereby rendering ourselves more fully sensible of the glory of Deity? No: It is to gaze upon the monuments of art, to witness the glory, or the decay, of the proud works of man? Do we seek society in order to become more thoroughly acquainted with the human character in its primitive state? No. Man passes before us in the garb of masquerade, clothed in the robes of power, and ambition—wrapt within *himself*—with a mind, and character, as inaccessible to the world, as is the hoarded gold of the miser. Does this 'finish' of our education consist in a deep and secret communion with ourselves, which may enable us to conquer our weakness, improve our faculties, or cultivate our virtues? No. We are oftener more industriously employed in detecting the follies of others, in envying or depreciating their talents, or endeavouring to build the superstructure of our own fame upon the ruins of theirs.

It has been argued that a free intercourse with the world has a tendency to enlarge the mind, and liberalize the feelings, yet so much is dependant upon our own propensities to good, or evil, that no certain inference can be drawn from casual observation. The same soil that gives birth to the flower, also nourishes the weed; it therefore remains with us to cultivate the one, and exterminate the other. There is no situation in life from which we may not derive a useful lesson; and on the other hand, no society from which we may not extract bad example. It must of course follow, that a knowledge of the world may

80

result either in our improvement or disadvantage, according to the use, or neglect of our talents. K.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

A FEW evenings since, as I was walking in a shadowy retired road, to enjoy the refreshing coolness of the air, I observed at no great distance from me, a neat white cottage, pleasantly situated on the borders of a transparent river, surrounded by trees of various kinds. On approaching it, my attention was directed towards a large elm that stood in front of the house, under which were sitting an elderly lady and a little girl. Not wishing to disturb them, as the youngest appeared attentively engaged in reading, I approached them with caution, in order to gratify an idle curiosity, by ascertaining the subject which so interested them. I found the little girl was perusing the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew; and when she read that passage which relates to the wicked and slothful servant who hid his Lord's talent in the earth, the old lady breathed a heavy sigh, and exclaimed, "I am the wicked and slothful servant, who have buried my talents in the earth!" Then turning to her companion, she observed, "Be not deceived, my child, by false friends. Though people may please you by praising the graces of your person, or by expressing the pleasure they enjoy in your society, or by telling how superior you are to others, yet know that these may not be your friends. A real friend will direct you to what is good and virtuous, rather than gratify your vanity by false praise. When a person warns you to do your duty, though it be in opposition to your inclination, believe that person your friend, and act accordingly.

"In my youth, my prospects were

flattering. I was possessed of good talents, and a large fortune; there was nothing to prevent my gaining a good education, excepting my own disinclination. But my friends (or those that professed themselves such) were ever telling me that much learning would only make me unhappy, by exciting the envy of the rest of my sex, and I should lose all my native gaiety and cheerfulness. Too much pleased with their flattery, and willing to indulge myself in indolence, I was thus deluded, till it was too late to recede. But let not your golden years be spent in this manner. Remember that—

"The more our spirits are enlarg'd on earth,
The deeper draught shall we receive of heav-
en."
CELESTE.

The following pretty article was sent us by a Lady, with the assurance that it was written by a Miss, of thirteen, (and her first piece.) Heaven bless these precious infants! Should she ever arrive at the age of seventeen, we doubt whether she will produce any thing much superior, although from her extreme youth, we have reason to hope she may.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

AUTUMNAL THOUGHTS.

I LEFT my home in the season of flowers, when the fragrance of the blossoms were borne upon the soft gale of morning, and the green willows were laving their pensile branches in the bright river that meandered through the meadow. I left my home when the robin greeted the first blush of morning with his song, while the rustic horn awakened the industrious husbandman to the labours of the field, from which he hoped to obtain a plenteous harvest. I have returned to the asylum of my childhood, but the flowers and the blossoms have passed away with the summer breeze—the willow still waves over the streamlet, but its leaves are scattered upon the faded banks! I have returned to the dwelling of my parents, made

sacred to my heart by their affectionate kindness; but the morning song of the spring bird is no longer heard at my casement, and my favourite woodbine no more requires my hand to prune its luxuriance—the sound of the horn is still heard, and the labourers are abroad, gathering the harvest of the fruitful year; they regret not that the season of blossoms is over, for their toil is repaid with the substance of the earth. Why then should I repine? Because Nature has exchanged “her gayest livery” for the sober robes of autumn? This garb may suggest a theme to a contemplative mind even more useful than the gay mantle of spring. Let me then hope, that the seeds of instruction that were implanted in my bosom by those whom I most love, even with the opening of spring’s first blossom, will in due season yield such fruit as may repay the labour of cultivation, and the cares of my affectionate friends.

HELEN.

AN AMERICAN DRAWING ROOM.

THE evening of the day of election was one of those on which Mrs. Monroe opens the doors of the White-house to the motley assemblage I have already described. Great anxiety was felt by every one to be present because it was known that the principal personages of the question which was just decided, were in the habit of paying their respects, on those occasions, to the wife of the first magistrate.— We went at ten. Perhaps the company was a little more numerous than on the preceding drawing-room. It was composed of the same sort of visitors, and it was characterized by the same decency of exterior and deportment. We found the President and Mrs. Monroe in their usual places; the former encircled by a knot of politicians, and the latter attended by a circle of women, of rather brilliant appearance. Most of the secretaries were near, conversing cheerfully, like men who had got rid of an irksome

and onerous toil; and I thought by the placid air of the venerable Chief Justice, that he was well content that the harrassing question was decided. The assistant Justices of the Supreme Court were also present, near the person of the President; and a group had collected in the same room; in the midst of which I discovered the smiling features and playful eye of Lafayette. The Speaker was known to be favourable to the election of Mr. Adams, and I thought I could trace secret satisfaction at the result in a countenance that his height elevated above those of most of his companions. There was no course exultation on the part of the victors, nor any unmanly dejection on that of the defeated. Several of the latter spoke to us; and in reply to the condolences of my friend they made but one remark—“We shall see what the next four years will do.” “How do you do, Gen. Jackson?” said Cadwallader, as we passed out of one drawing-room into another. The unsuccessful candidate returned the greeting with his usual mild and graceful mien. I watched his manly and marked features narrowly, during the courteous dialogue that followed; but with all my suspicions, it was impossible to trace the *slightest* symptoms of a lurking *disappointment*. He left us laughing and conversing cheerfully with some ladies, who induced him to join their party. A minute before, he had been seen congratulating his successful rival with great dignity and with perfect good nature. We now entered the last apartment of the suite, with the hope of finding a cooler atmosphere. A group of men among whom perhaps a dozen women were intermingled, had collected about some object of common interest.— Drawing near I caught a glimpse of the cold air, which in contrast to an uncommonly fine and piercing eye, forms so remarkable an expression in the countenance of Mr. Adams. He was certainly in good spirits; though had we not known his recent victory it is probable that his manner would not have been at all remarked. He soon extricated himself from the crowd and spoke to two or three of us who stood together. “Why have you not been to see us lately?” he enquired of a member of Congress

from Virginia; Mrs. Adams complains that you were not at her levee last evening." "I have been there so often this winter that I thought it necessary to be absent for the sake of form." "Is this etiquette?" "We must ask that question of you;" returned the Virginian, laughing, in allusion to the secretary's well known strictures on the subject; "you are our authority in all matters of etiquette." "Well then," returned the President elect, with great good humour, and with the tact of a courtier, "I pronounce it to be always the etiquette for Mr. — to visit Mrs. Adams."—*Notions of the Americans by Cooper.*

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

"We are but the vendors of other men's goods."

TRIAL OF A WITCH. Our neighbors of Baltimore have lately caught a witch, but they have not drowned her. She is described as very old, very ugly and very black. She is not the only witch in Baltimore—we know two others, but *they* are very young, very beautiful and very fair. The old witch (according to the Baltimore Gazette) puts spells on vegetables and apples; the young witches cast their spells on hearts and senses. According to the following account from the Balt. Gaz. the magistrate is a wicked unbeliever in the sublime art of witchcraft. The Justice commenced by examining the witnesses to the fact—one of whom testified that she had the "biggest pears and the most desired weggetibles, that the market could reford; but that the witch put her spells upon the weggetibles and the people in the market, and she could not sell nothing." Several other witnesses proved similar facts; and the watchman of the district, a man about six feet six in his stockings; having first used the precautions against witchcraft, which tradition informs us are omnipotent in such cases, testified, that "on Sat-

urday evening, the accused throwed salt, and other spells, on the pavement, and bewitched the whole market." On being examined as to his belief in her power, he shook his head very knowingly and mysteriously, and said that "such things had been done, and might be done; and, at all events, it was a breach of the peace."

The magistrate expressed his opinion, that from the clear and undisputed testimony in the case, he was not at liberty to dispute the fact; but, as he knew of no law, whether of the state or corporation, to prohibit any person from throwing salt on the pavement, he must discharge the prisoner—and the witnesses retired, complaining bitterly, that an example was not made of such a notorious witch.

PROPENSITY FOR Stealing. In a work published at Paris, on the *Monomania of Theft*, a singular case is mentioned by M. Esquirol, a physician. This gentleman had a patient, who, at the age of fifty-five, suddenly acquired a propensity to steal the silver spoons and forks, wherever he dined; but, as he was never unattended, the property was always taken from him on the following day, and returned to the owners. Determined, if possible to conquer this propensity, M. Esquirol, on one occasion, when dining with his patient, in a numerous company, detected him in the act of stealing a spoon, and publicly exposed him at the table. This exposure had the desired effect, and, from that hour, the propensity to steal left him.

PROPENSITY FOR Jestng. When Dr. Walcott (Peter Pindar) was dying, although at an extremely advanced age, he was aware of the crisis at which he had arrived. He raised himself suddenly in bed, when his nurse begged permission to bathe and wash his face. "Oh," said he, "do not disturb me—the

will take me as soon in heaven with a dirty face, as with a clean one." He spoke hardly a word after.

Bower of Taste.

THE SISTERS—AN ALLEGORY.

ONE fine morning in Spring, three fair beings in the bloom of youth, happy as innocence could make them, obtained the privilege of enjoying an uncontrolled ramble in the delightful pleasure grounds, that environed their dwelling. Previous to this excursion, they met in a plain though beautiful temple, dedicated by Virtue to Friendship, where a reverend sage, who as he bestowed on them his benediction, gave to each a written precept, whereby she might guide her steps homeward, should she separate from her companions, or be so unfortunate as to lose her way, promising at the same time that she who returned with as pure and happy a heart as she went forth, should be entitled to a crown of perennial roses.

For a few hours, they proceeded in the same path, till one was attracted by a beautiful *parterre* of flowers, and away she bounded, with all the gaiety of youth, to form a *boquet* for her bosom.

The other paused by a sparkling river, and seated herself by its side to listen its murmurs, and gaze upon its brightness.

The last, left all alone, felt not however unhappy in her solitude. Her heart was formed for the temperate enjoyment of all that is beautiful in nature, or art, without being a slave to the pleasures of either. After partaking of all the fruits and flowers that grew in her path, she retired to a shadowy bower, where she had leisure to reflect on what she had seen, and store in her mind all that was worth remembering—as also to peruse the scrip which was given her by the sage. It contained these words: "Stray not beyond the boundaries of the *Temple of Virtue*—Return while yet there is light." Having rested herself, and drank of a sparkling fountain at her feet, she arose to depart, beguiling her steps with a cheerful song, till she reached the Temple. But what was her sorrow to find, that though the shades of night were now fast falling around, her companions had not returned! *She*, who had been lured from her path by the gaiety of the flower-garden, had revelled with delight amid the glowing scene, charmed with the hue and fragrance of the flowers, until fatigued by wandering about in search of variety, and oppressed by their enervating sweets, she had fallen asleep in the arbour. *She*, who wandered by the

river, saw her own bright image reflected upon its surface, and like Narcissus she was so fascinated by the loveliness of her fair shadow, so absorbed in self-contemplation, that darkness came upon her ere she was aware, which not only prevented her return to the path she had left, but also from reading the direction which had been given her, in case of losing her way. The fair girl wept in the anguish of her heart, at her own folly, but knowing her perils would only increase by remaining in darkness, she immediately determined to attempt finding her way back to the Temple. Suddenly a beam burst upon her path, which she perceived proceeded from the lights that illumined its dome, which was now plainly visible! Springing forward with all the energy of her soul, she hastened towards it with a heart beating with joy, and in a moment she was at the feet of the sage, of whom she implored forgiveness. Rise, daughter, said he, you have erred, but as you are sensible of your folly, I again receive you with this monition: Never again lose sight of the *Temple of Virtue*. She was now pressed to the bosom of her young companion, upon whose brow blushed the wreath of "*perennial roses*." But where—where—was the other fair one? Alas! hers was a less happy fate. She had unconsciously rested beneath the gay, though poison-distilling poppy, whose deadly influence, together with the chilling dews of night had sealed her eyes, to wake no more, in the fair though deceitful bowers of Pleasure. A plain stone was placed over her grave—but no tear hallowed the spot where she slept!

SURAPS FROM A PORT-FOLIO.

THE BALL.

THE sound of the joy-inspiring viol, the shrill-breathing clarinet, and the heavy beat of the martial drum, is the signal for the young and beautiful to assemble in the hall of pleasure; not that the old and ugly, may not follow, if their will so lead them—

"To view the bells who lightens down the hall,
While half who gaze can scarcely move at all."

We have witnessed more of the science of dancing in its perfection at Saratoga springs than at any other place, some three years since. A young 'German belle' bore the palm of superiority for the season, both with regard to her grace in dancing, and also her musical talents, which were unsurpassed by any lady in our country: The beauty of her face consisted wholly in its intelligence, but her form was symmetry itself—just such as Terpsichore would choose her representative should possess. There was in her performance, that

ethereal lightness, that "poetry of motion," so beautifully described by Miss Owenson. *She* did indeed 'dance with all her soul.'

Although in these incongruous assemblies, made up of fashionables and unfashionables from every part of the world, there must necessarily be many exceptions to grace and elegance; still, the dancing here is generally of a superior order, with more observance of etiquette than might be expected, considering the crowd of the rooms. To promote the general gaiety of the scene, and indulge in the pleasures of the dance, are the principal objects of these 'hops,' where there is little of formality. Still, those who are most acquainted, form cotillions and quadrilles by themselves, which renders it more pleasant than to mix with entire strangers.

One private evening we were gratified with the performance of the Waltz, by two lovely girls, who passed through all its graceful evolutions, to the masterly touch of the piano, by a fair amateur from the South. This was the most perfect exhibition of the grace and beauty of Nature, that we ever saw; it was the very soul and sentiment of dancing. We have witnessed the whirlings, and leaping, and curvatures of the stage, which rather astonish than please. But *here*, there was no labour for effect, no extravagance of gesture, or distortion of features; all appeared free and unstudied. They were dressed in simple frocks of plain lace, over white satin and pearl ornaments, with a wreath of natural flowers in their hair, bright as the blush which exercise had kindled upon their dimpled cheeks,—which was not diminished by the universal admiration which their performance and beauty excited.

During the summer months, there is an encampment of Indians in this village. These people locate themselves near the Springs, in order to obtain charity from, or sell articles of their own manufacture to, the visitors, by whom they are liberally paid. The dignity of the Indian character must have wonderfully depreciated, to judge of the specimen here exhibited of that people. Notwithstanding their ingenuity, they are indolent, improvident, and regardless both of decency and neatness in their apparel, which discovers all the disgusting variety of squalid mendicency. Through the day the men may be seen lounging upon the grass, smoking, or asleep within their tents; while the women are employed in making baskets, moccasins, &c. or cooking their wretched meals. In short, all their work, however laborious, is performed by the women, who are even coarser and more rude in their manners, than the men. They seem to regard the Ameri-

cans with an eye of coldness and jealousy, and no doubt still cherish a spirit of revenge against the innovators of their ancient rights. There is a pride about this people, which will rarely suffer them to become servants. They still prefer the liberty of the forest, the uncertain meal, and the frail covering of the tent, to all the comforts which a civilized home could afford them, if the conditions were servitude.

TREMONT THEATRE.

Mr. Booth's second performance of Richard III. on Wednesday evening, was decidedly superior to his first,—owing probably to the powerful support which he received from Messrs. Archer and Wilson. The ladies should also be mentioned as sustaining their respective parts with grace and propriety. Miss Placide, in particular, as the Queen-Mother, made a strong appeal to the feelings in parting with her children.

To Readers and Correspondents. We are happy occasionally to gratify our friends, as may be seen by publishing such 'Extracts' as their fancy may induce them to send us; but to many, particularly Alice, we would recommend the pen, instead of the scissor, which we can if occasion require, use ourselves.

We have received from a celebrated and deservedly favourite writer, part of an interesting and well written Tale. We thank him for his liberality, and will publish it with pleasure, if he will please to furnish the whole—and not otherwise, as several recent embarrassments have occurred to the publishers of the Bower in not receiving the copy of articles in due season, which were designed to be continued.

"O—," (*dear*) what can the matter be!

☞ The gentleman who "achieved his last dancing school bow" in presenting himself as a visitor to our Bower, complains bitterly in the *Last Bachelors Journal*, of being sent home! without stating "the why or the wherefore."—His said professor of politeness forgotten what his master probably told him, that if he occupied a place in the dance, and neglected to appear when repeatedly called for by the managers, another would be appointed in his stead; who, though less accomplished in the art of 'bowing,' might nevertheless answer to 'finish' the dance. In other words, we could tell him that whoever engaged a seat, if it is in a wigwam, and neglects to occupy it, ought to *lose* it.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. LIVERING A. WARR, is published by DUTTON and WENTWORTH, Nos. 1 and 4 Exchange-street, Boston—Who are authorised to transact all business relative to the printing and circulation of this Work. All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor. ☞ All Letters must be post-paid.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

STANZAS.

To a friend, on revisiting a beautiful country residence, where the writer had passed some months in early youth.

Oh, say my friend—is this the grove
Through which with thee so oft I've stray'd ?
Are these the scenes we us'd to love,
In Summer's glowing garb array'd ?—
The breeze is chill—the leaf is sere :
Yet to my heart this scene is dear.

Come, lead me to my favorite tree,
Beneath whose shade I've oft reclin'd ;
Or to that Bower, so dear to me,
Where roses blush'd, and woodbines twin'd :
Tho' cloth'd in Autumn's sombre gloom,
They'll whisper still of former bloom.

Rememberest thou that dewy grot,
Peering above the Ocean wave ?
Embosom'd there, my heart will not
Forget the promise that you gave :
" Where'er in life thy paths may tend,
" Augusta—still I am *thy friend* !"

Yes, thou hast been, and still wilt be,
All that thou ever didst profess :
I never dream'd a change in thee !
Thy heart in friendship's singleness,
Ne'er fram'd a hope—a thought—alone,
Which e'en an Angel might not own !

AUGUSTA

GUILT AND DESPAIR.

Black night hath no alarms
For him who fears not death !
Who shuns the light—and loves
The tempest's wildest breath.

Mad visions of the brain—
Conscience !—Thou canst not fright :
Thy barb is powerless now
This recreant heart to smite !

Memory— call back the past!
 Arrest the flight of Time,
 And if there's room, write 'Wretch'
 'Neath my long list of crime.

But think not I will weep
 One tear of penitence:
 A curse is on my brain,
Tears will not wash it hence.

Those cannot weep who feel
 The riot raging *here*—
 That fix'd unceasing agony,
 The living soul's despair!

For me there are no bands*—
 To earth, or heaven—no tie:
 I know my fate: I know
 My soul's dark destiny!

The wretch who from his grasp
 Sees the last splinter riven,
 By the red lightning's flash,
 As o'er the wild waves driven—

Still to the floating wreck
 Lifts his despairing eye,
 Till the last whelming surge
 Echoes—Eternity!

Thus do I cling to life,
 Though every hope is fled;
 Nor heed the malison
 On my devoted head!

GORDON.

* "The wicked have no bands in their death."

SONG.

O where is that soul beaming eye,
 That came o'er my heart in its gladness!
 O where is that soft heaving sigh,
 That could thrill its fond feelings to madness!

I have liv'd a whole age in those hours,
 A victim to passion's delusion—
 I have culled her most fragrant flowers,
 And rejoic'd in my bosom's illusion.

Still, though I no longer am gay,
 I fain would not knuckle to sorrow,
 For though I've been wicked to-day,
 I'll try to do better—to-morrow.

H.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



"With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
"We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,"—PAINÉ.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....OCT. 11, 1828. No. 41.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.....NO. III.

"WE HOLD THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE."

THE POOR ARTIST.

How often in the cottage of the peasant, even amid the uncultivated wilds of Nature, do we see genius struggling through the dense clouds that surround her, and the bold energetic mind bursting from the restraints which ignorance and poverty have imposed.

James Ellwood was the eldest son of a numerous family. His father owned a small farm on the banks of the Hudson, which with the most diligent cultivation afforded barely sufficient to supply the necessaries of life. Possessing no means of acquiring even the first rudiments of education without expense, the children were suffered to continue in a state of almost savage ignorance—as neither of their parents were qualified to instruct them. The business of their lives, even in fancy, was labour—picking herbs, and gathering fallen apples, &c. for the market. It was the task of

young James, several times a week, to convey these stores to Albany, and sell or exchange them for other articles more needful. At other times he was occupied in cutting trees, or shooting game, which is abundantly plenty in those mountain solitudes.

It was here the young enthusiast, (before he acquired the alphabet) felt a powerful susceptibility of the sublime and beautiful of nature. In his moments of leisure, seated upon a cliff, or straying upon the banks of the river, he would portray with his pencil the scene before him with wonderful accuracy. He soon obtained a few paints, which he delightedly used, with much *freedom*, and although it must be confessed, his sketches were not much *improved*, by being coloured—still, they wore a glare, which suited the vulgar eye better than his softest and most graceful pencillings.

James's mercantile speculations were now increased, and in addition to catnip, pumpkins and potatoes, he supplied the Albany toyshops with an occasional sketch of the banks of the Hudson. By these means he was enabled to defray his expenses at the village school, and also to dress himself in a style more congenial to his fancy. His excursions soon extended to New-York, where he experienced the joys of Paradise, on visiting the "Gallery of Fine Arts." Here the whole world of fancy seemed at once bursting upon his view. Inspired by this rapturous vision, he returned to his humble home, and while musing again in his favourite solitudes, he seemed to have acquired a new fund of ideas, to have discovered in his own bosom, a rich mine of imagination, of which he was before unconscious of possessing. He borrowed nothing—he copied nothing, yet what he had seen, had given a character to his delineations, and a style to his colouring, which spoke the dawn of a powerful genius, and a strong conception of beauty, which required only the liberal spirit of patronage to encourage its energies.

Wandering among the picturesque scenes that border the Hudson, in quest of a subject for his pencil, a beautiful edifice struck his eye, built in the style of a Chinese pagoda, and environed by the most beautiful pleasure grounds. Here rose the light boudoir, gracefully shaded by the woodbine; there, played the sparkling fountain; while in a deep and solitary glen, the willows wove their shadowy branches over the still cold lake. It was here that destiny gave to the pencil of the young artist a scene, that took his "prison'd soul and lapped it in Elysium." Seated upon its banks he beheld a beautiful girl, scarcely beyond the bloom of childhood, lightly touching the strings of her guitar, in accordance with a rich and

mellifluous voice, to the old though beautiful song of "The Meeting of the Waters."

There was a sweet artlessness in the expression of her blooming face, and a simplicity in her dress, which harmonized with the beauty of the scene. Her sleeves, which were drawn to the shoulder by a blue ribbon, shewed an arm of the most exquisite symmetry, while the black bracelet, which encircled her small wrist, was beautifully contrasted with the whiteness of her slender hand, as she touched the strings of the instrument. Her bright hair, unconfined by combs or ribbons, curled lightly upon her polished shoulders with that graceful simplicity of nature, which has ever been admired by the poet and the painter. James, from the embowering covert, which concealed him from view, gazed on the fair vision before him with an intensity of interest and admiration, which at first suspended his power of transferring to his tablet the scene which so enchanted him. The lady, however, by commencing another song, remained in the same attitude sufficiently long for him to obtain a perfect sketch of her face and person, when suddenly the charm was broken by the appearance of a man of stern aspect, who approached, and taking her guitar, drew her arm within his, desiring her to hasten with him to the house, as Captain Wallace was waiting there to see her—on *particular business*!—said the old gentleman emphatically.

The girl retreated, and seated herself on the bank, from which she had risen, and covered her glowing face with her hands.

"Come—no *affectation*, Maria—no childish folly, if you please; you should consider yourself highly honoured by the attention of Captain Wallace."

"I do—I do,"—returned she, but I *never will marry him*."

"Never will?" questioned her father with severity, "then you *never shall* be acknowledged as my daughter, or possess one foot of my estate."

"Father," said she, rising, and fixing her dark blue eyes upon his frowning face, "you have ever since my earliest recollections indulged me in every fancy which caprice could suggest, simply because you sought to gratify my childish wishes, however wild and extravagant they might be. Now that my mind is matured,—at least, its follies are corrected by reason and reflection—you refuse to listen to my arguments on a subject which is of the utmost importance to my future happiness: nay, you would even force me into a connection which would be the certain seal of my misery."

"Future happiness! and seals of misery! So much for *novel reading*—ha! I now perceive the reason for your violent repugnance to the Captain," said he, glancing at the bushes, which James incautiously started to obtain a clearer view of the scene. "So, Miss, you have a Damon sighing in the shades, have you? but he shall "*sigh*" for something else, I'll warrant him," said he old man, raising his cane, and nodding to the spot.

Maria, without the least conjecture of his meaning, looked wildly round, exclaiming, "Indeed, father, you are mistaken. I never saw a being in this valley, whom I did not expect to meet."

"Oh! *very likely*," said he.

"No one in the world, excepting some one of our family or friends," rejoined she.

"Perhaps he already considers himself as one of my family: it is therefore my province to salute him."

So saying, he approached the shade; but James, as may be imagined, had thought best to make his exit, as soon as he was discovered.

Unfortunately, however, the leaf upon which he had pencilled the lovely Maria, had in his hurry escaped from his port folio, and laid fairly developed on the green grass before the enraged father. Hastily snatching up the drawing, he glanced over it, and passing it to Maria, said with a smile of irony—

"How many *more* "sittings" will your *artist* require, in order to finish his work?"

"Oh my father," said Maria, "do not judge of me so harshly! I never saw the person whom you allude to, nor can I imagine *who* could have done this; but," added she, with simplicity, "I should *like to know*, for there is something so singular in the circumstance!"

"*Singular*, indeed!" said her father, keenly eyeing her, as if still doubtful of the truth—"but come, let us return to the house, and if you receive the Captain as you ought, I will forgive this foolish affair."

"I *will* receive him as I ought, sir: that is, as your friend, not as my lover. But I have no claim to your forgiveness for a fault which I never committed, and I hope you will endeavour to discover the person who has been the cause of your unkind suspicions."

At this moment they were joined by the gallant Captain, who rallied her taste for solitude, and added, that he had long been straying about the grounds in search of her.

K.

To be concluded in our next.

Saturday Evening.

THERE are few perhaps who have not strayed of a moonlight evening, out of the precincts of the living world, to linger and contemplate among the grass-grown memorials of those who are gone.

An appalling chill shoots through

the current of life, at the undisturbed and universal silence of the scene—the stars tranquilly shining on the white marble, and freely illuminating the name, which friendship had carved for the slumberer beneath; here the grass waving in rank luxuriance, as if to hide the triumphs and the trophies of death, and there a human bone unearthed from its time worn sepulchre, a ghastly visitor to the realms of day; a wooden tablet marking the repose of the humble; a cross, the sign of the believer, and lofty and magnificent memorials over the mortal relics of the wealthy and the great. Ah, who, in such an assemblage as this, can be counted great? What gold survives the crucible of death? We can learn nothing from the living which the dead do not teach us. Would beauty be modest and unpretending?—let her quit the hall and the festival for a moment, and carry her toilet to the tomb. Would the proud learn humanity? the penurious, charity? the frivolous, seriousness? the bigotted, philanthropy? Would the scholar ascertain the true objects of knowledge? the man of the world, the true means of happiness here and hereafter? and the ambitions, the true sources of greatness?—let him retire awhile from the living, and commune with the dead.

We must all come to the mournful and silent grave. Our bones must mingle in one common mass. Our affections should travel in the same path, for they must terminate in one fearful issue. Life is full of facilities of virtue and of happiness; and when you would abuse them go purify your affections, and humble your pride, and leave your hopes at the tomb of a friend, when the stars are shining upon it, like the glorious beams of religion upon the mansion of death.

All happiness consists in contentment.

THE GARDENER:

AN AFFECTING STORY.

ROBERT WILSON was a market gardener. Early in life he married a deserving young woman, whom he loved with entire tenderness, and by whom he had several children. No man on earth could be fonder of his little offspring than Wilson; and they on the other hand had almost worshipped their father, taking delight in nothing so much as doing what he wished. Wilson was not very wise; nor was he at all learned; but his heart, which, as I have said, was all of tenderness, told him with unerring instinct, that his children would be governed more perfectly, and with more wholesome effect under the dominion of love than under that of fear; and his was indeed a happy family, where affection, pleasure, obedience and faith—faith in each other—went hand in hand. Wilson was well situated for passing his life comfortably, and rationally, his garden being just far enough out of London to render inconvenient his mixing in the squalid profligacies of the town, (had he been so inclined;) and yet he was not so entirely in the country, as to harden him into the robust callousness and ignorant vices of village life. He could just hear enough of the “stir of a great Babel,” to interest him in it, and to keep his faculties alive and awake to the value of his own quiet, and to the unaffected caresses of his dear wife and children, which always appeared more and more precious, after he had been hearing in his weekly visits to town, some instances of mercenary hypocrisy and false-heartedness.

I lodged two years in his house, and have often seen him on a summer's evening, sitting in an open part of his garden, surrounded by his family, in unconscious enjoyment of the still and rich sunset. I was his guest the last time I saw

him, poor fellow, in this placid happiness. We drank tea in the open air, and amused ourselves afterwards by reading the previous day's newspaper, which Wilson used to hire for the evening. We sat out of doors later than usual, owing probably to the deliciousness of the night, which instead of deepening into darkness, kept up a mellow golden radiance sweeter than the scorching daylight, for before the colours of the sun had entirely faded in the west, the moon came up over the eastern horizon, and the effect was divine. My poor host, however, did not seem so happy as usual. He had been thoughtful the whole evening, and now became more pensive; and nothing roused him even into momentary cheer, except the playfulness of his eldest daughter—a merry little girl of four or five years of age. It was sad to see him, with his dejected face, striving to laugh and romp with the child, who in a short time began to perceive the alteration in her father's manner, and to reflect in her smooth face the uneasiness of his. But their pastime was of short continuance. There was nothing hearty in it, except the dance of the child's forehead locks tossed to and fro in the moonshine.

I soon found out the cause of this depression. He was beginning to be pinched under an ugly coalition—an increasing family, decreasing business, and times taxed to the uttermost: the gentlefolks living about the great square, did not spend so much money as formerly in decking their windows and balconies with early flowers and rare exotics; and this was an important source of Wilson's revenue. He bore up, however, with sad patience, for a long time, till hunger thinned and stretched the round faces of his children, and his wife's endearments, instead of coming with hope and encouragement, seemed like to-

kens of love, growing more spiritual and devoted under despair—they were embraces hallowed and made sublime by famine. The failing voices of his unconscious children were like madness bringing sounds to his ears; and one night, losing in the tumult of his thoughts all distinction between right and wrong he rushed forward and committed a robbery.

I shall never forget, as long as I live, the hour when he was apprehended by the officers of justice.

A knock was heard on the outer gate, and on Mrs. Wilson's going to open it, two men rushed by her into the house, and seized her pale and trembling husband; who, although he expected and dreaded such an event, was so staggered by it, as to lose for a few moments his consciousness of all about him. The first thing he saw on coming to himself, was his wife stretched at his feet in a fearful swoon; and, as he was hurried off, he turned his face towards her, with a heart-broken expression, calling out in a tone half-raving and half-imploring, 'look there!—look there!'—

It would be in vain to attempt a description of the wretched hours passed by him and his wife in the interval which elapsed between the period and the time of his trial. The madness of his utter despair, perhaps, was less intolerable than the sickening agitation produced in her mind by the air-built hopes she dared to entertain in weary succession, and which were only born to be soon stricken back into nothing. This is indeed a ghostly and withering conflict. The poor woman, after enduring it for three weeks, could not be easily recognized by her old acquaintances. There were no traces left of the happy bustling wife. She moved silently among her children. Her face was emaciated and hectic; and her eyes were red with the constant swell of tears. It was

a mighty change.
 . The day of trial at length came on. Wilson was found guilty, and sentence of death was passed on him. The laws in their justice condemned him to be hanged—and the laws in their justice had enforced the taxation, the hard pressure of which had so mainly assisted to drive him into the crime. But the world is inexplicable.

His wife did not survive the news many hours. She died in the night without a struggle. It was of no use to let the condemned man know this; I knew he would never ask to see her again, for their meetings in the prison had already been tormenting beyond endurance. I visited him in his cell two days before the time appointed for his execution. He was silent for many minutes after I entered, and I did not attempt to rouse him. At length with a voice quivering under an effort to be composed, he said:

“Although, Mr. Saville, I do not request, (I was going to say, I did not *wish*, but God knows how false that would be) to behold my wife again in this bitter, bitter world, because such a dreary meeting would drive her mad; yet I think it would do me good, if I could see my child, my eldest girl, my little Betsey. I know not why it is, but I have an idea that her soft prattle, ignorant as she is of my fate, would take something away from the dismal suffering I am to undergo on Wednesday. Therefore bring her, will you, this afternoon; and frame some postponing excuse for my poor wife. These, dear sir, are melancholy troubles, but I know you are very good.”

In the afternoon, accordingly, I took the child, who asked me several times on the road why her father did not come home. As we walked along the gloomy passage to his cell, she clung close to me, and did not say a word. It was very differ-

ent, poor thing, to the open and gay garden about which she used to run.

The door of her father's miserable dungeon was soon opened, and the child rushed into his arms.

“I do not like you to live in this dark place, father,” she cried;—“come home with me and Mr. Saville, and see mother—who is in bed.”

“I cannot come just now, my child,” he answered: “you must stay a little while with me, and throw your arms round my neck, and lean your face on mine.”

The child did as she was bidden, and the poor man strained her to him, sobbing bitterly and convulsively. After a few minutes he looked with yawning eyes in her face, crying—

“Come, my dear, sing your poor father that pretty song which you know you used to sing to him when he was tired on an evening. I am not well now—look at me, my child, and sing.”

How sad it was to hear the child's voice warbling in that dolorous place! I could scarcely bear it; but it seemed to have a contrary effect on the father; his eyes were lighted up, and a smile appeared on his countenance. The song was of love, and woody retirement, and domestic repose, and the baffled frowns of fortune. While the child was singing, I left the cell to make some arrangements with the gaoler, who was walking close to the door. I had not however been thus engaged for five minutes, before I heard something fall heavily, accompanied with a violent scream, and rushing into the cell; I saw the unhappy convict lying on the floor, and his little girl clinging round his neck. The gaoler and I lifted him up, and alarmed at the hue of his face, called in the medical attendant of the prison, who soon told us the poor man was dead.

The account given by the child, was—that after she had done singing, her father started, then looked sharply in her face, and with a strange short laugh, fell from his chair.

I suppose she had sung him into a temporary forgetfulness of his situation; that she had conjured up in his mind with her innocent voice a blessed dream of past days and enjoyments, and that the spell ceasing when her melody ceased, the truth of things had beat upon his heart with too stunning a contrast, and it had burst.

AN ADVENTURE.

WE were slowly driving our old horse Tempest, in our quiet easy shandrydan, admiring, as all who have hearts and souls must do, the noble vistas which opened every moment upon our sight. Far down we heard the gurgling of the joyous river, leaping over rock and stone, yet saw not the glittering of its bubbling course for the thick leaves which clustered on its precipitous bank. Then at the winding of the way, we saw a smooth calm reach, circling with its limpid waters round a projecting point, and just below us the tiny billows glistening to the noonday-sun, half seen, half hid by the brushwood, which decked with greenness and beauty the rocky ledge over which we gazed. We gave Tempest a gentle hint to proceed, and not far had we gone, when gliding before us in solitude and loveliness, we beheld a form—and by the quickened pulses of our heart, we knew whose only that enchanting form could be. Immersed in "maiden meditation," she heard not the rolling of our chariot wheels. Nearer and nearer we approached, and at last as if roused from a dream, she started round and turned round. The large brown eye glistening in its lustrous beauty, till it appeared almost in tears,—the

dark arched eye-brows, the glowing cheek, and then the enchanting smile,—it was—it was our Ellen! Three years were passed since we had seen the fawn-like maiden. We had seen her in the lighted hall, where she was the cynosure of every eye,—the loadstone of every heart. We had gazed on the ringlets of her dark auburn tresses that floated in many a curl along the pure marble of her snowy neck; we had followed with admiration every movement of her graceful form, and looked with more than rapture on the twinkling of her small and fairy-like feet, and we had wondered that a flower so fair was still left alone, and was not gathered to bloom on in blessedness, the ornament and delight of some faithful and loving bosom. And here we saw her in this romantic region, communing with her own pure spirit.

We spoke in the words of overflowing friendship; and, old as we were, our heart yearned with kindness and affection to a being so young, so beautiful. Again we hear her voice as we used to delight to hear it, gay, joyous, free. She spoke with an enthusiasm, which made her still more lovely, of the beauties of the wild scene round us. "Go on, blessed creature," thought we, in the fulness of our heart, as we descended from our vehicle, and trusted Tempest to his own discretion up the hill,—“Go on, blessed creature, spreading light with thy pure smiles upon the darkness of a clouded and care disturbed existence,—be the pride of some youthful bosom, that will beat only as thy wishes point! For ourselves! we are old and failed, but thy beauties have scattered a leaf of the tree of happiness upon the dull and lagging course of our thorn encircled thoughts.” We wondered, but inquired not the reason of her being solitary in so desolate and wild a scene; our thoughts were other-

wise employed, and we were regretting that we had fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf, and picturing scenes of happiness and delight, had fate and fortune willed it otherwise. Even yet, could we win the heart of one so beautiful, we might be happy; attention would atone for disparity of years,—and Ellen, the lovely, the accomplished Ellen, might deign—

“ ——— to bless
With her light step our loneliness.”

Yet why for our vanity or selfish gratification doom a creature so young to waste her best years in the dull and joyless society of an infirm old man?—perish the ungenerous thought!—but would not she herself laugh at the mere idea! Perchance even now she is musing on some young and betrothed admirer; perchance she is dreaming of her future happiness, when the wife shall make it her pride to compensate for the coyness of the maiden. In the midst of our reverie and regrets, a carriage swept up the hill; a venerable old man looked out of the window as it stopped, and said, in an almost surly tone,—“ We have got the shoe replaced—how fast you’ve walked; come in.” And Ellen, the young, the pure, the innocent, the beautiful, was the wife of a man older by a good dozen years than ourself! We handed her in without a word, bowed, as she said farewell, and stood gazing after the carriage long after a turning of the road concealed it from our view. We remembered, that on remounting our shandrydan, we caught ourself muttering something, which we are afraid sounded almost like an oath.

R. H.

Why is the junior-editor of the Boston Statesman like Mount Parnassus? He is a *poetical Hill* . . . Why is a clergyman like a person who has encountered a doctor? He’s *met-a-physician*.—*Com.*

We most readily give place to this ‘extract’ from our fair friend ALICE: assuring her that we have no “visiting of conscience” as thus exposing the arrogant *tirade*, as communicating reserve, of book-worm importance. Noting also that these ‘Ethereals’ can indulge occasionally in the *vulgarism* of *epicurianism*, with as keen a relish as their terrestrial neighbors.

A MEETING OF THE AUTHORS.

“ THIS dinner was given by a literary amateur, to the several authors, and authoresses, who furnish our *running account* of novels, essays, disquisitions, reviews, articles, fugitive poems, squibs, and *bon mots*. And in the evening we had a numerous accession of both sexes, who were brought together as professedly *bookish* people, and therefore fit audience for the writers, who, I suppose, were expected to be speakers also. I know, that I for one, went fully possessed with the idea, that at least I should hear a great quantity of discourse, however I might chance to think of its quality; and, moreover, I was rejoicing for two entire days at the prospect which lay before me; but disappointment was the portion of every novice who, like myself, looked for “a feast of reason and a flow of soul.” Of all the dull uninteresting meetings of which I ever happened to be a member, I willingly vote the palm of pre-eminence to that at Sir Marmaduke Liston’s. However, as knowledge is always valuable, I stand indebted to that assembly for one piece of information, which, till now I have taken upon hearsay evidence.

It was in Lady Liston’s drawing-room that I first saw that gorgon. yclept “*Blue Stocking*,” which we used to think was like other spectres, an offspring of the imagination. I can assure you that such things are; and, if I was heartily disgusted with the authors at dinner, I was no less heartily nauseated by the *Blues* at tea. The former only re-

mind me of rival tradesmen, who forgot a part of their craft, namely, adulation of their patron, in the absorbing energy of their hatred towards each other. As to *conversation*, we had none; for every man seemed afraid to utter a sentence, lest his neighbour should slip it into a book, and thus defraud the real owner. A few nods, shrugs, and *hahs*, which might be interpreted *ad libitum*, occupied the place of language, and constituted nearly the whole intercourse of *mind*, which was not directed to the *matter* of fish, flesh, and fowls. On these, indeed, and their individual merits, our witteragemot were eloquent, "with all alliteration's artful aid;" and they also proved themselves nothing loath to exercise whatever critical acumen any of them possessed on Sir Marmaduke's wines, which were discussed from humble port to imperial tokay, with glistening eyes, glazed noses, and expanding vests. Yet we had not even allusion to a feast of the ancients; not a word of old Falerian, not a single glimmering of classic lore, though in the fields of Horace, one would imagine that the company might have expatiated on neutral ground, without danger of petty larceny on either side. One prodigious person, who seemed like "Behemoth, biggest born," and who quaffed accordingly, particularly diverted me: he sat next to a tall thin phantom, who looked like one of Pharaoh's lean kine, and wore a little black cap on his skull, which appeared as if "moulded on a porringer." This shadowy form was, I was told, a metaphysician, and certainly he gave me the idea of having come into the world for the express purpose of illustrating the extension of tenuity. He drank nothing but toast and water, and consequently had the advantage of preserving such store of faculties as he brought to the entertainment, in

VOL. I.

all their clearness, when his neighbours were "veiled in mist;" but either the measure was so small, or the nature of his *wares* prevented them from being pilfered. Whatever the reason, so it was, that he seemed to enjoy to all the ease of a sin-cure, in guarding his mental property from depredation. He and his ample companion threw glances at each other of mutual contempt, now and then, and from time to time, as opportunity presented itself, kept up at intervals a meagre snarl, altogether divested of wit or point, till the big man, who, of a class that it might be presumed,

"Had but seldom known the use
Of the grape's surprising juice."

became so top-heavy, that I saw his head gently let down, as if by a pulley and tackle, on the shoulder of the metaphysician, who, not inclined to enact the prop to a fallen foe, disengaged himself so abruptly from this Mountain of the Muses (for Behemoth is a poet) that the chair on which he sat, having glided away, the latter came down on the floor plump, like a full sack that had broken from the crane. My gravity was not proof against this downfall of Parnassus; and I made my way up stairs as quickly as I could, only lagging behind a sufficient length of time for the water drinking philosopher to be lodged before me.

Oh, ye gods! what an exhibition did I open upon! The only similitude which I can find at hand for the drawing room that presented itself, was a glass of some tightly bottled liquor, in which a froth of white muslin occupied the upper, and a sediment of black cloth its lower extremity. Not a sound was to be heard as I entered the room; but I soon perceived that the *et ceteras* of coffee, tea, cakes, and bread and butter, were not at all more indifferent in the superior, than soups, meats, and wine had been in the inferior regions of this intellectual fes-

tum. It quite astonished me to see the quantity of all these intellectual appurtenances of the *soiree'* that almost immediately vanished, "leaving not a wreck behind." During the consumption of these mere creatures of the entertainment, certain solemn sentences were fired at intervals, after the manner of minute guns, each succeeded by a deadly pause.

The gentlemen below stairs sat a long time, but I was resolved to see *out* the evening, ere I passed judgment on a party of the literati. At length the authors ascended, and, had I been a young lady, I should have felt most unwilling

"To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers;"

but the habits of the *trade* triumphed over the occasional excess which Sir Marmaduke's hospitality had caused his guests to commit, and so profoundly discreet was this book-making assembly, that while, on the one hand, not a syllable that betrayed either taste or genius escaped, and laid them open to plagiarism, I must do justice to the equal taciturnity which they observed on every subject less immediately connected with the direct views of their calling; insomuch that, for the greater number, they withstood the most pedantic efforts, on the side of the *blues*, to draw them out, and, with the exception of some tedious verbiage pronounced, *ex cathedra*, by the man in the black cap, who, perceiving the advantage which his abstemiousness gave him over the rest, grew loquacious, and collected a circle of ladies around him—One might have imagined that rumination was the object of the meeting, and that the members of this tire-some confraternity had come together principally for the purpose of feeding first, and then chewing the cud on the subject of their next lucubrations. I never was so weary of the "human face divine," as on

the memorable occasion which I have mentioned, and gladly banished all recollection of a party, over which the goddess of dulness had especially presided—in the most leaden slumber that I have experienced since my arrival in the British capital."

OMNIUM GATHERUM

"We are but the readers of other men's goods."

ANGEL OF DEATH. Mahomet says he saw, in the third heaven, an angel so large that his eyes were seventy thousand days' journey apart. This is the angel of Death, who has always before him a large table on which he is ever writing and blotting out. Whenever he erases a name, its possessor immediately dies.

MADAME MARGAT—The French aeronaut, a few days ago, ascended in a balloon, and at ten o'clock at night descended in a field near Ancenil, where she remained the whole night in a state of anxiety.

In the morning the Mayor was about to commit her to prison, for travelling without a passport, when fortunately the Procureur du Roi arrived on the spot, and took her under his protection.

UNCOVERING A MUMMY. The mummy brought from the royal sepulchre at Thebes, by the late Mr. Lee, Consul-General at Alexandria, was unwrapped at Trematon Castle on Saturday last, by S. L. Hammick, Esq. first surgeon of the Naval Hospital here, in the presence of Mr. Dickson, of the Hospital, Dr. Thompson, of the 'Royal Sovereign' yacht, and many other gentlemen of the profession and neighbourhood. The body was enveloped in some hundreds of yards of linen bandages, of about five yards long, and from five to fifteen inches wide—all of them fringed, and silvage

worked at the ends. Some were placed longitudinally, but the greater part were wrapped around the body, which proved to be in perfect preservation, with hair remaining on the eyebrows, &c. The coffins are splendidly covered, both inside and out, with figures and hieroglyphics, in beautiful preservation; and by comparing the hieroglyphics on the outside of the crown of the inner coffin, with the legends of proper names given by Champillon, the mummy appears to be unquestionably one of the Pharaohs.

John Neal announces the forthcoming of *Rachel Dyer*, a Yankee story by himself. It is anxiously looked for.

Laziness appears more blameable in a clergyman, than it does in any other man, because he "labors for things that perish not." Whereas, "others labor for things that perish in the using."—*Yankee*.

Bower of Taste.

THE OPERA GLASS. [N. Y.]

The first number of this paper led many to believe that its pages were to be exclusively devoted to a view of the fine arts and critical notices of the Drama. With regard to the succeeding numbers we are pleased to observe this is not the case. They are filled with an unusual quantity of original and interesting matter. No doubt it will receive the patronage it merits.

JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

WE are happy to learn that this valuable periodical has an extensive circulation through that part of society where it is calculated to do the most good. Placed in the hands of those who direct the studies of youth, either in domestic or public life, it will be found a useful monitor, affording many new hints on the subject of Education, which even in this enlightened age, are admitted as great improvements upon the various systems hitherto adopted. This number contains a copious tract from the address of Mr. THAYER, Practical Education, delivered by him at the opening of "CHAUNCEY HALL." The following paragraph, which shows the necessity of a teacher's gaining the love and confi-

dence of his pupils, in order to advance their improvement, contains many important truths, worthy of general consideration:

The first step of a judicious teacher, is, to gain the confidence and affection of his pupil. And, as the young are naturally confiding and affectionate, he will soon accomplish it, if no extraneous influence intervene to counteract his efforts. This done, the child is prepared to receive instruction with satisfaction and pleasure. He respects the source of it—his mind has no doubts to struggle with; and he learns to love the sciences as he loves the man who teaches them. In this state of things, the instructor can almost mould him to his will, and make such impressions on his mind and heart as will never be forgotten.

In committing the minds of our children to the care of others, we entrust them with a most precious charge—not merely so, as far as their well-being, their respectability, and usefulness are concerned in the *present* existence, but to all future being; for as mind is immortal, its acquisitions will be so likewise; and if happiness is to be enjoyed in proportion to mental elevation and refinement, as well as to *moral* purity, it is of unspeakable importance to us all to cultivate it. The teacher, then, whose office it is to direct his pupil to the *sacred* duties of life, incurs an immense responsibility, and may well claim, and hope to receive, all the aid that parental co-operation can give. With this aid, he may not only be the happy means of forming good citizens, but exert an influence which shall bear its fruits in heaven.

A large portion of this journal is devoted to the subject of *Female Education*. The arguments are clear in favor of early improvement, and supported on the most rational principles. Still a strong prejudice exists in the minds of some persons,—not otherwise illiberal,—against the encouragement of "Lady learning." We lately heard one of these primitive sticklers for stocking-knitting, pudding-making spinsters, declaiming most vociferously against the "flirts," whom he said should be learning their prayers, instead of jabbering French and Latin, and making *pickles* instead of *poetry*! Yet we so far favour this gentleman's opinion of the sovereignty of these accomplishments, that should

he be confined by the gout in the country, where there might be no society, and no books, (a thing not improbable) we most sincerely wish him the *sole* and *constant* companionship of one of these notable, knitting, stuffing, pickling prodigies, of domestic industry, to watch, like an *incubus* at his pillow, who would amuse him occasionally with "Elegant Extracts" from the "Cook's Oracle," with her own extemporary annotations and improvements thereof.

We would by no means be understood to advocate the literary pursuits of females at the expense of their *domestic duties*. The bosom of *home*, in every stage of existence, is the proper sphere of woman. It is there with few exceptions she is destined to act, and to shine; but should it be her fortune, in wedded life, to move in an elevated sphere, it is as highly important that she should be qualified to fill it with dignity, as that the ruler of a nation should understand the laws by which he expects to govern. The word government applies strictly to the management of her domestic concerns, and the education of her children. Beyond these bounds no rational woman would choose to pass. These are duties which nature has appointed her to fulfil, and however great may be her claim to literary distinction, or the superficial graces of education, these cannot be neglected without incurring the just censure of society. We sincerely hate the term of "Blue Stocking," and all its attributes, and believe the time is fast approaching when a woman may go somewhat beyond Webster's Spelling-Book, without being dubbed with this title of honor. Pedantry, and the affectation of learning, is always disgusting in either sex. The fantastic parade of 'words,' and the pompous dictum pronounced upon all subjects and all things, are fair points for ridicule; but those who read for improvement, and write to amuse themselves and others, should be permitted to pursue "the noiseless tenor of their way," through the bye-paths of literature without molestation.

SCRAPS FROM A PORT-FOLIO.

LAKE GEORGE.

THIS is one of the loveliest spots on the face of creation. Even those who have visited the sunny groves of France, the aromatic vales of Italy, or the classic shores of Greece, ac-

knowledge its elysian beauty. The grand chain of mountains that embosom the lake, form a bold contrast with the soft velvet of its banks, and the rich foliage of the trees which throw their deep shadows upon this bright mirror of waters. It is delightful to witness "the sun in his golden set," upon this fairy scene. The spirit of repose is here: it is the very home of meditation, when the soft melody of the evening bird, or the echo of the shrill horn reverberating among the mountains, are all the sounds that are heard in this delicious solitude. So transparent is this beautiful lake that while gliding upon its surface, every weed and shell beneath, are plainly visible. We scarcely wonder that the enthusiastic devotee of the Romish religion should travel from his convent to fill his holy chalice from these pure waters.*

Diamond Island, situated in this lake, is also a place of general resort, celebrated not only for its rural beauty, but for the perfect crystals that are found upon its shores, surpassing in brilliancy any that have been discovered in this country.

We might fancy this fair lake, that "*living fountain*," where Narcissus fell a sacrifice to his own beauty—since his mistress "*Echo*" has chosen her cell in these mountains. The effect of firing a cannon in these mountainous regions has been a subject of astonishment to all who have witnessed it. After the explosion, a rush is heard, similar to that which attends the ascension of fire-works, which in about 40 seconds is re-echoed from the farthest extremity of the mountain, then returns with the same rushing sound, echoing for the *third* time, the explosion as loudly as the first.

In a lonely pass between Lake George and Ticonderoga, is a solitary grave, that would be scarcely noticed but for the white slab that marks the spot. There is a tradition, that during the revolution, a British officer induced a professed Nun to break her vows, and fly with him from her convent in Montreal, to the plains of Ticonderoga, where he had been ordered by his commander; they were married; but it was his fate to be killed in the first engagement that took place at that fort. This grave, it is said, contains the remains of the unfortunate pair.

* It is stated as a fact, that the monks from Montreal used formerly to visit this lake to obtain its water for sacred purposes.

THE GREY NUN.

There is a green Grave by George's Lake,
In a valley deep, and lone,
Spring's earliest blossoms round it wake,
And the dark feathery woodland brake,
Waves on its cold white Stone.

'Tis a beauteous spot—that lonely glade—
 To be the home of Death!
 The wild bird warbles in its shade,
 While the murmuring flow of the far cascade
 Comes soft on the zephyrs breath.

There's a fragrance in the stilly air,
 That breathes in this vale of bloom;
 Where all is tranquil, bright and fair,
 As if pure spirit's were hovering there,
 To hallow that humble tomb.

O! who beneath the marble sleeps?
 No *name* is on the stone—
 Yet here, 'tis said, pale beauty weeps,
 And fond affections vigil keep,
 In silence and alone.

Often, from yon dark forest steals
 Beneath the moon's pale glow,
 A shadowy form that lowly kneels,
 And to the night alone reveals
 Her fair unveiled brow.

With vesper hymn and requiem there,
 And many a sacred rite,
 With penance deep and holy prayer,
 Hovers that shadowy form so fair
 Till the pale dawn of light.

Nun of St. Lawrence! is it thou
 Who weepest o'er yon sod?
 By thy *grey robes* I know thee now,
 'Tis she, who broke her convent vow,
 An 'exile from her God!'

Yet oh! thou fond devoted maid,
 For thine apostacy,
 Full deeply, dearly hast thou paid,
 For he whose guile thy faith betrayed,
 Sleeps 'neath that willow tree.

How couldst thou hope the sacred dove
 That bore thy vows to Heaven,
 And saw them registered above,
 Should consecrate thy earthly love,
 When from his temple driven.

What shall console thee, wretched one,
 Or give thy bosom rest?
 When thou shalt for thy sin atone,
 Calm be thy sleep beneath that stone,
 That shrouds thy lovers breast!

A Character. There is a queer little Genius, a French Barber, who is a tolerable personification of *Mons. Tonsou*, living a few rods from the Hotel at Lake George. This man was formerly a pedlar, exchanging, as is the custom in New-York, his *knick-knackeries*, for all sorts of ware and apparel that he could pick up in his pedestrian excursions. By these means, he collected a little of every thing that fancy can imagine, and after dis-

posing of the superfluous, and retaining only what he supposed would be necessary for his future comfort, he resigned the office of shaving the public, and is now contented with shaving only such visitors of the Lake, who may challenge his skill. His residence is a small cottage, consisting of two lower rooms, and an attic, surrounded by a variety of flowering shrubs, &c. which give it a pretty appearance. On entering the door, the first object that strikes you is the

"Barbers Chair," with all the et ceteras of shaving: then advances the courteous host, doffing his tasselled cap, with "Vat is your plaisir, gentil mens? Valk in—voir! See mon curiosities? A-ha! je suis bien heureux—I will shew you." He then walks with you through his rooms, explaining how and where every article was procured, and expressing the liveliest pleasure at your remarks upon their neat arrangement. The first room contains six tables spread with waiters of china, some of the most beautiful patterns edged with gold, while several sets of castors and small salvers of cut glass, decanters, tumblers, &c. occupy the corners. Two eight-day clocks, and three large time-pieces click from various parts of the room, while watches of all sizes form a circle round the looking-glass. Three portraits of himself, taken at different periods of his life, commence a range of pictures of every description, which literally cover the walls of the apartment, while fans, gloves, artificial flowers, peacocks' feathers, &c. serve to fill the vacancies. In the next room a cooking-stove presents itself, with a profusion of culinary utensils, sufficient to cook a dinner for a north-river steambot. On ascending to his dormitory, we found it furnished on the same liberal scale as the rooms below. Four neat and well furnished beds occupied the corners of the room, with quantum sufficit of wash-stands, basins, rugs, &c. Instead of pictures, the walls were covered with suits of apparel, of every colour, and of every fashion, that has prevailed since the revolution! All we could learn of the private history of this man, has been related above. He lives entirely alone, with the exception of a cat and a parrot, in this amply furnished dwelling; and on no occasion was he ever known to have an inmate or a visitor, by invitation.

TREMONT THEATRE.

The Theatrical bills of the past week have presented such rich treats to the lovers of the legitimate Drama, together with many lighter articles by way of desert, that we can scarcely note them as they pass—we can from our own observation speak of nothing but the "Leor" of Mr. Booth. This gentleman is a true disciple of nature's school in every part he assumes. In those scenes where the noble energies of the mind seemed struggling with the infirmities of age, he was inimitable; also the exultation with which he appeals to his nobles to prove that he had slain his last enemy was 'to the Life.' We regret that Mrs. Parker should have been appointed to sustain the part of Goneril. She is a pretty woman, but wholly unequal to that task. Mrs. Jones was respectable as Regan, but her peculiar part of excellence is that of an "old Maid."

Miss Lane is a sweet little creature, but we were sorry to see her in boys clothes uttering oaths

with so much *nonchalance*: the critics however applaud her in all she has since undertaken, which no doubt is her due.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

"A Dream" by a correspondent is indeed a "somniafic" most potent: pray wake up Sir, and give us something better, you have the power of doing so. We regret exceedingly that matter was furnished for our first pages previous to the reception of the promised communication of A. R. Those who furnish original sketches will accommodate our publishers by sending them as early as Monday.

☞ We have received a *petite* communication from a gentleman who has thought proper to honor our former correspondent "Amicus" by assuming his Signature. After promising his impugment of our judgment (as a Critic) would be less offensive to us expressed in private than in the public press, he opens upon us his whole battery of *Squibs*, simply because we had the impunity to compare Pollok's Course of Time with Milton's Paradise Lost!—*Who* (exclaims the Critic) ever heard of Paradise Lost without knowing who was the author? "Sir, what has this question to do with my comparisons between these authors? He then proceeds—'who has ever compared before?' Do you read Sir: if you do you should know that many whose judgment is far superior to either yours or *etc.* have compared them. Although the favour of "AMICUS" was designed for our private obligation, we are unwilling to deprive the "public press" of so rich a treat, and shall therefore give the concluding ebullition of his critical vomit verbatim.

"Compare Pollok an imitator of Milton, the very copyist of his subject, nay, even of his faults, with Milton himself? this is the very heresy of judgment! (oh!!!) compare the jet-all with the Lion. The Pilot fish with the Whale. The Cock-boat with the *servery-ton*. Compare a Mouse to an Elephant, but never compare Pollok with Milton." Finally compare the Critic to a jack-ass—and mark! which says to the most purpose? We now make our *Comes* to "Amicus," who has our permission to make his future communications to us as public as he pleases, we have no inclination to banquet in private upon nonsense.

Notwithstanding all this rhodomontade, Pollok's "Course of Time" may properly be compared to Milton's "Paradise Lost" and in many respects will suffer little by the comparison. Mr. Pollok, in common with other fine writers, has many prominent errors (the sin of imitation may be one) but his works will always be read with pleasure long after his hypercriticisms are in the dust. As we have formerly given our opinion of this Author to repeat them here would be superfluous.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by Mrs. ESTERINE A. WARE, is published by DETTOL and WENTWORTH, Nos. 1 and 4 Exchange-street Boston—Who are authorized to transact business relative to the printing and circulation of this Work.

All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor. ☞ All Letters must be post-paid.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

LINES,

On being requested to write some Stanzas on a blank leaf, in a volume of MILTON.

O! for one spark of that celestial fire,
That warm'd the bosom of my favourite bard—
Sure, while some bending angel swept his Lyre,
He breath'd responsive notes to every chord!

But, vain the wish—around my humble brow,
Ne'er will the sacred bay or laurel twine:
Some simple wild flowers, that uncultured grow,
Are all my offering at the muses shrine.

AUGUSTA.

TIME.

When Nature, first, from chaos into action,
Rose up obsequious to the mighty summons,
Then began Time with unabated ardour
Quickly to roll on.

Now, tho' the silent lips of Desolation
Tell us of changes mighty in the wide world;
Time the same progress uniformly keeping
Waits not an instant.

Since, too, the Purpose of Eternal Wisdom
Deigns to frail mortals but a short duration,
In this existence, to secure the blessings
Offer'd to all men—

Some good improvement to be daily making
Of such a treasure, as is every moment—
Oh! 'tis true wisdom, while to us sojourners,
Life is imparted.

Soon the exalted universal Author,
Will Nature's works bring to a termination—
Then shall indeed be realized for ever
Ages eternal.

CHEEVER.

PRIZE ADDRESS.

The following ADDRESS was spoken by Mr. WOOD, at the opening of the Arch-Street Theatre, Philadelphia. We have not yet learned the name of the author; but that the power of one of our "Master Spirits" is exhibited in its polished lines.

It came from Heaven! the realms of time to tread,
 And summon forth the long forgotten dead;
 Their deeds of guilt and goodness to unfold,
 The garnered glories of the days of old.
 It came from Heaven! to soar where fancy reigns,
 And rouse the phantoms of her bright domains;
 Their wildest haunts, their loftiest heights explore,
 And lead man on to wonder and adore.
 Genius! these gifts are thine—'tis thine sweet power,
 With these, to soothe and sway life's shifting hour;
 To nerve the soul, to wake young virtue's glow,
 And bid the tears of grief and rapture flow;
 'Tis thine with these to rule each clime and age,
 Mankind thy subject, and thy throne THE STAGE!
 The pencil's boast, the chisel's skill decay,
 And wisdom's noblest record fades away;
 But here, untouched by time's devouring tooth,
 The pictured group puts on immortal youth;
 Here the bold deed that in the marble spoke,
 Again revives, new plaudits to provoke;
 And the proud truth that graced the mouldering page,
 Still pleads triumphant echoed from the Stage.
 Here gathering round in long departed days,
 Earth's master minstrels poured their deathless lays.
 Descending down, through each descending race,
 Still came the gifted to adorn the place;
 With love to soften, and with wit to charm,
 To mock with folly, and with guilt alarm;
 While o'er each scene to sacred feeling dear,
 Taste smiled applause, and beauty dropped a tear,
 Long, long for these may this fair Temple stand,
 The pride and promise of our happier land.
 Our happier land! forever live that claim
 On virtue's rolls, as in the blast of fame:
 So rival shores, while saddening they behold
 Our young orb rising to eclipse the old,
 May with our greatness find our goodness page,
 To mark indeed a new—a better age.
 Within these walls, in some inspiring day,
 May native bards our native deeds portray,
 Shall foreign legends still go brightening down,
 And cold oblivion's night-cloud veil our own?
 Look round the spot to faith and firmness dear,
 Finds no rapt spirit fit incitement here?
 Here, where the Indian roved in nature's pride,
 And built his fires, and loved, and warred, and died?
 Here, where his holy fane the pilgrim reared?
 And gave an empire to the God he feared?
 Here, for that empire where the patriot bled?
 Here, where the foul invader turned and fled?—
 These are the themes to stir your rising youth,
 Their fathers' valour, and their fathers' truth:
 These be the themes to grace this swelling dome;
 In pleasure's courts let freedom find a home;
 While virtue sits, all radiant in her light,
 The guiding priestess of each glorious rite.
 And O, when ye, who now enraptured gaze,
 Shall yield to other throngs and other days,
 Still may this altar beam its purest fires,
 To charm the Children as they charmed the Sires.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



“ With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
“ We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,”—PAINK.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....OCT. 18, 1828. No. 42.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.....NO. III.

“ WE HOLD THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.”

THE POOR ARTIST.

CONCLUDED.

MR. VONHARTZ, the father of Maria, was a man of keen observation, but no education. He owed his vast possessions rather to the turn of fortune's wheel, which favoured his speculations, than to his own judicious calculations. Conscious that wealth was his only boast, he was desirous of marrying his only daughter to a man of rank and fashion, whatever his profession might be, hoping thereby to obtain access to that society to which money alone could not entitle him.

With the hope of securing this 'golden prize,' Captain Wallace, a flashing officer stationed at Brooklyn, the *kilt* of whose sword had achieved more conquests in Broadway, than its blade had in the field, bowed before the young heiress, and *unexpectedly* became deeply *interested* with the woman, whom he ought as his *wife*! Yet, although Maria had no previous attachment,

still she was disgusted with his attentions, probably from divining his motives, and always avoided his society if possible. The object of his last visit, as has been intimated, was to request Maria to name the "happy day." Having already obtained the consent of her father, little else he thought was necessary. It may be remembered, that on returning to the house, they met him in the garden, having been as he said, in search of them.

"But what have we here?" cried he, taking the '*sketch*' from the hand of Mr. Vonhartz, and glancing at Maria, who blushed as her father related all he knew of the affair.

"And so you have no suspicion of the artist?" said the Captain, folding the paper, and placing it in his hat.

"None," said Maria, but pray give it me."

"It is in the hands of its owner. If you will allow me to *finish* it,"—

"Good heavens! was it *you*?" faintly asked she.

The Captain, who believed it would add a feather to his cap, declared himself the artist! while Maria, evidently disappointed by this discovery, walked slowly to the house, accompanied by the gentlemen.

After seating themselves, Captain Wallace, with that unembarrassed air, which anticipates success, said, "I have permission from your father, Miss, to address you on the subject of marriage. My heart you have long had," displaying his white hand upon the breast of his embroidered coat, "and I now offer to you a life devoted to your service."

Having achieved this speech, he sat tapping his boots with his riding whip, calmly awaiting her reply.

"My father, Sir," answered she, "has conversed with me on this subject, and knows my opinion,—which I desired him to express to you. But since he has not done so, I feel it my duty to assure you, that though I am sensible of the honour you have done me, I must decline your offer. Neither my education or mode of life, qualify me to become the wife of a man of fashion!"

The Captain uttered a sort of aspiration between a sigh and a whistle, and rising, he seized her hand, and exclaimed passionately—

"Oh!—say not so!—you will—*you must* be mine!—retract your words—or you will drive me to despair!"

Maria raised her eyes to the *calm* face of her desperate lover, and seeing no symptoms of self-destruction in its expression, she replied, "Sir, I trust you will receive this as my final answer; and hope, should we meet hereafter, the subject may never be renewed."

"From what romance was that fine speech taken?" said her ironical father.

"From the romance of my unhappy life—where parental authority would usurp unnatural power," replied she, and bowing slightly to the Captain, she left the room, followed by her father, who told her, as he violently grasped her hand, that he gave her but *one month* to consider of this proposal. If then she persisted in her folly, he resolved to place her for the rest of her life under the care of two superannuated old maids, her aunts, who lived upon his sparing bounty, in a rude and desolate cottage, in the wilds of Vermont.

These women had in their dispositions all the verjuice of their brother, which together with a spirit of discontent which they were ever expressing, on account of his avarice, rendered them most execrable companions. Knowing the dislike which Maria from her infancy had ever evinced for her aunts, her father rightly conceived, that no greater *punishment* could be inflicted, than a residence with them.

"In case you refuse obedience to my commands, in that but shall you pass the rest of your life; and at the instant of your departure hence, my will shall be made giving to your brother the whole of my property." So saying, he returned to the parlour.

This last threat was powerless on the heart of the weeping Maria, in comparison with that of living with those fiends of discord and envy for she loved her young brother who was now in college, and trusted that if he possessed her wealth, he would not let her suffer want in future. In a few moments she saw Captain Wallace depart, saying in a low voice to her father, "I may write but think it would not be advisable for me to visit her again, until the close of the 'month.'"

This last word seemed to seal the fate of Maria, and she gazed at the speaker with augmented disgust.

From her father she received cold and formal treatment—little conversation passed, and no reference was made to her refusal of the Captain. Often engaged upon business from home, he rarely interested himself in her pursuits or pleasures, and she was now left more than ever alone, with no other society than the housekeeper, as she had no inclination to visit or receive company.

Listlessly straying next evening to her favorite haunt, she found, to her great surprise, her seat occupied by a young man, who as he bent over a drawing in which he was engaged, perceived not her approach. The first glance, however, which she caught of the sketch over his shoulder, convinced her that it was a copy of the one found by her father, and that in this 'young man' she beheld the true "ARTIST!"

A finer model of masculine beauty cannot well be imagined than was now presented to her view. The rays of the setting sun gave a richer hue to his light hair, which partly shaded his fair expansive forehead, and brightened the smile with which he dwelt upon the fair creation of his pencil.

The rustling of her robe among the shrubs, as she was retreating, caused James to look up, and altho' his face was suffused with crimson, he arose hastily, and advancing with a dignity which he inherited from Nature, apologized gracefully for this intrusion. Joined to her surprise, poor Maria felt an embarrassment of the most painful nature. She was in a loose muslin dress, that entirely disguised her figure, while her dark hair hung in disorder round a face pale as marble, bearing the marks of recent weeping. In young and ingenuous hearts, the impulse of pity is most strong. Shocked at her altered appearance, and eager to learn the cause, he briefly stated to her the bare which he had in the adven-

ture, which had so incensed her father, and begged to know if that had occasioned her sorrow.
. Gratified to learn that the hated Captain had *deceived* her relative to the picture, and soothed by the voice of tenderness, so long a stranger to her ear, the young Maria, in the simplicity of her pure heart, yielding to his entreaties, told him the story of her wrongs. Incensed at the importunity of the Captain, whom James knew to be a dissipated man of fashion, he urged her to persevere in her *refusal*, assuring her that certain misery must result from such a union.

On turning to depart, Maria mildly requested that he would not again visit the grounds, as both must be sensible of the impropriety of meeting without the knowledge of their friends. James sighed deeply, but promised obedience to her wish, and they parted. In the solitude of her chamber, Maria mused with astonishment on the unreserve with which she had communicated her sorrows to a stranger, and for several days her walks were limited to the garden, till she began to hope, or rather to *believe* she was forgotten.

Seated one afternoon beneath her favorite tree, suddenly James appeared before her, and laid upon her lap a beautiful miniature view of the house and gardens of her father, and requested her acceptance of it: the idea that she was soon to leave this paradise of her childhood, crossed her mind, and she burst into a flood of tears, exclaiming,

"Yes! I do accept it, and dear will it be to my heart!"

Enraptured at this artless expression of her feelings, James seized her hand, and pressed it with enthusiasm! Confused by the construction which he had evidently put upon her words, she found it necessary to explain *why* his present was so acceptable.

"Is it possible," cried he, "that your inhuman parent can exile you from his roof, and that you are doomed to pass your life in a miserable solitude, without one friend to mitigate your sorrows; only to avoid a union with one whom you ought to despise? Cruel, indeed, is your fate, and wretched, alas, will be mine, never to see you more!" The progress of that passion, which is sometimes the curse, instead of the blessing of our existence, has so often been traced in two congenial hearts, that it may be only necessary to say, that they soon became essential to each other's happiness. From believing that the Captain was indeed the lurking Artist of the 'bush,' Mr. Vonhartz neither watched or noticed the rambles of his daughter; but although her conscience whispered that something was wrong in these clandestine meetings, yet she had no guardian friend of her own sex, upon whom she could rely for advice. The crisis of her fate at length arrived.

Her father informed her at breakfast, that Captain Wallace was expected the next day, and that she must either receive him as her husband, or prepare to leave her home. This alternative, in the fullness of her heart, she communicated to her lover, who urged her, in the strongest terms, to avoid this hated union by becoming his immediately; and thus give him a legal right to protect her.

"You will lose your fortune, my love," said James; "but they cannot deprive you of your beauty and virtue. Like you, I am also poor; but I trust that an industrious application to my profession will insure us a comfortable subsistence. At the humble dwelling of my parents we will be united, and then immediately set sail for England,—where American talent is sure of patronage and encouragement."

Maria paused but for a moment to reflect; and the result was, that the next day she found herself on the broad Atlantic, with scarcely a change of apparel, with her young husband, in search of happiness and fortune. On their arrival, they learned that none but the poorest lodgings could be obtained by people who came without reference or introduction, unless their payments were promptly made. James now found it necessary to exert all his energies. In the true spirit of Yankee honesty, which the British both ridicule and admire, he presented some of his best specimens himself to the nobility, and claimed their patronage, as a young adventurer, who wanted but the means to live among them, until he should acquire a thorough knowledge of the art.

This had the desired effect. His name was passed about in the circle of the great, where his story had created much interest; and he was placed by subscription, as a pupil, at the Academy of Arts and Sciences, where, in a short time, he brandished the flag of triumph over many who had practised there for years. In short, it became the fashion to admire and buy his pictures; and he was soon enabled to meet all his expenses without embarrassment. His lovely and affectionate Maria was now removed to lodgings of the first respectability, and visited by people of fashion and education, who admired the fair American, for her native grace and intelligence. The birth of a fine boy also added to their happiness.

This event, Maria, in the joyfulness of her heart, communicated to her brother, briefly stating all that had occurred since their arrival in England, and concluded with hoping she might one day tread her native shores again.

This letter was answered by a cordial invitation from her father, to return to her home; assuring her

that he had long since forgiven her in his heart, and was now anxious to acknowledge her husband as his son, and that she might consider herself as joint-heir with her brother. This letter contained a draft of large amount, to defray their expenses to America. From the letter of her brother, she learned that Captain Wallace, soon after her departure, had become deeply involved in debt, incurred by gaming and dissipation; and was obliged to fly from the country, on suspicion of forgery.

One fine summer afternoon, as Mr. Vonhartz was resting in his garden chair, the well remembered voice of Maria, exclaiming, "Bless us, oh, my father!" struck his ear, and in a moment she was pressed to his bosom, with all that affection which she had experienced from him in childhood. She then presented her husband, and a lovely boy of three years old. The old man was affected to tears. He clasped the child in his arms, and pressing the hand of James, said with a trembling voice, "God's will be done. It is not for man always to judge of what is for his good."

K.

Saturday Evening.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon—
Youth is not rich in time—it may be, poor!
Part with it, as with money—sparing: pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth.

—
YOUNG.

ANOTHER week hath passed away upon the current of ne'er-ceasing Time, mingle with the "years beyond the flood!" What shall we say in secret to ourselves? Shall we suffer the winged monitor to pass onward, without the inquiry of *how* we have appropriated our time? If surrounded by the luxuries—nay, the common blessings of life—do we remember having supplied the

hungry with a comfortable meal—the houseless with a lodging—or the naked with a garment? Can we recollect the voluntary forgiveness of an injury, inflicted upon us perhaps without a cause? or the firm resolution to be just ourselves in all things? Are we sensible of achieving a conquest over one passion, which is degrading to our nature; or have we even made the *trial*? If not, a wide field is open for the labour of the ensuing week. Let us compare these mental exertions which have a tendency to render us worthy of the enjoyments of a happier world, to those vain adornments of the person—those frivolous accomplishments—that make us conspicuous in this; and reflect upon the different benefits resulting therefrom: the latter may make us happy for a time; the former will ensure us the blessings of eternity!

HONORIA.

—
FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

THE YANKEE GHOST.

"I've told you a story about old Gory,
And now my story is done;
I'll tell you another about his brother,
And now my story's begun."
Children's Play.

NEAR the close of the last century, (whether before or after is immaterial), on a mild, calm night, in the early part of June, a large, clumsy horse stood tied by his halter to the door yard fence, before a house which was situated in the western part of Massachusetts. About two o'clock a young man issued from the front door in much haste, and apparently under the influence of chagrin and vexation. He shut the door after him with a slam; kicked open the gate, and left it in that situation; and when he found some difficulty in untying his horse's halter, which early in the morning he had taken especial pains to fasten, he damned the poor beast, and gave him a most

unmerciful blow with his stick. In a short time, however, he was fairly mounted, and his horse was jogging homeward at a heavy trot.

The moon had remained up till a late hour, apparently for the purpose of lighting him home; but, as if impatient at his delay, she had now quietly gone down to rest; leaving only a few dim stars, which faintly glimmering in their fixed position, like tapers dying in their sockets, but just enabled him to distinguish the objects around him. The sky was cloudless, and not a sound was to be heard in field or forest. Yielding to the influence of such a scene, and to his own inclinations, and trusting to the sagacity of his horse to find his way safely, our traveller soon fell into a musing mood. As he had been a courting, a practice which has been established in New England, time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and had, moreover, upon asking leave to repeat his visit, *got the mitten*, a term well understood among the Yankees, to the great grief, and even heart-breaking of many; it may well be imagined that his reflections were none of the most agreeable. The circumstance that he had always been a favourite spark among the girls of his neighborhood; that he had started that night for the first time in his life, with the serious intention of making love, and that not a doubt of success had entered his mind, served to increase his mortification. He felt as if good fortune had forsaken him forever. The worst of all was, that he had reason to suspect the girl had given preference to a rival who was poor, while he expected a good farm from his father as soon as he should be married. He thought, too, that the story would soon get abroad, and at the next ball or quilting, his defeat would be thrown in his teeth. He thought how mortified he should feel to be laughed at

about it by his companions; and at last wished the OLD NICK would carry him off where he never should see a human being again. He had scarcely muttered out the last word of this dreadful wish, when his horse suddenly stopped. A thunderbolt would not have frightened him worse. It required some time to collect himself sufficiently to know that his horse had not stopped because the Evil One had taken him by the bridle; but because he had come to a pair of bars, which were the entrance into a field, across which lay his nearest way home. Rejoiced to find himself unharmed, he dismounted to pull the bars down, and lead his horse through them. As they fell successively one upon another, the noise resounded through the woods that surrounded the field, and seemed to his excited imagination as if it started wild beasts and spectres all around him. Although he pretended to entire skepticism on the subject of ghosts, yet when alone, in the dark, they frequently troubled his imagination; and his conscience did not address to him that approving voice that sets evil spirits at defiance.

Hardly daring to raise his eyes, he mounted his horse once more, and felt himself comparatively safe. He immediately proceeded on his way across the field, but had not gone far, when accidentally casting his eyes to the right he saw an apparition clothed in white, suddenly rise up out of the ground, a few rods distant from him. An instantaneous and death-like chill shot through his veins; and his hair was stiffened with horror. The apparition was a large, shapeless person, wrapped in a winding sheet; and, as he kept his eyes upon it, seemed to glide along at an equal pace with his horse. In this lonely hour, it was rather an unwelcome companion. The first thing that occurred

to the mind of our hero, in the shape of any thing like a distant idea, was to apply the stick to his horse, and leave the spectre in the rear. He accordingly urged the beast into a trot; and then into a gallop; but, strange to tell, the apparition, upon which the eyes of the rider remained fixed, increased its speed also; and, without any apparent exertion, kept up with the horse. Once more the elbow was plied, and the horse whipped into his greatest speed; which, however, was nothing extraordinary, while the rider, impatient of his moderation, stood upon his stirrups, rising up and sitting down again upon the saddle at every step, as if endeavoring to push him on the faster, and occasionally kicking the poor creature's ribs with his heels. But with all his exertions, he did not gain an inch on the spectre, which kept its relative position with the utmost ease. After some time spent in this uncomfortable manner of riding, it occurred to him that if he were to check his horse, perhaps the spectre might pass on. He accordingly pulled the reins with all his might, and soon brought the horse to a walk. But the ghost, determined to keep him company, checked its speed also, and walked along by his side as at first. He now recollected his horrid wish; and thought the Old Nick had really taken him at his word. Flight seemed impossible; yet delay was certain destruction. As yet, however, his strange companion had shewn no disposition to molest him; and fortunately he happened at that moment to think that perhaps it had some important message to communicate to him; and he recollected to have heard his grandmother often say, that if a ghost was asked in the name of heaven what it wanted, it would either answer, or vanish immediately. But then the thought of speaking to a ghost, alone, in the

dark, far from any human habitation, and surrounded by a forest, sent a chill to his heart, and his resolution failed. There was but one course left; to make another trial of his horse's speed. He soon commenced another race, with not less speed than the first. At every jump the horse felt a stroke of the rider's stick on his flank, and a kick of his heels in his ribs. Our hero had grasped the mane with one hand, and was leaning forward in an angle of forty-five degrees, with his eyes fixed in a full, unwinking gaze on the spectre. In this manner, he continued for more than an hour; and a long hour it was to him. At length the horse began to puff and wheeze, and exhibited symptoms of complete exhaustion; and in spite of birch, and heels, and frequent twitching of the bridle, was fast relapsing into a walk. He seemed unable to hold out much longer. If he should fail, what, thought the rider, would become of me? The idea also occurred to him that it would be a loss of seventy dollars to his father, who had paid that sum for him the week before. In a sudden fit of desperation, shutting his eyes close, and mustering all his energy, he spake in a loud but tremulous voice, "What do want—in the name of Heaven?" The only answer that reached his ears, was the indistinct echo from the woods of his own last words—"name of Heaven!" It was sometime before he recovered from his fright enough to open his eyes; and when he did, he found that day-light had just begun to break from the east; his horse was jogging along in the cart path across the field, in a profuse sweat; and no ghost was to be seen. He ventured to turn and look behind him; and behold, there stood a beautiful apple-tree, a little to the right, covered with blossoms. Is it possible, thought he, that I have taken that apple-tree for a

ghost? He mustered courage, and went back to examine. There was a circular path round the tree, at a few rods distance from it, much beaten by horse's feet, something like which a horse makes in turning the sweep of a cider-mill.— This explained the whole mystery. In gazing so intently upon the tree, he had insensibly reined his horse in a direction which carried him round and round it; but when he shut his eyes, the horse, left to his own guidance, had returned to the right path again as soon as he came near it.

The man is a bachelor to this day; and when either ghosts or matrimony are mentioned, always contrives to turn the conversation to some other subject. ICHABOD.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

Mrs. Ware—I have a word to say to you and the public, in laying before you this tale, which were better said before we begin. The source whence I obtained these tales, I have made known in that now extinct luminary, the "Bachelors' Journal,"—in its last number; together with the first leaf which I threw out upon the broad waters of public favour. It may seem strange that I begin in the paper just named, to end where I now am; but no one will suppose that a tale of love would suit the taste of old bachelors. And now, I have taken nought but the facts from records of past times, of which I am possessed. Nothing, therefore, but the dress of language is mine.

NAASSON:

A TALE OF THE "OLDEN TIME."

IN that part of America, where the broad flood of the Ohio runs into the bosom of the mighty Mississippi,—now the State of Illinois,—is the scene of our narrative laid. The time, as will directly be seen, was about 695 years before our Sa-

viour. There was a small stream running downward to the Ohio, and on either side bounded by a bank, which rose in a gentle declivity to a considerable height above its current, and terminated in a level and prairie-like surface, to a considerable extent around. On the western bank of the river, an embankment was raised to the height of six or seven feet, perpendicularly, on the river side, but inclined on the other; so that one could easily ascend to the summit of the elevation, and overlook the river, and its opposite bank; while ascent from the outside, against a body of men, would be difficult and dangerous. The fortification (for so it seemed to be) was built in a circular form, covering an area of about two acres and a half. The space within was covered in part with sheds, or wigwags, of the boughs of trees, with now and then a tent placed around, with neither order or regularity. And, in truth, there seemed as little order among the inmates, as regularity in their dwellings. They were a fierce and savage people—the bearded sons of Israel; some of them seated before huge fires, and cooking for their food, the fish that they had obtained from the stream at their feet, though exposed to the arrows of their enemies. Others, bruising between two stones that maize, to which we, to denote its excellence, have given the name of corn; and again, others were roasting in the fires about them, the roots of the earth—that earth, which they had been busily engaged in plundering, and ravaging, in their ruthlessness. On the other side of the flowing stream was the force of the native inhabitants. Simple and unsophisticated, they would rather peace should come than war; and yet they could do battle—ay, and who would not fight for his country? They had no fortifications—no—they needed none. They had driven their barbarous

Enemy before them by a courageous devotion to their country; they had succeeded in opening a wide stream of water between themselves and their foes; and had built for their defence one of those monuments which have been so oft described by the geographer and the antiquarian. The aborigines had their dwellings upon the summit of the bank, while half their force was continually stationed on the declivity. Their camp was composed of small huts, of boughs and mats, disposed in parallel lines, with great order and regularity; and in the centre, the dwelling of their chief was raised to a greater height, and covered with skins, stained of various colours—of the bear, the deer, the fox, and the wolf. At present, all the warfare of the two people consisted only in shooting arrows, and throwing darts, as individuals of one or the other side approached to the bank of the stream; and with this exception, there appeared to be a total cessation of hostilities.

While this was the state of affairs, feelings of dissatisfaction were growing up in the camp of the Hebrews, and gaining ground in the minds of the savage soldiery. They complained that they were kept shut up in their camp; and exhausted by fatigue and watchfulness; and they were enraged that they were made, as it were, marks to be shot at, by an enemy whom they despised—at least, whom they *thought* that they despised. These murmurs were augmented, when orders were given to six of the men to proceed to the river side, and obtain water; still some disposition was manifested to oppose the command, but yet it was obeyed. They had hardly reached the stream, when an arrow from the other side, struck the tallest and strongest among them through the brain, and he fell upon the ground, dead. Another death-driven messenger pierced the body of another,

and appeared at his back, and he too dropped upon the earth, grovelling in the agony of the death-pang! The other four raised the bodies, and bore them up among their comrades, and laid them in the midst. They spake not even a word;—but one cry of rage from the whole multitude, declared their feelings as a people, and they were about to call aloud for revenge, when their leader walked in among them; and many a half-formed syllable died upon their lips in indistinct murmurs, as they shrank at the sight of him who had been their leader in war—their ruler in peace—their deliverer from slavery. A ferocious Hebrew, who stood near, at length broke the deep silence that surrounded them.

“*Israelites*,” said he, “men of the ten tribes, will ye take no vengeance on him who has given you into the power of your enemies?—none?”

These were his dying words: he never uttered more; for like the glance of his own sword, his leader Naasson was at the rampart’s foot by his side; in an instant the hilt of his sword was seen quivering in his breast! and he fell without a struggle.

The multitude was for a moment awed;—but then the swords of the congregated assembly flashed out—and Naasson knew that he was no longer a commander. One spring placed him on the rampart, and in three more he was in the stream below; and reaching the opposite bank, he gave himself up to two of the enemy who watched this act, and was led by them to their camp. When the insurgents saw that he had escaped, they raised a loud shout of disappointment, and sent after him a flight of arrows, which took no effect, a few desisted from this act—probably from a remembrance of the benefits which he had conferred upon them, and that

even the liberty which they soon enjoyed was owing to him.

When Naasson reached the camp of the natives, and was brought among them, he appeared like a superior being. He was a true specimen of the ancient Jew—of God's chosen people,—young and tall and his features exceedingly handsome. Indeed, there was a strong and evident contrast between the two people in appearance as well as character. *Both* were tall, in general; but the native form was much slighter than that of the *Jew*, who was, in most cases, of a strong and athletic make. Naasson possessed all the strength and nobleness of a Jew; and an expression which might have belonged to a Joshua, when he led the gathered force of Israel over the Jordan's pathless bottom—dryshod; and besides, he was a lone specimen of the ancient character. He had stood alone in his nobleness among a fierce and barbarous people. So made, by that severe slavery which they had borne—and whose effects will probably be transmitted to their posterity forever. But you see, most distinctly, the character of the *native* in that of the people of Mexico and Peru, and when you are told that they were led and commanded by a Queen. Into her presence was Naasson led, and like him she was youthful, and beautiful. A seat had been raised to a small height from the ground, exactly in the centre of the camp, and it was encircled by a body guard of armed men; and upon a huge panther skin she was placed, who addressed Naasson and his attendants:

"Men of the tribe," said she, "who have ye with you—and why is a stranger brought before our eyes?"

"Let our words be pleasant," was the answer. "This Chief has fled from his own fierce people to dwell with us, and to fight with us."

"It is well. Let the strange Chief make known to us his story, and we will hear."

After Naasson had recapitulated what we have told our readers, he was placed on the right hand of the Queen, and requested to make known to her, and to her people, the way in which his tribe had come among them; and from what distant land they had journeyed.

"Great Queen," said he, "our houses are towards the rising sun,—an interminable distance. We were formerly a great and powerful people. Our city was Samara. Our King who was my father, was Hoshea. Ten years ago, when I was but fifteen years of age, instead of the son of a king, I became that of a slave. Shalmaneser, the mighty king of a country farther towards the northern lights than ours, and called Assyria, fell upon our country, and took us captive—all—a whole people. Among the army of Shalmaneser were numberless hordes of a savage people, who had been his allies. To these he gave us, and with *them* we were to depart. We travelled towards the north star, until it was almost over our heads—through illimitable forests, and over expanded plains and towering mountains, and at the same time towards the rising sun till out of eight hundred thousand men, but five hundred thousand were left; and among the dead was my own father Hoshea. On our march, our possessors quarrelled, and joined in mortal combat. We united with the weaker, and slew the others, to a man. We armed ourselves, and became the masters of those who had taken us. And now we were in doubt as to what we might do. To return was impossible. Assyria was before us and onward, was but coldness and ice. However, we were told that farther to the north, we could cross on the ice to another world, and

turning our backs to the north star, find a warmer and better country. We did so; and reached the warmer parts of this land with five hundred thousand men, inclusive of ourselves, and our former masters, whom we had joined with us; and while the other portions of our people had settled in various places, I myself, with this tribe, had reached thus far, when I was forced to come among you, as you knew before; and now," said he, "prepare yourselves for combat, as your foes are determined on contending, and even attacking you in your camp; and let me aid you with the power of my arm."

After a deliberation had been held between the Queen, and several of the older men of the army, in the which the Queen was the greatest advocate of Naasson, he was put in command of half the army, and requested to hold himself in readiness for the battle. A. R.

[To be continued.]

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

"We are but the venders of other men's goods."

CLASSICAL PRINTER. Stephens, the celebrated classical printer, is thus mentioned by Baillet, in his *Jugement des Savans*: "The economy of Robert Stephens' house was excellent. He received no workmen into his printing-house but such as were skilled in Greek and Latin, and capable of being masters elsewhere. He had, besides this, men and maids, who were not allowed to talk any thing but Latin, as well as the workmen in the printing-house. His wife and daughter understood it perfectly, and were obliged, with all the domestics, to talk nothing else. So that the store houses, the chambers, the shop, the kitchen—in a word, from the top to the bottom, all spoke Latin at Robert Stephens's. This generous printer had usually ten men of learning

in his house, who corrected his impressions under him; and, not satisfied with the application he gave to the correction of the several proofs which came from his presses, he publicly exposed the printed sheets before they were taken off, and promised a reward to such as should find any faults in them."

MONUMENTAL ENGRAVING OF THE LATE GOV. CLINTON. Mr. C. P. Harrison has published a neat print designed to commemorate the public services of De Wiit Clinton. In the foreground is represented a monument bearing an inscription, and supporting his bust, on the head of which the Genius of Liberty is placing a civic crown. Emblems of agriculture and plenty, the History of the Grand Canal, &c. are seen in the foreground; and at a distance a section of the Canal. The drawing was made by Mr. Harrison, and the plate acquainted by Mr. Hill. The head bears a striking resemblance to Mr. Clinton; and we understand the artist has received a flattering and approving letter from one of his family.—*Alb. Adv.*

LEECHES. It has been lately discovered that leeches twice applied possess the property of communicating to the second subject the disease of the first.

Two daughters of Mr. Michael Phelan, aged eight and six years, one in assisting the other, were drowned on the 24th ult. near Point a Calliere, in the vicinity of Montreal.

There is no to-morrow which cannot be converted into to-day.

They who are easily flattered are always easily cheated.

Silence is the best remedy for anger. If you say nothing you will have nothing to unsay.

The best of man's possessions is a sincere friend.

Why are our rival Theatres like a lazy horse ?

Because they want a "*Spurr*" on both sides, to keep them going.

REVIEW.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

ROMANCE OF HISTORY, BY HENRY NEELE. 2 Vols. 8mo. Carey, Lea, and Carey. 1828.

A compilation of the most remarkable and romantic events in the history of England, heightened in the narration, it may be, by the vivid coloring of a masterly pencil—but nevertheless in their general features, strictly and historically correct. Walter Scott's "*Tales of a Grandfather*," founded on events in the annals of Scotland are unlike these in their design and execution at the same time. The latter are not romances, but plain "unvarnished tales," as they actually are related upon the page of the historian—the former are all this, with a gentle and palatable dash of fiction. By the arrangement of the title page we may infer that this was intended as the first of a series of Historical Romances, and that passages in the annals of other nations would hereafter form the subjects of other volumes : but the death of their author left this task unperformed, and therefore we have now only to hope that some writer may be found to carry on the design that has been commenced so happily. But to return to the volume before us.

Each of the kings of England from the Conqueror to Charles I. is introduced successively into a separate tale, illustrative of the manners and peculiarities of his respective reign. Had we room for extracts, or inclination to forestall the pleasure of a single reader's perusal of the whole by copying a part, we might give a series of excerpts, in the shape of an exquisite scrap of poetry, or a highly wrought description of a royal jous

or beautiful delineation of natural grandeur and romantic scenery. These abound throughout the volumes. But we have neither this room, or this inclination, and shall content ourselves therefore with recommending the work to the perusal of all lovers of romance as well as admirers of real history. The charms of the latter are heightened by the beauty and finely-wrought finish of the former—and the whole work may be perused advantageously by both these classes of readers. Besides, these sort of narrations are excellent in another point of view ; as suggesting the study of the whole history of the reign of these kings, a few events in which are presented in such a palatable form to the tastes of youthful students. Who that reads the stories of "*The Three Palmers*"—"Catharine Grey"—and "*The Ryd Pencarn*," is not impelled irresistibly to seek for, and become familiar with the entire history of Richard, the Lion-hearted, Queen Bess, and the Rude Welsh Marchmen ? Walter Scott has done a great deal, we are of opinion, in inducing a careful and relishing study of History by the details of such events as are contained in his *Ivanhoe*, *Old Mortality*, *Kenilworth*, and indeed in almost all his inimitable "*Waverlies*"—and we are glad to see that another writer so able as Henry Neele has followed in this his track, and, by a judicious mixture of the "*utile cum dulci*," has given a taste for sober truth while indulging that more common one for lively and imaginative fiction. We hope his design will be prosecuted by an able hand, and that, if his loss cannot be entirely, it may be partially supplied.

We cannot refrain from seconding the remark of a writer in the '*Bulletin*' of last week, over the signature of "*C. A. B.*" upon the subject of the typographical execution of this work. It forms a culpable exception to the general style of Carey, Lea, and Carey's publications, and we hope that

the mere suggestion of these blemishes may be sufficient to prevent their repetition. The volumes may be found, we believe, at the bookstore of Munroe and Francis in Washington street. A—y. * * *

Bower of Taste.

SCRAPS FROM A PORT-FOLIO.

MANY may be of opinion, that when the bloom of Spring, and the joys of Summer, have departed, our minds naturally partake of the gloom that succeeds those delightful seasons; and that our reminiscences and presentations of those glowing scenes which are past, though still vivid in our own imaginations, seem, at this period of vernal decay, as incongruous as roses would be in a beaver. This is partially true; yet can we, or ought we to forget those few hours of happiness which it may have been our lot to have enjoyed in life, even though the snows of winter should be falling in our paths? Surely not. In youth, we feel almost as much pleasure in the anticipation of a blessing as in its fruition. Hope, indeed, is a delightful companion, when unattended by anxiety. As we progress in years, retrospection has its pleasures. We brood over the treasures of memory, with a consciousness that nothing can deprive us of this secret source of happiness. Even our present miseries often serve to heighten the value of those blessings we have enjoyed.

* * * * *

WHITEHALL.

A visit to this place can be only interesting to such as are desirous of viewing those scenes in its vicinity, where our republican spirits asserted their independence.

This village, which is situated in a hollow, possesses little or no rural beauty, and no efforts as yet have been made to render it pleasant in other respects. The canal improvements, however, are worthy of notice; as also the apparent industry of its inhabitants. Near this place may still be seen the remnants of the British shipping, commemorative of the victory of Commodore M'Donough on Lake Champlain; and as we advance towards Burlington, the ruins of Ticonderoga, Crown-Point, &c. are well worth the attention of the American traveller, as illustrative of many important events connected with our history.

The ignorance of some of the people who have always lived in the vicinity of these ru-

ins, is truly astonishing! The 'natives' can give little or no account of the original design of the buildings. On descending into the vault of the magazines, in which are recesses for the storage of ammunition, &c. A young lady remarked that she had no doubt but this was the repository of the dead, and these were their tombs. "Oh! no marm! they a'nt though," said a man (who professed to have resided there from his birth), "they say this was a *bake-house*! and them are things as *ovens*!" But, baking or roasting, *tout le meme chose*—The man was half right. No doubt but they realized both, to their heart's content, at Ticonderoga, on the first attack of the Yankees. * * *

BURLINGTON,

Is the most delightful village in Vermont. The society, though small, boasts many talented individuals, whose learning and graceful manners would do honour to any circle. They are remarkable for their politeness to strangers, and there are few who visit this place without receiving such attentions as will induce them to remember it with pleasure. Remote from the gay metropolis, their moral and social resources are within themselves, and they sedulously cultivate at home what they have most admired abroad. Their taste for literature is probably owing to the University which is there established.

It is a source of pride, as well as pleasure, to every American, to see so many splendid edifices as may be met with in every part of our country, devoted to public learning. This is one of the strongest proofs that America can produce, that she has taken an important stand among the nations of the earth.

* * * * *

We learn that William Leggett, Esq. author of *Leisure Hours at Sea*, as also of the Prize Address, written for the opening of the Bowery Theatre, New-York, is about to publish a weekly paper entitled *The Critic*. Of this gentleman's talents as a poet, and qualifications as an editor, the public are already aware. He is also writing a Tragedy founded upon Roman history. The celebrated American actor, Mr. Forrest, is to personate the hero of the play, on its first presentation to the public.

If you have a friend whom you esteem and wish to retain, resent not too quickly truths which may have been imparted in moments of confidence, perhaps for your own benefit. Those who are unreserved and candid in their communications are more valuable as friends, than such as have the gift of suiting their faces to all occasions.

Those who would give advice, should first carefully ascertain whether they are qualified to do so; and next, whether it will be acceptable;—else, what they may mean as a kindness, may be interpreted as impertinence.

Said a lady to a philosopher: "By telling people so plainly of their faults, you will lose all your friends." "I shall retain all my friends, you mean," replied he, "those who are wise, will thank me. Fools will of course be offended. These I would gladly be rid of."

BABY CRITICISM.

"Papa," cried a child of four years old, "look up at that moon—it has got no tail!" "Why, boy," replied the father. "do you take the moon for a monkey?—it has no tail." "Then the minister that made my hymn, is a naughty man, and tells a story! He said—
"When the evening shades prevail,
"The moon takes up her wondrous tale!"
but I wont say it again, 'cause the moon ha'nt got no tail!"

[Communicated.]

Why is a gentleman who makes a handsome bow, like this paper? Do you give it up?
Because he is a *Bow-er of Taste!*

TREMONT THEATRE.

The very spirit of successful enterprise seems to preside over the Tremont stage. In addition to the solid fare of Shakspeare, we have the lighter entertainments of comedy, joined with the most astonishing exhibitions of art and physical power, that ever were witnessed in this country. Never, perhaps, upon an American stage were greater or more various talents congregated, than in the presentation of Othello, on Monday evening. We could with pleasure, dwell upon the perfections of Messrs. Hamblin, Booth, and Archer, in their respective characters, had they not already been discussed by abler pens. Miss Plucide, as the faithful and devoted friend of Desdemona, was admirable. Mrs. Cowell is a graceful woman; yet we have seen her when she appeared more interesting than as the bride of Othello. On Tuesday night, Mr. Caldwell personated the elegant West Indian, with a grace and dignity which we never saw equalled, in that character. His fine person and rich harmonious voice exactly qualify him for such parts.—We cannot forbear noticing here the splendid performances of Herr Cline, on the tight rope, upon which he dances with more apparent ease, than upon the floor!—also, sitting and

standing upon a chair; only *one leg* of which rested upon the rope, were the most astonishing exhibitions of the art of balancing that we ever saw. It is impossible to describe satisfactorily the performances of this man. He first dances in a dark costume, which changes quickly as a flash of lightning to a superb dress of white and silver! The whole appears like the effect of magic.

Although the successive editors of the Bachelors Journal have argued most loudly on their respective posts, against 'female influence,' still, we of the "*Bower*," occasionally obtain a feather wherewith to grace ourselves, and often succeed in hooking some of their best fry, (as may be seen) even without a bait.

A. R. is welcome to deposit his lore of past ages in our columns.

ICHABOD tells a round story about his "GHOST."

The poetry of NILE, flowing through the "recess" of our "*Bower*," always renews its bloom.

We thank HONORIA for her favour, and regret that ROSALIA, and the fair Essayist came too late.

The "*Rise of Genius*," by R. J. will appear next week.

It is an act of dishonour to assume the signature of another person; and ought always when detected, to be exposed. A writer from *Hardwick* will please to explain to us why he has thought proper to do so. Our old correspondent ROMONT suffers under a similar misery. Some school-boy has succeeded in passing off his nonsense under that name, which has induced its first owner to relinquish it. Another literary sin, too often practised, is, to send to the press, poetry, &c. as original, which has already been published. It is impossible for us to keep the run of all the newspaper rhymes in the country—although we have in some instances detected this fraud before it was too late.

MARRIED.

In Palmer, on the 6th inst by the Rev. Mr. Wan. Mr. Edwin Norcross, of Monson, to Miss Sarah Ferrell, of P.

In Monson, on the 7th, by the Rev. Alfred Ely, Mr. Jonathan R. Flynt, merchant, to Miss Nancy Ely, daughter of the Rev. Alfred Ely, all of Monson.

In Springfield, Mr. Daniel D. Moody, of Monson, to Miss Sarah Perkins, of Springfield.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE, is published by DETTON and WENTWORTH, Nos. 1 and 4 Exchange-street, Boston—Who are authorized to transact all business relative to the printing and circulation of this Work.

All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor. All Letters must be post-paid.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

TO MISS LANE,

THE INFANT; 'ROSCIA.'

Bright Cherub! I could even weep that thou,
So sweet a scion from fair Nature's tree,
Shouldst dim the sunny radiance of that brow,
The lustre of thy spirit's purity;
School the free pulse that heaves thy guileless heart,
And strive to mimic all but what *thou art!*

The upturn'd glance of thy cerulean eye,
In thrilling language, speaks an ardent soul!
The flash of genius—passion's energy—
And virtue's dawn—all these to the control
Of art must yield—Child! thou must learn to *sigh*,
E'en when thou'rt *blest—smile*, amid *misery!*

This is thy fate—but yet so young art thou—
So pure, and beauteous! one might wish for thee,
A happier destiny!—Would thy fair brow,
From art and all her dark disguises free,
Might ne'er be wreath'd but by those fadeless flowers,
Which learning twines in virtue's sacred bowers! AUGUSTA.

THOUGHTS IN SLEEP.

"*I had a dream—and it was all a dream.*"

How I did dream, last evening, when I slept!
Cleone, dear girl, I'll tell thee. Come to me:
Put now thy hand upon my brow—'tis cold;
Yet the red waves of life come thronging back,
Back—swift—nay, smile again, once more, fair one!
Last night, when breathing death had fallen on me,
'I had a dream.' Cleone, you was unkind,
Nay, even cruel to me; and I griev'd,
And went and dream'd about it. *Thus* I thought:

Dear Cleone—I have thought of thee,
 Since last thou saidst farewell ;
 Thou wouldst have given my spirit free,
 But, lovely, on my bended knee,
 It were my being's knell !

I may not live, but when thy chain
 Is on my broken heart—
 But when along my bosom's plain,
 Drowning, in splendour, grief's pale train,
 Thy sunlike smile doth start !

Thou darest not say another breast
 Hath taken the place of mine !
 That other eyes than mine are blest
 With privilege to gaze and rest
 On that dear face of thine !

I would restrain the tear that flows,
 When I but think of thee :
 Yet such a spell thy beauty throws
 Around me, girl, that heaven knows
 I sigh not to be free !

And when I dream, I feel no care ;
 Yet when I call thee—love,
 Thou hast a cold and distant air,
 Raising thy tearful eyes to where
 God dwells—the blue above !

Cleone, I crave a knowledge, now,
 Of all thy hidden grief ;
 I ask thee, pensive creature, how
 Such paleness came upon thy brow,
 Like a fall'n rose's leaf !

And tell me how thy smiling eye
 Came by its rayless glance ?
 And why the sorrow-breathing sigh
 Upheaves thy beauteous bosom high,
 Amid thy sleeping trance ?

* * * * *

'Twas in my sleep. I dream'd I saw thee bent
 In chastened love above me, while I slept ;
 And thought thy hand fell gently on my head,
 As it would call the grace of heaven upon me.
 Then I awoke : the brilliant sun burn'd high,
 And breath'd his gold-thread thro' the waving trees,
 Down to my couch. The voiceful world went on,
 Heedless of my great joy, that I was freed
 From error's airy chains. I look'd on thee,
 And laugh'd with very gladness, when I saw
 The wavy bloom upon thy either cheek,
 And smiles within those eyes. I'll not be caught
 Dreaming such *lies* again—would you, Cleone ?

Null.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



" With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
" We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,"—PAINÉ.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....OCT. 25, 1828. No. 43.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.....NO. IV.

" WE HOLD THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE."

EUSTACE DE SANTERRE.

IN the year 1193, there was a joust or tournament held in a small town in the south of France, where were gathered all the nobility and gentry of the province. Numberless fair ladies and brave knights, even from the remotest parts of France, as well as here and there one from merry England, were there—many of them crusaders—followers of Philip of France, and Richard of the Lion Heart;—as eager now to engage in a less bloody contest, as they had been but lately to wage a desperate warfare against the forces of Saladdin, on the plains of Syria and of the promised land. The universal conqueror in the sports, was a ' knight of the cross.' The bodies of four competitors in arms, who had fallen in succession by his spear, had already shown his prowess. Amid shouts of " A knight of the cross!"—" a knight of the cross!"—" a knight of the cross!"—" hold live the bold

knight!" and a thousand others of the kind, he proceeded to the throne of the queen of the lists, and was crowned as conqueror, after declaration had been made that Eustace Savoutien was victor in this day's joust, by his own good spear, and the grace of God.

.And now—friendly reader—go back with me a few, a very few paces, and you will see that a month before this tourney, while the moon was rising bright and beautiful, and imparting all her brightness to a venerable pile of architecture in the south of France, near the town of Marseilles, a knight and lady might have been seen walking back and forth on a terrace in front of the castle, and earnestly engaged in conversation.

" Sweet Eveline," said the knight, while they stopped and fronted the Rhone, as it hustled downward before them to the ocean, " sweet Ev-

eline, will you make no return for my devoted love? May I have no hopes of hereafter gaining your favour? What! no answer, Eveline? Alas," he continued mournfully, "since then, I am to you an object only of contempt, know, cruel Eveline, that this must be the last time that your hopeless slave will ever behold you, for on the morrow I must depart to my own dwelling, and forget, if possible, that I have ever loved—that I have ever loved one so harsh and cruel as you, lady."

His mistress had heard him so far in silence; but when she saw him leaving the terrace, it seemed that she could restrain herself no longer—for she uttered his name—"Eustace—Eustace!" in a hurried and smothered voice; and he returned immediately to her side.

"Alas, Eustace," said she, "what will the highborn damsels of our France say, when they hear that Eveline de Montemar has avowed her love to a lowborn knight—tarnishing at once her maidenly reserve and family honour!"

"Sweetest Eveline!" replied Eustace, "and to whom is a knight crusader—a knight of the holy cross—unequal? And who will say that Eveline de Montemar has not that maidenly reserve which is becoming in one of her station?—But, Eveline, will you not make me assured of that happiness which you have but hinted at?"

"Eustace," she said, "that I love you, is true; but" she continued, seriously, "that I should give my hand to a knight of whom I have never heard, and of whom I know nought, save by his own account—nay, Eustace, be not angry! *this*, I say can never be expected: Nay, Eustace, hear me out!—you tell me that you are to be present at the tournament—and so am I; and if there you bear yourself like true knight, my hand and heart are both yours."

"And Eveline, I swear to you by yonder moon, the guardian of true lovers, to prove myself worthy of you on the bodies of my opponents."

"And now, Eustace, let us separate. God be with you! We shall meet at the tournament."

It was there, as I have said, that they met—he a victor, crowned by her who was as well queen of his heart, as queen of the lists.

"And now, Eveline," said her lover, when they met at night under the roof of her uncle—a de Montemar—"now learn that your lowborn knight is no more—for that when this sweet hand is declared mine, you are the bride—not of Eustace Savantien, but Eustace de Santerre. When he thus proudly declared his descent to his chosen bride, what was his surprise to see her features overspread with a deadly paleness, as she attempted with trembling gestures to repel him from her.

"Oh, Eustace! Eustace!" she murmured,—“of what perjury have you made me guilty! Oh, God! impute it not, I pray thee, as a crime to me!—And Eustace—your father—~~was he~~—is he *Louis* de Santerre? Say so, I pray you!"

"But, Eveline!" said Eustace, "he is my father. My love! why is all this agitation at hearing my name? Believe me my feelings towards you are the same."

"No, Eustace—no—it is not that—not *that*. No: hear me, Eustace. I swore once—yes ~~swore~~—to bare eternal enmity with your father's family; and how, Eustace, oh how have I perjured myself!"

"But, Eveline, dear Eveline! why was this oath? ~~when~~ was it?"

"It was, Eustace, because your ~~own~~ father had slain my father, and despoiled me of a great portion of my possessions; and oh God! have I loved the son of my father's murderer!"

Words cannot express the astonishment of Eustace. He eagerly required an explanation of these charges; and learned the following facts. He knew that Louis and Charles de Santerre were brothers—twins—and so much like one another in appearance, that even their own friends sometimes found it difficult to distinguish them. Their minds, however, he knew were entirely different, and that they were widely separate in feelings, habits, and pursuits. He knew that his father was just and merciful, and as much averse to doing a cruel action as a cowardly one. But his uncle—he was rapacious and revengeful—and always looking forward to his ends, without caring by what means he obtained them. He was as likely to do an unjust as a just action. All this he early learned, for he had never seen his uncle since his boyhood, as he had, when he was but nine or ten years in age, left France, and never afterwards been heard of. It was supposed however, that he had entered the crusading army and died in Syria. Besides this, he was now for the first time told that his father, Louis de Santerre, who before had been distinguished for his openness and generosity, for his justice and urbanity, had suddenly altered, become morose, reserved, cruel and solitary; dismissed all his servants, but one, and performed various deeds of a character altogether opposed to his former habits of life,—amongst which were his murder of Pierre de Montemar, and his violent possession of a part of the estates of the Lady Eveline.

After hearing this account, you may readily conceive what were the feelings of Eustace. He was assured, however, that his father must be insane, as it seemed most probable; for it could hardly be supposed that the whole tenor of his life would have been so altered, unless

it were so. Of this, he would fain have convinced Eveline; and he prayed her, should it be so, to consider her oath annulled,—in the sight of God and man; for which a dispensation could easily be obtained from the Pope.

“No, Eustace, no,” was her reply. “It can never be—*never*. My oath was voluntary, and it shall never be knowingly transgressed; and I have to pray God’s pardon, that I have thus far offended against it. The duty of both of us, hence, must be to forget each other—and to me, Eustace, I feel that it will be a most difficult task; but God will give me courage, and may he forever bless you—Eustace, farewell.”

At dawn, next morning, Eustace and his page or squire Jacques, a youth of about nineteen, were on their way towards the north of France. On the third day from their departure, they approached the paternal mansion of the knight. When they reached a place where the road which they had been travelling, branched off in two directions, he called up his follower to his side, and inquired of him, whether he knew to what places the two would lead him. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he proceeded thus—Jacques, I well know that you are both bold and faithful—I would send you now on an employment which greatly affects my welfare—perhaps my life. I need not ask you whether you are ready to do what I need, for I see plainly that you are; but I hear some one approaching—turn aside here into the wood, and I will explain to you what it is necessary that you should do. After they had turned into the woods, he saw a person of common appearance come out of the left hand road, and turned into the right, well mounted and at full speed. When he had passed, Eustace recounted to his squire, all the particulars he had heard concerning

his father—informing him of his supposition—that he was insane, or that some sorcery had been practiced upon him. “And now Jacques,” said he, “while I go toward the castle to reconnoitre, do you proceed on the road which the horseman has just taken, to the village, and learn the opinion and reports of men concerning this charge of my father, and return hither again at dusk, to this same place where we now are, or if you find me not here, proceed to the castle.” Thus they separated, and while Eustace took the path to the castle, Jaques went onward towards the village.

Eustace had proceeded but a short way on foot, in the path which he had taken, when he met a tall man in complete armour, with his visor down, who without saying a word, drew his sword and attacked him with great vehemence; for a time he did nothing but defend himself against this attack—but when he felt himself wounded in the arm, all his anger was roused, and one tremendous blow laid open the helmet and the head of his antagonist, and felled him to the ground. A momentary shudder ran over him when he saw his fall, and then, without waiting for a second look, he proceeded to the castle. It seemed strange to him that although it was mid-day, yet there was no person to be seen in the home of his family. It seemed strange that he could now pace that hall and hear his own steps, where formerly a host of servants were employed in busy merriment—and it seemed to him that the angel of desolation had gone over his home in terrible and overwhelming anger. It drew towards evening when he heard the busy hum of noises drawing near to the castle—strange misgivings were in his soul when he looked out and saw a concourse of people bearing the corpse of him he had killed—and

wild and horrible thoughts shot across his brain—he saw them enter and lay the corpse upon the floor of the hall, and he gasped for breath while he rose before them and demanded, whom they were thus bearing in? The men stared in surprise—but at his voice when he repeated, “*Who? Who?*” one of the men sullenly replied,—“Our lord Louis de Mortemar.” “Oh, God!” shrieked Eustace, as he fell upon the body of his father and the hall re-echoed with his last frantic exclamation.

In the meantime Jacques had reached the village, and directed his steps to the inn, at the door of which he found a horse standing, which he recognised as belonging to the man who had passed at the branch in the road, coming from the castle. He entered the inn and called for a can of beer, inquiring of his host, whether there was no one who would wish to partake of part at his expense; for, said he, with good liquor I would always have good company. “Yes, friend,” said Bonjace, “if that be your wish I can supply a dozen—indeed there is one in the top room now, who will gladly be your partaker.”—“Well, send him in—send him in, my good host,” was the reply, and in a few moments his guest was ushered in. Jacques plied him well with drink, and then with inquiries about Lord de Mortemar. “Lord de Mortemar, indeed,” said Pierre, his guest, “I know that which would make Lord de Mortemar swing for it, and—but who are you—it seems to me I have some remembrance of your face and voice.” “And of yours,” said Jaques, “I am Jaques Vernier—at least I used to be.” “Ah! and have you forgotten your playmate Pierre Latour?” and the two friends were immediately in one another’s arms. Pierre was the first to speak. “Are you in the service of Eustace de Mortemar

now, Jacques?" was his first question. "I am." "And where is he now?" "Most probably at the castle, or at the branching in the roads." "Jacques," said Pierre, "follow me to the place; have you a horse?" "I have" said Jacques, "but I shall not follow you until I know for what reason." "Read this then—read this and learn the reason," and he thrust into his hands a letter where he read: "Be not concerned; Eustace de Santerre cannot escape me—the sword is prepared for him." "And that sword, said Pierre, "is in those woods—come, hasteu—hasten or we shall be too late—so, that will do."

They were soon at the head of the road. "And now may God forgive us," said Pierre, "if we are too late—as he saw the blood on the ground—but on to the castle and we shall see." When they entered the hall, Eustace was restored to life; he gazed upon Pierre and Jacques as they entered, but seemed to have no recollection of either; he merely continued uttering low groans, nor when Jacques addressed him did he make any answer.—"Nay then," said Pierre, "I must try a more powerful remedy," and he left the hall; he descended below the castle, and at the door of one of its numerous dungeons, called upon Louis de Mortemar. "What art thou, villain," replied a stern voice from within, which showed that the speaker, whoever he was had lost none of his faculties.—"Lord de Mortemar," said Pierre, "you are free." "Is it indeed so?" said de Mortemar, "and to what chance do I owe this?" "To your brother's death," was the reply, "by the hand of your son." "Alas! would to God," said De Mortemar, "that he had had time to prepare himself for death. And my son, how sayest thou? did he do the death upon him—and how was it?" "My Lord," said Pierre,

"your wretched brother set upon Eustace, and God and the virgin helped the right. But haste my lord, and free your son from the terrour with which he is seized, supposing himself to have slain his father." When Eustace saw his father enter with Pierre, he gazed at him, then at the body before him, and then—"Jacques," said he, "who are these?" "My dear Eustace," said Lord De Mortemar, while he folded him in his arms, "I am your own true father—don't you see me?" "Yes, my father I see. But father, Oh, father, I have had a horrid dream." And it was some time before he understood the whole matter; and that he had slain his uncle and not his father.

The rest is soon told—a few days before these events took place, Pierre learnt the whole from one of Charles De Mortemar's accomplices while intoxicated; he had given Pierre a letter to Charles which he opened and found to contain intelligence of the approach of Eustace, and of the danger to be apprehended from him. After Charles had given Pierre an answer to transmit, he attacked Eustace and we have seen the result. Probably Eveline only considered her oath binding, as respected Charles De Mortemar and his descendants, as we find that soon after, Eustace was rewarded by her hand. And now, friendly reader, I thank you that you have accompanied me thus far.

Yours, ALBERT.

Saturday Evening.

That the Christian religion and intellectual improvement may co-exist, and exert a reciprocal and salutary influence upon each other, may be established from an appeal to their very nature—from a development of their respective and intrinsic principles. What is the Christian religion? As a moral

system, it makes the finest and the most forcible appeals to the heart. It exhibits the only effectual motives for the control of human conduct,—motives furnished by the earth, and presented by heaven. In this respect, even by the concession of its enemies, though wrung from them, and often reluctantly expressed, it sustains a character beyond reproach—it is elevated above impeachment. In all its principles, motives and provisions, it is critically adapted to the character of the human mind, and wisely accommodated to the exigencies of the world. So far, then, as the production and regulation of virtuous sensibilities of the heart may have an influence upon intellectual improvement, the gospel must give an impulse to the human mind which can be imparted by no other agent. Nor is christianity destitute of intellectual fitness and proportion. Its professed object, it is true, is not to teach us literature and science and the arts, but to prescribe a system of moral feeling and of moral conduct. And yet there is nothing in the Bible which interferes, directly or indirectly, with the cultivation of a discreet and liberal philosophy. This volume may sometimes restrict our inquiries, and arrest our adventurous footsteps by admonishing us, as the voice from the burning bush did the Hebrew sage upon Horeb, that the ground on which we tread is holy;—but even in these instances, instead of erecting a barrier against knowledge, it only represses an idle curiosity, and presents a check to unprofitable and impious speculation.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

NAASSON :

A TALE OF THE "OLDEN TIME."

CONCLUDED.

WHEN night came on, and the moon rose stilly and sweetly over the two forges, Naasson placed, of the men under his command, several senti-

nels between the camp and the stream below, with orders to lie concealed, until some movement should take place among their enemies; and if none such took place, to remain there until relieved by others, who would be sent out. He himself went quietly down to the water's side, and stopped for a time directly opposite the camp of that people, who, once his friends, were now become his foes. But yet driven out with shame and disgrace, and cast off like a seared leaf from among his people, and torn down like a broken bough, to be forever severed from his own tree, yet, he looked wishfully to the mound which he himself had helped to rear, and where, he hoped, yet lay many of his well wishers.

It is a dreadful event to be forced to become a renegade to your people—and that by themselves—it; and while he stood there in the pure moonlight, with strangers on the one side, and his people on the other, and listened to the distant breathings of nature among the forest trees behind him, he felt alone—and solitary—even among a great multitude.

While he stood there, he heard a dashing in the water a little way above him, and presently saw a man issue from the stream, and move up the bank towards the huts of his new allies. Distrusting the watchfulness of his sentinels, he followed the visitor, and saw him hold out his sword to the first native whom he met, and heard him utter the word "Naasson." He drew near, and found in him his old and tried friend, and the companion of his father, Raguel. He needed but to utter his name, and the old man fell upon his neck and blessed him in the name of the God of Israel—a name which few of his people named or thought of. While they went to Naasson's wigwam, Raguel informed him that at the

time of the revolt, he was absent, and a large number of those who would have stood by their friends—for the sake of obtaining provision, and that when they returned, they had found Joash, the ringleader in the revolt, in the command of the force. "And now," said he, "I have come over to you, my friend, to see what is to be done, and how we may defeat that villain Joash in his plotting."

"Well, Raguel," said Naasson, "you are the older warrior: let us hear your plan, for no doubt you have one. Come, make it known."

"Why then, Prince," replied he, "you must keep your new friends from fighting for two or three days, or at least till I come over again; and in the mean while I will gather your friends from out of our army, and when there is a battle we will come over to you—and in this case even *your* friends would be enough to ensure you victory. But besides this—of those who are ill disposed towards you, there are numbers worse disposed towards Joash, and those I think we shall gain, in part, at least."

"This plan, Raguel, will do, I think," said Naasson, "and I will fully perform my portion of it, in keeping your and my allies from a battle for as long a time as you please; for I have the fullest confidence in you, my faithful and trusty friend."

"Ah—and well may you have confided," answered Raguel, "in one who was your father's friend, and who has always been yours—you may well trust to his faithfulness and valour."

"Yes," replied Naasson, "to that faithfulness, I know well that I owe my life, and that valour was well proved at the destruction of our nation—when Shalmaneser led on his thousands and his ten thousands to ravage and destroy our birth-place; and when the high places of

Samaria fell prostrate before the conqueror."

"And that conqueror and his ten thousands owe many thanks to the wretch Joash, that they paid not with a heavy price for their work of desolation," said Raguel, "for when he was sent with six thousand chosen men to hinder the advance of the Assyrian army, the base, the hated miscreant gave up his brethren to their enemies,—and that too for nought, for he too was made a slave, as well as we; and now he would be a leader again—yes *again*—and he would begin too with a betrayal of his prince; but he shall see again, that day when a congregated people were driven from the home of their fathers—slaves into another land, and when our wives and children—yes for all this he shall know that the vengeance of Israel's God is sure though it may be slow.

On the third night from this, Raguel came over again and informed him that on the morrow he must make the attack, and that when that was made he would be joined by a third part of the army, who would withdraw themselves under his command and join themselves to their lawful Prince. That night the whole force was led over the river, and at daylight they attacked the fortification on every side. On that side where they ascended from the river, they were soon repelled, and that with great loss. On the upper side they attacked their enemies, and though there they fought more on equal ground, yet Naasson with all his exertions was unable to gain the inside of the fortifications; neither could Raguel in any way join him outside. When he saw this he drew off his forces a bow shot, and while a part of them flung an incessant storm of arrows upon the rampart—he with a large body of men approached the fortification, and giving a signal for the shooting

to cease, gained the interior and was followed by the whole force; here he was joined by Raguel, and the battle was soon decided—but by no means without loss. Joash himself, armed in one hand with an enormous club and in the other with a sword, both of which he used at once and with equal dexterity—raged among his foes like an incarnate fiend. When Naasson cried out that all were safe who should drop their weapons, he stood in the midst of his enemies—he looked around and saw his whole force disarmed and himself deserted.—Directly before him stood Raguel, wounded and leaning on his sword for support. He sprung at him, and dashing to the ground with one blow of his club, two who were before him, he seized him by the left hand and threw him over his back, and thus secure from arrows in the rear he smote his way to the rampart, with as much ease apparently as before he had felt the burden, while his captive cried to those around to shoot their arrows at Joash without regarding him. However rightly Joash had judged in supposing that no one would aim an arrow to him while protected by such a shield, still it was not his fortune to escape in safety; and when upon the rampart he shook his captive from his shoulders, and raised his club to take his last vengeance upon him, an arrow struck him under the arm, and he rolled heavily down to the ground beyond the rampart. The next day the bodies of friend and foe were hurried together in one of those huge mounds which you may still see in the western country; and over the bodies of her brethren the Queen declared to her people that she took the Israelite Naasson as her husband, and that they and the Jew must now make but one people. And now when all trace of distinction is lost, and language forgotten, and when

we only know them as one family of red men, yet now, that mound and that circular fortification is to be seen; and the native has told that battles were once fought there, long ago, in the time of his fathers.

A. R.

[From the Token.]

THE DREAM FULFILLED.

BY S. C. GEORRICH.

WHAT are dreams—illusions of fancy or suggestions of prophecy! fleeting visions which pass over the mind, like clouds across the still lake, traceless and trackless, meaning nothing, and teaching nothing! or, are they shadows of coming events, light and transient as the mountain mist, but, like that, foretelling the storm or sunshine that is to follow? these are doubts which the philosophy of ages hath not been able to solve. Our story may, perhaps, throw some light upon the misty question.

Viviar was a youth, envied by all around him as the favourite of fortune. He was rich, accomplished, handsome and beloved; but alas! he was not happy. He felt the want of spirit which he did not know how to supply. He looked abroad in nature, and felt its beauties with a vivacity almost amounting to rapture; but an uneasy sense of privation remained.

It seemed to him that there was something lost, or something not yet found, which was indispensable to his peace.

He rose in the morning, and ascended to the top of one of the highest hills, and looked over the broad landscape. In the silver rivulet, the waving meadow, the sloping woods, the golden morning, and the purple sunset, in all around him—he saw objects to delight, but none to satisfy him. Day after day he returned to his home, with the reflection, "These are indeed beautiful, but they only persuade me

that there is yet something better than these.'

One evening, as he was returning from his rambles, he approached the dwelling of a humble cottager, distinguished for his worth and wisdom. He was aged, and possessing no other fortune than a daughter of sixteen years, he still deemed himself rich, for she was dutiful, intelligent, and lovely. It was a beautiful night, and the moonbeams were woven with thick clusters of jessamine over the door and windows of the cottage. A sweet voice was heard—Vivian paused; it was the daughter of the cottager singing—

At misty dawn, at rosy morn,
The redbreast sings alone—
At twilight dim, still, still his hymn
Hath a sad and sorrowing tone.

Another day his song is gay,
For a listening bird is near,
O, ye who sorrow, come borrow, borrow
A lesson of robin here.

Vivian frequently visited the cottage, and was ever a welcome guest there. As he entered it, Ellen, the cottage girl, met him and conducted him to her father. As he sat conversing with the good old man, his eyes stole often to the beaming face of the daughter. While he gazed upon her, her glance met his; her eyes were cast upon the ground and the hues that came to her cheek were those which sunset throws upon a white cloud. Vivian experienced strange and bewildering emotions, but he could not account for them. It did not enter his imagination, that a simple cottage maiden could possess influence over the rich heir of a high and haughty family.

He returned home still less happy than ever. Restless and perplexed, he retired to his sleeping apartment, and threw himself upon his pillow. But it was long ere he could sleep. If for a moment he lost himself in slumber, a multitude of images passed before him, half

real and half imaginary, now thrilling him with pleasure, then startling him with affright. At length wearied and exhausted, he fell asleep. When he awoke, he was deeply impressed with a dream, the outlines only of which he would recall. It seemed that he had been favored with the presence of the object which he sought. It had filled him with delight; and while still awake, his nerves thrilled with exquisite emotions.

But the name and form of this object he could not bring back to his memory. Whether, indeed, it had visited him as a thing of sight or sound, he could not tell. It seemed at one moment to be a being of form; and, as his fancy strove to recover the fleeting image, it would hover to his eye and then disappear.

Then some faint strain of recollected melody would appear to be the thing he had lost; but as he pursued it, it melted away. All that remained definite and certain in his mind was an impression that the object necessary to his happiness had visited his imagination in sleep, bringing with it all the charms of beauty and melody, and casting around his spirit a spell of strange and entrancing power.—But fancying that he had now a clue to the mystery which had seemed to involve his existence, Vivian determined to unravel it in a practical manner. He was persuaded that if he were to meet the being of his dream, he should instantly recognise it, and thus discover the secret of his happiness. He resolved therefore to travel, and scrutinise every thing that came within his observation. We cannot follow him through all his wanderings. He visited foreign cities, and mingled in the gay world of fashion. He examined the various institutions of the countries through which he passed, saw remarkable edifices and

localities, scanned paintings and statues, sought out the picturesque, ascended Mount Blanc for the sublime, and ranged the hills of Scotland for the romantic. In short, he made the great tour, and saw whatever a traveller should see. In two years he came back to his native country, improved in knowledge and refined in manners; but a melancholy shade upon his countenance declared that he had not found the object of his pursuit. Often, indeed, had he seemed for a moment about to discover the image which came in his dream, but suddenly—the subtle thread by which he held it, was broken, and the resemblance flew away like a frightened bird. Yet every thing seemed to remind him of what he sought. In the look of some dark haired girl of Savoy—in the glance of a blue eyed shepherdess of the Rhine—in the soft language of a French maiden, in the ringing laugh of an English one—in the low unearthly notes of an Æolian harp—in the touching melody of musical glasses—in the voice of Madame Pasta, and in that of Mademoiselle Sontag—in the Sybil of Dominichino—in the Venus de Medici—in the mountains and rivers—in the blue air—the tinted cloud—the prismatic bow—in lakes and lawns—in nature and art—in whatever gave him pleasure, there was something to restore his dream, something invisibly and mysteriously associated with the subject of it. Yet while every thing around him was thus stamped with its fresh foot-prints, its wing rustling in every breeze, its image dwelling in all that was beautiful, and its voice mingling in all that was melodious, still, still the evanescent being eluded his grasp, and cheated his pursuit.

He had been at home but a single day when, as if by accident, he found himself approaching the cottage we have described. It was

evening, and the moon shone as before upon the jessamine, when he last visited it. Again he heard the voice of Ellen—again he paused and listened. It was again the song of the redbreast that she was singing. A rush of recollections came to his mind. 'This,' said he, 'is surely the music of my dream!' He hastened to the cottage. Ellen met him at the door—and Vivian instantly recognised in her the heroine of his vision!

Let not the reader say that our story is improbable. Vivian is not the only one who has been the subject of a dominion that reigns for a time over every pulse, lives in every avenue to the heart, and by the legend-main of youthful fancy, renders one object the seeming fountain from which all our pleasures flow. In short, there are others, as well as he, who have seen analogies in things as unlike as a rainbow and a pretty girl!

We need not tell the rest. The lovers were married, and Vivian and Ellen consider their union as a happy fulfilment of a remarkable dream.

And so long as dreams chance to be prompted by the wishes and purposes of lovers, it is probable events may make them prophetic.

OMNIUM GATHERUM

"We are but the vendors of other men's pain!"

Roses and strawberries and winter frosts are doubly welcome: and we were therefore the more obliged to Mr. Parmentier, of Brooklyn, when, in presenting us this morning with a beautiful bouquet of roses, and a paper of ripe strawberries, he told us, at the same time, that ice of considerable thickness was formed last night on Long Island.—*N. Y. Pap.*

On Monday last there was a snow storm at the north. The hills of Saratoga were covered with snow. *A.*

Bower of Taste.

THE TOKEN.

We regret that this splendid little annual came to our desk too late last week, to afford us an opportunity of gratifying ourselves by that attentive perusal, which such a book requires, before we should venture to express our opinion of its contents. This is unquestionably the most beautiful offering of its class, that has ever been laid upon the altar of public favour; the high literary character, both of its editor and publisher, has induced many of our best writers to contribute to its pages, confident that their gifts would be estimated according to their value. The engravings in

this work, are with few exceptions, a treat of the first order to the lovers of the pencil.—“Saturday Afternoon,” from an exquisite painting of one of our best native artists, Fisher, is finely executed; the accompanying poem by Mr. Willis, is not we think, the happiest effort of his muse. It is a queer whim of this young enthusiastic poet, thus delighting so often to fancy himself a decrepit old man! We prefer him in the free and graceful garb of nature, in the sunny radiance which genius throws around him to any disguise which he can assume; he is himself—perfectly so, in the “*Tri-portrait*,” were it not for its length, we would with pleasure transfer it to our pages, still we cannot forbear presenting our readers with one of these sweet pictures.

On my arm
 Leaned an unshadowed Girl, who scarcely yet
 Had numbered fourteen summers. I know not
 How I shall draw her picture—the young heart
 Has such a restlessness of change, and each
 Of its wild moods so lovely! I can see
 Her figure in its rounded beauty now,
 With her half flying step—her clustering hair
 Bathing a neck like Hebe’s, and her face
 By a glad heart made radiant. She was full
 Of the romance of Girlhood—the fair world
 Was like an unmarred Eden to her eye,
 And every sound was music, and the tint
 Of every chord a silent poetry.
 Light to thy path, bright creature! I would charm
 Thy being if I could, that it should be
 Ever as now thou drest, and flow on
 Thus innocent, and beautiful to Heaven!

The “*gift*” is a beautiful effort of fancy and art. Yet the style of the lady’s beauty is not exactly to our taste. We noticed the distance between the eyes as a defect in the face; the figure also, somewhat too much of the *ex bono* point order, to express that feminine delicacy and ethereal grace implied in the poem.

The “*Capture of Andre*” is perhaps the best plate in the book; in point of strong delineation of character, it certainly is. There is an appealing expression in the eye of the noble prisoner, as he fixes his gaze upon the

sturdy front, and marks the unbending resolve depicted upon the face of the Yankee soldier; there also appears to be a hesitation in his manner of presenting his “gold,” as if he felt it was beneath the acceptance of an “honorable man;” the shrewd cunning and scarce suppressed exultation of the half-yeoman, half-soldier, who grasps his collar, is admirably characteristic; even the horse has a peculiar look. It is a fine picture, and strongly illustrative of the interesting poem of Mr. Miller, particularly these stanzas.

“Go to! I would not wrong the truth
 That fills thy noble eye;
 That broad, pale forehead’s lift of pride
 Should take no shameful dye.
 I would not that a bribe should be
 Clasp’d in a brave man’s hold;
 ’Tis a base weapon—vainly drawn—
 Briton—put up thy Gold!”

The following poem by Mrs. Sigourney, our American “*Hemans*” is accompanied by an engraving of the academic grove, from

the splendid drop scene of the Tremont Theatre, by Coyle—it is a true copy, and of the most delicate finish.

THE ACADEMIC GROVE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Hail, hallowed grove! where attic genius, fired,
To Immortality's bright wreath aspired;
Fair temples, hail! beneath whose solemn shade
The musing babe, Philosophy, was laid.
Lulled by the classic fountain's tuneful chime,
To lingering dreams, unearthly, and divine.

Still steals thy voice in murmurs deep and clear
Ethereal Plato! o'er the listening ear;
As when, amid yon garden's sacred bound,
Thy loved disciples sought its magic sound.
Oft their pure cheeks the rushing tear confessed,
As rose thy martyred master from his fest,
Once more amid thy glowing strains to live
Such life as gratitude and thou couldst give.
Oft did his shadowy semblance meet their eyes,
In self-distrusting virtue nobly wise,
While fickle Athens, spurning at his creed
Filled the dire hemlock-cup, then shuddering mourn'd her deed.

Lo! round yon tombs what stately spectres glide,
While Fancy sweeps the mists of time aside.
The boastful Sophist with his wildered gaze,
Lost in his own interminable maze;
The Stoic band, who rend in proud disdain,
The crown from Pleasure, and the scourge from Pain;
The Sceptic, doubtful of his trembling breath,
The churlish Cynic, frowning even in Death—
All, all from drear Oblivion's realm return,
And throng their leader's venerated urn.
Fair Trees! beneath whose graceful shadows rose
Majestic Wisdom in serene repose—
Tell how the storm of Rome's unsparing wrath,
Reft your green honours in its awful path,
And sternly twined in war's un pitying toil,
Your arms un filial 'gainst your native soil.*

Rise, humbled Athens! from thy lot severe;
With dauntless breast confront the Moslem spear;
In martial ranks thy princely sons array;
Snatch victories palm, as on Plataea's day;
Bid o'er the Acropolis new lustre gleam,
And with fond tears restore the grove of Academe.

Hartford, June, 1828.

It is a matter of no small astonishment among the literati, that Mr. Goodrich, who has evidently drank deeply of the sacred fountain, should for so long a time have indulged his inspirations in secret. His "Sea Bird's Tale" is full of originality and poetic beauty—also "The Dream Fulfilled," is a delicate and fanciful morceau, exactly adapted to this work.

Otter Bag? heaven preserve us! what a name—but it sounds like one of John Neal's

fancies, who neither writes or thinks like other people. Wondering what this title could mean, reminded us of a man who having written a novel, requested a friend to suggest such a title as would make it sell well. "Call it a Jug with forty handles," replied he, "no matter what the subject may be, I will insure its sale." "But what's a name?" whoever may chance to open upon this story, though even at the "noon of night" will witness the dawn of day, ere he would close the book.

* Sylla employed the beautiful trees from the Academic grove to construct machines, with which to batter and destroy the city of Athens when besieged by him, 87 years before Christ.

before the "Tale is said." There is more of rationality in this one article, than can be found in all the rest of the volume; true, the author hurries from narrative to history, and from sentiment to philosophy, with a rapidity and power that at once astonishes, and fascinates his readers; still all is in perfect keeping with the object which he has in view—he is a very "Yankee," in the true sense of the word, and always knows "what he is about," notwithstanding his digressive flights. Mr. Neal has undoubtedly a greater knowledge of the Aboriginal character, and is more thoroughly acquainted with every event of importance relative to American history, than any other writer of the age, (Irving and Cooper not excepted,) and has done more towards establishing the character of belle-lettres literature in Europe, than any other American scholar who has yet crossed the Atlantic. We never saw a national sketch of his, either of this or any other country, which was not, so far as we may judge, "to the life." He has the power, in an uncommon degree of reconciling apparent impossibilities with truth, so as to satisfy the mind, which is by no means the case with many of our best writers; he always succeeds in exciting a strong interest in every character which he introduces, and often claims your admiration, even when your judgment might condemn; this is the secret *witchery* of novel writing—and this, in an eminent degree he possesses. Both his prose and poetry, remind us of a bold rich landscape, where the grandeur of art and the sublimity of nature, alternately awaken our delight and enthusiasm—where we may turn from the wild rush of the mountain cascade and repose the eyes upon the polished temple, or the classic statue embosomed in shade and quiet.....But to return to "*Otter Bag*." We did not read this tale with the intention of 'reviewing' it, or even noticing publicly its plot' or 'circumstance'—every body will review it, & of course will judge for themselves. Still, we would remark, that it strikes us rather as a *dramatic* composition—in short, *any thing* but a common story; his *Yankee dialect* is admirably hit off. No doubt it will have a good effect. Ridiculing absurdities often produces amendment. Notwithstanding our circumscribed limits, we cannot resist the wish of giving our readers a specimen of the style of this story.

"There may be no such ruins in America as are found in Europe or Asia, or in Africa, but other ruins here are—the ruins of a mighty people! there may be no places of pilgrimage in America, unless it be some lonely battle ground, already forgotten by the neighborhood, overgrown

with a new forest, and overshadowed by a deep perpetual darkness, or covered far and wide with a sea of weltering herbage, the frightful vegetation of death! no places that have been sanctified by song or story—age after age, with beautiful tradition or fierce poetry, save here and there a small spot of earth shut in by the great hills, or fortified by the everlasting rocks, where the red man withstood the white man, while the noise and the flash of the terrible weapons with which the latter shot fire into the hearts of the former, appeared to the savage to be that very noise and brightness, which he had seen set fire to the woods about his path—tear up the earth under his feet, and shatter the very sky over his head. Or some other shadowy quiet place, or smooth hill-top where the men of the revolution made war upon their fathers and brothers,—upon the most powerful nation of the earth—while her ships covered and her armies were on the march in every quarter of the globe. There may be no piles of barbarian architecture, each a wilderness of turrets, towers, and battlements, rocking to the sea breeze, or overshadowing the high places of power in America. No half buried city, like the pillared and sculptured treasuries of art which encumber the earth, and choke up the rivers of the old world, or come and go with the tide—appear and disappear, day after day, along the sea-shore of states that have perished forever—cities buried by the volcano or the earthquake, overthrown by the savage, swept over by the sea, or swallowed up by the sand of the desert; yet crowded with strange beauty and full of glorious wreck—no prodigies of the mist of that beautiful dim vapour, the twilight of another world; the atmosphere of tradition through which the bannered places, the rocky fortresses, and the haughty piles of Europe loom with a most unearthly grandeur. But if there are no such things in America, there are things which are to be found no where else now—the live wreck of a prodigious empire, that has departed from before our face within the memory of man—the last of a people who have no history, and who but the other day were in possession of a quarter of the *whole* earth."

"RUINS," by Mr. Pickering;—we must take the whole of this poem, in order to give a perfect idea of its beauties.

These rude remains of a poor peasant's cot
That now upon the village skirts appear
A shapeless mass, I fondly linger near
As if it were a memorable spot.
Some mournful tale of woes remembered not,
Might haply, were it known, enforce a tear
For those long gone, the sometimes dwellers here.
No trace of conquerers track, through realms forgot,
Where heaped-up cities sleep, indeed, is seen;
Yet all that can affect in human fate,
Is storied clear; and grief was not less keen,
Nor joy more full, in any loftier state;
For where Love enters there too will be Death—
And Hope, that sinks but with our latest breath.

It would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to keep the thread of this sonnet. First, we find the poet straying among the "remains of a poor peasant's cot"—"as if it were a memorable spot," from which we may infer that he knew nothing about the former "dwellers." Yet in the second verse he intimates that if he could but remember some "mournful tale of woes," he would certainly weep at it. How strange! that amid the ruins of a hut, no "conqueror's track," no "realm where heaped up cities sleep" is seen—"Yet all that can affect in human fate is storied clear"—but still nothing is remembered.

"For where love enters, there too will be death."

Very true—but who loved, and who died in this same cot? The poet sayeth not.

"And hope, that sinks but with our latest breath."

This line we admit is necessary to finish the rhyme.

The above, the "Condor of Angas," and "Abraham's return," are perhaps the most exceptionable among the poetic specimens—many of the rest have answered our highest expectations. Among the prose, the "Italian Boulevard," and the "Seaman's widow" have pleased us much; the rest we have not yet read. In the engraving of Chantrey's Washington there is an obvious defect in the hand that holds the scroll; also that which supports the drapery is of yeoman-like dimensions.

SCRAPS FROM A PORT FOLIO.

Alas! "where are they?"—elbowed out of the nook editorial this week, to make room for more important personages.

When we wait with anxiety, the arrival of any event, or circumstance, from which we anticipate extraordinary gratification, we are almost always disappointed in the fruition

of our hopes; if on the other hand, we calmly resolve to derive some beneficial result either of profit or pleasure from every situation or scene in which we may be destined to act, without expecting perfect happiness in either; we shall find our portion of earthly enjoyments greatly augmented.

We observed by the Commercial Gazette of Tuesday last, in a theatrical advertisement, that "Mr. Caldwell" was announced to appear in the character of "Duff"—"excellent!" we should think a "learned criticism" might have been written upon this performance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

We have received a long string of Conundrums from a "friend," which are nevertheless inadmissible, we advise him to send them over to Billy Black of the Tremont Theatre. We hate conundrums—they are at best an impertinent apology for wit.

MARRIED

In Portland, John Neal, Esq. senior *Esq.* of the Yankee and B. L. Gazette, and *Bachelor* Journal, to Miss Eleanor, daughter of Mr. Lee Hall.

In this city, on Monday evening last, Mr. James Hooton to Miss Mary E. Bean, daughter of the late Horace Bean, M. D.

In Watertown, on Sunday evening last, Dr. Lee Child, Esq. Editor of the Massachusetts Journal, to Miss Lydia Maria Francis, editor of the Juvenile Miscellany.

In Providence, Mr. William A. Brown, publisher of the Trollet, to Miss Charlotte, daughter of Mr. Charles Nichols, formerly of Nantuxet.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by Mrs. LITTLE RINE A. WARE, is published by DUTTON & WENTWORTH, Nos. 1 and 4 Exchange-street, Boston.—Who are authorized to transact business relative to the printing and circulation of this Work.

All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor. For all Letters must be post-paid.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

TO S****

“Take back the ring—take back the ring,”

’Tis valueless to me,

I would not that the fragile thing,
Should wake one thought of thee.

The gem is rayless now, and dead,

It is no longer mine—

Its former lustre, all is fled,
And so alas! has thine.

On Friendship’s hand, I once believed

It *could not* fade—’tis strange

I thought so! but I was *deceived*—
Time, thou hast wrought a *change*.

No art can now repair the gem,

No power, thy *truth* restore—

Believe me, friendship’s diadem

Once tarnished, beams no more!

A.

LINES,

TO MARY ON HER MARRIAGE.

Thy youthful heart is beating high

With love’s enraptured dream,

And thy clear, mildly pensive eye

Is lit with pleasure’s beam.

Thy fond and faithful heart will now

Be joined with one as dear,

And thy calm, fair and beauteous brow

Be free from doubt and fear.

For he, thy loved and chosen one,

Now claims thee for his bride:

And all is lit by Hope’s bright sun,

While *thou* art by his side.

His faithful breast shall be thy home,

His arm protect thy form

From every adverse wind that’s blown

And shield thee from the storm.

Oh! if there’s joy on earth combined,

Or bliss, save that above,

'Tis when two faithful hearts are joined
In happy, holy love.

Such then, dear girl, is now thy lot:
Thy bosom's void of guile,
And all thy griefs will be forgot,
When greeted with love's smile.

And may your lives glide sweetly by
With no rude cares opprest:
May pleasure kindle in each eye,
And virtue in each breast.

May many long and happy years
To love and truth be given,
And when you leave this vale of tears,
May you be joined in Heaven!

ELLEN

THE RISE OF GENIUS.

In ancient days when first Britannia's muse,
Poured forth her soul in lyric song profuse—
As rising Genius soaring o'er that land,
With its light wing the shores of Avon fann'd,
Bold fame her far resounding trumpet raised,
While in her courts the name of Shakspeare blazed!
The rays of Science wreathed the hallowed dome,
And Truth and Virtue found within a home;
While round her flowery paths, in light arrayed
Her rival sons with warm devotion strayed,
Eager to grasp the consecrated wreath
Which fell when Shakspeare slept—but not in death!

See now in our own clime where bright as spring,
The flowers of fancy bloom: the buoyant wing
Of Genius soars, and with his sacred flame
Illumes the shrine by freedom raised to fame!
See where the young aspirant waits the day
For Glory's voice to summon him away;
Yet still he lingers till the powerful strain,
Re-echoes through the wilds its notes again,
While he, impatient for the glorious prize,
Would to some lofty peak in grandeur rise—
Climb Nature's highest cliff, then tiptoe stand
With form extended and with outstretch'd hand,
To wave his standard in the golden sun
When its bright mid-day splendour has begun
To gild the heavens! then write in dazzling hue,
His name across the canopy of blue;
Above the sun-tinged clouds would proudly soar
To breathe in air which man ne'er breathed before:
Or mount the proud triumphant car of Mars,
To read his destiny amid the stars!

Thus the bold youth, clings like a bright rain-drop
Which sparkles on the mountain's sunny top,
Until the cold and gloomy shades of night
Bedims its lustre and dispels its light;
Till from the high cliff where its beauty shone,
'Tis by the breeze of evening downward thrown,
To sink into the cavern's dark abyss
Which yawns beneath life's towering precipice!

R. J.



“ With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
 “ We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,”—PAINK.
 The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
 From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....NOV. 1, 1828. No. 44.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.....NO. V.

“ WE HOLD THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.”

THE MOURNFUL BRIDAL.

“ Oh ! could I but recall that fatal deed !
 But no—'tis past—what then remains for me ?
 Despair and misery !” * * *

THE elegant and accomplished Welford saw for the first time, the pensive, though beautiful Lucy Edwards at a fashionable watering-place, where her father had taken her, rather for the recovery of her spirits, than from any indication of ill health. Lucy was at the early age of seventeen, engaged to a youth of unexceptionable character, who had received a mercantile education in her father's counting-room ; after which, wishing to obtain some knowledge of the world, he engaged as a supercargo in a brig bound to Europe, of which her only brother was the second officer in command. A few months after the departure of that vessel which contained two beings dear to her as life, a mastless wreck, bearing only the name of the brig, was found tossing upon the broad Atlantic, at the mercy of the wind and waves. On examination it appeared that her

cargo *might* have been thrown overboard with a view of lightening the vessel, which had apparently sprung a leak, as nothing of value was found on board, and not even the slightest vestige of a human creature. This induced some to believe that the vessel had been plundered by pirates, and that her whole crew had fallen victims to these ocean fiends. Still, from the absence of her boats, which indeed *proved* nothing in favour of their safety, others hoped that some lives at least might have been saved. The most diligent enquiries respecting their fate, was however fruitless ; all remained a mystery, and after three long years spent in alternate hopes of their return, and sorrow for their loss, the father and daughter were at length painfully convinced of the necessity of reconciling themselves to this inevitable decree of fate.

At this period when Lucy left her home to commence a tour of pleasure, she neither had, or wished to forget her lover; still in the bloom of life, and with a heart strongly susceptible of all the enjoyments of nature, and a refined taste for the elegancies of society, it is scarcely to be wondered at, that her bosom felt a returning glow of happiness, on revisiting those scenes, from which she had for so long a time been a voluntary exile.

Although the health of Mr. Edwards was evidently declining, yet all his solicitude appeared turned towards his daughter; anxious to promote whatever might afford her pleasure; she was now his only earthly tie, and as he gazed with the fond pride of a father on her surpassing loveliness, which was the subject of universal admiration, he indulged a secret hope, that the youth who had intimated a wish to address his daughter, might succeed in interesting her affections; feeling that his term of life was short,—he anxiously wished to see her transferred to the protection of one worthy of her love, and capable of rendering her happy. He was pleased with Welford, who was a scholar, and a man of polished manners, but although he knew him to be possessed of the strongest passions, he had never on any occasion witnessed their expression uncontrouled by reason; confident that Lucy possessed his undivided affections, he believed that her virtues must ensure their continuance. So devoted was Welford to this lovely girl, that he beheld with a jealous eye every one who approached to pay her those compliments which her beauty excited. Still there was nothing in the face and person of Lucy calculated to strike the every-day connoisseurs of female beauty; she owed little or nothing to ornament or the extravagancies of fashion; her dress was neat and

finely fitted to her slender form, while the soft madona-like expression of her beautiful face, though unaided in its effect by artificial treasures, certainly derived a peculiar charm from her bright golden hair, which with the classic simplicity of the Grecian huntress, was parted upon her fair forehead and gracefully arranged in a knot of clustering ringlets on the back of her finely formed head. This lovely picture dwelt unceasingly in the heart of the enthusiastic Welford. He "sighed and looked—sighed and looked, and sighed again;" in short he became her very shadow—was ever near to secure her hand in the dance, turn the leaves of her music, furnish her with books, or proffer his arm in a rural stroll. It has often been remarked, that those who strive to render themselves agreeable, generally succeed, even though sometimes the defects of nature would seem to operate to their disadvantage. Conscious that he was highly indebted to her liberality, both in point of face and person, he by no means addressed Lucy as a lover without hope, although several months transpired, ere he could obtain from her an expression of that partiality which she really entertained for him. During their summer tour, constant opportunities occurred that were favorable to his views, affording him the liberty of paying her all those little attentions which are necessary in travelling, and rendered more acceptable by being tendered with delicacy; he was well acquainted with the route which Mr. Edwards had chosen, and consequently could name to Lucy all that was worthy of her attention; and by degrees she did indeed find on returning home, that her intelligent and social companion had so interwoven his image, and his sentiments, with every scene of pleasure through which she had passed, that his at-

ence now from their little society, would leave a void which no other friend could supply. The circumstance which Welford learned, of Lucy's once having loved another, abated not the ardour of his attachment; indeed he seemed to take a pride in awakening again that passion, the disappointment of which, had been succeeded by the deepest melancholy, and lighting upon her pale cheek that glowing blush which owed its birth to the reciprocity, as well as to the expression of his love. Welford was in the profession of the law, and established many miles distant from the residence of Lucy; but after having obtained her consent to be his, at some indefinite period, he embraced the proposal of her father to remove to their village, as he could not bear the idea of parting with the society of his beloved child. The event of their marriage was soon after his removal, accelerated by a melancholy cause. Scarcely had Mr. Edwards obtained his wish with regard to the future settlement of Lucy, ere he felt the commissioned messenger of death weigh heavy upon his heart, and calling his sorrowing daughter to his pillow, he entreated that before he should leave the world she would give Welford a legal right to protect her; it was a trying scene to the sensitive and affectionate girl, still she felt it a duty to sacrifice all personal considerations to the will of one of the kindest of parents who had no other view than her happiness. Welford joined his entreaties in favour of this proposal—the priest was summoned, and a few friends hastily called in.—Mr. Edwards for the last time made an effort to support himself in the chair long enough to witness the marriage ceremony. Yet the instant the reverend man closed the nuptial benediction, the spirit which had for a moment animated the upturned eye

of the dying father, fled to that being to whom his prayer had just consigned his children. What a contrast now presented itself in this scene! “the funeral baked meats did indeed too soon coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.” Welford led the agonized girl from her lifeless parent, with all that delicate tenderness which his sacred relationship imposed; and gave orders that every honor should be paid to the memory of that excellent man which his virtues claimed from a numerous circle of friends. K.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Saturday Evening.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardours, and abate
That glare of life, which often binds the wise.
Young.

THE subject of death is one, at which mankind naturally revolt from contemplating, and which, when made the subject of meditation, excites in his bosom such feelings of dread and horror, that he gladly turns his mind to something more congenial to the feelings of his earthly nature. Almost every day brings with it, some new instance of mortality, to impress upon our minds this important subject. Who among us has not lost some friend or relative, for whom we have felt a strong and affectionate regard? Who hath not thought of the last resting place of all?—the grave. How many can say—

“There have been sweet singing voices
In our path, which now are still,
There are seats left void in our earthly homes
Which none again may fill.”

How few reflect, when standing by the death-bed of a dear friend, how soon their own bodies must mingle with their native earth, and their spirits return to the God who

gave them; how soon *they* may be called to pass through the dark valley of death to cross that rolling flood which is to waft them to an unknown shore. But how evanescent are these monitorial reflections. The shroud, the coffin and the grave cast over our youthful prospects a temporary gloom, but we soon, and gladly dismiss these melancholly reflections, for the contemplation of worldly pleasures. CELESTE.

MATERNAL REVENGE.

GIANNINA was one of the most comely damsels in Calabria, and had many a wealthy suitor. To none however, did she seem inclined to lend a willing ear. Some of a more timid nature admired the maiden and would fain have wooed her, but they were kept aloof by the haughty glance of her bright blue eye; a glance that was rendered more remarkable from the tender colour of the eye, whose sable fringes formed another striking but agreeable contrast with its azure hue, and agreed with the glossy raven locks that shaded her snowy brow.

Giannina's father was by no means a thrifty man. His cottage had a better appearance than most of those in the village, of which it was the furthest habitation. The village itself was on the confines of a wood, which reached half way up the side of a wild, and in some places inaccessible mountain, and dreadful were the tales told of the banditti, with which it was infested. The villagers, however, having nothing to lose, had also little to fear from their depredations; and indeed of late, only one instance had been given of any attempt to disturb their tranquillity. This attempt was made on the abode of Giannina's father, and it was supposed to have been thus directed from his being reputed one of the wealthiest inhabitants. By the courage of

Giannina it had been defeated. She was roused in the night by an attempt to force her window, when, seizing a hatchet, she struck at a man who was in the act of entering. The robber fell to the ground as Giannina's father, whom her cries had brought to her assistance, arrived, but only in time to witness the intruders escape, which he effected, although the blood with which the window was still imbued, testified he had not escaped unhurt.

Not long after this, a stranger made his appearance in the village, and succeeded in obtaining the affection which Giannina had so constantly withheld from her rustic admirers. The suitor to whom she seemed thus favorably inclined was about thirty years of age, of handsome, though wild and haughty aspect. His stature was considerably above the middle size, and he would have appeared robust, had not his extreme paleness, occasioned by a wound, that he said he had lately received at the chace, and which still obliged him to wear his arm in a sling, given a sickly delicacy to his features.

Giannina's father, whose will was entirely subservient to her own, consented to the marriage; but from the day that it took place, the bride and bridegroom disappeared, leaving the afflicted parent as completely ignorant of their fate as the rest of the villagers.

"Giannina," said Antonio to his bride, as, after the marriage ceremony, they were returning towards their father's roof, "let us escape awhile from the noisy festivity that await us, within the shade of the adjacent wood."

"'Tis but a dangerous resort," rejoined Giannina. "Dost thou fear?" said Antonio; and the inflection of his voice seemed to import more than "dost thou fear?" Giannina attended, but unto the words. The damsel was proud of

her merited renown for courage, and replying with a degree of pique, that she would prove her daring, took with him the road that led to the ill-famed forest. They had wandered some minutes in its glades, when Giannina asked Antonio if he could not still reproach her with her fears? "What should a sovereign dread within her realm?" he answered in a sarcastic tone. "My realm!" "Aye, thine, my bandit queen!" and on a loud whistle, a number of well armed ruffians appeared to rise from the earth, descend from the trees, and in a moment to encompass them. "Homage to our Queen," said the robber captain, for such he was, and taking his wounded arm from a sling—"My gentle bride," said he, "dost thou know this nerveless hand! It was not such the night it opened thy casement! But for this hand of mine, I've now a hand of thine; and the few drops of blood I do forgive thee! Homage to my Queen!" And at this moment Giannina looked a queen. She turned to Antonio as though he also were a subject. "I neither love nor fear thee! Of love thou art unworthy! and fear—what have I left to fear?—Deem not I shall attempt to forgo my fate, for whither should I fly but infamy would follow? I do devote myself thy victim, nay, thy faithful wife, and my own injuries forgive. Beware alone, no deed of thine do injure aught of mine! of that alone beware, for even a victim may revenge. Respect my father and all that is mine!" She *was* a faithful wife. Three years had passed, and Antonio's band had been hunted down, until some had died of hunger and fatigue—some on the scaffold. Antonio and Giannina wandered now alone, except that Giannina carried in her arms an infant, that slumbered sweetly among dangers. She thought if ever she again could reach her native village, to leave

the babe at her old father's door, with these words, "*It is Giannina's child!*" But they were distant now—far distant from her home, in the recesses which Salvator has portrayed in all their wildness; he had wandered there with bandits, and he has left us the wild mountain scenes, and the rude bandits, and his captive self storied on his canvass.

More than once had Antonio, for whose head a large reward was offered, been rescued by the quickness and courage of Giannina. But the Tyrolese troops, to whom the Austrian commander at Naples had assigned the task of exterminating the banditti, left them no repose. One day, harrassed beyond measure, and closely pursued, they reached a bridge so exposed to view, that they dared not hazard passing it. It was in summer, and the river over which the bridge was built, now flowed in a narrow bed, but yet too deep to ford. They determined to take refuge under one of the arches which the current had abandoned. Hark! their pursuers approach! their steps are heard on the bridge! The outlaws scarcely dared to breathe—Giannina pressed her infant to her breast—it gave a feeble cry—Antonio smothered it upon its mother's bosom!

The danger was past—Giannina dug a grave in the sand, and placed within it the body of the poor lifeless child.

* * * * *

"Antonio, the robber's head!" cried the populace of a small town in Calabria, as a female with dishevelled hair and haggard mien brought a bleeding head, fresh from the trunk, to the magistrate of the district.

"A thousand crowns are thine, thou second Judith!"

"I seek not the reward—Antonio was my husband—he killed my child but yesterday—this night I slew him as he slept!"

FITZALLAN.

THE happiest lives are not the most eventful, nor days free from sorrow, those which may most easily be described; yet when gay dreams of happiness have departed, and the love which cheered and enlivened the dawn of existence has left the heart to mourn in its utter loneliness, when the brightness which shed its lustre on one page of memory rather casts a feeble glimmer on the succeeding, or fades in distance like a dream of childhood, than gives a steady or a wished for light on after days; it may be as difficult to give interest to woe which has no vanity, or to obtain sympathy for sorrows which are represented without romance or adventure.

Fitzallan in early life was wild and impetuous; unchanging in love, violent in hate, yet with generosity capable of the most disinterested forgiveness; determined in purpose, bold in action; and possessing the art of giving every word and look an insinuating charm which went directly to the chord he wished to touch. Ellen was his first love; he admired her beauty, but he loved her for the warm confidence of her heart, the tenderness of her feelings, the refinement of her mind, and her deep untold love for him. But she died; and then did the chain of Fitzallan's life seem fled forever. He was an altered being when he awoke from his long dream of sorrow. He bowed not in devotion to woman, for it too forcibly reminded him of what his heart told him he should forget; he joined not in the circle of dissipation, for his nature now sought enjoyment elsewhere. He saw successful love, but it did not arouse his envy; he saw and moved with the busy crowd, but was not as one of them; he saw others happy, and felt that he was alone. All marked the change; but there was a proud

indifference in his eye which interpreted forgetfulness; his high feelings would not submit to pity, and the world thought his bosom free from sorrow. Years passed on; and his heart asked him if he should wander an isolated solitary being, and die without one heart to mourn his fall; if he should drag out his weary existence, without one social joy, without a charm to lighten his load of woe, without enjoyment, without love. He determined to seek a companion for his future years, and his heart involuntarily suggested a model. He left the home of his childhood, the scene of his sweetest happiness, and his deepest misery, and he found other beings as fair, other hearts which would have been as kind and true to him as Ellen's. Yet he chose none the partner of his bosom. He died, ere age had bowed his form, and when life should have played joyously, and hope and peace and happiness glowed brightly with him. He died, in life unblest, in death unlamented.

Sympathy weeps over such wrecks of what is most generous, and confiding and noble in our nature, and we ask, was there not one being to revive the lamp of feeling ere suffering had quite extinguished it, was there not one heart whose well tried affection might repay him for every disappointment and every misery, whose endearing love might be the solace of his bosom and shed a blissful light over the dark path of his existence. Oh no, he had imagined a standard of perfection, and because humanity could not reach it, he loved none. The love of his early youth had passed away; and if perchance in after years its memory returned, it was but to cast a fitful gleam which but too strongly contrasted past and present. Such is the history of one formed for greater happiness, with feelings and sentiments capable of giving the

highest felicity, he lived knowing that not one being was happy in his existence or would smile less joyously if he was no more. With a heart well capable of loving, and most worthy of being beloved, he passed through life with an affection that destroyed his own happiness without giving bliss to one, and unblessed by woman's love, save that of hers who so early sunk to the tomb. Few knew the tale of his boyhood, and the world saw him only as a bachelor; an epithet which casts a shade over the brightest virtues, and clouds the best affections of the heart; a situation which damps the ardour of genius because its meed must be enjoyed alone; which takes half the charm from success, because no eye brightens with kindred pleasure; which gives a tenfold power to disappointment, because there is no kind being to seek and gladden, no hand to avert its force when the weight falls upon his bosom. It robs life of every solace, and the heart of all that might cheer it in adversity, or give a lasting joy to prosperity, all that might gladden it in affliction, or smooth its rough path to eternity.

HINDA.

—
FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

ESSAY,

ON FEMALE ACQUIREMENTS.

THERE is much of truth and reason, in the arguments of our fair friend Amanda, yet we would suggest it as our opinion, that the most judicious course that woman can pursue to prove her mental equality with man, is to exhibit evidences of her advancement in the sciences, rather than boast of her capability of acquiring them. This subject has afforded food for animadversion in every age of the world, and will continue to do so—although the point has long since been settled by the intelligent, that “there is no sex in soul.”—Still, so different is the sphere of woman from that of man, that in ordinary cases no comparison can be fairly drawn between their minds.

Ed.

No satisfactory reason has ever yet been given, why female minds

should be circumscribed in the acquirements of knowledge; why woman should be deprived of the refined pleasures, arising from an acquaintance with the laws of nature and the history of nations. Dean Swift observes, that the best education a female can ever expect to obtain, will not exceed that of a common school-boy. But why? Is it because their minds are incapable of comprehending higher subjects; incapable of investigation? How then did Mrs. Marcet* attain so exalted a rank as a political philosopher? Mrs. Hemans as a sweet songstress, and Mrs. Opie as a moralist? It has been remarked by some who hold the first rank in our civil and political institutions, that it was useless to give their daughters a literary education. Why is it useless? Let those answer, who have made the assertion—do they believe in the doctrine that we have no souls? And would they thus wrest from us the hope of immortality? Well may the crimson blush dye our cheek, and indignation swell our bosoms, when sentiments like these are addressed to our ears! not indeed from a consciousness that we really *are* such beings, but that any should have *considered* us such. What but a soul, and a bold energetic soul dictated the noble speech of the Spartan's mother, as she placed the shield in the hand of her son, on the day of battle, “Return with it or return upon it.” And had not also the generous Pocahontas a soul?

If our minds are inferior in point of strength to the other sex, is it not because our mental faculties have never been called into action? Whilst the numerous colleges and public schools, furnish every means of facilitating their acquisition of knowledge in all its various branches, *we* seldom find *one* institution devoted exclusively to us. And are taught from infancy to distrust

* Mrs. Marcet, author of *Conversations on Political Economy*.

our own abilities, who then can wonder that so few females have yet appeared to advantage in the literary world.

But some have alleged that a knowledge of the higher branches of sciences, would be useless to a female, as her influence is confined to the social and domestic circle. But do not children receive the rudiments of knowledge in the nursery; and are not their young minds moulded in the same form with those who have the charge of their early years?

Knowledge is generally admitted to be a source of happiness, and few will deny it, who have tasted the Pierian springs. Who, after a partial acquaintance with Botany, Astronomy, and Natural Philosophy, has not experienced a refined enjoyment in examining a beautiful flower? or a delight in contemplating the solar system; or in tracing the relation of cause and effect in the phenomena of nature? and even a secret satisfaction in solving a problem in Euclid, that satisfaction which ever accompanies triumph over difficulty. Knowledge also gives us more exalted ideas of the Deity, by which I think we may infer, that it will augment our happiness in a future state. Dr. Young observes:

The more our spirits are enlarged on earth,
The deeper draught shall they receive of
heaven.

We are not in a land of Mahometanism. Let women then enjoy those rights and liberties, which are her's by nature.

It is however, an honor to our happy country, that the number of those who would confine her to a few common branches of education, is now comparatively small. And with emotions of gratitude let me add, there are many noble minds who are willing to devote their lives to promote the cultivation of female talent, and

thereby raise woman to that sphere which was assigned to her by the God of nature. AMANDA.

SIGNS OF LOVE.

WE hold that every man behaves with awkwardness when he is in love, and the want of the one is a presumption of the absence of the other. When people are fairly engaged, there is perhaps less of this directly to the object, but there is still as much of it in her presence: but it is wonderful how soon the most nervous become easy when marriage has concluded all their hopes. Delicate girl! just budding into womanly loveliness, whose heart, for the last ten minutes, has been trembling behind the snowy wall of thy fair and beautiful bosom, hast thou never remarked and laughed at a tall and much-be-whiskered young man for the *monstrous honte* with which he hands to thee thy cup of half-watered soucheong? Laugh at him again, for he will assuredly be thy husband. Yes! he will tremble for a few months more as he stands beside thy music stool, and join no others in the heartless mockery of their praise; but when every voice which has commended thy song is hushed, and every note which thou hast clothed in ethereal music is forgotten by all besides, to him it will be a theme to dream upon in his loneliness, and every look which thine eye vouchsafed to him, will be laid up as a secret and a holy thing in the inmost sanctuary of his secret soul. That wilt see in short time, that the tremulousness of his nerves is only observable when his tongue is faltering in its address to thee; thy will enter into thy gentle heart, and thyself wilt sometimes turn the wrong page in thy book of songs, and strike the wrong note on thy double grand piano, when thou knowest that his ears are drinking in thy voice, and his eyes following

hy minutes action. Then will he, in some calm evening when the suns slowly sinking behind the large lime-trees which shake their ripened beauties before thy windows, tell thee, that without thee he must indeed be miserable—that thou art the one sole light which has glowed and glittered upon “life’s dull stream;” and then—how bitterly wilt thou repent that thou hast ridiculed the awkwardness which only thine own charms have caused! In a few months more—we see with prospective clearness thou art sitting at the same piano in a large and newly furnished room, snuffing thy candles every now and then thyself, and turning with thine own hands the leaves of the National Melodies, while he—O, he!—is stretched along one of Mr. Trotter’s finest Ottomans, fast asleep!

DOMINIUM GATHERUM.

“We are but the venders of other men’s goods.”

“*The Earth.*—M. L. Cordier, professor of Geology in the Garden of Plants, has published a memoir, in which he endeavors to prove that the earth is a cooled star, which has been extinguished only at its surface, and that its interior is still in a state of fluidity; that the mean thickness of the crust of the earth does not exceed 20 leagues (60 English miles); that according to observations which have been made in the caves under the Observatory at Paris, the heat increases so fast, that at the depth of a mile and a half under Paris, we should reach a temperature equal to that of boiling water; and that this solid crust is of very unequal thickness in different countries, bringing the fluid matter nearer the surface, and imparting in consequence a higher temperature to the soil, and a warmer climate to the country.”

It would be rather an unwelcome truth to some of our high-minded

VOL. I.

worldlings, should Mons. Cordier prove that we are actually the inhabitants of a quenched ‘Star!’—Ed.

—
One of the nuisances of life.—To be engaged in reading an interesting article, and have a person politely take the paper from you, saying at the same time, that they supposed you were done with it.—*Chesterfield.*

—
 Within the last few days, the singular spectacle has been presented, of a farmer, whose grounds were flooded in the neighbourhood of Gamsbro’, proceeding in a boat and cutting off the heads of a crop of wheat, in order to save the grain, leaving the straw under water.

Western paper.

Bower of Taste.

WORKS OF WILLIAM CRAFTS.

We acknowledge, (with thanks to our liberal friend,) the reception of a beautifully printed octavo, published in Charleston, S. C. entitled “Selections in prose and poetry, from the miscellaneous writings of William Crafts, to which is prefixed a memoir of his life.” The biographer of this celebrated man, has shewn himself fully accomplished for the task which he has undertaken; his style is perspicuous and animated, and although touching upon all the most interesting events of his life, it is entirely free from the trifling minutiae which often characterizes writings of this kind; his notice of the character, talents, and literary productions of Mr. Crafts, exhibit at once the enthusiasm of the friend, and the candid discrimination of the critic.

The subject of this memoir, was a native of Charleston, where his first years were spent. As an instance of uncommon precocity, he is said to have commenced his classical studies at the early age of seven. His knowledge of the first branches of education, were acquired from the Rev. Doct. BUIST, a native of Scotland, formerly a contributor to the “Encyclopedia Britannica,” who was then esteemed as the most eminent teacher of youth in Charleston. The uncertainty which attends a regular course of education in that place, induced the friends of young CRAFTS to place him under the charge of the Rev. Doct. Gardiner of Boston, to prepare for Harvard University. At that period, this Reverend gentleman predicted that fame for his talented pupil, which he subsequently obtained.

He entered college as a Sophomore, and during the whole progress of his studies, he enjoyed uniformly the confidence and approbation of his tutors, and the honors of his class. We have thus condensed, in a comparatively rough style, the first three or four pages of this memoir—wishing to give our readers a partial view of the high estimation in which his worth and talents were held by those whose praise is honorable. We now offer a few short extracts from the work itself.

“At the age of nineteen,” says his biographer, “he returned to his native city, and commenced the study of the law in the very respectable office of Messieurs Ford and Desaussure. His fame preceded him; his company was sought by the grave and the gay; learning and beauty crowded around the youthful bard to offer homage to his genius. Was it wonderful then, that the solitude of the study should have been abandoned for the gaiety of the saloon? Yet amid the flatteries and fascinations of elegant society, he continued in a good degree, faithful to his better destinies. According to the testimony of one of his legal teachers, he applied his active and energetic mind with great diligence and success to his professional studies, though not abandoning his favorite intercourse with the Muses, or his indulgence of his taste for the classics and belles-lettres.”

“Few young men,” says his eulogist, “ever entered upon the profession of the law with more flattering prospects. He enjoyed the friendship of some of the most eminent gentlemen of the Charleston Bar, who kindly allowed him to appear in all cases entrusted to their care, aided by their judgment and experience, with these advantages he quickly acquired a reputation as an advocate. His business increased with a rapidity before unknown at our Bar. He possessed the power of moulding the passions of men in a surprising degree. As the criminal courts afforded him the best field for the display of his peculiar talents, so was it in the field of his forensic triumphs. In defence of the life of a fellow citizen he had few equals—no superior. As an advocate, he always conducted himself in the most dignified manner; there was no trick or artifice about him; none

of that affected gravity, so often taken by the vulgar for wisdom.”

* * * * *

“Four or five years, devoted to the employments above describe brought Mr. Crafts to the most brilliant and effective period of his life. He had now mingled enough in the busy world to taste its sturdy realities and its deep responsibilities, and had learned to trace the true bearings of great events and characters on the interests of the community. He had served some time in the legislature of South Carolina, where his faculties and in many respects, his reputation had expanded together. His attention had been exercised by the stormy conflicts between the two great parties that divided his country and other nations. His thoughts had also been agitated by the interest which existing movements in the whole political world were calculated to inspire. His mind, with a congenial sympathy had largely felt the effects of the recent bursts of English literature into youthful vigor and unparalleled richness. His self-confidence was encouraged by caresses in the highest circles of society, and his thoughts had been taught to expatiate with an ease and freedom of movement peculiar to those who are secure of public favor. He had literally grown up with his country, and his happiness and pride had been peculiarly identified in her glory and promise which certainly at this time were substantial sources of inspiration. Thus, deeply laden with favorable influences from without, yet buoyant with the consciousness of a boldly original fame within, he came and offered on the altar of his country, some of the most beautiful, and splendid gifts by which she has been crowned!”

The writer of this Memoir observes that, (independent of the college exercises, orations, &c.) “a large portion of this volume has been selected from the Charleston Courier, and that great inequalities should have prevailed among locubrations of this description might be naturally excited the virtual constraint of writing ‘something’ every day, occasionally produced discussions that involved no moment—our interests, and mere playful sallies that came to no conclusion.” Of Mr. Crafts’ poetry, he remarks, “his criticisms

It was Pope, his latest Moore. But throughout this class of his writings runs a happy vein peculiarly his own." The poetry of this volume is indeed most unequal, yet it becomes us not to point out its defects, we had rather dwell upon its beauties, and select the following—

IF ANGELS SEE, AND ANGELS FEEL.

If angels see, and angels feel,
They must rejoice above,
When innocence and beauty kneel
To supplicate their love.

Go, then, sweet fair and utter forth
Thy pure and artless prayer,
And heaven in tribute to thy worth,
Will yield admittance there.

Yet leave not me, alas! alone—
But sue for me above,
That at the foot of God's own throne
We both may dwell in love.

Thy spotless mantle o'er me throw,
And bear me safely in;
For who, in such disguise would know
The countenance of sin?

SCRAPS FROM A PORT FOLIO.

In passing from Burlington to St. Johns, after luxuriating at our ease on the ample deck of a pleasant steam-boat, gliding over a transparent lake, embosomed by the most delightful scenery in nature, we felt a painful contrast in being absolutely wedged with a dozen other unfortunates, into a trundling vehicle without spring or cushion, whose name of honor was a Stage Coach. After an indifferent breakfast at the KING'S ARMS, a ten-foot Hotel, with a log staircase, our party consented to creep over the front wheels of our arkish looking establishment, whose lining and draperies were composed of Yankee check, tastefully drawn up with quality binding, to which was attached four animals, which from their different size and colour, seemed to have been selected expressly to grace the occasion, as curiosities from the four corners of the earth. Learning, however, that every other equipage was appropriated, we resolved to make the best of this—spring or no spring, prepared like Gilpin's family to dash through thick and thin; and this to be text, we most certainly did, sometimes whirling like Will o' Wisp over quagmire and bog, and at others, toiling through a desert of sand, hot as those of Arabia, and almost as barren,

with the thermometer up to 90, and our progress about three miles an hour! The buildings here are generally of an ordinary cast; and the soil, though apparently rich in some places, presents but few instances of high cultivation.

The village of Chambly exhibits more of rural beauty, as also the peculiarities of architecture, than the former. The view of High Mountain and the ancient stone fort, add much to the picturesque beauty of this place. There are few or no buildings which we Yankees would call elegant on this route: the cottages are said to resemble those of the French peasantry, more in style perhaps than in the materials of which they are composed, being principally of stone. Still there are many log and frame buildings that seem ill calculated to brave the severity of the wintry storm. The roofs are high, and much slanted, projecting over the building in the Dutch style, and are sometimes supported in front by pillars, which much improves their appearance. Many are thatched, and others are covered with bright tin. In almost every enclosure, attached to these dwellings, some effort of French taste may be discovered, such as circles and hearts containing flowers of every hue and description, while each porch and window is shadowed by some luxuriant vine, or ornamented with pots of flowering shrubs.

* * * * *

One of our horses giving strong indications of approaching death, obliged the coachman to stop at an Inn, in order to procure another; this occurred just as the inhabitants of the village were assembling to the opposite church. Here then we beheld conveyances of all sorts, from a one, to a four horse vehicle. Here and there, it is true a solitary southern gig, might be seen proudly careering through the crowd—but in general their carriages are formed like our milk-carts, with a square top covering about half its length and containing several seats; many of the smaller ones resemble a sleigh upon wheels. Fancy in her wildest mood could not conceive of more grotesque dresses than these people presented, while

waiting in groups around the church for the arrival of their priest, who soon appeared on foot, clad in his sacerdotal robes, and mitre, which were very rich, or at least dazzling, followed by another in a white surplice bearing a rosary and bible. The costume of the male natives of low order, is between that of a Northern savage, and a French peasant, a sort of a frock coat, of no very definite form, is much worn, confined by a belt or sash, and the hat encircled by a ribbon of some gay colour, with long ends floating over the shoulder. This last article is worn by both sexes, with no difference of form or trimming, except the ladies choose to add a wreath or a feather? These hats are of ordinary felt or common straw and placed exactly on the top of the head. Their 'Belles' shew a passion for striped garments, which are very full and short and sometimes worn with a boddice of different colour; they are profuse in the ornaments of beads, earrings and ribbons. Yet we noticed many pretty and fanciful dresses of the English stamp, which had a pleasing effect in this incongruous group, which resembled a masquerade more than a religious convention. There is a strange mixture of savage rudeness, and French suavity about these people: though hardy and bold in their appearance, we noticed that whenever they were addressed, they always replied with civility and respect, and are ever ready to offer you their assistance in case of any accident in travelling, but their language is barbarous, a sort of a mongrel dialect, which no French scholar unaccustomed to them, can understand.

TREMONT THEATRE.

The following notice of the performance of the "Iron Chest," was omitted last week for want of room.

On Wednesday evening last, the "Iron Chest" was for the first time this season, presented to a full and fashionable house. The part of Sir Edward Mortimer, sustained by Mr. Booth, afforded food for those "critics" who had witnessed Kean in this character, when in the zenith of his theatrical glory. Yet in his original conception of this part, we believe that Mr. Booth lost no 'laurels' by the comparison. In the scene, where the examination of Wilford takes place, he was less effective than the former; yet in the denouement of the plot

he was admirable, and drew forth the most enthusiastic applause. Mr. Thayer was uncommonly interesting as Wilford; in sentimental or light characters, he always succeeds well. Mr. Cowell proved his complete power over the "sensible" of his audience, by the accompanying bursts of laughter with which his Sampson was greeted; sin, his "Tittle-tattle-tat." The most interesting female character in the piece, is Black vint was performed by Mrs. Cowell with success; "naivete;" her dress, was as usual, and appropriate.

In the afterpiece, the boisterous "Parchio," by Mr. Hamblin, was well done; the gentleman has a splendid wardrobe, and his costume is always accordant with the character which he assumes. Mrs. Cowell has the characteristic delicacy—may, even indifference which sometimes marks her playing, created some doubts of her power of acting "to the life" the haughty shrew of Shakespeare. Yet she achieved her part with no grace and spirit, whereby she has added another leaf to her Thespian crown.

Of the first Saturday evening Concert at the Tremont Theatre, we would remark that it was a most delightful treat. The sweet voices of the ladies Papanti and George, produced the sweetest harmony, finely accented with the deep rich tones of Messrs. Cozer and Howard. The latter gentleman possesses less power than the former in the Soprano notes, yet there is a breathing softness in his warble that we never heard equaled by a masculine voice. The Mammoth viol, whose cable cords seemed to require a Colossus hand to wake their music, made the excessive area echo with its thunder. The fine concerto was fine; so was also the Baritone by Mr. Papanti. This concert was better attended than any we ever witnessed in this city; it appears to have given general satisfaction to all who witnessed it, and no doubt but each succeeding one will be patronized by the public, not only as a cheap amusement, but also for the benefit of those who are pursuing that science. Yet we do hope that these musical treats are not preparing the way for the introduction of dramatic performances on Saturday evening which we apprehend would not be patronized by that circle which the managers are anxious to attract to their stage.

Nothing but the strong attraction which the united powers of Messrs. Booth, Archer, & Mr. Duff presented, could have induced us to witness the performance of the *Apostate* on Wednesday evening last. It is a shocking piece, and has scarcely one redeeming point to save it from condemnation. The truth with which the several prominent characters were char-

ed, rendered its horrors more impressive; we cannot forgive the author for quenching the rapture of the closing scene, with the 'poisoned cup.'

MR. BOOTH.

In recognition of the acceptable manner with which this gentleman has acquitted himself as acting manager of the Tremont Theatre, the Association committee have, as a token of their respect, presented him with a superb silver cup and plate, manufactured by Messrs. Welles & Gelston of this city. The cup bears this inscription: "The Tremont Theatre Association in token of respect to J. B. BOOTH, Esq. Boston, Oct. 23, 1823.

[From the Token.]

THE INDIAN LANGUAGE.

BY JOHN NEAL.

The white men of Europe, I may say of America also, have exceedingly false and absurd notions of what they call Indian eloquence. The language of a red Orator is nothing. You see speeches every day that pass for Indian oratory; speeches which are imitated by all who desire to give others an idea of Indian oratory; and yet I assure you that I do not know a speech in the world—not a single paragraph, I might say decidedly characteristic of the native Indian—the serious, proud, uncorrupted Indian of the back woods. His language is remarkable for sobriety, for a severe and familiar plainness—not for bold ornament nor metaphor. It abounds with short, strong phraseology, and abruptness, but not such abruptness, I will say that for the Indian orator, as we see every where now, in the reported speeches of the red men. The very few ornaments—and very few they are, whatever people may suppose that occur in the speech of a red man, are not so much his ornaments as they are the ornaments of his tribe or people. They are the very language he speaks—and are after all but few, and meagre enough, considered as conventional poetry, or metaphor, though important as a part of the language. They are never the poetical combination nor the rhetorical embellishments of the individual. His thoughts are eloquent, but never in the way ours are, with beauty of speech—they are so with a sort of barbarous candor and straight forward-

ness. They are full of passion, full of energy, but they are never what they are represented to be; they are never beautiful, they are never charged with hopes, never capable of being tortured into mere poetry; his imagery is a sort of household every-day imagery, and I am inclined to believe the fragments of another language—a language older than that in which he speaks now, or derived from the barbarous poetry of some earlier and mightier people; for the Indian is peculiar, and the phraseology and thought foreign; that is unlike the body of the language in which these little fragments are found, as it were, imbedded like so many bright shells, or gems of beauty in a dull fixed medium of earth.

GRAMMATICAL PUN.

I never knew your christian name sir, said a little school girl to a gentleman, what is it? You are a 'Yankee' you know, replied he, therefore you must "guess." What does A stand for? The indefinite article sir, have I guessed right?

TO CORRESPONDENTS

The author of "Eustace De Santerre" requests us to state that the names of Louis and Charles *Santerre*, were by a mistake written Louis and Charles De Mortemar in several instances; this the reader will please to correct.

A. R. will receive a line by sending to this office. See the last number.

MARRIED

In this city, Capt. Jacob Coombs to Miss Nancy Ceburn.

Mr. Ames Pease to Miss Mary Marston.

Mr. Benjamin Spalding to Miss Sarah Warren.

On Monday evening, by Rev. Dr. Sharp, Mr. John Lamson, of Eastport, to Miss Mary-Ann Ford, of this city.

In Quincy, by the Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. John L. Souther, to Miss Marsala Spear, both of Q.

DIED

In this city, Francis, youngest child of D. C. Bacon.

On Monday last, Elizabeth Rugg, aged 9 years, daughter of James and Submit Rugg, of Lancaster.

In Medford, Miss Susannah, youngest daughter of Mr. Gershom Tufts, aged 18.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARR, is published by DUTTON and WENTWORTH, Nos. 1 and 4 Exchange-street Boston—Who are authorized to transact all business relative to the printing and circulation of this Work.

All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor. All Letters must be post-paid.

THE REBBS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

TO MARY.

WRITTEN ON THE LAST LEAF OF HER ALBUM.

Mary, for thee I turn this closing page,
Yet ere I on my votive task engage,
Oh, let me wish thee with a heart sincere,
All love hath breathed, or friendship written here :
Fair are the offerings that adorn thy shrine,
And consecrated by the classic nine.

'Tis thine, in pleasure's bright illumined hall,
To shine the meteor of the festive ball—
Where loveliest forms in joyous groups advance,
And youth, and beauty weave the sportive dance ;
Long may these fragrant blossoms bloom for thee,
Sweet emblems of thy grace and purity.

'Tis thine, to waken music's seraph lyre,
To breathe responsive to each thrilling wire ;
While smiling love with rosy fettered wings,
Around thy harp his gathered fragrance flings—
Oh ! may thy future moments glide along,
Soft as the echo of thy dulcet song.

'Tis thine, with pencil dipt in morning's beam,
To catch the glow of poesy's bright dream,
While hope's enchanting scenes around thee lie,
Fair as thy blush, and sparkling as thine eye !
All that is beautiful, and bright, and fair,
All thy young fancy paints, be thine to share.

Dance, song, and painting, poetry and love,
The rural ramble, and the moonlight grove—
All these have charmed thee—may they still impart
Joy to thy steps, and pleasure to thy heart :
And when the sunny hour of youth is flown,
May peace and soft contentment be thine own.

AUGUSTA.

THE MANIAC'S SONG TO THE CLOUD.

Sweet rosy cloud bend down to me,
 From thy bright path on high—
 As onward thou roll'st eternally
 Through the azure curtained sky.

Fair cloud—they say that I am mad!
 But that I cannot be—
 Though my soul is dark, and my heart is sad
 As o'er this cold earth I flee.

Think not—think not to pass me by
 Or my wild converse shun—
 No not though ye soar through the trackless sky
 To yon high and burning sun.

With thee I'll course the earth around,
 Swifter than wing can fly—
 And where e'er thy mantle of mist is found
 Beneath thee—there am I.

Oh! I would soar on the wings of the wind,
 Or ride on the light'nings flash:
 Or brave the ocean, its waves to bind
 While its mountain surges dash.

'Tis the hour of my rest for the sun is out—
 Mark! all his rays are fled;
 They call—the stars above me shout,
 As the moon mounts o'er my head.

I come—I come, sweet evening cloud,
 Where all is so calm and bright,
 Casting away the earthly shroud,
 That veils my home of light!

Upward and upward through yon blue space,
 To that pure throne I'll go,
 'Tis my weary spirits resting place—
 Adieu! to the world below.

ALBERT.

SONG.

Tune—"Spanish National Air."

O sweet from the ocean the wavy commotion,
 Comes over my bosom this beautiful eve;
 But sweeter thy breathing, thy silver tone wreathing,
 In joy with these echoes, dear Mary, believe
 I live but to hear thee—I sigh to be near thee,
 And dream of thee, sleeping, dear Mary, believe.

O fair is the shining of sunny gold twining,
 And slumbering on the white clouds of the west,
 But fairer the tresses, whose kindly caresses
 Are given, dear girl, to thy innocent breast—
 The clouds shall be flying, their beauty be dying,
 But long over thee shall the light of love rest.

J O. R.

YOUTH.

O, blissful era of our lives—in youth
 How bright the lovely scenes of hope appear,
 Then glowing fiction wears the garb of truth,
 And all is joy, and every friend sincere.

And thou sweet confidence of friendship born,
 Who strewest life's early path with fairest flowers ;
 'Tis thine to blunt affliction's sharpest thorn,
 Inspired by thee, soft glide our youthful hours.

Yet soon their rapturous visions fade away
 Even as a passing cloud—a morning dream ;
 'Tis wise then to enjoy life while we may,
 Since youth is fleeting as the morning beam.

OPHELIA.

[From the *Troika*.]

YOUTHFUL FANCIES.

BY MISS LOUISA P. HICKMAN.

In re-publishing the following delicate effusion of fancy from the pen of a very young lady, we are happy at once to gratify our own inclination, as also the wish of many who have been privately favoured by the fair authoress with occasional poetic gems of high value, which her diffidence alone withheld from public notice.—ED.

Oh! youth's gay dreams are witching things,
 And false still than fair ;
 Fragile harps of a thousand strings,
 Sounds of the summer air.

What are they like to? The song of a bird,
 In summer only known ;
 The voice of music, a meeting word,
 Things bright and quickly flown.

The farewell beams of the setting sun,
 So beautiful in parting ;
 The feeling waked by a song just done,
 Light through waters darting.

The rainbow in June ; the rising moon ;
 The buds of infant spring ;
 Oh! youth's gay dreams are witching things,
 That fly on a chainless wing.

OVER THE SEA.

Over the sea—over the sea,
 Lies the land that is loved by me ;
 A sunnier sky may be o'er my head,
 And a richer soil beneath my tread,
 And a softer speech in my ears be rung
 Than the notes of my own wild mountain tongue ;
 But never, oh never so dear to me
 Can the loveliest spot in this wide world be,
 As the bleak cold land where the heather waves
 Round the place of my birth—o'er my fathers' graves.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



“ With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
“ We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,”—PAINK.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....NOV. 8, 1828. No. 45.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.....NO. V.

“ WE HOLD THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.”

THE MOURNFUL BRIDAL.

ALTHOUGH Welford truly regretted the loss of the father of his lovely bride, yet what were his feelings in comparison with those of a daughter, who, from the early death of her mother, had been cherished as an object of the fondest regard by her remaining parent. But so devoted were the affections of Welford, that he half repined at the deep gloom that continued to shade her once brilliant face; and the sorrow which she still manifested, as each object that met her eye strongly reminded her of the friend she had lost. She loved to seek those solitudes through which they had lately rambled, and carried her books to the little summer-house, where her earliest hours had been passed in listening to his kind instructions. Thither, one afternoon she was followed by her husband, who found her pale and motionless as a statue, with her eyes fixed upon a newspa-

per that lay upon the table before her, and pointing to a paragraph, she fervently exclaimed, “thank God! they may yet be living.” She remained with her face resting upon her clasped hands, while he read the following notice:

“One of a gang of Spanish pirates, who were recently executed at L— for attempting to plunder an English vessel, confessed on being pardoned, that several years since, he had also assisted these wretches in plundering an American brig commanded by Capt. **** whom, with his whole crew they murdered, except two officers who were saved by promising upon oath, not to reveal this horrid transaction. He states that these inhuman villains afterward sold them to an Algerine trader, and they are now probably, if living, still in captivity. Every possible measure will be taken in order to discover these

unfortunate young men and restore them to their families."

After reading the above paragraph a breathless silence ensued; having never known her brother and in consideration of the character in which she now stood with regard to her former lover—what could he say? nothing! not even a cold congratulation passed his lips, on witnessing the expression of her hopes that they might "still be living." Passing her arm within his they walked to the house in silence, but as they seated themselves at the tea-table, both obviously exerted their efforts to *appear* cheerful. In this most sacred union that can be formed in life, when either heart conceives a wish, even a thought which it would conceal from the other—adieu to happiness. Though Welford was amiable and affectionate, still his passions were violent, and when once excited, he had never learnt to subdue them. A new emotion now sprang in his breast to which he had hitherto been a stranger; he began to feel that the deep grief which evidently preyed upon Lucy's spirits, notwithstanding her apparent love for him, owed its existence now to another source beside the death of her parent—this thought was *madness*. Still he was calm—resolving sometimes, closely to observe her every word and action, and at others, to throw off all reserve and tell her his suspicions which hope whispered might exist only in his imagination.

One evening, in the absence of her husband, a violent head-ache induced Lucy to retire to rest at an earlier hour than usual. On his return, learning her indisposition he lightly entered her apartment, and placed the lamp upon a small table which was occupied by a few books, and a rich India cabinet which had been given her by her father, and contained all the family jewels, &c. as also such as she was

in the habit of wearing. As he stood gazing on her pale though beautiful face, a package partially concealed by the pillow struck his view—he grasped it, and seating himself at the table untied the ribbon. It contained several letters from her former lover, expressing all the ardour and purity of youthful affection, a sonnet on her birth day, with more of love than poetry to recommend it—and inclosed within a wreath of flowers painted by herself was a curl of fair hair united with one of dark brown, and beneath was written in her hand the names of Lucy and Henry.

At this apparent confirmation of his fears, Welford glanced at his calmly sleeping bride a withering look which partook of the various passions which agitated his breast; the key was in the door of the cabinet—this he opened with the impatience of high wrought feeling, eager to discover—he knew not what; in a drawer a beautiful miniature set with brilliants attracted his view. It was a young man in the bloom of youth, whose animated eyes and dark hair finely accorded with the rich tints of his glowing complexion. Welford could have crushed the picture beneath his feet, such was the excitement of the moment—yet as he had commenced the hard lesson of schooling his feelings, he replaced that and the letters where he found them, and sat for several hours contemplating these events, with every possible exaggeration that jealousy could suggest. The next morning however found him calm, but not reconciled to that destiny which decreed him the hand and fortune of a woman, whose *heart* was devoted to *another*! It found him also resolved, should this truth be proved, to relinquish her forever. Yet the idea of parting with one, whom he had chosen from her sex as a model of all that was pure and lovely in wo-

man, was agonizing even in contemplation. Weeks passed away, even months without any explanation of this affair; he thought the feelings of his wife were obviously wounded by his coldness, and that she strove by numerous attentions, which he attributed to female art, to regain his confidence—but alas! with her these golden hours were past, and she was often left whole days to the solitary amusement of her books and piano. But as these afforded not the pleasure they had formerly done, many of her leisure moments were employed in corresponding with a female friend who had been her mother's companion in youth. Mentioning one morning to her husband that his attention was required ten or twelve miles distant, in the settlement of her father's estate, she requested him as he passed the house, to take a letter which she had just written to her friend. "Madam," replied he with a forced smile, "I am the worst hand in the world to remember '*ladies' letters*,' had you not better send it by the servant? I may perhaps lose or forget it."—Lucy fixed upon him a look which sought to read the meaning of his speech; it was answered only by a slight bow as he passed out to order his horse, and placing the letter in her bosom, she retired to her chamber. After pursuing the usual routine of her daily occupations, she wandered forth to her favorite summer house; the setting sun still tinged the mountain cliff, while the shades of twilight were falling upon the valley beneath. Suddenly a rush through the shrubbery was heard, and Lucy half insensible with astonishment, was clasped to the bosom of the *original* of that miniature which had awakened the jealousy of Welford. The words which she faintly uttered were lost in his joyous exclamation of—"Lucy, dear Lucy, do I again behold

you!" while both yielding to a passionate burst of tears, remained for a moment locked in each other's embraces.

Scarcely had she withdrawn from the clasping arms of the youth, ere a bullet winged with *death* pierced his heart, and he fell at her feet without a groan. "My God!" shrieked the agonized Lucy, as her husband appeared, his pale face wild with exultation, "you have murdered my brother!" This shock was too much for her delicate frame to support, in addition to the estranged affection of her husband. Her only brother—he who had been spared amid scenes of blood and slaughter, who had endured imprisonment, and bondage, with patience and braved the war of elements with the hope of returning to his beloved home, had met even in the asylum of his childhood, his death at the hands of an assassin—the husband of his sister. All these horrors rushed at once with a confused whirl upon the brain of Lucy, and sinking upon the bleeding breast of her brother, she closed her eyes to wake no more. The distracted Welford in loosening her dress with the hope of restoring her to life, took the letter from her bosom (which she had requested him to take to her friend) with the vague idea, rather than hope, that it might explain the excitement to this rash act. Passing hastily over it, this passage penetrated his heart with remorse and horror: "Yes, my friend, I have vowed at the altar to love and honor Welford, and this I will do, so far as is in my power, though I may be treated with indifference, nay, even with scorn. Henry, if living, can be nothing to me—I will never see him if I can avoid it; his letters I have this night sought for—till now, they were preserved by me as memorials of the *dead*—these I shall consign to the flames; it is my duty to do so, and I shall comply

without a murmur." To describe the state of Welford's mind at this discovery, is impossible; all his high intellectual powers seemed in a moment hurled into chaotic confusion, and with a maniac laugh he surrendered himself into the hands of justice; after which he fell into a state of mental abstraction, from which even the common wants of nature could not awaken him. The splendid estate of the brother and sister passed into the hands of a remote relation, and the husband died a raving subject of the insane hospital. On enquiry, it was ascertained that the unfortunate Henry had sunk beneath the toil of servitude, and slept on a foreign shore.

K.

Saturday Evening.

LIFE.

MUCH has been "said and sung" about the ills of life, and every approbrious epithet which ingenuity could devise, has been heaped upon this beautiful world. Of the wars and famines and plagues—the public commotions, the civil tumults and the domestic broils—the losses and crosses and pains—the hopes deferred and the hopes destroyed—the gloomy forebodings and the more gloomy realities. Now, though these are the subjects of fearful interest to all the members of the human family, yet I am inclined to believe that too much time and ink have been consumed upon them, and feel disposed to gaze for a few moments on the brighter side of the picture. That there is a brighter side, the gloomiest misanthrope must allow. And though, to check the wild expectations of youth, it may be well sometimes to present the darker shades to those who have begun to feel the pangs of disappointment, it is better to speak of earth's pleasant things. Lest, having been pierced by one thorn they

should hastily conclude, that they were to have nothing but briars to walk upon all the rest of the way. Afflictions are to sink us—not into despair, but into a state of quiet submission and moderate desire. But there are some in the community, who, having been disappointed once, are resolved the world shall have no more charms for them. Because they may not have all they will, they will not have all they may. They are chastised with the whip, and they punish themselves with scorpions. For the consolation of these unhappy ones, we will take a survey of earth's pleasing things.

And first, there are the pleasures of *society*, which are neither few nor small. In social intercourse the feelings are enlivened—the sad heart forgets to ache—the tearful eye, to weep—bright thoughts are interchanged—new ideas elicited, or old ones placed in a new light, and we have the two-fold gratification of pleasing and being pleased.

Then there are, in the next place the pleasures of *solitude* which to some minds are greater than those of society. To hold communion with one's self—to cull over the heart's treasures, and to feed upon the joys which the stranger intermeddled not with—to wander through the airy fields of imagination, and dwell on the past and the future till they seem more real than the present; these are the pleasures of solitude, and are not to be despised.

MARY M'CLEOD;

OR.....THE EFFECTS OF FEAR.

"O'er thee the sacred shaft
That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded
hour
Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice,
Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to
thine!"

It was hardly possible to imagine the existence of a more amiable spirit than that which actuated the

which contained this beautiful form from whence this wild laughing emanated; it paused for a few moments, and then again proceeded—again it ceased, and all became silent as the grave. Again the laugh went on—no entreaties could stop it—all questions passed away unheeded. “It sounds,” said one of the servants, “as if it was approaching the window.” This suggestion roused the weeping energy of the worthy doctor; he hastily burst open the door, and rushed into the room; but his benevolence came too late, for the unfortunate subject of the story had precipitated herself to the ground, and was borne back by her agonized companions, more dead than alive. The doctor soon foresaw that the injury she had received would render all care useless—death had marked her for his own. The incessant care, however, which was bestowed upon her, brought her from a state of torpor to some little feeling. Her half-dead attendants had yet a hope for the best; but death came on apace—no balm could cure an injured frame, whose angelic spirit was, if possible, still more dreadfully wounded. Her days of suffering were therefore few; and on the morning, in which she fled into the fields where folly never riots, the bright spark of reason returned to her yet once again—all powers of mind came back with renewed strength; and calling her weeping friends around her, she became for the first time conscious of the cause which had deprived her of reason, and appeared for a moment relieved. When assured that the horrid visitant was not from the world of spirits, with a solemn charge to her young friends to be warned by this melancholy event, she generously forgave the fatal act which had deprived her of reason, and sapped the foundation of life: and, closing her eyes with a gentle sigh,

her pure spirit sought its native home.

WALKING.

We go on a visit to the country for a few days, and the neighborhood is famous for its beautiful prospects. Though, for our own individual share, we would rather go to the catacombs alone, than to a splendid view in a troop, we hate to balk young people; and as even now a walking-stick chair is generally carried along for behoof, we seldom or never remain at home when all the rest of the party trudge off to some “bushy bourne or mossy dell.” On these occasions how infinitely superior the female is to the male part of the species! The ladies in a quarter of an hour after the proposal of the plan, appear all in readiness to start, each with her walking shoes and parasol, with a smart reticule dangling from her wrist. The gentlemen, on the other hand, set off with their great heavy Wellingtons, which, after walking a half a mile, pinch them at the toe, and make the pleasure excursion confine them to the house for weeks. Then some fool, the first gate or stile we come to, is sure to shew off his vaulting, and upsets himself in the ditch on the opposite side, instead of going quietly over and helping the damsels across. And then, if he does attempt the polite, how awkwardly the monster makes the attempt! We come to a narrow ditch with a plank across it. He goes only half way, and, standing in the middle of the plank, stretches out his hand and pulls the unsuspecting maiden so forcibly, that before he has time to get out of the way, the impetus his own tug has produced, precipitates them both among the hemlock and nettles, which, you may lay it down as a general rule, are to be found at the thoroughfares in every field.

We extract the following humorous sketch from the Baltimore Emerald, as appropriate to the season.

THE PLEASURES OF AUTUMN.—This is the favourite seasons of all others. Autumn has past his zenith, and will be soon no more; but while he remains we have opportunities for diversified enjoyment. The man of intellect feels his imagination invigorated by the warm influence of an Indian summer, and his thoughts flow more freely, and his physical powers are quickened to a livelier sense of pleasure by the recurrence of the genial season. The morning star shines through its dewy pathway with greater brilliancy, and the orange sky of evening assumes a richer vesture, as it were to shame the excellence of a Claude. Now is the sportsman's pastime; for as he glides over the still water, through the morning mist, his eye kindles with a new expression, as the red-head plashes the wave, while he dives for the kingly canvass-back; or when the partridge whirrs away from the setter and falls before the fowling-piece, ere it adorn the larder with its clusters of feathery beauty. Now, the epicure smacks his lips, and feels the weight of wild fowl, and with a scrutinizing eye, ponders over a saddle of mutton or a round of stall-fed beef; now, whiskey-punch makes the tea-kettle musical; and the frying-pan and the stew pan, and the knife and the gridiron, spread terror among the oysters, while Clagett's beer foams with its own recommendation. Now is the time for tailors and mantua-makers to smile and look their prettiest; for mamma has opened her trunks of winter clothing and finds that Tommy's sleeves are too much soiled for Sabba' day wear, and Jemima has prevailed on papa to give her a new bonnet and pelisse. Now is the time for people to walk un-

usually erect, and to appear more dignified than ever, and to attend the several churches they have neglected all summer;—for the best broad-cloth is to be had on long credit, and Tick is their unfailing friend.

Now is the time for visiting the kitchen, and for enjoying the dairy; for the hearth is populous with stone jugs, and the largest kettle is on the crane for pickling; while the squashes look down with a green and yellow melancholy on the preparations of the oven. Now the butter kegs are filling fast, and the cider-mill sings out like the wheels of a frost-bitten wagon. Now is the time for people to turn over in the morning for the enjoyment of an extra nap; for the blanket feels comfortable, and the morning dew is an apology for sleeping. Now come the pleasures of breakfasting; for while the sun shines through the windows, the cakes are smoking on the table, and the sausage-meat obliges you to put down the newspaper unfinished. Now is the time for squirrels to grow fat on nuts, and the proprietors of steam-boats and stages to pocket their dividends; for the country traders are hastening to the city to supply themselves with a winter stock, and the merchants are obliged to order an extra dish for dinner, while the laundress reaps the benefit of clean table-cloths. But of all the luxuries and comforts which are at this season afforded, there is none like watching the coals in the evening twilight, while the light of the gasman's torch gleams on the walls as he passes; or that joy when the parlour lamps are lighted, and we close the shutters, and wheel the sofa round, after the manner of Cowper's best imagining, while we drink the liquor that cheers, but not inebriates, and the smiles of affection and love create their matchless paradise.

A WILD MAN OF NUREMBERG.—The attention of our philosophical public has been directed for some weeks past, to the investigation of a very extraordinary phenomenon, which, unless the whole be an imposture, may prove important in the investigation of mind. About a month ago there appeared in this city, a young man of about twenty years of age, well proportioned, and of a healthy complexion; he seemed, however, to walk with difficulty, his knees appearing stiff, and quite unused to mounting steps. He was poorly dressed, and carried a letter with him, in which a wish was expressed that he might be enlisted among the cavalry. His knowledge of the world seems extremely limited, and he spoke and understood but very few words. From what has been collected from him, it seems that he had been shut up in one room, about six feet high, from his infancy, during which time he never saw but one human being—a man who brought him his provisions, and whom he called his father. He was kept very clean, and had two little wooden horses to play with, but was beaten with a stick whenever he attempted to stand upright. There was a window to the room, from which every prospect was debarred by a pile of wood placed close before it, and the situation of the room seems to have been such as to exclude sound as well as sight. From this confinement he was at last released by his keeper, who, after a foot journey of two days, brought him to the gates of this city, where he gave him the letter, and enjoining him to enter, he left him. He has now learnt many new words and things; the former of which are easily distinguished, from his pronouncing them differently from those of his original stock; and for every one of the latter he can account himself, by mentioning his respective inform-

ants. He is as credulous as a child, receiving every information with implicit belief, and it is very difficult to make him change a notion after he has once received it, as he seems as yet a stranger to doubt or investigation. The least sound which strikes his ear unexpectedly, even the ticking of a clock, creates a slight convulsion in his face, and when his olfactory nerves are affected by the smell of flowers, lemons &c. he points to the middle of his forehead, as the place where he says he feels pain. In the same manner he rejects every food but bread and water, as disagreeable to his unused palate. His sight alone seems to receive pleasure from new objects, all his other senses appearing influenced by the painful only. The feeling in his fingers seems to be acute, and he uses them often to assist his weak sight. His hearing has improved, and he is very fond of the piano forte, which they are teaching him, but he expresses his dislike of singing, which he calls screaming.

He seems to have no general idea; no trace of any religious notion; no conception of a past or a future, every thing being present with him, even the succession of light and dark; nor does he seem aware of right or wrong. He complains of the ill usage he received from his keeper, only as to the pain it caused him, in the same manner as he does about the pain he receives from the perception of an object new to his senses, or about a burn which he received at touching fire. He is very compassionate, and expresses his concern even on seeing a flower pulled to pieces; and he could not be reconciled to the correctness of pulling down an old house, till he was told that it would be *made fine*, as he was made when they gave him new clothes for his old ones. Finding it difficult to express himself fully, with his de-

ficiency of language, he is very vehement in his gestures.

THE TEA PARTY.

"Man delights me not, nor woman either."

On returning to my rooms last evening, I found a billet on my desk, with gilt edges, from my cousin's in — street, containing a very polite invitation to spend the evening with them. "Poor, deluded girls!" said I, "another speculation must be on foot;—some *stranger* must have arrived; handsome, rich, in short, a look out; well, I'll go, and see what's doing." About eight, I went, according to my invitation, neat and trim dressed as a beau, ascended to the head of the room and made a bow to the old lady—another to the right, and a third to the left, and took my seat. Fortunately for me I was shaded by a projection of the chimney-piece, so that I could see better than be seen. The room was filled with fashionable company. Six large spermaceti candles graced the mantle-piece, and four candelabras, well lighted, were supported on a stand in a recess of the room. What a critical, scrutinizing, calculating cynic I am! I instantly forgot every other purpose but that of counting the probable sums which my cousins were expending. In doing this, I beg you gentle reader, do not think that there is to be any reversion in my favour, or in that of my children, in case of the probable death of one of these fair cousins. No: they are *young, healthy*, descended from *long-lived* ancestors, and—*poor*. At this stage of my reflections, I was interrupted by the entrance of one of my fair relatives; and here, after a moment's involuntary offering, in my mind's eye, to her personal charms, I found choice and fresh incentive to my niggardly surmises! Flounces upon flounces trebling the price of the original gown, belts of

many colours encircling the tapering, slender waist, and bound by a sparkling clasp in front. Oh! I forgot the beauty of the waist, as I had just overlooked the pretty ankle and the small foot!—and then the lace around her snow white bosom, and the necklace too!—'twas all one to me! I glanced coldly on her coal-black eye, whose bend could tame a savage soul, eye, and the raven locks of her long dark hair—all were lost to me, when above towered a tiara of brilliant hue and costly price, and still above the backbone of a huge and monstrous comb, the price of which would have given me—board and lodging for a week. A fair lady now disturbed my selfish reverie, and aroused my attention for a moment, to what was due to those around me. We talked of a variety of subjects on literature and politics, and I was about being deeply interested in some remarks which she had begun upon the importance of fugitive essays in a Magazine; by-the-by, I believe she has a hankering that way.

Then in came Blacky with a spacious waiter, bearing on its ample surface cups of coffee and tea, the smoke from which barely dimmed the lustre of a large silver tea-pot, flanked by sugar-dish and milk-pot of the same metal. I sighed, as my thoughts roved to the sad condition of the poor mechanic from whom their plate had been *taken*, "certainly not bought," quoth I. But for once my fears were allayed; as the splendid chargers were brought by the sooty Ganymede near to my person, I recognized the coat of arms of Simon the broker. Well, well, this is not quite so bad. Next came a maypole girl of twenty, with a second waiter. There was profusion!—I thought the shops of Poppleton and Jones had been transferred to my cousins' apartments with all their contents. Plumb-cake, and queens-cake, and pound-

cake, and sponge-cake, and in short, every cake on which the imagination of a bon vivant could dwell with rapture, and his palate feast with ecstasy. This was but a beginning, however—a preface to the treat.

Ices, blanc manges, *floating islands*, cordials, and wines, and lemonade, aroused my avariciously inclined soul to deprecate their extravagance and luxury. Do not think, however, that I carried my morose disposition so far as not to partake of the goodly cheer? No!—I condemned, but like my neighbours I feasted on another's folly—and to such a degree that I was fain to take my friend Dr. Le Cœur's advice, and breakfast upon Chamomile tea the next morning. But to return to my cousins—thought I, to what will it tend? what game is to be played off? This recalled me to one of the objects I had in view in visiting the scene before me. I turned to my cousin Leonora, and asked her who that gentleman was, sitting next to her sister Polly? "Why," said she, "don't you *know* that is Mr. Fiddlestrings from the South? He is a very rich young man, and, they say, he is going to get married soon—don't you think him very handsome?—oh! he is *beautiful!*" I had scarcely time to utter a reply, when this very *handsome rich* stranger arose—pleaded the most urgent business and his early departure from town the next morning in excuse for his going. "But you will return to spend some time with us?" "No, Miss—after visiting the Springs, I shall embark immediately for *Europe*." This was doleful news indeed! I thought now my poor consins would burst their big hearts with crying—oh! the monster—was it for this we gave the party—spent all the money we could muster, and a little more which we borrowed—is it for this?—oh! oh! oh!—Dearly they pay

for it poor girls. I left them, thinking with Goldsmith,

"How beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer
"To boast a splendid banquet!"

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

ESSAY.

"Mind alone is the true worth of man,
And that which raises him above the sense
Of meaner creatures, and permits a hope
Of unembodied being, in a high
And holy dwelling!"—

WHAT is mind? The repository of the senses; that indescribable power which gives dignity to man; that hidden spring which prompts to action. It is an object worthy of the philosopher to mark its development in the infant, and to observe its progress until matured. The scanty stock of ideas is constantly receiving new accessions, while every sense contributes towards the expansion of the mind. The book of nature is open, new objects are continually presented, and the intellectual powers acquire strength and energy, till man, at one glance surveys and comprehends the laws of the universe. He visits, in imagination, the antedeluvian world; looks back upon man in his primitive felicity, and weeps that he was expelled from Paradise. His mind too, soars beyond this "terrestrial ball," and visits other systems. He beholds the hand of God wheeling the planets in their orbits, and projecting the blazing comet beyond the reach of thought. He sees his mighty power in the raging ocean, in the tempestuous storm, in the awful voice of thunder, "in the forked lightning's play," and in the convulsive heaving of the earth.

When the bodily powers are suspended in sleep, the ever active mind wanders in imaginary fields of bliss, and visits the scenes of early days. Often is the humble peasant elevated to the throne, and the monarch sinks into insignificance; and the transactions of years are viewed in one short hour with all

the vividness of reality. But for the cultivation of reason, the bonds of society would be severed, "heart could no more meet heart in the salutation of friendship," hope would take her flight, and the name of social happiness be forgotten.

But, lest man should forget to whom he owes this inestimable treasure, his Maker has shewn him that this blessing may be recalled—behold the wretched maniac, the human mind in ruins! a being, who once perhaps, was the pride of his family, the joy and delight of the domestic circle, and bade fair to be an ornament an honor to society. But now—alas! what is he? The eye once beaming with intelligence, now rolls with an unmeaning gaze, friends are forgotten, and every earthly tie is absolved. Who can behold the wreck of reason without a sigh, and without considering that such may be our fate.

AMANDA.

OMNIVM GATHERUM.

"We are but the vendors of other men's goods."

Among the recent donations to the Alexandria Museum is a living *Ibis*, the "sacred bird of the ancients." Its height is between four and five feet at this time, although a young bird; is very gentle in its habits, is fond of being caressed, and will approach a person for that purpose. Its noise and attitude resembles that of a Marabout saint or divine, either at prayer or delivering a sermon. It appears to possess more sagacity than commonly belongs to the feathered tribe; will frequently pass whole hours in apparent solemnity and meditation, and then burst forth in great pride with expanded wings, which are 13 to 14 feet,—strut, jump, and fly for a short time, and again retire to its habits of solitude. This bird is held in great veneration at the present

day, and is known in some places by the name of the *Ibis*, and in others by that of *Marabout*, in others *Pocra Grandi Sacra*, or *Great Sacred Bird*.

—
A spirited Parson.—A clergyman having a quarrel with a neighbouring gentleman, who insulted him, and at last told him, 'Doctor, your gown is your protection,'—replied 'Though it may be mine, it shall not be yours;' and immediately pulled it off and thrashed the aggressor.

—
 An avalanche started, in consequence of the late great rain, in Vermont, at Hazen's Notch, in Westfield, from between four and six hundred feet above the road, and carried with it trees, rocks and earth in immense quantities, into the valley below, filling the road ten or twelve feet in depth, and for eight or ten rods in width.

—
Pun upon pun.—Two gentlemen dining together, one of them noticing a *spot of grease* on the neckcloth of his companion, said, 'I see you are a *Grecian*.' 'Pooh!' said the other, 'that is *far-fetched*.'—'No, indeed,' says the punster, 'I made it on the *spot*.'

—
 When Mrs. Robinson published her *Sappho and Phaon*, she wrote to Mr. Boaden the newspaper editor, in the following terms.—"Mrs. Robinson would thank her friend Boaden for a dozen puffs for *Sappho and Phaon*." By mistake of the two penny post, this note was delivered to Mr. Bowden the pastry cook in the Strand, who sent this answer;—"Mr. Bowden's respectful compliments to Mrs. Robinson, shall be very happy to serve her; but as Mrs. R. is not a constant customer, he cannot send the puffs for the young folks without first receiving the money."

Singular directions for his funeral, by the late Dr. Parr.—"My hands must be bound by the crape hat-band which I wore at the burial of my daughter Catharine; upon my breast must be placed a piece of flannel which Catharine wore at her dying moments at Teignmouth. There must be a lock of Madelina's hair inclosed in silk, and wrapped in paper bearing her name; there must be a lock of Catharine's hair in silk with her name, there must be a lock of my late wife's hair preserved in the same way; there must be a lock of Sarah Wynn's hair preserved in the same way. All these locks of hair must be laid on my bosom as carefully as possible, covered and fastened with a piece of silk to keep them together."— [Field's Life of Dr. Parr.]

The following inscription is from a tomb stone in Dunfermline church yard;—"Here lyes Andw. Robertson, present Deacon & Convenor of the Weavers in this burgh, who died Nov. 1762."

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

LITERARY NOTICE.

The Recollections of Jotham Anderson, second edition, enlarged; with other pieces of a similar character. Boston, Christian Register Office, 1828.

This is a book of peculiar merit; it is indeed a *powerful* book. It is directed to the notice of those who wish to find the true way wherein to walk unfettered by bigotry, prejudice or cant; and in addressing his arguments, or rather *facts* to the reader, the author has not resorted to the too prevalent mode of conducting polemical controversies, irritating the feelings, and exciting the passions of those whom, professedly, it is his object to convince. His manner reminds me of the capital fable of Æsop, wherein he relates the contest between the sun and wind, which of them should possess a traveller of his

cloak—and the impossibility of the latter's achieving this by all his blustering and storming, while it was so easily and effectually accomplished by the milder, and more gentle approaches of the former. The bare mention of the name of Henry Ware, Jr. as the author of this book, will insure its celebrity; and a single reading of it with a candid, unprejudiced mind, will gain for it the praise of usefulness. It has been published some months, but it was not until this week that chance threw it into my way; and I have thought that a recurrence to some of the truths it enforces, and a recommendation of it by one who has read it carefully, and, he trusts, candidly, will insure it an attentive and composing perusal from all who have not seen it. The author has finely described the natural *horror* with which a young and unsophisticated mind regards the tenets of the rigily Calvinistic party—and the most bigoted adherent to the doctrines of election, imputation, and justification, as professedly understood by that party, must find his prejudices weakened by a fair and judicious reading of the simple account of his religious doubts and subsequent convictions. The noisy, boisterous clamour of those, who mistake artificial excitement by injudicious means, for real and seriously religious impressions, disgusts our youth to such a degree that he is now more firmly convinced than before, that the religion of his father and his early years was the truest and purest way of belief. The tendency to produce unbelief by the usual *manner* of the orthodox party, and the sentiments advanced by its preachers, is illustrated finely by the story of Mr. *Garstone*, educated by his parents in the doctrines inculcated by the Westminster Assembly's catechism; and the effect of a rational, simple, plain and liberal christianity in meliorating the temporal condition, as well as encouraging the future hopes of the enquirer after truth is beautifully described in the story of Mrs. *Holden*, which concludes the book. Interspersed throughout the work are passages of uncommon beauty, both as it regards the style of narrative and the excellence of design: such for instance, as

that on pages 8, 9, and 10, describing the death of Jotham Anderson's mother: that on pp. 48, 49, and 50, containing an account of Jotham's illness: and that from p. 64, to p. 70, describing the last illness and death of *Carverdale*.

The other pieces in this little volume are written in the same style of rational and temperate morality, and like the other, will no doubt have an influence in producing an improvement, or present very desirable in the religious world.

I am conscious that I have done this little compilation but slender justice. I cry the mercy of the public for having disappointed them, if they have expected a full and minute review thereof, and only ask them to believe that my motive has been, in the words of my author's advertisement, "to do good, and it is hoped that my remarks have not altogether failed in it." The work, it may be proper to add, may be found at the office of the "Christian Register."

A—y.

Bower of Taste.

SCRAPS FROM A PORT FOLIO.

In passing along the smooth plains of La Prairie, the sublime view of the St. Lawrence with its picturesque islands and sparkling waterfalls, beyond which, rise the proud domes and towers of Montreal with its bold perspective of mountains, presents the most finished picture of grandeur and beauty that can be imagined. Several fine Chateaux, and little cottages built in a light airy style, grace its borders, while their cultivated environs display much of that elegance and classical taste for which the French are distinguished in ornamenting their pleasure grounds. Wishing to shorten our stay at La Prairie, as the Inn was already crowded with travellers, as also wishing to attend church in Montreal, we preferred crossing the St. Lawrence in a bateau, rather than await the return of the steam boat, which had just departed for that city, filled with passengers. To those unacquainted with the skill of the boatmen who are employed in these trips, the enterprize would seem rather hazardous for a party principally of ladies; but on being assured there was no real danger, provided the boat was exactly *trimmed*, we resolved to enjoy all the possible varieties of travelling, the last of which cross-

ing the rapids in an open boat. It was a delightful afternoon in August, when with a mild breeze in our favour, our party of six stepped into a neatly furnished bateau, with cushioned seats, and partially covered with a light awning. The helmsman was a keen looking little Frenchman, agile as a grass hopper, who in taking his seat at the helm, assured us, in tolerable English, that it was one very safe bateau—and if we no got up, and no be scars! all would be well. The four Gossoons, or Garçons who rowed the boat, were dressed in a neat grey livery with gaily embroidered collars, and gold bands on their hats, which gave the whole a pretty uniform effect. Several of our travelling friends, who resolved to await the arrival of the steam boat, walked down to the shore to see us off, complimenting the Yankee ladies on their courage and perseverance.

As the boatmen simultaneously let fall their oars, two of them commenced a low monotonous air exactly corresponding with the movement of their oars. In the chorus they were joined by the others whose voices were uncommonly deep and powerful: the song was in French, something like the following.

CHANSON.

Jovial and free is the boatman's life,
He fears not war, and he knows not strife.
With morning's beam, his toil is begun,
But he rests on his oar at the set of the sun.

Chorus. Chaunting blithly we glide along—
Hark! to the jovial boatman's song.

Though the darkling storm should be breeding o'er,

The wild winds rise and the rapids roar:
With eagle speed our barque we'll guide,
Safely across the foaming tide—

Chorus. Chaunting blithe as we glide along;
Hark! to the fearless boatman's song.

For about a mile the waves were calm and tranquil; yet we listened not without apprehension to the wild rush of the distant rapids, through which we were to pass. On arriving at this point of danger, it was admirable to remark with what adroitness they avoided the rocks and whirlpools that encompassed us on either side, so closely that we might have reached with the hand the weeds that grew upon the projecting cliffs. During this period the helmsman never once changed his position or removed his eye from the point by which he was steering. One would suppose that proceeding slowly through this Scilla and Charybdis was the only way to ensure our safety, but this was not the case. The rapidity of our progress even seemed to increase, until we had passed every danger. After this *frightfully* pleasant excursion, we had the satisfaction of arriving in Montreal

To live—and yet to see thee not—
 Think'st thou I'd live a life so curs'd?
 No! swell my heart e'en now o'erwrought,
 That when I leave thee, it may burst.

QUIDAM.

SONNETTA.

IMPROMPTU TO NOVEMBER.

November hail! though summer's cheering breeze,
 No longer blandly blows upon my brow—
 Though darkling winter comes apace e'en now,
 And strips the verdure from the forest trees,
 Yet month of storms, and chilling tempests, hail!
 I love the fireside's merry glee,
 I love to sit and bid the moments flee
 With happy speed—while wild, without the gale,
 Relentless beats against the window-pane.
 I love to watch the dying ember's flow,
 And trace the magic forms that 'midst them glow
 And fade away—mocking my labors vain;
 And more than all, the intercourse of friends,
 That to thy evening hours such witchery lends.

T. C. O.

[From the Atlantic Souvenir.]

FUNERAL RITES.

O bury not the dead by day,
 When the bright sun is in the sky
 But let the evening's mantle gray
 Upon the mouldering ashes lie,
 And spread around its solemn tone,
 Before ye give the earth its own.

The gaudy glare of noon-day light
 Befits not well the hour of gloom,
 When friend o'er friend performs the rite
 That parts them till the day of doom—
 Oh! no—let twilight shadows come,
 When heaven is still and nature dumb.

Then, when the zephyrs in the leaves
 Scarce breathe amid their mazy round,
 And every sigh that air receives
 Is heard along her still profound—
 Then at night's dusky hour of birth,
 Yield the lamented dead to earth.

Yield him to earth—and let the dew
 Weep o'er him its ambrosial tears,
 And let the stars come forth and view
 The close of human hopes and fears—
 His course goes on, he ne'er again
 Shall tread the walks of living men.

"The kiss you gave," said Lucy, with a laugh,
 "Is vain—I have too many now by half;"
 "Your pardon, Miss," cried George, "if it is vain,
 'Tis my request you give it back again."

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



“ With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
“ We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,”—PAINÉ.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....NOV. 15, 1828. No. 46.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.....NO. VI.

“ WE HOLD THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.”

THE FAIR MANIAC.

MARIA was a lovely girl of seventeen; born in affluence and accustomed to the gratification of every wish, she knew little of the ills of life, till a reverse of fortune compelled her father to leave his splendid residence in Boston, and seek in retirement an asylum for himself and daughter more suitable to his limited income. In a little village on the banks of the C—, he hoped to spend the remainder of his days in peace. But this retreat ill accorded with the disposition of Maria, and she sighed once more to join the gay circles of fashion. Mr. Dumont had long observed her melancholy, and entering her room unexpectedly, found her in tears. He tenderly inquired the cause, when raising her swimming eyes she replied, “ dear father, how is it possible for me to be happy in this secluded spot?” At that moment Mr. Dumont felt the full weight of his

misfortunes—but taking his daughter's hand, he mildly reproved her for repining at the unavoidable ills of life, and then proposed a walk; hoping the beauties of the scenery would dissipate the gloom of her mind.

As they wandered down an unfrequented path, they were startled by the sound of a soft voice, and turning beheld a young female with her hands clasped as if in despair, and heard her exclaim, “ He smiles, he speaks, he will yet live—ah, no! he is gone,” and she sunk to the earth. At this moment they approached her, and a little spaniel that seemed to share her grief, looked wistfully at the strangers, and then running towards a cottage half concealed by the trees, by every art solicited them to follow. Mr. Dumont bore the senseless lady in his arms, and Maria followed with trembling steps. They were met at the

door by an elderly lady; "alas, poor Julia," said she, a tear starting in her eye, "thou hast found in insensibility a momentary respite from thy sorrows." As Mr. Dumont placed her on the bed, she faintly opened her eyes, but again closing them, sunk into a quiet slumber. Maria looked at the old lady, and seemed to ask an explanation.

"Julia," said she, "is a child of sorrow. At the early age of three years she was deprived of her parents, and left with a brother of four years old, to the protection of strangers. Chance introduced them to my acquaintance, and I adopted them for my own. Sweet children—they amply repaid all my cares; but in one of their evening rambles on the banks of the river, a party of sailors rushed from a thicket, and seizing upon Henry, hurried him on board a boat, and hastily glided down the stream. Julia called for him in vain—years passed. She remitted none of her customary attentions to me, and in my presence assumed a cheerful air; but the half-suppressed sigh, and her pallid cheek too plainly told that happiness had fled from her bosom. As every object reminded us of our loss, I removed from my former habitation to this little cottage. One fine autumn evening, Julia was speaking with melancholy delight of the pleasures of childhood, when we were surprised by the entrance of a stranger; a thrill ran through my frame, and as Julia arose, his full dark eye met hers. "My brother!" she exclaimed, and Henry caught his fainting sister in his arms. Those who have known the pure and holy affection that binds a brother's with a sister's heart, may have some faint idea of their meeting—but words are incapable of describing it. Two years passed thus in happiness, until war infested our shores, and British oppression called upon every true son of America to enlist under

the banner of freedom. The clang of arms rang through the land, and Henry's bosom glowed with patriotic enthusiasm, to defend his country's rights, as well as to gratify his thirst for military glory. Julia saw with terror his firm resolution to join the army, and though she felt all a sister's pride, when she beheld the heightened glow of his cheek, as the plume gracefully waved upon his polished helm—yet her heart throbbed almost to bursting when she saw him about to depart. "Remember," said she, "your sister, as well as your country, needs your protection," and she bathed his head in tears. When the last glimpse of his form faded from our view, Julia felt her lonely situation, and a something seemed to whisper, "he will never return." Scarcely a fortnight had elapsed, when we were aroused from sleep by a murmuring of strange voices at the gate. I hastily arose and opened the door, when a party of soldiers bore into the room a wounded officer. It was Henry. Julia watched by his side in breathless anxiety till the approach of light. It was the last that dawned on him; he raised his dying eyes upon her face with a look of tender affection, and pressing her hand to his lips he expired. It was too much. Reason could no longer maintain her sway, and poor Julia is now a maniac. Short sentences relating to her brother are nearly all she utters, and the spaniel that lies at her feet is her only solace. It was her brother's favorite."

Here the good woman closed her narrative, while the sufferer still continued to sleep; Mr. Dumont, after obtaining permission to call again, arose to depart. When Maria took his arm, "never again, my dear father," said she, "will I repine at my fate. When a murmur rises to my lips I will think of Julia, and be happy even in poverty so

long as I am favoured with the inestimable blessing of *reason*.

AMANDA.

Saturday Evening.

THE GRAVE.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither, at the north wind's
breath;
And stars to set—but *all*—
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own—oh!
Death!" *Mrs. Hemans.*

Who hath not thought of the dark and gloomy abodes of the dead—the sepulchre—alike of the proud king and humble cottager, along whose brow the cares and labours of years have scattered many a furrow—and whose only hope in the toil and turmoil of 'life's bleak waste' is the blessed assurance, perchance of a happy immortality! There is something in the silent precincts of the 'narrow house,' where all lie undistinguished together; the mighty and the noble, in state, magnificent, in their ruin, and the one above whose silent breast and mouldering form no storied monument or sculptured marble tells how he ends his existence: there is something, I say, in all this, which should bow the mighty to the earth, and cause the humble slave to walk with a proud heart and kindling eye before him who beats him. This is a common place theme; but the mind of man reverts often to it against his will. There is nought which gives such a blunt to the distinctions of earth, which by reflection will subdue every cause of envy—as this simple but all important theme. Look at the mighty of old—the philosophers and statesmen of years gone by? Where are they?—How many forgotten! Their deeds are slumbering in the lap of oblivion—the wave of Time hath swept even their historians into the boundless sea of ETERNITY—the fallen wall conceals their sepulchres in the lonely aisles of their forefathers—and the night

wind sighs among their ruins, where once the song of joy and the burst of gladness stole forth from the heart of glee; and the lustre of many an eye is shrouded in the deep grave's night, which kindled with love and looked abroad on the varied scenes of Nature with admiration and delight. Alas! the pride of man goes down with him into the dust! it withers when the lamp of his transient existence flickers out into the long slumbering of the tomb! Where are they, who sounded the clarion of war along the plains of Thessaly—the Mount of Marathon, and 'Samos,' rocky Isle? The trumpet's voice hath died upon the breeze—the thousands which it aroused have gone to rest—the castles, which have been subdued, and on whose walls the spear glittered, and the cannon pealed, have crumbled into dust—the ivy fingers about the decaying turrets—the raven builds her nest in the casement, and sends upon the ear of midnight her desolate wailings—the owl hoots where the song was heard—and man, proud man, who once fought and won—he who reared the structure,

'Sleeps where all must sleep.'

His memory is not in the bosom of the guide who conducts the traveller among the shadowy magnificence of other ages, and he is forgotten? Should not these things—the mutability of earthly grandeur—pour into the soul deep and lasting preparations for the great and last change, when a long and dreamless slumber falleth upon man? When the nauseous earth worm preys alike upon the hero and the cottager, in that narrow bourne where,

'All life's idle throbbing ceases,
And pain is lulled to rest.'

'Why,' says Ossian, 'should'st thou build thy hall, son of the winged days?—Thou lookest from thy

towers to-day; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes—it howls in the empty court, and whistles around thy half-worn shield? Then why should man look forth, as he fondly hopes, upon the sunny future with the eye of fancy, and lay up the golden visions, which have passed like sun beams in his pilgrimage, in the hope of brighter ones yet to come, when to-morrow the sepulchral yew may tremble over his quiet rest.

—♦—
TRUE ENJOYMENT.

A TALE.

MR. MELVILLE was a gentleman of respectability, and once a merchant of high standing in the now populous city of New York; as much distinguished for his probity and uprightness in his transactions as celebrated for his virtue and humanity towards those that surrounded him. No suppliant that ever sued to him went unsatisfied from his door; so far did his charity extend that he could not brook the face of silent wretchedness that scorned to ask a favor; and while others passed their hours amid the maze of dances in the giddy ball-room, he would seek to alleviate those wants and soothe those cares in such a manner, that could not wound the pride of those on whom he bestowed his charity. But these feelings were too fine to fit him for that station which he filled! too fine for the cold feelings of the world. Several of the merchants with whom he was connected failed one by one, and by their failures drew from him his state of opulence to almost absolute beggary. This required all his fortitude to bear with; not that he cared for himself, but that the partner of his bosom, (and the idea that the dear pledge of love that heaven had blessed them with—a lovely daughter, scarcely yet seventeen)—should also fall with him, drove him almost to distraction. He, however, brought

his affairs to a crisis, and found himself in possession of a trifle still.

With this he removed his small family from the loved scenes of his youth, endeared to him by each sweet recollection of the happy hours that he had spent among them, to a beautiful little cottage on the Mohawk, and amid the grand and picturesque beauty of the natural scenery around them, the dull melancholy of his mind was soothed into calmness. The kind attentions of his faithful wife, and the mild cheerfulness of his lovely daughter Amelia, again brought him to himself and made him enjoy with a double relish the lovely scenery that surrounded him; and often at the twilight of the day would he sit with the companions of his toil and exile on the craggy banks of the river, and pour forth his thanks to that power whose word had raised him from the lowest depths of despair. Nor had those feelings of charity toward the unfortunate of his race in the least subsided. For often with his gun, and accompanied with his faithful hound, (his sole companion in his walks) would he wander o'er the unbroken hills and seek out the abodes of misery, and though his means were but small, yet to relieve their inhabitants would be his first and greatest care.

Nor was the lovely Amelia idle, at once the delight of her fond parents and the admiration of the neighboring cottagers. In her person she was about the middle size, delicately and elegantly formed, with a countenance mild, serene, lovely and tender, fair and white almost as the lily, get gently interspersed with the blushing hue of the rose, she appeared amid the rude architecture of nature that surrounded her, just like

“An angel sent from heaven to soothe our woe.”

Often did she roam among the valleys from her home to the huts of the

sick, and patiently sit beside the bed of the invalid to administer the cordials that she had prepared, or teach the little children of the poor to spell and read, and learn to their prayers, thus turning their infant thoughts to that great fount of grace "from whence all good comes." How oft the little rustics would gather round her at her departure and beg her soon "to come again;" and with what unfeigned delight would they greet her at her oft returns. And often too would she sit by her own happy fire side between her kind parents, and read some tragic tale, some horrid shipwreck, while tears of pity would gently steal unbidden down her cheeks as she sympathised with the troubles of the hero or the distresses of the mariner.

Thus was their time passed away, and around their cheerful fire side where they gathered on one cold stormy night, and Amelia as usual was entertaining her parents with her books, while her anxious loving father would fondly look in silent pride and admiration, and her affectionate mother would steal a gaze now and then at her with a thankful countenance of satisfaction.—The lightning darted in quick succession athwart the murky sky, and the thunder pealed in one continued roar, sounding at intervals like the fancied eruption of *Ætna*; but amid its howlings the little family heard all at once the sharp warning of their constant dog announcing visitors. Mr. Melville's warm heart immediately pictured scenes of distress, and without waiting to surmise who the intruders could be, he seized his hat and cane, and left the cottage. Nor was he long absent, for he quickly returned, bearing the senseless body of a stranger.

All their aid was immediately given to remove him to a comfortable bed in an adjoining room, and reviving cordials were administered. Seve-

ral questions were presented, all of which were answered with the incoherent phrases of a mad man. By degrees, however, his ravings were hushed, and he found relief for his weary frame in a balmy sleep. The kind-hearted Melville passed the tedious night with him. Yet still the stranger did not awake, and Amelia entered to relieve her father just as the rising sun threw his bright rays in at the window. In a few minutes the stranger—who we shall call Edward Harris—awoke. He moved not nor stirred, and the first object that presented itself to his opening eyes was the gentle Amelia—refreshed with a long and wholesome sleep, she appeared fair as a rose in all its loveliness—he watched her movements—as she would cautiously steal on tip-toe through the room for the fear of awaking him—in an extacy of astonishment. At last a quick but ill remembered thought of incidents stole on his senses; but where he was or how he came there, and whence the lovely being that now appeared before him, were things hard to be reconciled to his situation on the evening preceding. But while these thoughts were passing in his mind, the maiden's eye was turned on him; he essayed to speak, but she signed to him to be silent, recommended him to remain as still as possible, and soon prepared for him a breakfast suited to the condition of the invalid.

But time passed away. Edward Harris had recovered from his illness; had proved to be a young gentleman of good family and fortune; had left his friends on the Mohawk with feelings of gratitude and kindness; had stolen Amelia's heart, but left his own as a pledge. For long did he linger in the lonely place even after he had perfectly recovered; and on the beautiful moonlight evenings he would stray with the gentle Amelia's arm in his, over many a hill

and valley, and was delighted to accompany her in her daily visits to the hovels of the indigent sick of the neighborhood. They appeared to live in and for each other—no tempers were more congenial. Yet they did not know they loved—Cupid's dart had not penetrated at one blow, and they felt not its approach. Their love was not like the torrent that bursts from the mountain—that rushes down its side with an overwhelming force, destroying and sweeping before it that which it should succor—and is lost forever. But more like the gentle rivulet that softly winds its unseen course through the green fields, that waters the roots of lovely flowers springing on its banks, wafting a delightful perfume to the traveller, that never rises above its banks, and seldom sinks below its regular level. Their love was like the genial rays of the sun, that though sometimes obscured by a cloud, would let them know the value of a sun-shine.

I said that Edward had departed; but ere he departed he had sworn eternal constancy and love—he had sworn to love her as his life, and he only departed to make preparations for his intended nuptials. And in a short time from that departure he led his Amelia, his wife, a captive to the delightful city of Gotham.—Once more was the generous Melville placed in a situation for doing good from his generous interference that saved the life of a fellow creature in distress, and all learned from that action, that to do good to others is the real means of TRUE ENJOYMENT.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

THIS is a time when it becomes us to repair to the house of God and offer up our gratitude to Him for the many favors enjoyed during the past season. The blessings conferred on us are almost without number, and it is the obvious duty

of every one to render the grateful homage of his heart to the Author of every good and perfect gift. Let us then assemble around the altar, cast aside all worldly cares, and worldly feelings, and let our united praises ascend to His throne for all the mercies received from His hand.

This, too, is a day when the sons and daughters gather around the festive board of their parents, and all the finer feelings are exhibited in the fulness of their strength. The venerable grand-sire here meets his children and grand-children, and their presence makes his heart glad. Their countenances are lit up with benignant smiles, and happiness makes her abode among them. The parent looks with unmingled pleasure on his offspring when all are seated in his presence; should one of them have been taken from the number since their last meeting, and be deprived of participating with them in their joys on this occasion, the recurrence of the fact for a while casts a gloom over them, till the presence and enjoyments of the living restore the wonted light to their countenances. They surround the table crowned with the luxuries of the past, and their hearts are filled with gratitude. The feelings excited on the occasion remain long after the day has past, and make an impression on the mind not easily wiped away. Is not then the domestic circle the abode

"Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss?"

Clarion.

ESSAY.

"I've seen the tints of summer fade,
I've seen them fade without a sigh—
For dear to me is Autumn's glade,
And dearer still the evening sky."

"AUTUMN.—Passing rapidly along the current of time, we are almost imperceptibly surrounded with the fading beauties of the past summer, and discover, at once, the triumph-

ant return of Autumn. The voice of nature is heard proclaiming to man, that she has again nearly accomplished the work of a bounteous providence, in the abundant harvests which fill the valleys, and crown the hill—with these attendant blessings which always make the return of Autumn a season of peculiar gratitude as well as serious meditation.

There is a striking analogy between the changing events of human life. In no season of the year are we more forcibly reminded of these, than in Autumn, when we behold lying thick around us the faded laurels of departed Summer. Nature seems to pause and mourn, while she views, from her lofty throne, the great and mighty change in this her universal empire. How short the period since Spring was with us in all its youthful loveliness, filling our bosoms with hope and expectation, and making our hearts glad and joyful! But Spring has fled, and with all its promised happiness. The Summer too, has passed. Yes; although it came to us with all the candor and seriousness of manhood, and bade us fix our hopes and affections on the enchanting objects around us, and led us by the hand through those regions where fancy delights to rove, and imagination soars with her outstretched wings, yet the very moment our hopes were strongest, our fancy most delighted, and our imagination towering highest, Summer left us to grope our way back again to the sad reality of human life.

I hail the autumn, as a sympathizing sister to the disappointment and short lived glories of frail man. It is at thy approach pale and emaciated as thou art, that man loves to retire enwrappt in the folds of thy faded mantle, to the shades of solitude, and within her sacred portals, take a retrospective view over all the past."

Yet when the roaring storm sweeps over the desolate fields, and the night blast moans through the leafless forests—when all is cheerless without, the heart clings more fondly to the comforts of home, and we become insensibly reconciled to the rigours of the approaching winter as we experience the social delights of the blazing hearth around which

"Friendship draws her circling zone."

And while reciprocating with those whom we love, in the blessings which Heaven has strewn in our paths, our hearts involuntarily expand with gratitude and thanksgiving, to the author of all our enjoyments. K.

The striking truths contained in the following well written article, induces us to present it to our readers.

As soon as a person turns his attention to literature, and discovers indications of genius, the cry of the world is raised against him—he is considered as a mark at which every person should aim, nay, often censured by those who are in every respect his inferiors. If he be not a stoic, he will fall under the accumulating number of his opposers. There have been many, however, who have looked with an unmoved countenance, or have smiled at the meanness of their enemies. Byron is dead! and we are now able to look calmly upon the manner in which he was treated. The feeling of enmity which existed towards him, has in part, died away, and given us time to judge candidly of his talents and his follies. for follies he certainly had—yet it was not for them that he was assailed:—He had vices—but it was not for these that he was opposed:—It was on account of his genius, his talents, and his perseverance in the cause of literature, that the press was made to groan with slanders against him. Is it-not to be supposed that there

are, in every community, persons whose vices are as glaring as Lord Byron's? But these are not candidates for Fame—therefore, not a word is said against them. But let any person, with talents competent to the task, seek a name which shall never die, and all voices are immediately turned against him—his every weakness is exposed—every folly exaggerated—and every movement, which can by the utmost exertion be construed into an act of meanness or folly, will be presented to the world. I repeat, the shafts which were levelled against Lord Byron were not on account of his vices, but of his genius!

Yet it is common, as soon as a man has sunk into the tomb, to suppose that his private character will henceforth remain unmolested. Almost every person feels a solemnity in speaking against one who has departed. His works are our property, so far that we have the privilege of reading or rejecting them; but we have no right to intrude upon the sanctity of his private life. Yet there has been one who has dared to sacrifice every feeling of honor for the purpose of displaying what he is pleased to call private anecdotes of the noble bard. I allude to Leigh Hunt. A man who had no higher aim than to be thought an intimate friend of the person whom he has now traduced: and who was invited from feelings of charity, to seek a home with his wife and children, at the house of the same man, who now, since he has nothing to fear from his "quill of fire," he has brought in such a manner before the public. But the name of Byron stands uninjured—it is too high upon Fame's scroll to be touched by such insidious attacks. And Leigh Hunt has nothing to fear—he is beneath contempt. It may be possible, that, failing in his various endeavors to gain for himself a name, he has hit upon his

present conduct as a last resort. As the ancient, who, on inquiring what he should do to render himself immortal, was told to stab the king!
Am. Traveller.

ANECDOTE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—The day of the massacre of the priests in the Carmelite convent, a lady learning that her confessor was amongst the victims, conceived the most ardent desire to get possession of his body, in order to render it the rites of sepulchre. Whilst meditating upon the means, she saw a cart full of dead bodies pass under the window, amongst whom she discovered her confessor. A medical man happening at the moment to be with her, she entreated him to go after the cart, and endeavor to bribe the drivers, to give him up the body. The surgeon yielded to her prayers, and went after the cart. He declared to the drivers his profession, and his wish to have the body for dissection. A bargain was soon struck, and for 20 crowns he was allowed to make his choice, and brought away the body of the confessor, which he deposited in the lady's ante-chamber, she having promised to bury it in her cellar until more tranquil times should allow her to place it in consecrated ground. From this pious care, however, she was dispensed, as the body turned out to be living, and not a dead one. As soon as the confessor found himself alone with the surgeon, he started on his feet and asked for something to cover his nakedness. As soon as he was in a proper state to appear before his kind liberatrix, he told her as follows;—When I saw them massacring my companions in misfortune, the only means of escape that presented itself to me, was to throw myself among the dead bodies, and smear myself with their blood. This

attempt succeeded. I was taken for dead, stripped, and thrown along with the others into the fatal cart, from which, if you had not saved me, I should have been cast into a hole, and buried alive. I have not received the slightest injury, not even a scratch. All three then threw themselves on their knees, to thank Heaven for this most miraculous delivery.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

PROFESSOR MONE, of Heidelberg, has lately published, with remarks, a notice by Mr. Assal, the inspector of mines in Pennsylvania, with respect to the natives of North America and to Indian antiquities. This antiquary has visited, and carefully examined, the remains of former times which exist in the forests of that country. He describes two kinds; those which seemed to have belonged to the ancestors of the actual natives, and those which seem to indicate the presence, at some remote period, of a people more civilized than Indians. The latter consists of fortifications of earth or stone, tumuli, mummies, idols, and utepails. It is in the states of New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, that the greater number of these fortifications are found. One has been discovered to the south of Lake Ontario; the others, which are not far from one another, are placed on a line which stretches in a south-westerly direction to the river Chenango, near Oxford. These fortifications differ in form. The ramparts are sometimes only five, and sometimes thirty feet high; and they enclose sometimes ten, sometimes fifty acres. The neighborhood of a river, with fish, and a site not subject to inundation, have always determined those by whom these fortifications were built. A kind of covered way communicates between them and the river. The entrance is not always direct. In

VOL. I.

front, and interiorly, there is frequently a little rampart which defends the entrance. This arrangement bears an analogy to the fortification which the Romans placed at the entrances to their camps, and which they called *clavicula*; but with the Romans it was an exterior work. In some of the areas which these fortifications surround, are little artificial hills, intended either to assist in the defence, or to afford the means of overlooking the enemy. Near Cercleville in the Ohio state, is a circular fortification, comprehending a square one; the walls of which latter are so accurately adjusted by the cardinal points, that it is difficult to believe that the constructor of them was destitute of astronomical knowledge. A few arrow-heads, and the remains of some very fine pottery, in which traces of glazing are visible, are all that has yet been discovered in these places. The tumuli are of various heights, some only four feet, others exceeding a hundred. The bodies over which they were heaped seemed to have been previously submitted to the action of fire. There have been found in them some copper studs, plated with silver, fragments of scabbards, a copper and silver hilt of a sword, a mirror of *mica membranacea*, and some stone knives and hatchets. The idols exhibit only an unformed trunk, and a head of the coarsest workmanship. The mummies have nothing particular about them. It is Mr. Assal's opinion that the people who have left these remains came from Asia by crossing Behring's Straits.

SAND STORM IN THE DESERT.—
The following terrific description is by Mr. Fraser, the traveller in Khorasan:—

“It dawned at last: and morning found me still in a wide and trackless waste of sand; which, as

the sun arose, was only bounded by those fitting vapors which deceive the thirsty traveller with the belief that water is near, and have thence obtained the name of "the water of the Desert." In vain did I look for the marks by which my friend Selim had taught me to recognize a place of refreshment. There was but too much cause to fear that I was now in one of those terrible tracts of dry and moving sand, in which no water is found, and which sometimes, when set in motion by the wind, swallow up whole caravans and their conductors. Alas! the morning light, so earnestly expected, only dawned to prove that I was surrounded by dangers I had never dreamt of. The wind, which had blown so piercingly all night, lulled, as it generally does towards morning; but the hazy vapour, loaded with light particles of sand, through which the sun rose as red as blood, gave warning that the calm could not continue long; nor had I pursued my course another hour before the roar of the desert wind was heard, columns of dust began to rise in the horizon, and the air became gradually filled with drifting sand.

"As the wind increased, the whole plain around me which had been heaped by former tempests into ridges, like the waves of a troubled sea, now got in motion: the sand blew from off their crests, like spray from the face of the waters, and covered myself and horse with its dense eddies; while, often unable to distinguish the true course my horse toiled over the ridges, sinking up to the very girths in their deep baffling substance.

"I continued for some hours to persevere, struggling against the fury of the gale, when my alarm became increased by observing that my horse, which hitherto had stood out with admirable perseverance; even when his progress was the

most painfully impeded by the deep sand, now became terrified and restive. He snorted, reared, and appeared unable, as well as unwilling to face the sharp drifting of the still increasing storm. In vain I soothed him, or urged him on with heels and hand; the animal, which hitherto had obeyed my voice almost like an intelligent being, now paid no attention either to caresses or blows. In the severe squalls that drove past at intervals, he fairly turned his back to them and would not move; and even when the wind lulled for a little, he could hardly be forced to advance a step.

"I scorned to yield my life without a struggle, yet saw not the means of preserving it. To abandon my horse would have been, in fact, to give up hope; for I could not have proceeded a single mile on foot; yet to remain stationary, as I was forced to do by the terror of the animal, involved manifest destruction. Every thing that offered resistance to the torrent of sand, which sometimes poured along the earth like a rapid stream of water, was overwhelmed by it in an incredibly short time; even while my horse stood still for a few moments, the drift mounted higher than his knees, and, as if sensible of his danger, he made furious effects to extricate himself.

"Quite certain that my only hope of safety lay in constant motion, and in the chance of gaining the lee-side of some hillock or mass of rock that might afford a shelter till the storm should blow over, I gave up my true course, turned my back to the wind, and made all possible efforts to press forward and at last, just when both man and horse were exhausted, during a partial lull, I observed something like a rock or mound of earth looming through a dusky atmosphere. On approaching it, I discovered that it was the bank of an inconsiderable hollow,

which was now nearly filled with sand, and the opposite side of which, being exposed to the wind, had by the same means become merely an inclined plane; beneath this bank I fortunately retired, resolved to trust to its protection, rather than run the risk of a farther progress with the imminent peril of perishing in the drifting sand, where vision could not extend for a space of many yards."

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

"We are but the vendors of other men's goods."

John Shanks, keeper of the churchyard of this place, whilst last week engaged in his usual occupation of digging among the ruins of our splendid cathedral, for the purpose of clearing away every thing which could mar the effect of this "vast and overwhelming edifice," discovered a stone coffin, which is generally supposed to have been the coffin in which were deposited the remains of King Duncan, who was slain by the tyrant Macbeth at Inverness. It is, at all events, matter of unquestionable historical fact, that King Duncan was buried about the identical spot in which this stone coffin has been found; for Boethius, the most ancient of our Scottish historians, whose accuracy may be relied on, mentions that "Duncan was buried in the place on which the middle steeple stood"—the very place in which the stone coffin in question has been discovered. It is, as will be readily supposed, cut out of one stone, measures about six feet in length, two in breadth, and one and a half in depth. The discovery of this curious coffin has excited considerable interest in the place. Perhaps there is not what may be termed a public churchyard in Britain in which are interred the remains of so many illustrious individuals of

former days as are deposited in our Elgin cathedral churchyard. Several of our celebrated Scotch Monarchs were entombed here, with numerous bishops, noblemen, baronets, distinguished warriors, &c.—*Elgin Courier.*

Eagles teaching their young to fly.—In one of the Crags of Ben Nevis, Scotland, two parent eagles were teaching two young birds the manœuvres of flight. They began by rising from the top of a mountain in the eye of the sun, (it was about mid-day, and bright for this climate.) They at first made small circles, and the young birds imitated them; they paused on their wings, waiting till they had made their first flight, and then took a second and larger gyration, always rising towards the sun, and enlarging their circle of flight so as to make a gradually extending spiral. The young ones still slowly followed, apparently flying better as they mounted; and they continued this sublime kind of exercise, always rising, till they became mere points in the air, and the young ones were lost, and afterwards their parents, to the aching sight.

Advertising Quarkery.—A druggist of Berlin styles himself "Poisoner of mice to his Majesty." It is said that a member of the royal family refused permission lately to a turner, to take the title of "Manufacturer of wooden legs to his Royal Highness." His Royal Highness had no doubt an instinctive dread that the presumptuous manufacturer would extend his talents to the framing of heads from the same material, thus creating a rivalry near the throne.

Politeness.—When conversing with a lady, if she should happen to pronounce a word a little differently from your custom of pronunciation,

be careful, to correct her for it, especially if many be present.—If she should make use of a word, that you had not been so fortunate to have seen in your literary researches, tell her boldly, audibly, and without hesitation, that there is *no such word in the English language.*

Be careful and talk so incessantly that she shall only be able to answer your learned enquiries, by a simple *Yes* and *No.*—*Essex Reg.*

“I was charmed,” says Lord Oxford, “with the answer of a poor man in Bedlam, who was insulted by an apprentice, because he would not tell him *why* he was confined. The unhappy creature at last said, “because God Almighty has deprived me of a blessing which you never had.”

Melancholy Accident.—In Windham, Maine, a son of Mr. Amos Hawkes, aged about 18, went out a gunning last week and was killed, it is supposed, by falling from a tree. Shortly after he went out, his dog was heard to bark, which induced some of the family to go to the spot. They found the son dead under the tree. It was thought that he fired at a squirrel on the tree, and in climbing up after his game, fell, in which he received a blow which caused his instant death.

Portland Gazette.

A new association has been formed to improve the manners, and morals of the young bloods in New York, which is likely to succeed; one of their rules is to mark, note and call the attention of parents, guardians, and masters to the conduct of their full grown children, wards and apprentices.

On the 18th inst the body of a man was found in the dock, New York, supposed to be Mr. Peter Caon, of Balayan.

Bower of Taste.

“*The Critic*, a weekly review of literature, the fine arts, &c.” which was announced a few weeks since in the New York papers, as shortly to be published in that city, under the editorial charge of William Leggett, Esq. made its *debut* on the first of November. It is a handsome octavo of sixteen pages, and printed upon superfine paper. The first two numbers of this work have created much interest among the reading class of people, who from the well known talents of the editor, had anxiously awaited its appearance. We presume not to particularize those books which have drawn forth the critical opinions of the reviewer, or to venture a remark upon the justice of his decisions; yet with reference to the “specimens” before us—from his *style*, we should say that he was evidently qualified to discriminate between the sterling ballion and the superficial tinsel of literature. In his appreciation of merit, he appears studiously to avoid flattery; and in his exposure of error, he unites delicacy with candor which is an art of no ordinary acquirement. There is, however, much spirit and just severity in his remarks upon the British reviewers, for their illiberal attacks upon the arts and literatures of America. Comparing the favourable opinion which the Duke of Saxe Wiemar has expressed of us as a people in his tour through our country, the editor says, “The hireling itinerants of Great Britain who laud us to our faces, and vituperate us when they return; on whom hospitality falls like dew upon a rock, without any fructifying influence; who deride our artists, call our novelists imitators, and assert that ‘in the whole range of the country, from New York to New Orleans, not a single poet can be found.’ Such scribblers as these, who earn their bread by falsehood, should look through the pages of this Prince’s travels, and blush for shame.” Mr. Leggett is a poet by nature, and a very charming one too; his little volume of “*Leisure hours at sea*,” a collection of poems written at a very early period of his life, presents many delicate touches of sentiment and flashes of original thought, which would not dishonor even now, the author of the address which obtained the *first prize* on the re-opening of the Bowers Theatre. Notwithstanding these tributary laurels in recognition of his poetic talents, the severe duties of the profound and persevering scholar have turned the attention of Mr. Leggett from the flowery paths of poesy, to the plain unembellished walks of truth. Yet these very duties, though perhaps more arduous than

pleasing, have qualified him for the high and responsible situation which he has now assumed, as guardian of his country's literature—for the task of reviewing with impartiality such works as are laid upon the shrine of public favor, and which tend to establish our literary fame in the "Old world."

From his "prefatory remarks" in the first number of the '*Critic*,' we extract the following paragraph, as expressive of the design of the work. "As we think, we shall write—taking care to express no opinion upon important topics, without mature deliberation; and while we shall remember at all times that 'the judge is condemned when the guilty is absolved,' we shall also bear in mind that censure should be proportioned to the offence, and that excessive rigour and excessive leniency are equally to be blamed."

The Clarion, published every other week in Bangor, is of the quarto form and handsomely printed. The few numbers which we have received of this work are highly favorable to its literary character; to judge by the original matter, we should say that the editor was among the initiated. His reviews, literary notices, &c. are written with that freedom of style and independence of spirit, which should always characterize publications of this class. The selections, both prose and poetic, are chosen with judgment and arranged with taste.

The Toilet.—We learn that this interesting little paper has passed from the hands of its former editor, into those of Messrs. Smith and Parmenter, who will hereafter publish it, and receive all communications designed for its pages, or relative to its circulation. *The Toilet* contains much more original matter than is usual for a weekly paper, and some of the tales are very well written.

The Philadelphia Ariel will consider this as our valedictory speech. Several months since, its editor publicly remarked, that ours might be a '*Bower of Taste*,' but it was not situated in a '*land of politeness*,' for notwithstanding they had sent us their paper regularly, they had never received but one of ours in return. Not wishing to quarrel with this *light affair*, we forthwith ordered ours sent in exchange; but *Ariel's* wing was wounded: he never after this reached our Bower. Sir, our accounts are now fairly balanced—*adieu!*

SCRAPS FROM A PORT FOLIO.

In passing through the narrow, though neatly paved streets of Montreal, especially on the

Sabbath, a stranger might imagine that half of the dwelling houses were prisons; so different is the effect of their massy iron doors and shutters compared with the light Venetian blinds, and fancifully ornamented portals, which are remarked by foreigners as adding so much to the beauty of our cities. The general appearance of the buildings in Montreal, excepting those adjacent to the parade ground, and the higher parts of the city, are of a heavy and clumsy structure, with exceeding narrow windows and contracted entrances, yet the interior of many of these residences, form a perfect contrast to their forbidding aspect without. We attended an evening party at one of these *Bastille* looking edifices; on passing through the long narrow hall, and ascending a gloomy staircase scarcely light enough to enable us to follow the servant; we were agreeably surprised on being shewn into a suit of elegant rooms spread with Turkey carpets, the windows partially shaded by graceful draperies of crimson silk, and filled with a great variety of fragrant exotics; the furniture was also of that corresponding elegance which we do not always meet within the mansions of the affluent. Every thing in these apartments was in perfect uniformity and nothing superfluous, if we may except a pair of splendid mirrors; but these were too high to admit of any reflections. We were much pleased with the society of this place—the ladies are highly accomplished in the graces of polite life; they cultivate music to perfection, and there are but few who are unacquainted with the French and Italian languages. There are several seminaries of high standing here, exclusively devoted to the education of females, superintended by approved professors in each apartment of useful and ornamental education; it is the custom, if not a rule, when a young lady enters one of these schools, to remain until her education is finished—at least till she has a thorough knowledge of all the most essential points; if then she is unable to proceed to the polite branches, she withdraws from school, but rarely exchanges it for another, unless a general complaint is made respecting the incompetence of the instructors, in which case the directors, if they judge proper to do so, appoint others in their places. This practice is worthy of imitation every where, as there is nothing so detrimental to the improvement of the young, or the stability of their characters as transferring them from one school to another; which but for very cogent reasons should never be done.

* * * * *

The walking costume of the ladies is of a general cast, rather rich than gay, and much in the English style; but their evening dresses

are very fanciful, exhibiting every possible variety, which also marks their persons and manners. In society here, no nationalities are observable, no provincialisms, as with us, by which one might designate those who are natives of Montreal; this may be rationally accounted for, as no city on earth perhaps, of its size, has ever been a place of more general resort for foreigners than this. Yet it is pleasant to observe this variety in their little coteries and promenades, to hear the vivacious laugh of the little French brunette with her sparkling eye, and smooth black hair, as she trips along with her arm gracefully twined with that of the dignified English belle, whose full crimson lip, soft blue eye, and sunny ringlets proclaim her origin. The gentlemen, particularly those who hold military and other offices under government, notwithstanding their suavity of manners, and politeness to strangers, evidently feel their importance as subjects of the crown, and are sufficiently sensible of all the high honors that pertain to the Royal Arms, whether blazoned on a standard, or stamped on a snuff-bottle. Yet however, they may laud the "glorious constitution of Great Britain," they evidently writhe with something like impatience beneath the oppressive weight of taxation, from which they cannot forget the States' people, (as they term us) are exempt; and even while they censure our estrangement from the crown, they secretly envy us those rights and privileges which our independence has secured.

One of his Majesty's gallant defenders politely invited our party to view the parade ground. On passing a superb sign of the Lion and Unicorn, "how beautiful it is!" exclaimed an artless Yankee girl whom he had honored with his arm, "beautiful indeed," replied he, "have you any thing like that at home, Miss?" "Not precisely, Sir; but we have our *native Eagle*, our *Pluribus Unum*, which is worth a dozen of it." "Why you little rebel," rejoined he, laughing, "were you not under my protection, they would apprehend you for high treason! but after all, confess, your '*native eagle*,' as you call him, is but a shabby looking fellow." "True, sir," said she, "he has not a '*fine coat*,' there you have the advantage; but his plumes are not borrowed, and he can defend himself."

We were all delighted with the grand display of the troops upon parade; no uniform could be better chosen to produce a fine distant effect; their band also, was superior to any that we ever heard, and their evolutions as systematic as if actuated by clock work. Yet we do not believe, notwithstanding all

their splendor, that bolder hearts or stronger arms could be found among these same troops than might be summoned in time of need, from our own cornfields and mountains.

TREMONT THEATRE.

On Tuesday evening we witnessed for the first time the performance of Miss Clara Fisher, as Albina Mandeville in *The Will*. She is certainly a charming little actress, and deserves the praise which her talents and beauty have drawn forth; her frequent assumption of boy's attire, has however given a masculine cast to her air and manner, which her own judgment will probably correct hereafter.— We predict for her much success in comedy, and even in the highest walks of the melodrama, but she has neither talents or a face for tragedy, and we hope she will never attempt it. We learn that on the announcement of her benefit on Wednesday evening, strong indications were given that she should not pass away from us unrewarded. The performance of Mr. Wallace as Shylock, in the *Merchant of Venice*, and Walter in the *Children in the Wood*, was highly spoken of on that evening—as also Mrs. Felby's *Portia*, a character well calculated to develop her powers.

Several new works are received, which we shall take an early opportunity to acknowledge.

ERRATA.

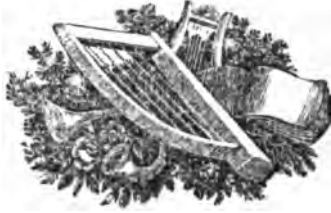
By the omission of a single word in some remarks upon the Roman Catholic churches, (see page 718) we have been made to sanction a most serious *libel* upon the religious character of our country, by saying, "among our people where the principles of religion are scarcely known," it should read thus (referring to the Roman Catholics,) "among our people where the principles of that religion are scarcely known," &c. Yet this is not worse than the omission of *half* a word in an essay which in our school days we submitted to the press; meaning to say, "so natural to youth is sincerity, that it can scarcely be termed a virtue." When lo! and behold, forth it came thus mutilated: "So natural to youth is sin, that it can scarcely be termed a virtue!" This for one year quenched our ardor for moralizing.

In '*tanzas to a river*,' second verse, first line, for '*banks*' read *shore*.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARD, is published by DUTTON and WENTWORTH, Nos. 1 and 4 Exchange-street, Boston—Who are authorized to transact all business relative to the printing and circulation of this Work.

All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor. All Letters must be post-paid.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

THE FANCY BALL.

It seemed a fairy land—
A wilderness of bloom!
Above, below, around,
As if awakened by aerial hand,
Wild music breathed
From bowers of soft perfume—
While at the joy-inspiring sound,
Fair forms in rosy garlands wreathed,
Bright as the Genii of enchanted scene,
Were gliding from their arbours green—
Smiling mid music, light, and flowers,
Like the young Houræ of Mahomet's bowers.

Now, as bursts forth the joyous band,
See youth and beauty, hand in hand,
Through the gay domain of pleasure,
Tripping light to frolic's measure;
Where Psyche leads her blooming boy,
Crown'd with a wreath of budding joy!

Responsive to the rapturous sound,
Echo's notes are softly breathing—
While viewless hands seem gliding round,
The air with perfum'd censers wreathing.

To consecrate this festive hour,
Young Hebe fills her sparkling bowl
To pledge gay Fancy's reign—
Taste spreads her light ambrosial store
To banquet Fashion's train;
While in fair recess apart
Love pours forth his ardent soul,
And listening beauty yields her captive heart:
While half unconscious of her bland control,
All bow alike to the enchantress Art.

August.

SONG.

Air—Kinlock of Kinlock

The evening is come, see the beautiful sun
Sinks neath the chill ocean, his labours are done:
The winds are at rest, and the night-bird on high,
Sings his anthem alone to the star-lighted sky.

Oh come love, with me; this night shall our joy—
 The joy of our future, each moment employ:
 Our hearts shall be light, and our spirits be free,
 But the whole, lovely girl, is dependent on thee.

The sigh of the zephyr is dull to my ear—
 And dim to my eye does the sunset appear,
 And nought to my soul are the dreams that will flee
 Like sunbeams across it—if wanting but thee!

Oh come, lovely Mary, the moonbeams are bright,
 And the earth is spread out like a sea of clear light,
 And the far fountains murmur—the ocean waves moan,
 But I cannot be happy without thee—alone.

J. O. R.

[From the N. Y. Courier.]

SONG.

Oh no—it never cross'd my heart
 To think of thee with love,
 For we are sever'd far apart
 As earth and arch above;
 And though in many a midnight dream
 Ye've prompted fancy's brightest theme
 I never thought that thou could'st be
 More than that midnight dream to me.

A something bright and beautiful
 Which I must teach me to forget,
 Ere I can turn to meet the dull
 Realities that linger yet.
 A something girt with summer flowers,
 And laughing eyes and sunny hours,
 While I—too well I know will be
 Not e'en a midnight dream to thee.

THE GREEK EXILE'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Where is the sea?—I languish here—
 Where is my own blue sea?
 With all its barks of fleet career,
 And flags and breezes free!

I miss that voice of waves—the first
 Which woke my childhood glee;
 The measured chime—the thundering burst—
 Where is my own blue sea?

Oh! rich your myrtles' breath may rise,
 Soft, soft, your winds may be:
 Yet my sick heart within me dies—
 Where is my own blue sea?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute,
 I hear the whispering tree—
 The echoes of my soul are mute—
 Where is my own blue sea?



"With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
 "We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,"—PAINÉ.
 The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
 From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....NOV. 22, 1828. No. 47.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.....NO. VII.

"WE HOLD THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE."

INGRATITUDE.—(A true story.)

At that early period of life, when the heart is interested with every-thing which wears the charm of novelty, I was invited by a young friend to spend our school vacation at the country residence of her parents, which was beautifully situated on the banks of a bright expansive pond, or rather lake, it should be called, environed by elms and willows, which, as they cast their long branches over its surface, were reflected in tints as bright as those of nature. In our morning strolls, we often passed a neat little cottage with a neat garden attached to it, which always presented finer fruit and vegetables than any other in its vicinity; its cultivator, a respectable looking old man, might generally be seen weeding his beds, pruning his vines, &c. with a care which was amply repaid by the early products of his garden, while at the door usually sat his dame, a venerable, spectacled old lady, with her

prim cap and neat checked apron, knitting and watching with fondness the gambols of a beautiful boy of three years old, as he sported upon the little grass plat which fronted the dwelling. Attracted by the uncommon loveliness of the child, I inquired who were its parents—and on the usual condition of *secrecy*, a ceremony not much honoured in observance by school girls, my friend related to me the following story.

About five years ago, that cottage was the very seat of gaiety—the abode of the young and happy; now, nothing but the sports of that innocent child, can draw forth a smile from its aged inhabitants. This poor, but honest couple, had the misfortune to loose all their first children in infancy; one only, the youngest, was spared to them, who from this circumstance, as well as for her superior beauty and vivacity, was almost idolized by her parents,

who worked night and day in order to defray her expenses at a genteel school in their vicinity, where they hoped she would acquire such an education as would entitle her to join in the best society of the place; this, their little garden which was all their wealth, enabled them to do. By the profitable sale of early vegetables, they had also power to afford her such fanciful additions to her dress, as beauty, whether in a cottage or a palace, is too apt to claim as necessary auxiliaries to the charms of nature.

Notwithstanding her rustic origin, the beauty of Ellen Pomroy was of that classic order, which characterizes those ancient models of Grecian sculpture which have fixed the standard (at least in painting and poetry) of female perfection. Ellen was conscious—it was natural that she should be so, of the superior graces of her person, which created admiration where ever she appeared; this joined to the blind indulgence of her parents as well as friends—for it is too true, that capricious beauty will often obtain favours, even from the wise, where unpretending merit is disregarded)—soon induced her to discard her rustic acquaintance, and assume the character, so far as her means would allow her, of a fashionable *Belle*. At this school, in the course of the year she acquired a superficial smattering of all those high sounding accomplishments which 'Papa' and 'Mamma' sometimes insist shall be crowded into a three months tuition. The result was this—she was just far enough initiated into the sopperies of a common boarding school education, to make her fancy herself above her early associates and even feel ashamed of the unpolished manners and honest simplicity of those parents who had toiled to give her these advantages while her novels which were the only books that she

really loved, suggested to her the fact, that she was destined to fill a high station in life. The medium of its attainment must of course be matrimony, and she had soon reason to believe these anticipations might be realized. A young man of fortune and education, whose family resided in her neighborhood, had often met the fair cottager in his walks, who, as might be supposed, immediately made an impression upon his heart. Naturally romantic, nothing now could be more delightful than the employment of his hitherto solitary hours, he soon became a constant visitor to the cottage, supplied its fair inmate with books, materials for drawing, and amused her evenings with his flute as they sat in the little white curtained parlor, or strayed through the shady windings of the adjacent grove—in short he was never happy but in her presence. Although Albert Jones truly loved Ellen, yet the aristocratic notions which he had imbibed from his haughty family, forbade every thought of making her his wife; but so infatuated was he with her beauty, that he paused not to reflect on the mischief which these attentions might occasion to a young and artless girl who loved him, and had as yet no reason to doubt his sincerity. The truth was, he viewed her as a delightful companion for the many leisure hours which his temporary retreat from the city afforded him, and believed he should part with her as easily as with other companions who had hitherto interested him for a short season. But he was deceived; her hold upon his affections was now too strong to be lightly shaken off, and he half despised himself when he discovered this truth, and reflected that the daughter of a poor gardener, who had previous to his marriage been a servant in the village, should thus have the power of engaging his affections.

On discovery of Albert's partiality for Ellen, his parents endeavored by every means in their power to awaken his pride, with the hope of deterring him from this alliance, declaring that they would never notice her or her vulgar parents, should he presume to form so disgraceful a connection. Albert, though he resented, felt the importance of their arguments, but rather than resign her, he formed the ungenerous design of alienating her affections from her parents, believing she would gladly renounce them for his sake, hoping by these means to reconcile his family to a union upon which he now found his happiness depended.

Although Jones had been the life of the cottage since his introduction to Ellen, by every way studying to promote her happiness, yet he cautiously avoided all communication with her parents, save when with a haughty air he sometimes desired them to bring some fruits or other refreshments into the little parlour for himself and Ellen, for which he always amply paid them, but never requested them to participate in the entertainment. Ellen's feelings were at first wounded by his disregard of her parents; on observing this, he employed all his sophistry in support of a most pernicious doctrine, "that life is a common blessing, and our parents who are but the accidental agents of our existence are entitled even less to our gratitude than those persons who educate us." "For your support and the care they have taken of you," said he, "they should certainly be treated with respect and affection if you *feel* that emotion towards them, but this cannot and ought not to prevent you from knowing your superiority to them, and expressing it whenever it may conduce to your interest to do so. Your beauty and talents entitle you to admiration and your parents have ed-

ucated you in a style that has removed you so far above your former sphere, as totally to unfit you to associate with them as a companion—why not consent then, to leave them forever? I will place you at a remote seminary to complete your education, provided you will promise that no future communication shall take place between you and them; your future welfare demands it, and it is your duty so to do." Accustomed constantly to this language from one whom it was her pride, as well as fate to love, each impulse excited by those pure affections which nature has implanted in every heart, were at length by the circean flatterer of her beauty lulled to sleep.

The fond parents witnessed with agony the altered conduct of this ill advised girl, who told them that a longer residence in the cottage but ill accorded with the brilliancy of her future prospects, and although she wished them well and happy, an immediate separation was necessary. She had scarcely finished this declaration before a carriage arrived, in which Jones and an aged female relation of his own were seated, now rose and Ellen with the most stoic coldness, bade adieu to her weeping parents, leaving with them a line which she said would explain her conduct to their satisfaction, when, handed by her lover, she sprang into the carriage, and without casting one "longing, lingering look behind," was soon out of sight of that home where she had been nurtured with affection and care.

(Concluded in our next.)

Saturday Evening.

We wish to gratify a very young lady by giving place to the following.—ED.

THE DELIVERANCE OF THE ISRAELITES.—Israel with his sons and their families, removed to Egypt from Canaan on account of a famine.

Under the protection of Joseph, who was with Pharaoh, governor of Egypt, they resided in the fertile land of Goshen, enjoying all the tranquillity and happiness of a pastoral life. When Joseph and his contemporaries were no more, the rapid population of their descendants excited the jealousy of the king, who reduced them to the most distressing servitude, and obliged them to suffer the most inhuman cruelty and oppression.

But though Joseph was dead, their God still lived to remember and accomplish his promises. He heard their cries, regarded their prayers, and Moses the adopted son of Pharaoh, was appointed to deliver and conduct them from the 'land of bondage,' to the 'land of promise.' From the purest motives, he had left the court of Egypt, and was a shepherd watching his flock on Horeb, when in a miraculous manner, he received his commission; a commission so difficult to execute, and so important in its character, that we scarcely wonder at the reluctance he expressed on receiving it. But his difficulties were overcome, and Aaron his brother, was appointed his colleague.

Moses and Aaron soon commenced their embassy, encouraged with the assurance of aid from a "wonder working God," though aware of the obduracy of the tyrant's heart. They at first appeared before Pharaoh, and presented their request in the name of the God of Israel, but they were treated with contempt, and the sufferings of the Israelites were increased. It was then that nature appeared arrayed against the rebel. The waters at first became impure, and afterwards poured forth swarms of frogs who annoyed them in their very dwellings; even the dust of the earth was made an instrument of torture; the air was filled with insects; the cattle died, and pestilence walked a

broad among the people. The artillery of heaven was directed against them in wrath, and God cast forth his ice like morsels, "he thundered in the heavens," and "fire ran along the ground," while flame and tempest desolated the earth, and "darkness covered the Heavens."

"Not such as nature makes,
A midnight, nature shuddered to behold—
A dread eclipse from the Creator's frown!"

With inflexible obstinacy, Pharaoh still refused to release the Israelites, till the last blow was struck—the Egyptians had retired to rest, and Pharaoh had yielded also to a milder sway than his own. It was the hour of midnight, when suddenly sleep was chased from every eye; a general groan was reverberated from the palace to the prison: Ere morning, every house presented a scene of death! or the last agonies of nature under the grasp of mortal disease. The Egyptian tyrant was struck with a fearful consternation, and convinced that his opposition to the divine will would draw destruction on his people, he suffered the Israelites to depart in peace.

THE SPECTRE OF THE SHOALS.

DURING the Autumn of 1826, I passed a few weeks in the family of a worthy fisherman. The Autumn is peculiarly the proper season to enjoy, in its greatest beauty and power, the scenery of the isles. On the main land, among woods and fields, the withering of foliage, the bare trees, and fading vegetation, send over the mind so deep a sense of decay and death, that melancholy and fear are the predominant feelings of the beholder; but here, on these mighty rocks, which are seated, like immortals in the midst of the eternity of the surrounding ocean, one's heart grows strong in the contemplation of the undying strength before him.

There is a loneliness, it is true,

in being thus apart from all living things, upon a detached fragment of the earth; but it is not that withering sensation of separation that invades us in the depth of woods or the mazes of the wilderness. It is the vast solitude of the sea, and no one who has not known it, can imbibe the faintest idea of it. In the most profound solitudes of the land, there are some varieties of sound, or at least of sight, that have a power to break the stillness of the mind; but on the sea there are none. The dashing of the waves soon becomes so monotonous to the ear, that, unless the attention be turned upon it, it is silence; and the desert of the ocean has no changing shapes to dance in upon the eye, and vary the severe tone the thoughts will take. Yet this loneliness is not fearful.—There is no indistinctness—no vague apprehension of danger unseen. The mind perceives all at a glance, and its omnipresence expands to omnipotence.

I believe there are few minds similarly constituted in this respect; from the earliest action of my thinking faculties, from the hour I learned the truth, that all which lives must die, the thought of dissolution has haunted me. I have an intense dread of death; and the falling of a leaf, a gray hair, or a faded cheek has power to chill me. But here, in the recesses of these eternal rocks, with only a cloudless sky above, and an ocean before me, for the first time in my life have I shaken off the fear of death, and fancied myself immortal.

It was on one of those awfully still mornings, which all cloud-gazers will remember as characterizing the Autumn months. There was not a single vapour-wreath to dim the intense blue of the sky, or a breath of wind to ruffle the almost motionless repose of the great deep; even the sunlight fell, seemingly, with

stiller brightness upon the surface of it. The point on which I stood, was low, and projecting some distance into the sea; before me lay the boundless waste of ocean, and behind, the cliffs rose in huge, frowning masses, as if to banish me forever from the world of change.

After gazing some time on the varying prospect, I became suddenly conscious of a figure, standing motionless, a few paces from my side. It was apparently a female, enveloped in a dark sea cloak, drawn closely about her person, leaving the head and neck alone uncovered, ever which flowed loosely a profusion of light hair that gleamed in the sun like rays. Her face was exquisitely rounded, but pale and still as marble. She seemed looking fixedly out on the distant horizon, as if in search of some coming object. Thinking her one of the inhabitants of a neighboring island, who was watching for the return of a fishing boat, or perhaps a lover, I did not immediately address her; but seeing no appearance of any vessel, at length accosted her with—"Well, my pretty maiden, do you see any thing of him?" She turned instantly, and fixing on me a pair of the largest and most melancholy blue eyes I ever beheld, said quietly, "He *will* come again." Before I had time for a rejoinder, she passed almost imperceptibly round the jutting of the rock, and disappeared; leaving me gazing upon the place where she vanished with the feeling of one who awakes from a vivid dream, before the illusion has given place in the conviction of reality.

Although I came to the island for a forenoon's stroll, and, but for this strange interruption, should probably have passed some hours there, I now felt an uncontrollable inclination to get back again; and accordingly, reaching my boat as soon as possible, set sail and put

her away for home. On approaching the habitations of men, however, and recollecting my unusual debility that morning, the impression lost somewhat of its force; and almost believing the whole to be an illusion of the fancy, I concluded to say nothing of it to any one, but merely to look about me for something to substantiate or remove the idea. Yet the next day, seeing no person among the women of the island resembling the one I had met, or imagined I had met, the morning before, and hearing of no circumstance which might in any way corroborate the unaccountable impression, I resolved to go once more to the same spot.

The day was not bright and calm as the former one, but what the fishers called a wild day. Great, heavy clouds lay sullenly along the horizon, in the south west, and while higher up, other lighter ones were sailing calmly in the broad sunshine, below, the scud and detached fragments of black vapour were hurrying fiercely across the heavens, as the wind lulled and rose by fits.

Some of the fishermen, who saw me unmooring my little boat as if preparing for a voyage, came down to the beach and anxiously warned me of an approaching gale; but their forebodings, as well as the more threatening signs of the atmosphere, were alike in vain. I had, by thinking of it, wrought myself up to so intense a desire to be assured of the truth or fiction of my yesterday's imagination, that I had no power to refrain.

The boat sprang strongly upon the whitening waters, as, unfurling a single sail, she rounded the point, and in a few minutes was safely sheltered in a small cove on the leeward side of the island.

My pulses beat more rapidly, my steps became slower, and my bounds across the chasm less vigorous, as I

approached the scene of my adventure. The gale had increased tremendously, and the waves rolled over the low point in mountains of foam; bursting in upon the hollow faces of the cliffs, with a sound resembling the explosion of a broadside; dashing themselves into a vapour, and flinging it high above the rocks from which I had gone down the day before. The spot where the still vision had stood was a chaos of tumult; yet even then, I could have sworn that I heard with the same deep distinctions, the quiet words of the maiden,—“He *will* come again;” and then a low, delicious laughter. All the latent superstitions of my nature rose up over me, overwhelming as the waves upon the rocks.

The day passed away; how, I know not: and I was again returned to my abode.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particulars, but many times after that day, whenever the weather would permit I visited the desolate island; and many times has the maiden stood there beside me. She was silent as when I first saw her, except to say, as then, “He *will* come again;” and these words came upon the mind, rather than upon the ear. I was conscious of them rather than heard them; they were like the voices in dreams. It was all like a dream; a mysterious intuition. I observed that the shells never crashed beneath her footsteps nor did her garments rustle. In the bright awful calm of noon, and in the rush of the storm, there was the same heavy stillness over her. When the winds were so furious that I could scarcely stand in their sweep, the light hair lay upon the forehead of the maiden without lifting a fibre. Her great blue eyeballs never moved in their sockets, and always shone with the same fixed, unearthly gleam. The motion of her person was impercepti-

ble; I knew that she was here, and that she was gone.

Every day, on leaving the spot, I determined never again to behold it; yet as often an inexplicable fascination forced me to return. I knew that she was not a being of this world, and her presence was a terror; yet I felt a strange rapturous excitement in it, that it must be indulged. But I dislike to dwell on the memory of those scenes, and hurry to the close of the narration.

The last time I stood with her, was just at the evening of one tranquil day. It was a lovely sunset, and as lovely a scene for one, I think, as this globe can afford. A few gold edged clouds crowned the hills of the distant continent, and the sun had gone down behind them. The ocean lay, gorgeous as a monarch in his purple robes, beneath the reflected blushes of the sky, and even the ancient rocks seemed smiling in the glance of the departing day. Peace, deep peace, was the pervading power. The waters, lapsing among the caverns, spoke of it; and it was visible in the silent motion of the small barks which, loosening their white sails in the cove of an adjacent island, passed slowly out, one by one, to the night-fishing. Yet why should I linger. *She* stood beside me then. The tinted rays of the atmosphere threw a like mellow glow upon her features, and I thought that cold, bright eye was softened to humanity. I may not relate what passed. The memory of it chills me. But in that hour I knelt there, and in shuddering fearfulness, swore never again to look upon that spot: and I never have.

The following legend was related to me by an old fisherman, who had resided from his boyhood on the isles, and whom many supposed to be a descendant from one of Blackbeard's pirates. He had observed my solitary visits to the desolate

island, and that evening, on my return, met me at the beach. Not noticing my agitation, he desired me to enter his hut and hear what he should tell me. He said he had received the narration when a boy, from his father, and had several times since seen the subject of it; and, he added, in a subdued tone I am well aware that you also are not unacquainted with her form.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

THANKSGIVING.

THE observance of thanksgiving, is one of the earliest and best customs of New England. It shows more than that of any other people the peculiarity of our original settlement; it was then commenced with the same spirit which even now marks this ancient ceremony.

The first friends of the great discoverer, Columbus, were the pious monks of La Rabida, and of them he received on his departure, the holy sacrament of their order; his first act on his landing on these shores, was an act of religious homage. In the same manner landed the fathers of New England; they offered the first products of the earth in gratitude to that Providence which had guided their steps through danger to a haven of peace. To manifest a thankfulness for past blessings induced the establishment of this religious rite.

It has continued in the same spirit to this day, and like other national customs, it may serve hereafter to explain the character of the age, when no other memorials may remain—when even the land may become desolate, and those who may succeed to this hard-earned inheritance, subject to the changes of its inconstant climate, may fall, as at first, both in our Northern and Southern borders, by insalubrity in one place and severity in another. It is a family rite, and bringing to-

gether as it does, its different members, it gives occasion to renew, if not to strengthen family friendships. All on that day unite with social feelings, and part with more friendly impressions than at any other time; though a joyous day to all, it should be a season of reflection—memory is carried back through the past year, to recall, as nearly as it may, the recollections of its former observance—one, who was then present, may be absent in a distant land—another may be suffering with a painful, perhaps incurable disease—the countenance of another, the brightest of the circle, may have been changed, and have passed, as it is to be hoped, to other enjoyments in a better world. These are sad reflections but peculiar to the day. Unlike other holidays, in this or we believe any other country, it is a day of retrospection, set apart as a memorial of favours received. The “merry Christmas” of England is a purely religious anniversary in commemoration of the day. New year’s day in France, is a day of mutual congratulation and joy with that light-hearted people, and the exchange of their mutual wishes that every year may be still happier than the last.

Nor do we find any similar institutions in the olden time. The Olympics were not such in Greece, nor the days of Jubilee in Rome—the first were merely to mark the course of the years by regular epochs, and the latter, happening once an age, was observed as a civil as well as religious national ordination; their other festivals were in the service of the Divinities to whom their numerous temples were dedicated.

But though local in its origin in this country, it is extending with the descendants of New England far beyond the limits of the soil of their ancestors. The goodly custom has followed their children into

regions divided by them with the native inhabitants of the wilderness. Yet here is “*Thanksgiving*” kept, to speak more familiarly, with all its old habits as a day of good cheer. The harvest is ended, and the labours of the year with many are near-finished; good things abound for the table, and the shortness, and darkness, and coldness of the season are favourable to the exercise of the social and hospitable duties of the family mansion. Pleasure may be always there for those who understand and feel the duties of the day; but *there* may not always be those who may be able to estimate or enjoy it.

Such is Thanksgiving, and such may it ever continue to be; there are other occasions on which other feelings may be indulged and other principles inculcated. The day of the triumph of American liberty is more universally regarded as a national celebration, and more closely associated in the minds of our countrymen with a grateful remembrance of their great civil and political privileges; these considerations will long unite them, we trust, in their public relations, but we must look for their perfect enjoyment and preservation in the domestic virtues which a sincere observance of this day will promote.

NORVAL.

[From La Belle Assemblée.]

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER—1823.

Morning Dress.—This costume is a petticoat of fawn coloured *gras de Naples*, with a very broad hem at the border, headed by an embroidery of Pomona green floize silk, in a Greek pattern. A *canzon* Spencer of white muslin is worn with it, richly embroidered in stripes formed of satin-stitch raised spots. The body is drawn, but not very full, and a falling cape collar falls over it, at the throat, of plain India muslin, trimmed round with two rows

of lace. The sleeves are *a la Mameluke*, and immensely wide. They are finished at the wrists by stiffened points, *a l'Antique*, of cambric; and next the hand are very broad bracelets of gold, clasped by a cameo head. When this dress is adopted for the promenade, a bonnet of Pomora green *gros de Naples* is worn with it, with a broad white blond at the edge of the brim. The crown is tastefully ornamented with the same blond, and with small bows of green and white ribbon: the blond at the edge is caught up in front, and from thence appears to be carried up on the crown; the bonnet ties under the chin on the right side, by ribbon similar to that on the crown. The half-boots are of Pomona green kid.

Evening Costume.—A dress of white gossamer satin, with a very broad hem at the border of the skirt, at the head of which is a splendid wreath of embroidery in coloured silks, intermixed with gold. The body is made low with a collar-cape, *en palatin*, round the tucker part, and edged by a *ruche* of blond tulle; the sleeves short, cut in bias, and very full. The hair is arranged *a la Grecque*. A *bandeau*, which in *grand costume* is of coloured gems, crosses the forehead, dividing the curls on each side of the face. The Grecian knot, or *fusee*, at the back of the head, consists of many curls, confined together at the base by strings of pearls. The shoes are of white satin.

FANCY'S SKETCH.

THERE are few who have not seen the Hudson Palisades; and none who have can ever forget the awful grandeur of the great rocky mass of which they form a part. The immensity and abruptness of the mammoth wall of nature, leaves the mind at a loss to conjecture the cause of its formation. A mad poet might imagine that the overpowering influ-

ence of a summer's sun had warped the western bank of that bright rolling water,—Captain Symmes might demonstrate the possibility of its being produced by an internal volcano—but reasonable people will continue to wonder as they navigate the river in its shade, and think of man's insignificance, “behold a God, adore him and obey.”

On the brink of a high, projecting cliff—a brow, which frowns so frightfully over the abyss below, that vessels keep the eastern side, lest their passengers should faint on looking up—stood one of the rightful inheritors of the soil, which his lofty station enabled him to see so far, a native Indian of the forest. His once majestic form was emaciated, and his piercing eye was bleared and bloodshot by intoxication.

It was autumn—the brilliant, various, wild, beautiful autumn of North America. The sun shone brightly; the air lay motionless below, but from the height the coloured leaves were showering down upon the stream.

The red men listened to the noise of a neighboring cataract, and grudged the fishermen, whose roofs lay beneath him, the music of its waters. An elegant steam-boat circled swiftly round the promontory, and soon passed out of sight.—“Why,” said the savage, “O why should such possess our land? A little bark canoe would not have shunned the leaning rock.”

He glanced his eye upon his withered, sinewy arm—his lip curled scornfully. He clasped his arm upon it; and, when he felt his fingers meet, his frame grew stiff—his countenance was ghastly—he was motionless—no, he was prone forward from the cliff—slowly at first, then with a swifter inclination—like a monarch of the woods falling by the invader's axe—

His eagle eye descried the appear-

ance of a hair lying at a distance on the glassy surface of the water; and then a vessel's prow glided in view. He only muttered "No White shall see"—and with the yell of a fiend, he bounded in the air—with the speed of flying deer, he disappeared among the trees—and the sound of the Indian's last footsteps on earth were lost in the cataract's roar.

Reader, "'tis but a sketch."

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

OH dreadful! now begins the ceaseless din of Thanksgiving;—here comes that talked of day, like a strong and mighty hero—in its panoply of pies and puddings, and fraught with important doings to all good and loyal house-wives, whose star is now at least ascendant, and who are now in their importance far elevated above their sovereign lords. Now plunge they deep into the mysteries of the gastronomic art—and now toil they fiercely among all the chemical preparations which are to constitute a Thanksgiving dinner, well repaid for the labors of six days by the feasting of one.

A year ago I was settled in a country village in this state as a school-master, very comfortably too, as a school-master enjoying a considerable portion of happiness, always saving and excepting the time of Thanksgiving. I boarded in the family of a farmer, the father of a dozen children of all ages, from twenty years down to six—and all of them my scholars; after I had been there about a week, one of this regiment took it into his unlucky pate to pop the question, when thanksgiving was coming,—a question whose causes I know nothing about, but whose effects I am sure I well experienced. It opened the batteries of the whole family at once, and all that I heard from that time to the

day itself, was about Thanksgiving. I believe the question, how soon it was coming, was repeated every day for a week—but it was not till the answer was—in a fortnight, that I began to feel any apprehensions; I did not much care about the *talk* of the children upon the matter, but when the mother and her two elder daughters began to strike in, then began my sufferings; I have heard of men who were tortured to death only by the dropping of water upon their heads—so I by the constant recurrence of the subject had at length my nervous system so excited, that the naming of the word thanksgiving acted upon me like the shock of an electrical machine, and I am sure that I heard of it often enough. Well, I toiled on until the Monday before the great day, and then—oh, dreadful—then began the baking; I was awaked by the tremendous din of the iron oven-lid as it was taken out for the sake of proceeding to operations, and immediately by a kind of electric contraction I drew my head under the bed clothes, and shuddered all over, as if cold ice had been laid upon me—but in a moment I heard the bang of the huge shovel as it went clanging into the oven, and then I verily believe, that every individual hair on my head stood erect and asserted its right to be independent; I gave utterance to an involuntary—oh! dashed the clothes from my head, and the next moment found myself ready dressed and travelling in great speed towards the Post office. In my way there, the first salutation I got was, "How de do master—well I see you are pretty airly out thanksgiving week—hey?" "Early? yes!" said I, "and I don't see that I have mended the matter much by coming out early, for it is all about thanksgiving after all." "Why, master," said the man, "you an't narvous, be you?" "Narvous—no!" said I,

“but I believe I shall be before long, if I hear much more about thanksgiving.” When I reached the Post office, I found that my paper was already occupied—a long winded farmer had got hold of it and was just spelling out a long communication about the observance of thanksgiving day—a most precious document, all of which I heard, though hardly with patience, and then seizing on my paper, I turned myself homeward with the sober intent of satisfying my carnal man by helping him to some breakfast—but when I came opposite the store, (for I had taken care to get on the farther side of the road) what should I hear but the vender himself, vociferating like a senator to an old deaf lady, “oh, ma’am you’d better take the whole—next Thursday you know is—” I stopped for no more, but put my hands to my ears and took to my heels. Yes, faith, thought I, I guess that I shall know it—if I don’t, it wont be for lack of telling, of that I am certain. When I arrived at home, affairs were in a prosperous state; the oven was just about being filled and consequently there was plenty of business—so much that I now ate the first poor meal which I obtained during my stay—no matter—I had to spend the less time in eating, of which there was great need, for one of the daughters was busily employed during the meal in the indescribable operation of *clearing away a little*, in which she needed the whole skill of her mother to inform her what to do and what not to do—in the midst of which I was glad to escape, and make the best of my way to school; for *there* at least I thought I should be at peace, but as my happy stars would have it, we had hardly got fairly reading in the bible, when what should we come to but a verse containing the very word, ‘thanksgiving.’ I looked ahead and saw plenty more of

them—then said I “that will do, put away your books.” I believe they thought me crazy, but I did not mind that—of two evils always choose the lesser.

At night I sat down to give my host a specimen of music—and was just getting along finely in the midst of a piece when I heard again the obnoxious clang of the shovel and the oven-lid, and by a kind of spasmodic affection my violin flew one way and my bow the other—the bow alighted on the back of the dog who instantly set up a terrible yell that sounded to my ears just like, thanksgiving—thanksgiving! while its companion dived into the bed—or they would most probably have been the means of imparting to me some portion of their caloric—or in other words would have been food for Monsieur the fire. Still, still my troubles kept increasing as the day grew near—the boys talked of their sports and their slides on thanksgiving day—the young men of their shooting matches—and the belles of their sleigh rides; and on Wednesday night I arrived at that acme of all horrors,—a horrific dream: I dreamed that I was mounted astride upon a huge comet, and was whisking through the heavens at a tremendous rate, when suddenly I discovered that it was nought but an immense long necked squash—from which I was immediately thrown by a fearful eruption, and passing by the scorpion which then for the first time I discovered to be a monstrous goose, all roasted—I lodged safely upon Saturn, which I found to be an enormous mince pie, into which I thrust my arms to the elbow, and so managed to hold fast for a time—when upon a sudden came up the great bear and in a very impolite and ungentlemanly manner, clawed away a huge piece of the pie Saturn, whereby I lost my hold, and found myself falling through the air with great rapidity,

until I fell plump into my hostess' oven amidst the whole array of pies and puddings—and here I awoke, and it was *the morning*—and here my tale ends, for after a thing has come, you know there is no use in talking of it—so on the day itself I never heard its name mentioned.

ALBERT.

An inquisitive boy near Manchester, recently killed himself by trying to ascertain the *sensation of hanging*. He had made two experiments before.

Bower of Taste.

Corderius Americus.—A discourse on the good education of children, &c. delivered at the funeral of Mr. Ezekiel Cheever, Principal of the Latin school in Boston, with an elegy and epitaph by the Rev. Cotton Mather, D. D. By the lovers of ancient literary relics this work will be read with much interest, beside perpetuating the memory of a good and useful man, for such was Mr. Cheever; the discourse of the Reverend Doctor is highly valuable, not only with reference to his remarks on the religious education of children, but from the strong contrast which his style forms with modern compositions of the same character. This pamphlet also contains a *fac simile* of the hand writing of the venerable Mr. Cheever, exhibited in a latin poem. From the editor's preface we select the following as expressive of the design of the work, and the inducement to republish a revised copy.

"The portions selected by the editor of this Abridgement have been principally copied *verbatim*, except, when it was necessary, in omitting repetitions, to embrace the substance of several sentences in a single sentence. The amendments attempted are, nevertheless, not numerous;—more might, perhaps, have been made in various places, in which the original has been retained out of deference to the author. If the same attentiveness of writing which appears in some of his larger and more elaborate publications, had been as manifest in the work before us, the hand of Criticism would have met with but little employment:—An abridgement of it,

however, in the circumstances which now seem to justify its republication, he believes, might still be allowable.

Its having been proposed to republish *Corderius Americus*, was the first inducement to a more particular examination of the work, which was done, under a conviction, that, as it is now out of print,—in bringing it again into public notice,—“if abridged with a tolerable degree of care, and somewhat amended in reference to style, it might be rendered, to the generality of readers, even more acceptable, and more useful than the original.—Under this impression, the work was transcribed and carefully revised.”

The Athenæum, or Spirit of the English Magazines, a semi monthly work published in Boston, by Mr. Cotton, is highly worthy of public patronage. Its title is exactly expressive of its character, as every number that has been issued, presents a choice variety of interesting articles selected from the best European publications, and considering the quantity of matter contained in each, the price of subscription is more reasonable than any other work of a similar kind, that is presented in our country. A fine lithographic print exhibiting the prevailing fashions of Europe by one of our native artists, will be published once a month. We refer to the first number for a specimen of this art.

Remember Me.—Mr. Littell of Philadelphia has presented the public with a beautiful annual, bearing this title; although it contains many brilliant sketches of fancy and successful efforts of taste, yet its general character is of that moral and religious-cast, which has not hitherto marked these annual productions of fancy.

More papers for the ladies.—Mr. Thomas C. Clarke of Philadelphia, has published a semi monthly work, entitled the Ladies' Port Folio, embellished with engravings; its appearance is neat, and its matter such as might be expected from the literary and enterprising character of Mr. Clarke.

Also, Mr. John W. Chapman has issued from the 'Register press,' Salem, a new paper called the Ladies' Miscellany.

The Western Teller, printed in Cincinnati; a few numbers of this paper have been laid upon our table. We have heard much of the thriving character of this place, but we must acknowledge that the specimens before us, are not very favorable proofs of the “march of literature.”

We are pleased to find that Ariel has "re-plumed his ruffled wing," and has renewed to us his "angel visits" which we hope for the future will neither be "few nor far between." He appeared on Wednesday morning at the window of our ark, with the Olive branch of peace, and so we put forth our hand and took him in.

SCRAPS FROM A PORT FOLIO.

"I hate steam boat excursions," said a young travelling companion of ours, "especially at the fashionable season: to be imprisoned day and night with a heterogeneous collection of human curiosities, some natural and some artificial, is insupportable; if the weather is fine, you certainly derive a salutary relief in looking forth upon the scenery—but in case of rain—you powers defend us! after being weary of looking into each other's faces, criticising the dresses of your fellow-travellers, &c. with an occasional look forth at the weather we have recourse to—what? reading? no—rather passing over the page mechanically two or three times, and finally referring to the title page to learn the subject of your study. Would you write? there I defy you; one might as well compose a treatise on language amid the jargon of Babel, as indite a line in the cabin of a steam boat. As a last resource, you endeavor to sleep; this also is impossible, after nearly all have packed themselves up in their respective niches, like so many mummies in an Egyptian pyramid, two or three sentimental Misses will lounge on the settee till past midnight, curling their hair and talking over their conquests, occasionally seasoning their discourse with some interesting anecdotes respecting their most 'particular friends,' and many other tea-table reminiscences equally entertaining. * * * Although we admit there is some truth in the above sketch of a steam boat cabin in a storm, yet we strongly patronize this mode of travelling as the most delightful of any that has ever yet been invented.

The southerners talk of their mighty great, and mighty little concerns, their 'big houses' and their 'elegant roast beef.' In the western states, they have wonderful fine views, wonderful bad weather; also, a lady's dress that is soiled or wrinkled, or a child's hair when uncombed is all in a *mess*. In conversing with an entire stranger you are supposed to 'know' all that has ever happened to him since he was born, even his thoughts; for instance: "I was very young you 'know,' when I went to France," "As soon as I received his note I answered it you 'know,'"

"the next day he called upon me in his new curriole you know," when the truth is, you know not whether he went to 'France' or to Guinea, or whether his friend called in a 'curriole' or a wheel barrow. And yet they presume to laugh at us honest souls on this side of 'Hurl Gate,' for our 'pretty considerable,' our 'guesses,' and 'admiring' to see our friends. In short, every state in the union has some peculiarities, either in the customs, manners, or language of its inhabitants, by which it may be distinguished from its neighbors. Yet these same peculiarities or notions, although they sometimes afford scope for a little harmless railery, are nevertheless pleasant than otherwise, as serving to mark the character of the people.

TREMONT THEATRE.

The most brilliant and numerous audience that was ever collected at this theatre, honored the benefit of Mr. Wallack on Monday evening last. His performance of Walter, in the *Children in the Wood*, and Dushall in *My Aunt*, gave universal satisfaction; since which the joint performances of Mr. Wallack and Mr. Cooper in the several plays of *Othello*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Julius Caesar*, and *Rule a wife and have a wife*, have through the week excited a strong interest among the play going part of the community. This evening the managers will present the lovers of music with their second concert; from the specimens already given of the strength of their own orchestra and their power of making such additions as will be most effective, will, we hope ensure them a fine house.

MARRIED

In this city, by the Rev. Mr. Motte, Mr. Samuel Bromell to Miss Harriet Blake.

By Rev. Mr. Martindale, Mr. Robert Wilanson to Miss Mary Hunt.

In Harvard, by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, Mr. Jacob Guttersen of Boston, to Miss Lucy Sawyer.

In New Salem, Capt. Clark Thompson to Miss Eliza Smith.

DIED

In this city, Mrs. Louis Greele, aged 36, wife of Mr. Samuel Greele.

In Hingham, John De Pez, of France aged 40;—Mr. Thomas Loring, aged 73;—Caleb Thaxter, Esq. aged 78.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WADE, is published by DUTTON and WENTWORTH, Nos. 1 and 4 Exchange-street, Boston—Who are authorized to transact all business relative to the printing and circulation of this Work.

All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor. **CP** All Letters must be post-paid.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Poetry.

MAN'S DECLINE.

There is a splendour in man's glowing youth
When his bosom is pure, and his language is truth,
When his thoughts look forth from his beaming eye,
And his soul is breathed in his ardent sigh ;
E'er his lip, the circean bowl hath prest—
Or remorse strewn her thorns o'er the couch of his rest ;
When his arm is strong in his country's cause,
And his voice is high in defence of her laws—
Or when with holy zeal at the shrine
Of religion, he sues for grace divine,
Raising his soul in fervent prayer,
Exploring those worlds where angels are—
Then heaven's own light illumines his eye,
And brightens his path to his native sky.

In the busy scenes of commercial life,
Or the fearless war of political strife,
He engages with all that ardour of soul
Which nothing but death has power to controul ;
Yet when in the shade of the twilight bower,
In nature's soft reclining hour,
He breathes in the youthful maiden's ear
His hopes, and his vows, with a soul sincere—
His eye is as mild as the evening sky,
And his voice is as soft as the zephyrs' sigh.
E'en his gay song in the festive hall,
Or his bounding foot at the airy ball,
The flash of his wit, and his laugh of glee,
When his thoughts are light and his bosom is free—
Have each a charm, with which the heart
Of feeling heaves a sigh to part!

But there is a glory in *man's decline*,
Like the lights which expire on a sacred shrine
When the chant is breathed, and the right is past,
And the languid flame is fading fast—
His parting hour is as calm and as bright,
As the splendour that borders the mantle of night ;
Like the sun, when he sinks in the glowing west,
While his radiance illumines the ocean's breast,
When the halo of glory that circles his brow
Is all that is left of the hero now,

When the bosom that throbbed at freedom's call,
 Or the voice that was heard in the senate hall,
 Is calm and still as the hour that is given
 To fit his soul for the peace of heaven.
 E'en he who explored the page of truth,
 To rob disease of her venomous tooth,
 That hand which arrested the shafts of death—
 The skill which prolonged the quivering breath
 Is *powerless*, his own bright form to save
 From the grasp of disease—from the blight of the grave!

Yet there's a charm—a nameless grace,
 That hovers o'er his tintless face,
 When his dark hair lies on his pale cold brow,
 Like the shade of the yew on the mountain snow,
 When his smile is soft, and his eye is resigned,
 And his voice breathes the peace of his tranquil mind,
 When all that was bright and all that was gay
 Like the rainbow's hues are passing away.

There is even brightness in man's decay,
 For his eye beams forth an unearthly ray;
 It glows with the triumphs and joys that are past,
 While it speaks of the peace he hopes for at last—
 When the being he loves shall close his eyes,
 And share with heaven his parting sighs;
 O, then his pure soul, from regions above,
 Shall revisit the scenes of his earthly love—
 And when the hour of her final doom
 Consigns her to the same cold tomb,
 His hovering form shall await her there,
 With a lover's smile, and an angel's care:
 And their spirits shall rise from this orb of clay
 And wing their flight to eternal day.

AUGUSTA.

WANDERINGS.

BY F. S. HILL, ESQ.

Oh, had my lonely spirit pinions swift,
 To soar through yon ethereal space, beyond
 The reach of mortal view! Then would I leave
 This cheerless region, and afar would seek
 That world, where sorrow never dims the eye,
 Where memory glances o'er the scenes behind,
 And sees around them rainbow hues of joy—
 Where o'er the Future, a thin veil is drawn,
 Through which mild pleasure beams, inviting on
 The spirit, to enjoy a heavenly rest.

Familiar, wearied in the scenes of earth,
 Imagination loves to seek that land
 Whose scenes are bright with loveliness, and where
 Whatever meets the eye, is holy, fair,
 And smiling in such purity, as once
 Dwelt in the bowers of Paradise. Around,
 Rise verdant mountains, o'er whose living green
 Full many a rill in sparkling gladness flows.
 Above, celestial beauty sits enthron'd
 Amid bright clouds with purple brilliance ting'd,
 Or in dim twilight, other orbs look forth
 In vestal beauty from their lofty seats,

And linger in the west, and seem to shine
 With new effulgence, as their parting ray
 They shed, then hasten on their course.
 Rich perfume breathes in every gale, and near,
 Embosom'd in the grove's luxuriance,
 The crystal mirror of the lake appears,
 Where forest, mountain, rock suspended seem.
 Beneath, the coral grows, and spreads its branch,
 Encircling round the Naiad's cold retreat.
 The floating clouds seem rich with melody,
 And music swells from unseen harps and flutes,
 Filling the soul with inspiration sweet ;
 And then it holds communion with the Source
 Of harmony and love—it whispers low
 The notes of adoration, and delights
 In his own temple, at *His* shrine to bend.

There would my soul inhale the calm delight
 Which hovers round that blessed land, as soft
 As overhanging clouds at noontide hour,
 When upon Summer's bosom, Nature rests.

MEMORY.

BY W. LEGGETT, ESQ.

When memory paints with pencil true
 The scenes where youth delighted roved,
 She throws o'er none so sweet a hue
 As robes the home of her I lov'd.

Each tree, each flower, that flourish'd there,
 In former beauty seems to wave ;
 I seem to breathe my native air,
 Mid friends who're sleeping in the grave.

But soon these shades of joy depart
 And present sorrows start to view—
 Memory, like Hope, still mocks the heart
 With visions sweet—but fleeting too !

But Faith points out your radiant heaven,
 And bids the mourner not despair ;
 Whispering, " afflictions are but given,
 " Liks angel-wings to waft you there !"

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light ;
 The darkest wave hath bright foam near it ;
 And twinkles through the cloudiest night
 Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not *all* gloom ;
 The sadest heart is not *all* sadness ;
 And sweetly o'er the darkest doom
 There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never *quite* despair ;
 Nor life, nor death, the future closes ;
 And round the shadowy brow of Care,
 Will Hope and Fancy twine their roses.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



“ With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
“ We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,”—PAINÉ.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
From the dark bosom of oblivion’s wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....NOV. 29, 1828. No. 48.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.....NO. VII.

“ WE HOLD THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.”

INGRATITUDE.—(*A true story.*)

[CONCLUDED.]

ALTHOUGH Ellen felt gratified at the liberality which her lover evinced, in thus placing her where she might advantageously pursue those studies which as yet, she had only commenced—and although she was pleased with the delicacy which had suggested to him the propriety of her being accompanied to her new situation by a female of respectability, still, she felt deeply mortified to learn that his family, who had now removed to their residence in the city, declined her introduction to them, until the year which was the term allotted for her tuition, should expire. In vain Jones urged them to see her, but could obtain no other favour than the offer of an old maid aunt, who had always resided in his family, to accompany Ellen to the academy and converse with her instructors relative to her future studies, and the rules which she deemed it necessary should be

observed respecting her conduct. To do Ellen justice, she sedulously improved every moment of her time, and her progress, particularly in the lighter branches, was remarked with pleasure by her instructors; these accomplishments joined to the superior graces of her person, soon obtained for her here, as in her native village, the admiration of all who beheld her. Conscious of her attractions, her love of Albert lessened not her ambition for conquest, and as she listened to the voice of flattery, she vainly imagined that all the praises she heard, and the benefits she received were but just tributes to her superior beauty, and had no doubt but any one of her admirers would under similar circumstances have been as liberal as the man to whom her faith was given. Under these impressions, her gratitude for the generosity of Albert soon diminished, and although her

letters were still expressive of tenderness, she felt less scrupulous than formerly in mentioning those wants which his purse alone could enable her to gratify. Pleased with her sincerity, which seemed to evince her implicit confidence in his love, every wish, however extravagant, was cheerfully complied with as promptly as if she could already command the fortune in which she expected soon to participate.

As the boarding school was fifty or sixty miles distant from the residence of Albert, his visits to Ellen were consequently few; yet at each interview he became more attached to her in proportion to the improvement of her mind and manners, which now rendered her most interesting as a companion. Love is proverbially blind—in contemplating her beauty and graces, he saw not the defects of her disposition, that dark shade in her character, *ingratitude*. Without reflecting that she, in whom all his hopes of future happiness were centred, had voluntarily left her aged parents, who had nursed her with tenderness and gratified her every wish, even beyond their means to do so. But the idea perhaps, that she had complied with his wishes in this respect, served to palliate the inhumanity of her conduct, and her apparent love for him veiled all those errors that were obvious to others. Ellen now assumed the air of a belle and the confidence and independent manners of a woman of fashion; this in his last visits was remarked with satisfaction by Albert, who was impatient for the time when he should present to his family and society, an elegant accomplished woman as his wife. About two months previous to the time appointed for her removal from school, she obtained permission to spend a short vacation with a female friend, whose parents had invited her to pass thanksgiving at their residence, a-

bout twelve miles distant. Pleased with every opportunity that offered of enjoying society, and shewing forth her graces, she eagerly accepted the invitation; beside the members of the family, many strangers of distinction and fashion were invited to partake of the dinner, which was profuse with luxuries; at the ball, which succeeded the festivities of the day, Ellen appeared attended by her friends. At a late hour, as they passed through the crowd of fashion, every eye was turned upon the fair stranger, who, glistening with jewels and blushing with the consciousness of the admiration which she attracted, surveyed with a smile of delight the brilliant circle which surrounded her.

She was scarcely seated when the brother of her friend, who was one of the managers, introduced to her an officer of the Navy, whose splendid uniform and courtly manners rendered him equally conspicuous with herself. Although Ellen knew little of the *science* of dancing as it is now taught, yet she was graceful by nature, and with the aid of her accomplished partner passed through the evolutions of the cotillion in a style superior to any other lady present. Her new beau was all attention, expressing to her and others his undisguised admiration; notwithstanding the fact was soon whispered in his ear, that she was already '*engaged*,' this however he affected to disregard, and trusting to the power which his fine person and fascinating conversation had generally insured him in female society, he was determined at least to play the '*agreeable*,' let the event be what it might, particularly as he found the lady by no means *averse* to receiving his compliments. Let no one who enters the path of folly, or suffers even a slight dereliction from prudence, exclaim, "thus far will I go, but no farther." The degrees from

indiscretion to vice, though often hardly perceptible to ourselves, are nevertheless sure and rapid, unless seasonably checked. To be brief, Lieut. Malborne became the very shadow of Ellen; at first she admitted his attention from vanity—next, his elegant person, together with the free though polished manners, so peculiar to southern gentlemen, particularly those of the navy and army, charmed her, and these she half unconsciously compared with those of her devoted Albert; the result was, her obligations were forgotten, and *his* image was in a few weeks entirely obliterated from her heart, to give place to one who was rather proud than pleased at this capricious transfer of her affections, but his gallantry now also enlisted in this event, and the moment he learnt her sentiments in his favour, he refused his consent to her return to the academy. This was the *crisis* of her fate; ashamed to acknowledge to her young friend her dishonourable conduct, she consented to elope with a perfect *stranger*, who had captivated her *fancy* rather than her *heart*, with no other security than his promise of an immediate union—after which he engaged to introduce her to his family in Virginia, as soon as his public duties would allow him. The day after their departure, the most important obligation was fulfilled—they were married in the first village where a magistrate could be found, willing with a bribe to perform the ceremony, after which they immediately proceeded to New York, where for a few months they enjoyed all the gay amusements of that splendid city, without reflecting upon the future. Ellen's dream of happiness was however soon dissipated by the arrival of a letter to her husband from his commander, ordering him to prepare *immediately* for a *three years* cruise. At this moment the

truth burst forth—her husband informed her that his family, though once affluent, consisted now only of a widowed mother, and sister, who supported themselves entirely by their industry, and the aid which he occasionally afforded them from his *pay*. He however endeavoured to silence her murmurs, by stating that although he could not at *present* accompany her to them, he would leave her in pleasant retired lodgings in New York, and very soon remit her money by a friend, whom he should commission to attend her to his family. The parting day at length arrived, the *elegant* Lieutenant slightly kissing her, told her *this* was the fate of warrior's brides, and departed. The grief with which Ellen was at first overpowered, soon gave place to the most painful anxieties; no letter or remittance arrived from her husband, she was among strangers, without the power of paying those bills which were due for her accommodations, besides numerous other expenses which she was not aware of contracting. Cold looks and intimations that she must seek other lodgings, soon followed—and amid these miseries she became a mother with scarcely the comforts of life around her. Feeling now that she had no other resource left, the thoughts of her humble '*home*' were her only consolation; by the sale of her jewels at half their value, she was enabled to pay the demands against her, but as nothing was left for her future support, and recoiling at the idea of striving to maintain herself and child among strangers, who from her forlorn situation, believed her to be any thing but a virtuous woman, she offered herself as an attendant to a lady who was visiting Boston with her family, and in that humble capacity arrived within a few miles of that home, which in the pride and vanity of her heart, she had voluntarily forsaken.

But Ellen was now an altered being; not a trace of her former self was left—mortification had struck the death blow to her pride, and anxiety—even want had so impaired her health, that her still affectionate parents groaned in agony as they recognized their daughter in the pale trembling form which appeared before them, pressing to her bosom a babe whose weight her arms seemed scarcely able to sustain. This meeting was too much for her weakened frame, and subdued spirits to support, and a violent fever, occasioned by too early an exposure to fatigue and inclement weather, soon ensued, which added to remorse of conscience for her *ingratitude* to her parents, and faithlessness to her former lover, soon put a period to her existence. Scarcely were her funeral rites over, when a letter was received from her husband containing a large sum of money, handed by the gentleman whom he had appointed to attend her to Virginia; an accidental illness had occasioned his delay in the execution of his trust. In New York he had learned of her departure for home, and had followed her in order to deliver the letter and apologize for his apparent neglect.

Albert Jones was at first deeply wounded at the faithlessness and ingratitude of Ellen, but his reason soon convinced him that a mind radically defective in moral principles, could never be the nursery of those virtues which constitute domestic happiness; and as she had never been introduced to his family, she was soon forgotten, or remembered only as the object of a boyish attachment. Still he could not reflect without regret on the part he had acted in advising her to quit her parental roof forever—this thought often, even now, (said my friend) preys heavily upon his spirits, and although he sometimes mixes in gay society, he has never

since evinced a partiality towards any lady or expressed the least intimation of becoming a married man. Since the death of its mother the good old gardener and his wife have cherished that child with the same fondness and care which she once experienced from them in her days of helplessness. He is now their only comfort, and may heaven preserve him as a blessing to their old age, and render him grateful for their protection in his infancy by enabling him hereafter to repay them, by soothing their last hours with kindness and affection.

Saturday Evening.

Alas! as we cast our eyes back along the dark current of ages, noting the awful undulations of empire; the desolating wave of ambition rolling on the footsteps of civilization's proudest march; the tempestuous ocean of man's unhallowed passions, how little does there appear in this long course of time to illuminate the world and calm its terrible agitations! Amid this night of error; through this sad chronicle of suffering, change and crime, how thinly are the redeeming spirits of our race scattered along the broad arc of time! How few and how poor are the abiding monuments which remain to man of more than half his abode upon earth!—Where are the empires cotemporary with the period we have fixed for the meridian of our order? Nay where are the nations which have followed them? The rebellious, predestinated Jew; the refined Asiatic; the tasteful gifted and impulsive Greek, the stern, wise and unconquered Roman,—where are they? The hand of death hath smote them and they have gone to their long and dread account. Dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return. Brief and terrible explication of man's origin and fate! All

the vast conceptions with which we are filled; all that intellectual power and grandeur which have ranked our species but a little lower than the angelic hosts; all the ardent and invincible emotions which rage within us; all those exquisite sympathies which like golden cords bind the moral elements of the world together, and chain them to Jehovah's throne; all these high and glorious faculties are degraded into the accidents of organic dust, controuled by its infirmities and destined to its tomb. The nerve of manhood is unstrung in death, and all his energies expire. The fire of patriotism and the light of science are at once extinguished. The laurel crown and the triumphal arch; the trophies of genius and the altars of piety are whelmed in one undistinguished ruin. Man is the victim of the grave, and all that he creates is stamped with the impress of decay.

Those who patronize the 'terrific' will be amused with the following tremendous ghost story.

Soon after the murder of King Charles I. a commission was appointed to survey the King's house at Woodstock, with the manor, park, woods, and other demesnes, for which purpose, they met on the 13th of October, 1649, and took up their residence in the King's own rooms, sitting in the Presence Chamber for the despatch of business. On the 16th of this month, in the midst of their debate, there entered a large black dog howling, who overturned three of their chairs, crept under a bed and vanished, although all the doors had been kept carefully locked. The next day, sitting in a low-room, they heard persons walking overhead, though the chamber was locked up; the wood of the King's oak was brought from the dining room, and thrown with great violence into the Presence Cham-

ber; the chairs, stools, tables, and other furniture were forcibly hurried about the room; the papers containing the minutes of their transactions were torn, the ink-glass broken, the doors all the while remaining fast, and the keys in the custody of the commissioners. The night following, Sharp, the secretary, and two of the servants being asleep in the same room, had their bed's feet lifted up so much higher than their heads that they expected to have their necks broken, and then were let fall again with a violence that shook the whole house. On the night of the 19th, all being abed in the same room for greater security, and lights burning by them, the candles in an instant *burnt blue*, and then went out with a sulphureous smell, and that moment the wooden trenchers whereon they had eaten the day before, and which had been locked up in the pantry, were hurled about the room with great violence. On several following nights the candles changed colour as before, strange noises were heard, their honours received sore bruises from logs of wood and other substances thrown upon them which kept rolling about the floor all night, though next morning nothing could be seen. On the 29th, about midnight, the candles went out blue as usual, something walked majestically through the room, and opened and shut the windows, great stones flew about in all directions, and at about quarter after one, a noise was heard as of forty cannon discharged together, and again repeated at about eight minutes distance, which being heard through the country for sixteen miles round, brought all the neighborhood into their honor's room, where they gathered up the great stones, four score in number, and laid them by in the corner of a field, where in Dr. Plot's time they were still to be seen.—The commissioners during this visi-

tation gave themselves up for lost, crying aloud for help, and Giles Sharp snatching up a sword had well nigh killed one of their honours, mistaking him for the spirit as he ran from one room to the other. Still however, they resolved on continuing their labours, when, on the first of November, the most dreadful scene of all ensued: candles were lighted up in every part of the room, and a great fire made; at midnight, the candles all burning blue, a noise like the bursting of a cannon was heard, and the burning billets were tossed about even on their honours' beds, who called Giles and his companions to their relief, otherwise the house would have been burnt to the ground; an hour after the candles went out as usual, horses' bones came pouring into the room with great force, the curtains and windows were violently torn and shaken, and the whole neighborhood alarmed with such tremendous noises, that even the rabbit stealers who were abroad that night in the warren were so terrified that they fled away, leaving their ferrets behind them. One of their honours this night spoke, and in the name of God asked the spirit what it was, and why it disturbed them so? to which, however, no answer was given.

One of the servants now lighted a large candle, and set it on the door-way between the two chambers; and as he watched it, he plainly saw a hoof striking the candle and candle-stick into the middle of the room, and after making three scrapes over the snuff, scraped it out. Upon this he was so bold as to draw a sword, but had scarce got it out when he felt another invisible hand pulling it from him, and at length prevailing, struck him so violently on the head with the pummel that he fell down for dead with the blow. At this moment was heard another explosion

like the broadside of a ship of war, and at about a minute or two's distance each, no less than nineteen more such, shaking the house so violently that they expected every minute that it would fall upon their heads. But what put an end to their proceedings happened the next day as they were all at dinner, when a paper in which they had signed a mutual agreement to share a part of the premises among themselves, (which paper they had hid for the present under the earth in a pot in one corner of the room, and in which an orange tree grew,) was consumed in a wonderful manner by the earth's taking fire and burning violently with a blue fume and an intolerable stench, so that they were all driven out of the house, to which they never could again be prevailed on to return.

ESSAY

ON FEMALE USEFULNESS.

If there is a qualification in which a female ought to excel, it is a thorough and practical acquaintance with the arts and duties of *domestic life*. She may be ignorant of other branches of human knowledge, and deficient in more refined attainments with comparative impunity, but no embellishments can supply her deficiency in these. These constitute her peculiar and appropriate employment, and so far from being beneath her regard, do they adorn and beautify the most distinguished of her sex. The sentiment may not exactly accord with the opinions of the present age, but it is one that ought to be inscribed on the heart of every female—that industry and economy are her true glory.—There is no apology for an idle woman. A woman who is occupied in little else than receiving the courtesies of the other sex, and having every want supplied by obsequious attendants, if she does not become torpid by inaction, is almost always

the victim of that morbid sensibility, which, while it can weep over the ideal scenes of a novel or a tragedy, has no interest in the affecting realities of human life, and passes through the world without communicating happiness, or acquiring respectability. Few appreciate the obligations, cares, and labours of an industrious female; and few, I fear, are sensible of the perpetual self-denial which she is called to exercise in the performance of her laborious and reiterated duties. Her eye must be every where in her own proper sphere; her authority every where in her own retired dominion; her hand on every spring in all the departments of domestic labor. And a cheerful submission to this incessant watchfulness and care, constitutes one of the prominent excellences of her character. A female that has been induced to believe that she was made for nothing but to be beloved and admired, and who is never pleased but by the alternations of idleness and dissipation, has never learned to estimate her true worth and excellence, and is a stranger to the high destination of woman.

THE LADY'S LOWE.

A FRAGMENT.

HER voice was slow and gentle, and possessed that devotional Scottish melody of expression which gives so much antique richness and grace to speech. Under the shade of a long veil she sought to conceal a face where early grief had bleached the roses, and impressed a sedate and settled sorrow on a brow particularly white and high. Her eye still retained something of the light of early life, which darkened or brightened as the joys, the sufferings, or the sorrows, of wedded and maternal love, gave a deeper interest or passion to her story,

When woman is young, said she, with a sigh, but not of regret, she

loves to walk in the crowded streets, and near the dwellings of men—when she becomes wiser, has seen the vanities, and drunk of the miseries and woes of life, she chooses her walks in more lonely places, and, seeking converse with her own spirit, shuns the joy and the mirth of the world. When sorrow, which misses few, had found me out, and made me a matchless bird, I once walked out to the margin of that beautiful sheet of water, the Lady's Lowe. It was the heat of summer: the hills in which the lake lay embosomed were bright and green; sheep were scattered upon their sides; shepherds sat on their summits; while the grassy sward, descending to the quiet pure water, gave it so much of its own vernal hue, that the eye could not always distinguish where the land and lake met. Its long green water flags, and broad lilies, which lay so flat and so white along the surface, were unmoved save by the course of a pair of white swans, which for many years had grazed on the grassy margin, or found food in the bottom of the lake.

This pastoral quietness pertained more to modern than to ancient times. When the summer heat was high, and the waters of the lake low, the remains of a broken but narrow causeway, composed of square stones, indented in a frame-work of massy oak, might still be traced, starting from a little bay on the northern side, and diving directly towards the centre of the lake. Tradition, in pursuing the history of this causeway, supplied the lake with an island, the island with a tower, and the tower with narratives of perils, and bloodshed, and chivalry, and love. These fireside traditions, varying according to the fancy of the peasantry, all concluded in a story too wild for ordinary belief. A battle is invariably described by some grey-headed nar-

rator, fought on the southern side of the lake, and sufficiently perilous and bloody. A lady's voice is heard, and a lady's form is seen among the armed men, in the middle of the fight. She is described as borne off towards the causeway by the lord of the tower, while the margin of the water is strewn with dead or dying men. She sees her father, her brother, fall in her defence; her lover, to whom she had been betrothed, and from whom she had been torn, die by her side; and the deep and lasting curse which she denounced against her ravisher, and the tower, and the lake which gave him shelter, is not forgotten, but it is too awful to mingle with the stories of a grave and a devout people. That night, it is said, a voice was heard as of a spirit running round and round the lake, and denouncing a curse against it; the waters became agitated, a shriek was heard at midnight. In the morning the castle of the Lady's Lowe was sunk, and the waters of the lake slept seven fathoms deep over the copestone.

They who attach credence to this wild legend are willing to support it by much curious testimony.—They tell that, when the waters are pure in summer time, or when the winter's ice lies clear beneath the foot of the curler, the walls of the tower are distinctly seen without a stone displaced; while those who connect tales of wonder with every remarkable place, say, that once a year the castle arises at midnight from the bosom of the lake, with lights, not like the lights of this world, streaming from loophole and turret, while on the summit, like a banner spread, stands a lady clad in white, holding her hands to heaven, and shrieking.—This vision is said to precede, by a night or two, the annual destruction of some person by the waters of the lake. The influence of this super-

stition has made the Lady's Lowe a solitary and desolate place, has preserved its fish, which are both delicious and numerous, from the fisher's net and hook, and its wild swans from the gun of the fowler. The peasantry seldom seek the solitude of its beautiful banks, and avoid bathing in its waters; and when the winter gives its bosom to the curler or the skater, old men look grave, and say, "The Lady's Lowe will have its yearly victim;" and its yearly victim, tradition tells us, it has ever had since the sinking of the tower.

THE WANDERING WEAN.

A singular and interesting occurrence took place in Queen street last week. A respectable woman, who resides there, having left her child, an infant two years of age, to play about the door till she attended to some household duties, went when she was disengaged to look for her charge. The urchin could barely crawl, and she expected to find him at the door cheek. There, however, it was not, and the mother, in considerable alarm, called on several neighbours, to inquire if they had seen her child. No one had seen it; and, as a considerable time had now elapsed in making fruitless enquiries, the anxiety and fears of the poor woman became proportionally augmented. Parents only can judge of her feelings when no trace of her child could be found. The neighbours kindly assisted in making strict inquiry in every well, pig-sty, hen-roost, or out-of-the-way corner, for the wandered wean. He was, however, no where to be found, and as a last recourse, they then resolved that the bell should be sent through the town. In the mean time the mother, in a state bordering on distraction, went into her own house to rummage again every hole and bunker, bed and cupboard. While

thus employed one of her sympathizing friends happened to cast her eyes to the gable of a neighbouring house, and there, with surprise and horror, discovered the lost child perched on a ladder, and within a few steps of its very top, apparently quite delighted with its state of exaltation. A lady endeavoured to induce the ambitious mite to come down; but no, it shook its head, and sat fast. She then tried to go up the ladder, but half up, her head grew giddy, and she was obliged to descend without accomplishing her object. The mother by this time was informed that her child was found, but her feelings may be more easily guessed than described when she saw its danger. The ladder was long enough to reach the eaves of a three story house, and within four steps of it was her child, holding firmly by one of the bars, and looking quite complacently on the faces below. With trembling steps the agitated mother cautiously ascended the ladder, but when within arm's length of her infant, and on the point of laying hold of him, he, as if to mock the agony of his parent, clambered up the remaining steps, and straddling across the topmost bar, held out its little hands and smiled, as if proud of his daring feat. The mother at last folded the object of her fears and affections to her fond bosom, and descended with her precious burthen in safety, shedding tears of gratitude and breathing a heartfelt prayer to that providence which had so miraculously preserved her dear little pet.—*Philadelphia Album.*

It is a melancholy fact, that the whim of fashion has more to do in the choice of our raiment than is warrantable on the principles of common sense. The inhabitants of the United States suffer more in this respect than any other nation in the world. Imitating, as we do,

VOL. I.

the fashions of London, and the Londoners, copying again from the Parisians, we are constantly endeavouring to follow in the wake of fashionables in two places, whose climates are dissimilar to ours as any thing that can well be imagined; while they themselves, from whom we copy, are only guided by the love of novelty and the most unbounded passion for extravagance. And even this is not all, we are often to be found wearing the dresses of London and Paris for summer, during the depth of our winter, and those of winter during summer. Our attire should at all times sit easily on us, and those who desire gracefulness of person will best obtain it by adhering to this rule.

THE TOMBS OF EGYPT.

THE history of Egypt is engraved on its tombs. The Egyptians devoted all their care to the last resting places of their dead. They believed that if the body was preserved after death, for three thousand years, without corruption, it would be reanimated. It was on this account, together with the desire to fulfil the duties of filial love, and to receive after their decease similar honours from their children, that they so carefully preserved the mortal remains of their ancestors. The body was embalmed with much skill, suffered to remain for some days in the house, and then religiously deposited in their sepulchral caverns. These caverns were very spacious, and their walls magnificently decorated, and covered with hieroglyphics. They were divided into different galleries, each of which led to a particular tomb. The royal catacombs of Thebes were decorated with the figures of men, birds, and different animals; some traced with pencil, and others painted with indelible colours. The sepulchral caves of Egypt, once the object of

the most profound veneration, are now become the theatre of pillage and devastation. The bodies, embalmed with so much care, and preserved with pious attention, are dragged from their monuments, to satisfy the cupidity of the curious European. The pyramids themselves, which for forty centuries have braved the injuries of time, upon the banks of the Nile, have not escaped profanation, or the researches of inquisitive travellers.—The sarcophagi of the Kings of Memphis, the number of ancient sepulchral monuments which almost encumber Egypt, are thus described by a late writer: “You cannot advance a single step without encountering some monuments. Do you see an obelisk? It is a tomb; the remains of a column? it is a tomb; a subterranean cavern? it is also a tomb. And when the moon, rising behind the largest of the pyramids, begins to appear upon the summit of this immense mausoleum, you would believe that you saw the very light-house of death, and that you were absolutely walking upon the very banks of the river, where Charon formerly transported the shades of those who once existed.”

FEMALES IN INDIA.

Most of the white women seen at Batavia are born in India, and many so altered in figure, manners, and complexion, as to resemble the degenerate offspring of the Portuguese. They dress, when at home, exactly in the manner of their slaves, bare headed, bare footed, and wrapped in a long gown of red checkered cotton cloth, descending to the ankles, with large white sleeves.—They anoint their coarse black hair with cocoa nut oil, and adorn it with the tube-rose, and other strong scented flowers. In this loose and airy dress they loll about among their slaves, to whom they are occasionally very cruel, or sit

on the ground, in the most careless attitudes, chewing betel, with which they are infatuated.

These ladies soon ripen, and soon decay; they generally marry at eleven and twelve years of age, and are accounted old before thirty.—They have no resources within themselves, and many of them can neither read nor write, and are almost totally unqualified for the pleasures of social intercourse. Indeed the two sexes rarely meet in company, except at great entertainments, when each have generally their separate circles;—the men drinking and smoking in one apartment, the women chewing betel with their slaves in another.

When they go abroad in the cool of the evening to some grand assembly, they dress themselves in a magnificent style. Their jet black hair twisted close to the head, sparkles with a profusion of diamonds, pearls, and jewels of various kinds, mingled with flowers of the Arabian jessamine and tube rose. Each lady has a female slave, almost as richly dressed as herself, sitting at her feet. Before supper is announced, they usually retire to put on their cotton night gowns, and the gentlemen do the same, to exchange their heavy velvet, for white cotton jackets, and the elder ones their wigs for night caps. In this manner the day is concluded, with a hot supper and its accompaniments, after which they retire to rest.—*Hamilton.*

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

“We are but the vendors of other men's goods.”

Curious Hebrew Manuscript.—A very extraordinary piece of penmanship is at present exhibited in the room of the Philadelphia Athenæum. It is a sheet of vellum, a yard square, containing the books of Ruth, Esther, Job, the song of Sol-

omon, Lamentations, and Psalms, written in the Hebrew character, and so disposed as to form a series of beautiful figures, representing all the sacred instruments and furniture of the temple of Jerusalem—the altar, the mercy seat, the cherubim, the candlestick, the table of the law, the columns and the flowers upon their capitals, &c. The work is beautifully written and drawn, and was the exclusive labour of three full years.

A person, we are told, lately went to a dealer in wool to purchase about twenty pounds of that article, carrying, as is usual, a sack to put it in. When the sack was filled, the steel-yards were not at hand to weigh it. The dealer immediately went in pursuit of them. While he was gone, his customer looked with an evil eye upon a lot of fine cheese in the same room with the wool, and hastily put one of the finest, weighing nearly twenty pounds, in his sack, mixing it up with the wool, as the expression was, supposing he had obtained a valuable prize. On his return, the dealer quickly perceived by the weight of the sack that his *honest* friend had put a cheese there. He said nothing but quietly weighed it. His customer said nothing, and as quietly paid him fifty cents a pound for his cheese under the denomination of wool.—*Prov. Journal.*

Substitute for Gymnasium.—It is stated in the Quarterly Journal of Education, that there is a workshop connected with the Theological seminary at Andover, where the students employ themselves in making candle and soap boxes, bedsteads, and hay rakes.

A beautiful and interesting female child in London, not long since having been one day extremely disobedient, the nurse in vain attempted for some time to pacify it by the usual means, and at last rushed

into a dark cellar with the child in her arms. The child shrieked and sunk upon the nurse's shoulder, a helpless idiot, deaf and dumb. Mr. Curtis, aurist to the King attended her, and after some time, symptoms of returning reason appeared, and she has now almost recovered her powers of speech and hearing.

The following marvellous circumstance is occupying much of the public attention in Paris.

"It is a wonderful phenomenon exhibited in the person of a little girl, thirty two months old. It is said that the whites of each eye exhibit in distinct letters, which grow in size as she advances in age, the words "NAPOLEON EMPEREUR," in capitals. The word *Napoleon* is above, and the word "*Empereur*" below, the sight of the eye, which is a lively blue. She has been visited by the most eminent anatomists who were unable to detect any deception in appearance. The fact seems to be strongly attested; and is of course, wholly unaccounted for. The people seem to look upon it as a sort of miracle; while the more reflecting regard it merely as one of those sports of nature, which are so fantastic, and at times so amazing.

Advantages of a Large Bonnet.
—Copied from a Chelmsford paper.

A case of miraculcus preservation of life happened last week at Margate. A lady was walking on the cliff with a child, when her bonnet blew into the sea; the lady, starting to save it, fell, dragging her infant with her into the ocean; fortunately she and her child fell exactly into the middle of the bonnet, when the lady using the parasol she had with her, by way of a scull, paddled herself ashore, to the great admiration of the spectators.—*London paper.*

Catholic Advice.—At a time when some of the pope's dominions

where invaded by some of the neighboring states, an army was collected to meet the foe; and previous to the engagement beginning, a cardinal, commissioned by his holiness, went among the soldiers, and exhorted them to fight valiantly—for, should they lose their lives, the pope promised them a plenary remission of all their sins, and "that they should dine with Angels in Paradise." Having thus spoken, he retired, when one of the soldiers called after him—"My Lord Cardinal, will you not stay, and dine with us in Paradise?"—"No, no," said he, "my dining hour has not yet come."

An English provincial paper notices the following advertisement of a day school, stuck upon a window in Houghton-le-spring—"Skool hear for boys and Garls, niten and sowen, Spelling and readin."

Definition of an American Esquire.—"I asked the little shabby, barefooted boy, our guide, whether he worked at the wool manufactory we were passing—"No," said he, rather bluntly; "I go to school; my father's a 'squire.'" Thinking I did not hear correctly, I repeated the question, and received the same answer.—"And pray what is a 'squire—what does he do?"—"Oh, he attends sessions, trials, and hears causes."—"And what may your father do at other times?"—"He assists Mr.—at the tavern there, in the bar!" *Lon. pa.*

A wild cat was killed lately about 6 miles from Savannah, Georgia. It measured 2 feet, 11 1-2 inches from the nose to the end of the tail, which was only 1 or 2 inches long.

Diogenes was not in the wrong, who, when the great Alexander, finding him in the charnel-house, asked him what he was seeking for, answered, "I am seeking for

your father's bones, and those of my slave; but I cannot find them, because there is no difference between them."

A grave digger at Bath, Eng. declares that in the course of decomposition, the face of every individual turns to the earth; and that in the experience of 23 years in his situation he had never known one instance to the contrary.

A new tragedy, from the pen of a gentleman of New York, is to be brought out at the Park Theatre this evening.

Bower of Taste.

SCRAPS FROM A PORT FOLIO.

If you wish to be *somebody* among the ladies, keep a dashing gig for the convenience of attending church out of town—know nothing of the place where you were born and educated, but be most particularly acquainted with every thing across the Atlantic, subscribe to all the fashionable balls in the city, but be remarkably careful not to dance—practice a fine lounging attitude for the evening and declares that dancing is a plebeian amusement, and beneath the dignity of a gentleman! Write poetry, and change your dress three times a day—attend as many hymeneal levees as possible, and steal wedding cake enough to set forty girls dreaming for a month upon matrimony and the grier; carry Miss A. to the ball, Miss B. to the theatre, Miss C. to the concert, flourish with Miss D. upon the fashionable promenade, i. e. Washington-street *pare.* *Extasie* with appropriate gestures at the Piano of Miss E. in a morning call, and whisper irresistible nothings in the ear of every pretty woman, whom you may chance to meet either in public or private. Finally, as a *Ruse de l'amour* give to each of the above a moonlight serenade. N. B. one musical "*turn out*" if properly managed will answer for the whole. By these observances you will immortalize your name on the lists of gallantry, and secure a fair number from which you may subtract one, whenever you are disposed to commit matrimony.

Another way to be *sombdoy* among the Ladies. Adopt the following rules—loungue into the drawing room, with your hat on, occupy the largest chair in the room cross your feet upon the fender, and smoke your segar sans ceremonie, carelessly observing that

you presume the smoke is not disagreeable to the ladies. Read all the notes in the card rack, by these means you may be let into the secrets of an interesting correspondence. If several musical amateurs should be present, seat yourself at the Piano and thrum most manfully, as *correctly* as possible, the treble of some fashionable march—to render harmony restored more pleasing, let every 5th note be a discord. ‘Should you happen’ to dine where a calves head or a neats tongue, occupy a place upon the board, improve this golden opportunity for the display of your wit, in replenishing a Lady’s plate, observe that she has “sufficient *tongue*,” and request permission to help her to a “little brains,” as all such remarks as these, are *perfectly* “*original*,” they cannot fail in producing the desired effect—they also establish the character of the speaker by showing his opinion of the fair sex. At the card table be sure to remark that *Ladies* cannot play *whist* insinuating rather plainly that the game requires *silence*: more opportunities for *original* remarks are here presented, whisper to your fair neighbor that you have won her “heart,” that you never conquered by ‘clubs’: also by watching narrowly, you may probably get a chance to say to your opponent on the playing of a court card, sir, I thought you had no *honor* left. On hearing some of your lady acquaintance, who are strangers in town express a wish to witness the performance of a popular actor—say it is all a *hum*: that *he* is not half so *good* as he used to be. At the same time, request to be excused from the tea table every night during his engagement, or you may chance to lose the first act of the play in which he performs. By a strict adherence to these rules, you will effectually escape from the toils of *matrimony*, and at the same time leave an impression upon the minds if not the hearts of the fair sex which will never be *forgotten*.

Poetry breathes a charm over the cold realities of life, and imparts a brilliant coloring to every object that surrounds us, and an interest to the most trivial incidents that occur. Seen through her glowing medium, earth is paradise, and love is heaven.

Music etherealises humanity, and lifts the soul to its original sphere, with a powerful hand she strikes the sensitive chords of memory, awakening alike the thrilling recollection of former enjoyments, or the mournful remembrance of past sorrow.

But *Painting* possesses the power of an *Enchantress* beneath her magic pencil, spring those forms which are endeared to us by love, or rendered sacred by esteem, and reverence Over these cherished *shadows*

death hath no power! we wear them in our bosoms, we place them in our closets and enjoy with them a sweet and holy communion in our hours of retirement. As relics of those who sleep in the dust, they seem to confer with us in the language of other years, and while we remember some useful precept or friendly monition which once passed their lips, we regard them as benignant spirits still hovering in our paths, to remind us of our duty, and that we also are perishable.

A young lady who was employed in braiding a safety chain for a gentleman’s watch, was asked what it was for—a bell-rope Sir replied she—“I acknowledge it is a *Belle-rope* Miss—rejoined he, and a very pretty one too”—but I suspect we shall find a *Beau* attached to it when it is finished.

When we request the opinion of a friend upon any subject either relative to ourselves, or others, we should by no means rely upon its being always favourable to our wishes, or congenial with our own. It is *truth* we seek for, not *compliment*. We should therefore be prepared to hear it expressed without disguise, and be assured, those who have not sufficient independence to render, the candid decisions of their judgment on *all* occasions are not worthy of being consulted on *any*.

To Friends and Correspondents.—We have received several well written tales and sketches on various subjects during the past week from these and such others as may be forwarded on or before the 15th of December, we shall select the best which will be embellished with a fine engraving or lithographic print. Also, the most appropriate New Years Address that may be offered to us by the 20th of December, will entitle the writer to an elegant vol. of approved American composition, or a volume of the *Bower of Taste* handsomely bound.

MARRIED

In Brunswick, Me. by Elder Lambe, Mr. George Earle, merchant, of the firm of Merrill and Earle, to Miss Angeline Merrill, daughter of Roger Merrill, Esq.

In Portland, William Leggett to Miss Mary Green.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE, is published by DUTTON and WERTWORTH, Nos. 1 and 4 Exchange-street, Boston—Who are authorised to transact all business relative to the printing and circulation of this Work.

All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor. *☞* All Letters must be post-paid.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSE.



Poetry.

TO VALOUR.

Literal translation of a Hymn to Valour.

A FRAGMENT.

Valour ! now lift on high thy voice,
Daughter of Mars—in thy power rejoice !
Of the golden mitre the queen of war,
Who dwellest away and up—afar
On Olympus' pathless and pillared height.

To thee alone, has old Fate held out
The glory to reign in the warrior's shout,
The eternal rule of the panoplied host ;
When the battling legions of war, are tost
Where 'tis yours to govern in power and might.

Under thy yoke and curbing rein
Will the earth's wide bosom for ages remain,
And the hoary sea, and the war-like tread,
Of the legions that over the earth are spread,
As they gather around thee shall swell thy force.

And time, who alters all things beside,
And in conquest and ruin reigns far and wide
Can never change—with his hand of death,
The far away breeze's ceaseless breath
That dashes thee on in thy mighty course.

For thou alone of all things that are,
Hast borne a race of the mighty in war,
Of the mighty and valiant in heart and hand,
Like the corn of the earth in a fertile land.

ALBERT.

Selected.

TO MARY.

*On hearing a gentleman say that she looked like the statue of St.
Rosalie, in Palermo.*

Maid of the soft cerulean eye,
And blushing cheek, and balmy sigh,
I've look'd at thee, and I have thought
That thou, all lovely as thou art,

Wert too celestial for the gaze
Of those who revel in the blaze
Of beauty's earthly charm,

For, as I've mark'd thine upturn'd eye,
Thy brow of spotless purity,
I've thought of that fair saint who trod
Those fearful heights to meet her God,
Where human foot had never power
To trace her in her lonely bower,
The youthful Rosalie.

But, fair one, *thou* wert born for earth,
Although the graces, at thy birth,
Gave to thy cheek a brighter hue
Than rose-bud gem'd with orient dew,
Gave to thy soft, expressive eye,
The tints that paint the summer sky,
Yet thou wert born for earth ;

Wert form'd to grace the social sphere,
Of sister, friend, companion dear,
To wreath the brightest chain of life,
The kind affections of a wife,
Around the heart whose fate you share,
And smile away his hours of care—
Yes, thou wert born for earth.

AUGUSTA.

SONG.

I griev'd for the winter flowers,
That they should soo soon decay ;
I wove from the sweet spring flowers
A garland that lived—a day.

From summer a rose I borrow,
From autumn a blade of corn ;
But all die, save the cypress sorrow,
Which weeps—till to-morrow morn.

O pleasure obtained (thou knell
Of desire)—O love divine—
O beauty that fliest, farewell !
Be sorrow that's constant mine.

From Little's Remember Me.

A CHERUB.

Beautiful thing, with thine eye of light,
And thy brow of cloudless beauty bright,
Gazing for aye on the sapphire throne
Of Him who dwelleth in light, alone,
Art thou hasting now on that golden wing,
With the burning seraph choir to sing,
Or stooping to earth, in thy gentleness,
Our darkling path to cheer and bless.

Beautiful thing, thou art come in love,
With gentle gales from that world above :
Breathing of pureness, breathing of bliss,
Bearing our spirits away from this,

To better thoughts, to brighter skies,
Where Heaven's unclouded sunshine lies,
Winning our hearts, by a blessed guile,
With that infant look, and angel smile.

Beautiful thing! thou art come in joy,
With the look, with the voice of our darling boy,
Him that was torn from the bleeding hearts
He had twined about with his infant arts,
To dwell, from sin and from sorrow far,
In the golden orb of his little star
There he rejoiceth, while we, oh! we
Long to be happy and safe as he.

Beautiful thing! thou art come in peace,
Bidding our doubts and our fears to cease,
Wiping the tears that unbidden, start,
From their fountain deep, in the broken heart,
Cheering us still, in our weary way,
Lest our hearts should faint, and our feet should stray,
Till crowned for the conquest, at last we shall be,
Beautiful thing, with our boy and thee!

GEORGE W. DOANE.

From the New England Weekly Review.

TO ———.

Yes, lady, thou wilt die.—That lip of snow
And that pale brow foretell thy early lot;
The wing of death is o'er thee—thou wilt go
Where broken hearts and blighted flowers are not.
Thou art too beautiful to linger where
The rainbow brightens but to melt away,
And the sweet sounds that wander on the air,
But swell the dirge of sorrow and decay.

Yes thou wilt die.—Thy spirit soon will leave
This dull cold exile for its place on high,
And like a bright cloud on a summer eve,
Melt in the deeper glories of the sky;
Thy home will be where bluer skies are glassed
In brighter streams mid love's undying bowers,
And where the winds of ruin never passed,
Nor serpents writhed round Passion's sweetest flowers.

Aye, thou wilt die—and I shall linger here,
When all the blossoms of the heart are fled,
To muse on thee, and mourn with bitter tear
The cold, the lost, the beautiful, the dead;
And as life's stars in loneliness depart,
Thy memory still, amid the deepening gloom,
Will shine upon the ruins of my heart,
Like a lone fire-fly on the midnight tomb.

STANZAS.

The Roman they say wore the dark leaf of glory
To cover the blight on his brow,
For some dreary morrow the laurel we'll borrow,
But rose-buds are lovelier now.
And should time steal by with a frown and a sigh,
And tell us of fleeting hours,
We'll bathe his old form where the wine gushes warm
And bury his glass in flowers.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



“ With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
“ We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,”—PAINÉ.
The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
From the dark bosom of oblivion’s wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....DEC. 6, 1828. No. 49.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.....NO. VIII.

“ WE HOLD THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.”

IN the year 1756, orders were given by the governor of Virginia, that Washington with eight hundred riflemen should join the army of General Braddock, in its march to fort Pitt. Among these sons of Virginia, was a New Englander, a native of Massachusetts, who had still lived under the cold sky of the north, while his relatives had sought the warmer clime of Virginia; for he was lucratively employed in a business which he was unwilling to leave—and this it may be, he would have given as his only reason, for he was yet hardly convinced that in leaving New England, he would leave a portion of himself behind. Yet so it was. And now, when in his twentieth year, he visited the state of Washington and heard the summons for war; his ardent and loyal spirit, forgot for a time, her to whom he was plighted and before whom his soul had bowed; and he

VOL. I.

volunteered to join the arrayed host of his king, under the command of their ill fated general, Braddock. “ Well Marshall,” said Joe Brown, a true Virginian, as they stood in the ranks on a fine spring morning, waiting for the word to march, “ here we are, hey? and I for one have plyed my lower extremities pretty lively, I should say, to reach so far.” “ Yes,” said his friend Marshall, our New Englander, “ yes, very well for you—but how much farther do you think they’ll have to transport you, can you tell that?” “ Why yes,” said Brown, “ as to that are matter, the fact is, we shall reach the fort to-day, if we don’t come across something to put that character” touching his rifle, “ and your New England spunk to the proof, but I don’t—hallo—what’s the trouble now with Lawson? I wonder. Lawson? who is he? One of our scouts—has been out

97

this morning, and now he is back and making his report. Ah! there goes the Colonel to the front—now we shall know—Lawson look here, what's the trouble now? Oh, the Indians are out. Indians out, are they? well we have strapped them before this, and we'll do it again—how many, Lawson? Oh, a thousand or two, I suppose. Two thousand! said Brown, well Marshall, I thought so—now you may as well be ready—take care and get a tree, look out for that; we shall be in front, and have to take what comes first. Shall we, said Marshall, I am not so sure of that. What? why not? Why don't you see that the regulars are moving forward in front and our colonel is back again, and no sign of our taking the front given—that's plain proof, I should think. Yes, said Brown after staring a moment at the advancing army, yes I'll be hanged if that proud booby of a General has not gone on himself, to keep up his dignity and destroy his army—I wonder if he thinks that his soldiers are bullet proof, or that they can bayonet the Indians through the body of a pine, Lord help the fool! And it was even so—every body knows the answer of Braddock to Washington's request to be allowed to lead the advance, and every body knows the consequences of it.—When in the course of the conflict Washington led his riflemen to fight the Indians with their own weapons, our friend Marshall by no means forgot the advice of Brown but chose his tree, and fixed his rifle whenever he could get a chance at an Indian; he had advanced but a short distance when he came upon an Englishman sitting upon the ground, severely wounded. "For the sake of heaven," said he to Marshall, "don't leave me here to be tomahawked and scalped by these merciless savages." "But I cannot stay here

by you, that's plain," said Marshall, "that never will do—but let me see what arms you have got; oh! a pair of pistols—loaded?" "Yes, one." "Well, hand the unloaded one to me." He took it and loaded it. "Now," said he, "lie upon your face by the side of this log and you will be safe:" and he drew round him three or four dead bodies and left him. Before he was out of sight he heard the report of the two pistols behind him, and turning, he saw two stout Indians just about to murder the wounded man. It was the work of a moment with him to raise his rifle to his shoulder and drop one of them—he fell immediately, and striking the legs of the other as he fell, he too was precipitated to the ground. He rose again, but not before Marshall was upon him, though without a weapon, for he had dropped his rifle when he had fired, and the Indian too in his fall had lost his tomahawk. They grappled, and Marshall found himself sinking under the strength of the Indian, when he was suddenly overflowed with blood and his foe dropt from him upon the ground. The Englishman had risen upon his knees and plunged his sword into his side.

A year after this, Marshall was in London, at the house of the honourable William Liston. "May I beg," said that gentleman as he entered in to his guest, "to know the cause which has produced me this visit." "I had hoped," was the reply, "that William Liston would have found it unnecessary to ask that question of Charles Marshall." "O, Marshall—you then are the person that I had somewhat to do with when I was in America." "Yes," said Marshall, "that you had somewhat to do with if you please have it so." "Well, I believe you did me some such service as keeping off me an Indian or two, was it not—for which you ask how

much?" "Oh, nothing at all for *that*," was the reply, "for I now believe that the life which I saved was of exceedingly small value—and if you are disposed to pay money, it would pleasure me much to receive a hundred pounds, which I lent you when you left America, if your memory can run back nine or ten months." "Money—where's your note?" demanded Liston, "you have none, have you?" "No—I never required one, you are not such a scoundrel as to pretend that you did not borrow the money." "Ha! ha!" said Liston, "you will find the door I think, sir, in that part of the room, and I will be obliged to you to let me see as little of you as possible hereafter." "Well sir," said Marshall, "there is always a time for *revenge*—always remember that." * * He was soon in America again.

At the beginning of the revolution we find Marshall withdrawn from business, and with a wife whom he had married just after his return from Europe, and a family of children quietly settled in a seaport town about twenty miles from Boston—the people of which, then as now, were much employed in the fisheries, while the country around to the distance of a dozen miles inland, was thinly peopled by farmers, the very bones and sinews of the country. The town itself rose a little from a level, directly in front of a bay formed by the main land and a point which ran off parallel to it at the distance of perhaps half a mile, and nearly in the centre of it stood the meeting house, exposing its whole front to the entrance of the harbour. There was then no fortifications on either side of the harbour, though the main land was thinly peopled even to the extremity of the bay, with here and there a house, and among them that of our friend. When the troubles of his country came on, he left his

home and joined her armies—nor returned till towards the close of the war. At the time of his return the arrival of a single sail was a matter of considerable importance, and it was therefore with much interest that he heard his children exclaim, a few days after he had comfortably seated himself at home, that two vessels were sailing for the harbour, and all sails set; he went to the window and saw two schooners running at the extent of their speed for the port.—What can possess them, said he to his wife, to drive at that rate—something must be the matter—ah! now I see—Mary, wont you hand me the glass? He looked for a moment—yes, I see you, old gentleman you had better keep off, altogether. What is it? inquired his wife. Oh, nothing but a British sloop of war chasing the schooners—but I am sure that I can't see what they mean to do, or how they expect to gain any thing by driving them in here—but no matter, I will go over to the harbour and see. So shouldering his rifle, and taking his sword, he set off. When he arrived at the town, or as it was called, the harbour, the schooners were in and their crews partly landed, while their pursuers were just turning the point and entering the harbour; a small party had gathered near the schooners, and several boys among them. "Here," said Marshall, taking one by the shoulder, "set out now and ring the bell—give it a terrible rattling." They set off. "And what vessel is that?" addressing one of the schooner's crew. "The sloop of war Falcon, Capt. Linze," was the answer. And now the bell rang over and over, and people began to gather in from various parts; strong weather beaten fishers and husbandmen with their long ducking guns, or their immense old fashioned muskets, all ready for the strife. When Linze

opened his side of the argument by putting forth from the side of his vessel a ball which went crashing on through timber and plank as if nothing was there to impede or hinder. "Well done, well done," said Linze as he saw the ball strike the aim, "now give it to the old Presbyterian meeting house—let us see if we can't stop the tell tale;" and the balls were soon hissing through the meeting house. "Now, Liston," said he, "take men enough to man the boats, and under cover of the cannon see if you cannot bring off the schooners—at the worst you can but come off without them." Liston bowed, gave his orders and was off directly; but he had proceeded only a very short distance from the vessel when the report of a gun sounded from among the rocks that lined the shore, and a man in one of the boats dropped into the bottom. "I wonder," said one of the sailors to the other, "if this is what we are to get—if it is, look out." This he might have said with good reason, for as they neared the shore they received a shot from Marshall's rifle which made their number less by this very man, and four or five more from as many ducking guns each of which told of the same fatal aim. On landing, they were immediately attacked with great rigour by the hardy defenders of their soil. "Come on," cried Marshall, "come on and let us see whether these are as ready to fight you hand to hand as to demolish your houses and churches—come on!" They prevailed, and after a severe conflict, the British were all either slain or taken. Marshall advanced upon Liston with his sword, struck him one heavy blow and raising his cap from his forehead, looked into his eyes for a moment. Liston knew him and returned his blow, but the combat was short—the swords crossed, and the Briton found himself unarmed and felt the

keen point of the sword upon his breast. "Liston," said his conqueror, "you are a prisoner—your life is in my power and I may say that I have a second time saved it; I told you once that there was a time for revenge—I have mine." Liston lost his boats and forty men, and towards night left the harbour in sullen silence, in fact, conquered.

ALBERT.

Saturday Evening.

The effulgence of the sun is no longer witnessed—his last rays have tinged the verdant landscapes, and he has now retired beyond the western mountains. The moon, with majestic beauty and brightness, maintains her ceaseless course, and guides the wanderer to his home. The twinkling stars, decorating the canopy above, and, sparkling with undiminished splendour, speak forth the wisdom of the great Original. All nature breathes a solemn adieu to the departing day—silence pervades the earth, and intelligent beings may now pause to contemplate with those hallowed feelings which the auspicious period inspires, the glories of their Creator—the wisdom and beauty of all his works. This sacred hour is peculiarly adapted to awaken feelings of gratitude, to inspire the heart with holy love, to animate our hopes, and guide to virtue. Man is the only intelligent creature that inhabits the globe—the only being who can admire and love his Creator. How exalted his rank! How noble his existence.

There are moments in life, in which we are led to contemplation; there is a time when the past is recalled—when the future is anticipated. That time is evening; perhaps when we sit by the burning taper, or when, by moonlight, we range the fertile fields.

"Oft have I paus'd when evening's silent hour

Was fraught with beauties seemingly divine,
To feast the soul within her sacred bower,
With luxuries she seem'd to say were
mine."

Evening outvies every other hour in time. The day hath passed with all its perplexities and cares—nought presents to disturb the tranquil breast and we are permitted to enjoy the sacred sweets which memory awakens. And though it may not always be pleasing to reflect on the past, still it is profitable. The present will be appreciated—the future prepared for. The morning and noon-day of life may pass unheeded—but the evening of existence will come, and that it may beam with hope, we should improve life as it passes.

G.

—◆—
MY UNCLE.

"Good morning, Charles," said my uncle very cheerfully, "what are you doing thus early with Johnson?"

"I am hunting for the meaning of these hard words, sir."

"*Hunting!*—we never hunt for words, Charles.—People hunt for squirrels and other game."

"Well, then, sir, I was *looking* for them."

"Worse and worse.—We look *at* things, but not *for* them. *Search* is the term,—you were searching for them"

"Thank you, sir, and here comes the breakfast—I am ready for it, but I must first step into the lobby, and wash off my fingers, they are soiled with ink."

"If you wash (a southern phrase by the bye) *off* your fingers, Charles, how are you to hold your muffin? and why need you say that you must step into the lobby! It is understood that you must go into another room when you wash yourself. Be more careful."

During breakfast we spoke of a gentleman, with whom I had recently become acquainted.

My uncle asked how long I had known him.

Not long, sir, I came across him by accident."

Across him. You met with him, you mean. Last evening you shocked me by saying, that you *met* a person in the street, when you ought to have said *overtook* him.—When a person is coming towards us, we meet him, when he is pursuing the same course, and we get near to him, we say that we *overtook* him."

Whilst I was humbly listening, the waiter brushed past me, and shook my elbow.

"Oh! Jerry," exclaimed I, "you have made me spill the cloth with my coffee."

"*Spill* the cloth, Charles! how can that be?"

Ah! my unlucky speech, thought I; but before I could breathe, I made another blunder.

"What were you saying to your friend last evening, when I interrupted you?"

"We were talking about Mr. Morris."

"Talking *about* him—talking of him you mean. I only am thus inquisitive, Charles, because I heard so many inaccuracies in this very short dialogue. He said that Mr. Woodworth was *very much of a gentleman*, instead of saying that he was gentlemanly. Then he said something of drinking *out* of silver tumblers, instead of *from*. And that he was *overrockt*, instead of *overturned*; and that he had not finished, *as yet*.

When this unlucky breakfast was over, the horses were brought to the door, and my uncle and I were to take a ride. My foot was in the stirrup—

"What hour is it, Charles?"—I took out my watch.

"Ten minutes to nine, sir."

"Ten minutes to what? My dear Charles, I do not like to vex you, but you must alter that phrase."

"It wants ten minutes of being nine o'clock, sir."

"Ah, now I understand you; and your foot is in the stirrup, so let us go."

The most agreeable time that I spend in my uncle's society, is that when we are on horseback; for, being an unskilful horseman, he wants all his thoughts to himself to regulate his motions. I had thus an hour or two of uninterrupted enjoyment. My horse was a spirited animal, and a recent present of my uncle's: I was in raptures with him, as he was prancing and cantering along, I determined to name him Marmion. My uncle being seated on a slow-paced old black, could not keep up with me, and to his timed eye my horse danced and capered too much for safety.

"What is the matter with your horse, Charles?"

"He is impatient of the slow pace of old black. He is only a little restiff, sir."

"Restiff, Charles? restless you mean. Do you not know the derivation of the word restiff?"

"Indeed, sir, I do not."

"Not know?" exclaimed he, growing angry; for, in the warmth of his manner, he had given old black a cut which set him dancing sideways: "What! you who are *so good* a Latin scholar, not know that *restiff* comes from *restivo*, to rest; and your horse is any thing but at rest at this moment?"

I always get confused when I am thus warmly attacked; and I could not manage my horse who kept sideling towards the old black, who seemed now as *restless* as his companion. My poor uncle, forgetting his usual prudence, was endeavouring to make me understand that I would always be a careless speaker for I had no curiosity. He began to sit unsteadily on his saddle, and old black having lost his balance by backing on the turnpike, down

he went, and over rolled my uncle just as bawled out, "not know that restiff comes from restivo to rest?"

I assisted him to rise, and was glad to find that he was not hurt, but he was both ashamed and vexed, and all the blame rested on my ignorance.

"Had you but known the difference between restiff which means stubbornness, and restless which every little baby knows, we should have been safe on our horses. But where are they?"

In fact, they had both scampered off, and after sending a man in pursuit of them, we walked home.

I thought that this adventure would have changed the current of my uncle's thoughts; but no—again we went on.

"I fancy that you will not fail to to remember *restiff*, Charles. But how came you so wet?"

"I stepped into a hole, sir, in assisting you to get up."

"Get up—get fiddlestick. You mean when you helped me to rise. Was it a deep hole?"

"Yes, sir, I went in up to there," pointing to my knee.

My uncle groaned.

"Oh, never mind my wet leg, sir," thinking that he was grieving lest I should take cold.

"I was not groaning about your wet leg, Charles, but—do you know what part of speech *to* is?"

"Yes, sir, preposition."

"Then how can you, who should know so well the offices of a preposition, place the word *here* after it. Up to *here*—how inelegant. You should say, up to *this*, or down to *that*, and not up to *here* and down to *there*; and yesterday, Charles, I had no opportunity of setting you right about another phrase. [No opportunity, Mr. Editor! when I never left his side the whole day.] You said *from* hence, and *from* thence. *Hence* and *thence* is sufficient."

"Thank you uncle. I shall certainly remember this. But your sleeve has got some mud on it; let me rub it off."

"I am obliged to you, Charles; but in future leave out that unnecessary, ugly, vulgar word, *got*: *has* is all that was necessary to the sentence."

As soon as we reached the house, I flew to the fire, for I was quite cold. My uncle, who had kept up both mentally and bodily, a brisk circulation, was quite ready to take off his great coat. Perceiving that he could not get it off easily, I told him that I would assist him as soon as I had picked up the chunk of wood that had fallen.

"Picked up the what?"

I tried for another word—

"Stump," said I hesitatingly, for I was not quite sure.

"A *chunk!*—a *stump!* In the first place, Charles, there is no such word as a *chunk*, and as for *stump*, it means a thing that is fast and rooted, and your piece of wood is rolling about, I see. 'These are stumps,' said he, growing angry, and opening his mouth as wide as he could stretch it, "here, count them: one, two, three, four," pressing his finger on each black article as it lay deeply imbedded; "and those are stumps," continued he, pointing to the lower part of some poplars in the street, "as soon as these stumps; no, not these in my mouth, for stumps they shall remain, but as soon as those stumps in the street are taken out they will be roots. Now is your piece of wood a root?"

"No, sir, certainly not; but if I am neither to call it a chunk, nor stump, what must I call it?"

"*Chump*, my son," said he, with great complacency, "and now help me to take off my great coat.—*N. York Mirror.*

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

ESSAY.

MEMORY has been the theme of the mental philosopher as well as of the poet. One has discussed this faculty of the mind thoroughly and minutely, and left none of its operations unnoticed, while the other, employing beautiful imagery of verse, has exhibited in the liveliest hues its pleasures, and also freely expatiated on its pains. Its necessary connexion with our daily concerns accounts for the degree of attention with which it has been treated.

With what heart-thrilling emotions do we recur to the interesting period of childhood, when joy unalloyed is measured out to us! There is luxury in the innocent sports of youthful days; for, of all pleasures, those experienced at this stage of our existence preponderate. The mind is then free and unrestrained, being a stranger to the anxieties of mature years. The morning of life passes by, and is borne on with the utmost cheerfulness; the sky is then cloudless, and the lustre of the succeeding day is without spot or blemish.

Memory and reason go hand in hand in a moral point of view. The good man's heart is cheered when he reverts to days gone by, and casts a retrospect over his various deeds, while the transgressor's soul is harrowed up at the recollection of his many errors. Look to the pages of recorded time, and then you will find these feelings fully portrayed. Recur to the life of the immortal John Locke, whose powers were exerted in developing the operations of the human mind. The labors of his powerful intellect will go down to the ages of posterity. The closing scenes of his days were calm and serene, and when summoned to withdraw from this theatre of action, he cheerfully submitted to his Creator's will. What

Why is an unmarried lady like a person in fault? Because she is a *miss*.

heart-felt satisfaction the philanthropic Howard must have experienced when on his dying bed! The precious moments of his existence were not spent in a vain and empty preparation for another world, but they were spent in endeavouring to alleviate the sorrows, of suffering humanity. He was not allured from the home of his childhood with the purpose of viewing the loftiness and grandeur of European palaces, or the gaiety and splendor of its courts. A higher and far nobler design occupied his mind—that of exploring the dark and gloomy recesses of the dungeon to administer balm to the wounded spirit. Like the great teacher, he went about doing good. May I not be permitted to seek a striking instance in the annals of our own country in further illustration of my subject? If so, I would refer to the illustrious George Washington. When our young country was struggling under oppression and threatened with destruction—he stepped forth in her defence. Having averted the alarming calamities which were about to happen to his beloved country, he withdrew from the busy scenes of the world to the pleasant shades of Mount Vernon there to pass the remainder of his days in peaceful retirement. Many other instances may be cited to prove that it is the remembrance of lives spent in accordance with virtue, that smooths our rugged paths to the grave, and disrobes the unwelcome messenger of all his terrors.

Look on that picture, and then turn your attention to the reverse. Retrace again the extended page of history, and almost numberless examples of moral depravity will meet your view. It needs not the aid of the imagination to portray the feelings of the wicked man, neither is it necessary to point out any particular instances, for they are scatter-

ed throughout the annals of every people. It is evident to all that the recollection of a life well spent imparts to the mind that peace which the world cannot take away—while a consciousness of past iniquity embitters every future hour and renders us miserable. G—N.

FOR THE BOWER OF TASTE.

TIME.

TIME does his work. In whatever direction we turn our eyes, whether up to the heavens, or abroad upon the earth, we see his doings. We view with admiration the sun, as it rises from day to day—the moon, and the sparkling stars of evening. We repose our wearied limbs, in sweet and tranquil sleep, and we greet gladly the approaching morning, when with renewed vigour, and strength, we again mingle in our daily pursuits. We behold youth and beauty like a tender flower, cut down—even the young man in the meridian of life, and usefulness, ere he reflects is swept away. We see the venerable sage, he whose locks are white, and whose limbs are stiffened with age, suddenly sink in the cold and silent tomb. And must fall under the stroke of time. Yes time has wasted generation after generation down to the grave. Where are those great and illustrious men, those heroes, patriots, and philosophers, whose names once sounded loud, from the trump of fame, who once trod the paths we now tread? all gone down to their graves! Where are many of our young companions? the play mates of our by gone-days—those whose anticipations then, were as bright as ours! alas they sleep in death. S.

THE POETESS.

She was one of those singular characters which sometimes shine among the dark mass of humanity—

unfitted to cope with the brutality of strength, or to endure the ceaseless contrast between her own warm and generous enthusiasm, and the cold calculating interested indifference of the surrounding world. In her early youth, so often denominated the spring time of life, she discovered herself liable to anguish from incidents which struck not one chord in the hearts of her companions, and felt warm tears gush from her eyes, while the faces of others were distorted with laughter. The frown of the teacher would swell her young heart with sorrow, while others were laughing in their sleeves; and her busy affections would set value on a shady walk, or a fragrant bush, from which separation would be a matter of serious regret. She would mourn over a favourite brook which had been dried by the sun, or tree prostrated by the storm; and with feelings of pensiveness watch a flower withering from its stem, or the hues fading from a cloud. Her disposition was changeful like the light upon the plumage of the humming-bird—now her words and actions, the sparkle in her eye, and merry sweetness of her lip, betray the irrepressible cheerfulness of eccentric genius; and again, with her cheek on her hand, and moisture dimming her glance, she is silent, solitary, and doing poetic penance by suffering romantic pain. She has a thousand wishes which she cannot gratify, and a thousand affections which she cannot control. She is a singular combination of loftiness and humility—of severity and meekness—of beauty and modesty—of talent and simplicity—of pleasure and of pain.

◆

KEEP OUT OF THE KITCHEN.

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."—*Gray*.

"You are too inquisitive."—*Paul Pry*.

Vol. I.

"Curiosity caused the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise."—*Somebody else*.

In our college-days, we once strolled into the kitchen of the great hall, being "naturally curious" to learn how cooking was managed on a scale so extensive as to meet the wants of some two hundred students. It was a quarter of an hour before breakfast, and an enormous kettle, filled with coffee (as it was denominated,) hung gloomily over the fire. As its contents boiled and bubbled, we observed ever and anon some dark substance, evidently too large to be a grain of coffee, rising to the surface, and instantly ducking down, as if its deeds were evil. What was it? Of that very same liquid in fifteen minutes we were to partake; we were to persuade our palate that it was *bona fide* coffee, despite of all insinuations that it was made of poplar leaves and damaged rye. What could that mysterious black substance be? Was it a sturgeon, or a negro's head, or a stick of wood, or a stove-pipe? The question was one of great personal interest—curiosity took the alarm—our evil star had provided a cane—we plunged it in the boiling ocean before us, and raised to the fair light of the laughing morn, an OLD HAT. Heavens! what a discovery—even now we tremble at the horrid recollection.

In a few minutes we were in the breakfast hall, carrying the hat on the cane's point. There were our class-mates masticating, with all their might, the toughest bread in Christendom, and pouring down their devoted throats, cup after cup of that infernal beverage. [Reader, permit us to become *I* for a few minutes. WE sounds so outlandish in a dialogue.] I took my place next to my friend FRANK STANLY.

"FRANK, what are you drinking?"

"Coffee."

"Will you take your oath of that?"

"What the deuce do you mean?"

"I have been in the kitchen—I have made a terrible discovery—put down that cup, for mercy's sake!"

[Here the whole table caught the alarm—"speak out, speak out," re-sounded on all sides.]

"Fellow-Juniors, you fondly imagine that you have been drinking coffee—no such thing—you have been drinking *HAT-soup*—here is the *HAT* itself—[holding up the still reeking and horrid mass, which had been boiled into a polygon]—five minutes ago I fished this out of the coffee-kettle!"

That same Junior Class was composed of as many reckless dare-devils as were ever congregated under one roof—they cared nothing for thunder-claps, or stages in the process of being capsized—they had once set at defiance all the militia of—county; but this discovery was too much for them—every one was appalled, and they all left the room muttering execrations. That night the cook was tarred and feathered, and the keeper of the hall was burnt in effigy. I never took another cup of college coffee.—*N. York Courier.*

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

"We are but the venders of other men's goods."

Female Courage.—A remarkable instance of intrepidity was exhibited a few weeks ago, by a female, the only passenger inside the stage from Nassau to Peterborough, N. H. While passing through the town of Temple, the driver's seat gave way, and a person named Obadiah Perry, seated with the driver, was precipitated to the ground and killed. The horses instantly took fright, and being now without a driver, went forward with alarming speed. Miss Abigail Brown, the only passenger within the stage,

then spoke soothingly to the horses, with a view to check their progress, but with little effect. They ran a full mile, passing several persons upon the road, who were unable to arrest them. At length, on ascending a hill, having previously opened the door of the stage and made preparations to alight as soon as the horses might so abate their speed as to render the attempt safe, the lady exerted herself more than ever to check the horses by her voice: and watching a favourable moment, she vaulted from the coach door, sprung forward like a heroine, seized a part of the harness of the leaders, and turned and held them fast until assistance came to her relief.

Judicial Brevity.—An English paper gives the following report of the Recorder's speech, on the opening of the Leicestershire Court:—"Gentlemen of the Grand Jury—In looking over the calendar, I do not find any thing that calls for any observation from me, therefore, you may go about your work, as soon as you can." The late Judge Foster, of England, has left on record a similar example of brevity. A short time before his death he attended the Oxford Court on a day that was usually hot and sultry, and gave the following charge to the Grand Jury:—"Gentlemen—the weather is extremely hot; I am very old, and you are very well acquainted with what is your duty. I have no doubt but you will practice it."

A gentleman, relating one night, at a coffee-room in Oxford, that Dr. —, of Brazen Nose college, had put out his leg in crossing a kennel, five surgeons immediately set off for the doctor's apartments, but returned dismayed, saying no such thing had happened. "Why," replied the gentleman, "how can a man cross a kennel without putting out his leg."

Bower of Taste.

THE LEGENDARY.

THE second volume of this interesting annual, edited by N. P. Willis, Esq. and published by Mr. S. G. Goodrich, was on December 1st presented to the public; it is in our opinion decidedly superior in many respects to its predecessor. The poetry, with very few exceptions is honourable to the work, and the tales possess more originality of plot and circumstance, that we have remarked in many other recent publications of a similar character. The arduous and delicate task of selecting from the numerous compositions which were presented, has been accomplished by the editor in a manner creditable to his judgment; much praise is also due to the publisher for its typographical neatness.

The field of the grounded arms, by Fitz Greene Halleck, is the first poem in the book, and not unworthy of its place; it is replete with beautiful thought and exalted sentiment, yet notwithstanding these excellences, it wants the charm of rhyme to render it perfect; there are but few subjects which appear with dignity in the sober array of blank verse.

Lionel, by Robert Morris,—blank verse again, yet easy and harmonious with the exception of a few metrical defects, such as—

A shade came o'er the young boy's destiny,
He suddenly was an orphan and the world—

The following description of the "modera Cleopatra" is somewhat *original*.

"Adela
Threw back her glossy tresses. A bright brow
Lit by a gleam of moon light, lay above
Two flashing gems of vision. Her frail hand
Trembled beneath the star-light, as she cast
One finger like an icicle to heaven."

Why not *rais'd*? cast is too indefinite a term to be used in this sense. The author of *Lionel* has unquestionably a talent for poetry; but if he would condescend to tread the path which his *own* genius dictates, he would find himself more successful than in following the footsteps of others. The best *imitations* reflect less credit upon the poet than the humblest effort of native talent.

There is much strength and poetic beauty in the following lines:

"He forsook
The necromantic pageantry of dreams
For cold reality! the hollow world,
Drear as a desert burst upon his view.
He was alone in spirit—a frail barque
Tossed on misfortune's tempest."

Musings to Rosabelle, by Willis G. Clark. Chaste and beautiful poetry—had it been anonymous, we should have ascribed it to Percival.

Autumnal Musings, by George Lunt. We read this poem with the same pleasure which we experience on viewing a beautiful autumnal landscape from the pencil of a master.

The Hudson, by H. Pickering. We have devoted more time to the perusal of this poem than any other in the book—it occupies twice the number of pages. We may be too dull in our apprehension of the sublime and beautiful, to point out its peculiar charms; perhaps this is one—addressing the river he exclaims,

"Oh! would to heaven that thou
Wert still the same as when my infant eyes
Unconsciously upon thy waters gazed—
And I unaltered too! half that warm prayer,
Sighing, I well may breathe—"

Which means that the poet wishes himself still a baby, and from many parts of his poem we should think that his prayer had been answered.

Bennet's Bridge, a very appropriate companion for the *Hudson*—the following lines exhibit its most prominent beauties.

"The giddy depths, so steep and brown,
Where claret waters foam and play
A tinkling tune, then dance away!

Oft, with my oak leaf basket green,
On summer holidays serene,
Along your hill-sides have I strayed,
And on the ground all scarlet made,
Picked in full stems as low I kneeled,
Strawberries—rubies of the field!
Coming late home or in the blood,
Cooled the warm current of my blood,
While swam the *house dog* after me
With long red tongue lapt out in glee!"

Now this is pretty, very pretty—let the critics say what they will; it reminds us of the first poetry that we ever read, viz :

"Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmear'd and dyed,
And when the darksome night came on
They set them down and cried,"

As also,

"Old mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
To get the poor *dog* a bone," &c.

The Ice Mountain, by JAMES O. ROCKWELL. This young Parnassian adventurer discovers the germ of true poetic talent which beneath the genial sun of public patronage will doubtless expand into mature beauty. He possesses a vivid fancy and a strong conception of sublimity, which with cultivation, will secure his passport to fame.

The meeting of the old and new world, by Mrs. Sigourney. There is in this lady's poetry a strength of diction, a fervour of spirit, and a depth of feeling which we have never found equalled by any other female writer of our country. She is considered, both in the "old and new world" as a fixed *star* whose radiance envy has no power to dim. If Mrs. Sigourney occasionally descends from her high poetic sphere, it is always in the lighter excursions of fancy; all those subjects which have afforded her the power of exhibiting her energetic mind, original genius, and classical knowledge, have tended to establish her claims to the unfading laurel.

THE MEETING OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

She comes! she comes! with her white sails spread,
With her banners proudly streaming,
With a haughty brow and an eye of dread,
Through its darkened fringes beaming.

And who is she mid these island shades,
Unshieked from wrong or danger;
Who hastes from the depths of her forest glades
To welcome the stately stranger?

Her glance heeds not the gathering storm;
In its simple joy it blesses,
And the grasp of her hand is free and warm
As the wealth of her ebon tresses.

But the gold of her rivers shall turn to dust,
 E'er from history's scroll bath faded
 The deeds of that visitant's savage lust,
 Who thus her realm invaded.

Yes, many a pitying eye must weep
 O'er the old world's shameful story ;
 At the scourge which she raised on her sister's sleep,
 And the blood that stained her glory.

Idleness, by N. P. Willis. Idleness here apologises so gracefully for the introduction of blank verse that we are half inclined to take her into favour. The beauty of this poem consists in the familiar imagery, unaffected sentiment and the corresponding ease of its lines.

So much honest philanthropy breathes through the following lines—feelings so natural to a youthful heart unworped by prejudice, that we feel a pleasure in extracting them.

“ I love to go
 Out in the pleasant sun, and let my eye
 Rest on the human faces that pass by
 Each with its gay or busy interest ;
 And then I muse upon their lot, and read
 Many a lesson in their changeful cast,
 And so go kind of heart, as if the sight
 Of human beings were humanity.
 And I am better after it, and go
 More gratefully to my rest, and feel a love
 Stirring my heart for every living thing ;
 And my low prayer has more humility,
 And I sink lightlier to my dreams.”

* * * * *

“ The filmy mist,
 Lies like a silver lining on the sky.”

The above reminds us of a similar line of *Milton* in his ‘ *Comus*.’

“ Does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?”

The following lines are beautiful.

“ And I should love to go up to the sky,
 And course the heavens like stars, and float away
 Upon the gliding clouds that have no stay
 In their swift journey, and ’twould be a joy
 To walk the chambers of the deep and tread
 The pearls of its untrodden floor, and know
 The tribes of its unfathomable depths—
 Dwellers beneath the pressure of a sea !
 And I should love to issue on the wind
 On a strong errand, and o’ersweep the earth,
 With its broad continents and islands green,
 Like to the passing of a presence on—
 And this, ’tis true, were only idleness !”

The interview between Cleaveland and Mima, by Louisa P. Hickman. This young lady evinces much poetic talent and bids fair to rank high among the daughters of song. The poem is a good one, still we should have been better pleased had her own fancy suggested the subject as well as the poetry ; it is less laborious to cultivate native flowers in their own soil, than to endeavour to engraft them on a foreign stock. Some trifling inadvertences occur in the rhyme, such as “ meaning” with “ seeming,” but these errors are common with some of our best writers.

The Mother's grave, by William Grigg, M. D. None but those who are alike deaf to the eloquence of nature, and insensible to the beauties of pure poetry can read the Mother's grave without interest.

"There was a simple stone whereon was writ
A mother's grave. How eloquent those words!
They wafled me far back to other times,
When in the days of artless infancy
The silent stone had told my mother's name;
That tale seemed told again—though youth was past,
And the cold calmness of maturer years
Had lulled the pangs my early boyhood knew,
Yet in that tongueless marble lurked a spell
That wove around me memory's deathless joys.

The following is a beautiful idea :

"Each infant's hand was in the other clasped
A living crescent at their mother's grave!"

Doct. Grigg is an enthusiastic worshipper of the muses ; we wish he would oftener woo their inspiration.

The Poet's dream, anonymous. Fasciful and pretty.

Hope, by William Grigg, M. D. Possesses much poetic merit.

The burial at sea, by S. G. Goodrich. This is a favourite theme among the poets, yet we have never met with so touching a description of this melancholy scene, as is presented in the poem before us. We shall give it a place in our poetic pages.

Romance, (with the signature of NORMA.) The sweet lyrist of New York here strikes her harp with her usual grace and spirit ; we have often listened with pleasure to the echo of its dulcet tones.

Stanzas to the memory of John G. C. Brainard, a good and sensibly poem and highly creditable to the writer.

The prose articles of this volume we have not yet examined—they will be noticed next week.

TREMONT THEATRE.

Since the announcement of the "celebrated Parisian dancers" we have heard little else spoken of beside the splendid performances of the 'Vestris's.' They are certainly much superior to any that have yet appeared upon the Tremont boards ; they possess all that ethereal grace and lightness which poetry ascribes to celestial beings, and amid the blaze of lights and the magnificence of oriental scenery, the illusion is complete. On Thursday evening, to the above powerful attraction was added the vocal performances of Mr. and Mrs. Pearman in the opera of the *Barber of Seville*. On Friday night their benefit was honoured with a full and fashionable house.

To Correspondents.—We are grateful to Albert for his liberality and hope for its continuance ; we also thank Norval, J. O. R., G—n, and T. C. O. for their recent favours. We are happy to perceive that our editorial friends compliment our correspondents by

copying from our pages nearly all the communications with which we are favoured ; we hope this proof of their acceptability to the public will induce them to renew their offerings. We would suggest that the real name or signature of the author should accompany such compositions as are designed to be embellished with a print.

MARRIED

In this city, by the Rev. Mr. Bumstead, Mr. Robert Sylvester, of Hanover, N. H. to Miss Sarah Burgess, of this city.

By Rev. Mr. Parkman, Mr. Elbridge L. Ackerman, of Ipswich, to Miss Joanna P. eldest daughter of Phillip Adams, Esq. of this city.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE, is published by DUTTON and WENTWORTH, Nos. 1 and 4 Exchange-street, Boston—Who are authorised to transact all business relative to the printing and circulation of this Work.

All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor. All Letters must be post-paid.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

GLIMPSSES OF SHAKSPEARE.

Here, Treachery presents her poison'd bowl,
While filial love alternate mourns, and raves !
Here, maniac beauty pours her tender soul,
Wreck'd in the war of fates contending waves.

There, jealousy steals to the couch
Where innocence reposes,
The blast of death, is in his touch !
A viper twining amid roses.

See ! above, below, around,
Spirits that rise from the yawning ground
In dread array appear—
While pale remorse and trembling fear,
And wild despair that sheds no tear,
Gaze on each gaping wound !

See ! grasping avarice—see heartless pride—
And black ingratitude demoniac form,
See, houseless age without one friend to guide
His steps, or shield him from the storm—
But mark—amid the closing scene,
Virtue, and truth of heavenly mien,
Relume with joy the fathers eye
And win the crown from rojalty.

AUGUSTA.

TO HELEN.

Helen—farewell ! thy spell is o'er, •
The charm which bound, now binds no more
My heart, thy chilling scorn hath riven,
And from thy shrine its votary driven.

Lady adieu ! 'tis winter now—
Cold as the gloom that shades thy brow,
The hollow blasts that round me sigh,
Remind me of loves broken ties.

Helen—to thy bright smile, farewell !
Never shall babbling echo tell
That I have loved—and thou hast scorned—
That thou hast triumphed—I have mourn'd.

Lady—my *friendship* still is thine—
 All other claims I now resign,
 I still can wish thee joy and peace,
 Although with me these blessings cease.

COLUMBIA.

From the *Legendary*.

BURIAL AT SEA.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

The shore hath blent with the distant skies,
 O'er the bend of the crested seas,
 And the gallant ship in her pathway flies,
 On the sweep of the freshen'd breeze.

Oh! swift be thy flight, for a dying crest,
 Thou bearest o'er the billow,
 And she fondly sigh's in her own blue west,
 To find a peaceful pillow.

'Tis vain for her pulse is silent now,
 Her lip hath lost its breath,
 And a strange sad beauty of the brow
 Speaks the cold stroke of death.

The ship heaves to, and the funeral rite
 O'er the lovely form is said,
 And the rough man's cheek with tears is bright,
 As he lowers the gentle dead.

The corse floats down alone — alone
 To its dark and dreary grave,
 And the soul on a lightened wing hath flown
 To the world beyond the wave.

'Tis a fearful thing in the sea to sleep,
 Alone in a silent bed,
 'Tis a fearful thing on the shoreless deep
 Of a spirit world to tread.

But the sea hath rest in its twilight caves
 To the weary pilgrim given,
 And the soul is blest on the peaceful waves,
 Of the star-lit deep of heaven!

* * * * *

The ship again o'er the wide blue surge
 Like a winged arrow flies—
 And the man of the sea is the only dirge,
 Where the lonely sleeper lies.



“ With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
 “ We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,”—PAINK.
 The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
 From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....DEC. 13, 1828. No. 50.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.....NO. IX.

“ WE HOLD THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.”

THE FRUITS OF AMBITION.

Fool that I was, to spurn a priceless gem
 That would have honour'd e'en a monarch's crown,
 For the vile trash which chuckling avarice boards,
 To buy himself a name!

“ We are all born but we a'nt buried,” said the silly cook, as she gave a poor wanderer some remnants from the pantry, “ there's no knowing what we may come to.”

“ No knowing, truly,” exclaimed my good aunt Katy, as the moralizing cook closed the hall door upon the object of her bounty, who as he passed the window where we were standing, looked up with that rayless eye that spoke the wreck of intellect; still he appeared not unconscious of his degraded situation, for a slight blush crossed his cheek as he endeavoured to conceal beneath his tattered cloak the humble pittance which he had just claimed. “ 'Tis a melancholy picture,” said aunt Katy, “ but a useful one—it shows us the uncertainty of all earthly enjoyments, also, by how slight a tenure we hold the blessings of reason, which is too often dethroned by the indulgence of those

passions and vices which are alike degrading to human nature, and destructive to health and happiness.”

“ But do you *know* this poor man, my dear aunt?” enquired I. “ Yes,” replied she—

“ I knew him once in happier days, when joy beamed o'er each feature, and th' admiring world Denied him not the early wreath of fame!”

Excuse this poetic plight, Anna, and I will relate to you some circumstances which are connected with his fate, that will interest you. Mrs. Norwood was the affluent widow of a respectable merchant in Rhode Island: her family consisted of two sons and one daughter, in whom all her pride was concentrated. At this period of my story they were in the full enjoyment of all those blessings which wealth, family, education, and talents can confer. The sons had left college with honorable testimonials of their

claims to literary distinction, and the daughter was proficient in all the fashionable accomplishments of elegant life. It short, as might be expected, they were caressed and flattered in society, and from the high estimation in which they were held, the ambitious mother believed that there were but very few families worthy of being connected with hers. The united attractions of beauty, talents, and wealth, had certainly drawn around the youthful Elizabeth a crowd of admirers, all of whom were successively on application to her mother, rather unceremoniously rejected, until a gentleman many years her senior, but of elegant person and manners aided by the consideration of a large fortune, and a recent appointment to a consulship in one of the West India islands, succeeded in winning the fair heiress. Finally, though much was said by the lady mother about the misery of parting—she thought it proper to exert a becoming fortitude on the occasion, and as the splendid chariot of the consul drove up, which was to convey the young bride from the sanctuary of home, the tear of affection could not conceal the triumph which sparkled in the eye of the mother as she placed her daughter's hand in that of her accomplished husband, who assured her that he would improve every opportunity of revisiting her that his situation would allow him.

The drawing rooms of the speculating widow were after the departure of her daughter, soon again thrown open to promote the festivities of a similar occasion; her eldest son Henry, who preferred the active business of the counting room to the intellectual labours of the study, had now established himself as a merchant, and was shortly to be married to a lady who was his relation and equal in point of fortune with himself. Joseph, the youngest, was the secret darling of

his mother's heart, and for him she looked forward to even a higher destiny in future life, than would probably await either of her other children. He was engaged in the study of the law, and gave strong evidence of rising in that profession. Although possessed of superior talents and an affectionate heart which disposed him to the quiet enjoyments and the social pleasures of the domestic circle, still that heart remained untouched by the fascinating wand of beauty, and he would often playfully declare among his fair friends that he stood in a crowd of lovely and fashionable women like a boy in a flower garden, so entranced by their *varity* and *beauty* that he knew not which to choose. One evening just as the throng of the young and gay were assembling round the card-tables of the widow, a stage coach drove up, from which a respectable looking old gentleman handed a young girl, who modestly enquired for Mrs. Norwood. On her appearance, the gentleman said, "Madam, I was requested by the mother of this young lady, who resides in Boston, to attend her to your house; her father, Major West, was I believe, a connexion of yours." "He was," said Mrs. Norwood with much suavity, "and I shall be most happy in having it in my power to acknowledge to his daughter the respect and friendship which I once felt for him." A grateful tear started into the eye of the young orphan as she took a letter from her bosom and gave it to Mrs. Norwood, and turning to the old gentleman she thanked him for his attention, who bade her an affectionate farewell and departed. The widow hastily ran over the letter—it was from Mrs. West, briefly detailing that the poverty of her circumstances would not allow her any longer to give her daughter a home, as her furniture had been seized for debts incurred since the death of

her husband, and she was now obliged to resign the house which she occupied from inability to pay the rent; her son, a year younger than the girl, she had placed in a store, but for her daughter, she could procure no situation, but such an one as she feared would subject her to the sneers of the world.— Rather than do this, she concluded to accept an invitation which her late husband's brother had given her daughter to pass the winter in his family. Captain Brown was an honest thriving farmer, and lived about sixteen miles from the residence of Mrs. Norwood in a small obscure village, though his farm seemed almost in the very heart of a rude and rocky forest, so peculiar to the wilds of Rhode Island. Still it was in a state of high cultivation; his house was also neat and comfortable and full of lively and industrious girls and boys, among whom Mrs. Brown bustled with much housewife importance, lending a helping hand in every family concern. It was among these people that Mrs. West was about to place her daughter for the winter; but anxious to promote her happiness as much as possible, she determined first to introduce her to her affluent relatives, hoping thereby that the gloom of her retirement might perhaps sometimes be cheered by their friendly visits—a wish most natural to the heart of a mother. Notwithstanding her joy at the above related favourable reception, the timid Charlotte blushed as the gallant Joseph took her hand to introduce her to the gay party in the drawing room. But my dear, said aunt Martha, I will tell you the rest of this story to-morrow.

To be concluded in our next.

The lustre that belongs to virtue every man must acquire by his own unwearied exertions, as this celebrity cannot be augmented by the influence of friends.

Saturday Evening.

[BY A LADY.]

View the Christian as taught by religion to subdue the baneful passions of our nature, which are ever springing sources of wretchedness, within our own bosoms. Instead of suffering the serpent revenge to twine around his heart, and nourish itself in the misery of another, he has learned, when he is reviled, to bless; when he is defamed, to suffer. A happy man is he! for in proportion as he yields to the influence of the principles he has embraced, his soul is in harmony with itself, in harmony with all around him, in harmony with the governing principles of the universe. It is like a well tuned instrument—whatever key is struck it responds melodious notes.

Follow the Christian further, as he enters the dark valley of the shadow of death. Here nature instinctively recoils. But religion takes away the sting of death, and despoils the grave of its victory.— True, the proud precepts of philosophy might have enabled him to meet it with feigned composure, but it is divine religion, alone, which can in reality be the strength of his heart, when heart and flesh fail; when the silver cord is loosed, and the golden pitcher broken, and the fringed soul, finding that the frail edifice is crumbling, looks out for refuge; if a dark uncertainty hang over its future destiny, it cannot but recoil in agony and horror.

Blessed Religion! light of the world, sole hope of a ruined race; renovating principle, which restores life and beauty where all was corruption and deformity! extend thy benign reign—let thy hopes be embraced, and thy benefits diffused.

THE VILLAGE BLUE.

I was spending a few of the summer months, with an uncle who resides

in a pleasant little village of the west. It is just such a retreat, as a man would choose after having been stunned by the noise, perplexed with the cares, and disgusted by the frivolities of the city. The little hamlet is overlooked by a hill whose gentle slope is decked with the freshest verdure, and besprinkled with the most beautiful and odoriferous wild flowers, I ever saw. It is just on such a slope the fairy queen would love to dance by moonlight, and of such flowerets she would pluck to form her scented coronet. So I thought for a few days, and deemed, I should never be tired of standing upon the hill, and looking upon the little white cottages, and fixing my eyes upon every pretty face which might chance to present itself, at door or window. I soon however grew tired of this, and longed for a little sociable society. My uncle is a man of few ideas, and fewer words; it is true, the few he does utter, atone for their matter, by their manner, being enunciated in as serious a fashion, as a judge's charge to the "gentlemen of the jury," on a trial for murder. But sinner that I am, my uncle's eloquence soon tired me, and I was completely *ennuye*. Unlike most bachelor establishments, there was not a pretty girl in the house; so there were no hopes of getting up a decent flirtation. The village lasses were pretty, but their country education had never taught them the grand principle of the city, "stand still and be admired." If I but looked at them, they fled like frightened deer. It was in this comfortable state of mind, when we catch at the slightest idea of amusement, with the same eagerness, as a drowning man does at a straw, that my uncle, one morning announced to me, that for my sake he had resolved to break through his usual habits of retirement, and pay a few visits, for the purpose of introducing

me, to the lions of the village. The poor wretch who has been left behind in the desert by the caravan, and perceives indubitable signs that the simoon is about to arise, never felt greater joy on hearing the tinkle of the camel's bell, which told deliverance near, than I did on my uncle's solemn announcement of his determination. I accompanied him—was introduced to several sober old folks, and sundry awkward masters and misses. I was talking to one of the latter and admiring the musical variety, which she threw into her interjectional Oh, las! for the lady was a singer, when Miss Amarantha Emmelina Mary Wortly Montague—Dash! was announced. A prodigious sensation, which was apparent on every visage, told me that this must be some "inexpressive she" of the village. She entered, "rather pretty," thought I, "and devilish impertinent too," for she, with an air of finished nonchalance, threw herself into a chair, from which the mistress of the house had arisen. She had a pair of remarkably active dark eyes, which roved about the room, in scornful examination of its inmates, at last her ladyship fixed upon me, and let it not be told in Broadway, she absolutely stared till I blushed!—I was introduced, the lady slightly nodded with a most sovereign and condescending air, but word spake none. A dead silence pervaded the room: at length she spoke. Good Heavens! the powers of forty French chambermaids seemed to be concentrated in her tongue. She spoke of Lord Byron, and of steam, of Astronomy, and Tom Moore, of Chemistry, Botany, Phrenology, Conchology, Chronology, and all the ologies; this was too much, so I hastily made my apology, and withdrew.

I had had a specimen quantum sufficit. I hurried away from the village, and am determined never to

return thither, unless I should become deaf, or that woman should, (which is very likely,) talk herself dead.—*Opera Glass.*

THE SEPULCHRE.

The hand of death seemed to press heavily upon her,
Indeed so very cold and marbled were her looks,

That men at once pronounced her dead,
And straightway bore her to the sepulchre.
But alas!

It was Sabbath eve: and the last chime of the vesper bell died upon the wind, as stealing away from the suburbs of the city, I strayed to a country grave-yard. All nature was solemn, and at peace around me: the heavens appeared to be gradually drawing nearer and nearer to the earth; and the declining sun, pouring his rays of mellow light, like streams of liquid gold along the horizon, gilded up the tops of the far off mountains, in strangely striking contrast with the dense black clouds that hung in mid air above them, like huge festoons of mourning drapery. The birds had already flown to their nests; the very air was motionless: and nought could be heard, save now and then the quick rumbling of some passing vehicle, or the fainter and more solitary pace-pace of the pedestrian.

Feelings, which naturally arise from visiting the graves of departed beings, are generally unpleasant, if not painful in the extreme; and it is on this account, perhaps, that those "hallowed precincts" are more frequently avoided than sought after by the gay and giddy of the world. But it is not so with me. No! I have witnessed too much of the chequered scenery of life, have drank too deeply from the mingled cup of human existence; and although in youth I clung with avidity to the mansions of the living, and loved to hang around the busy haunts of men, now, in later days, I cling with greater earnestness to the mansions of the inanimate, and

love to hang around the silent haunts of the dead!

And yet the loneliness of the place, the standing pause in the elements, and dark and dreadful vacancy that on this occasion seemed to dwell on every mound of earth and stone about me, came over my soul with emotions of deeper pain than pleasure: while each rude sculptured epitaph that caught my wandering eye, brought forth a flood of thought more sad and melancholy than I had ever felt before; and I could not refrain from exclaiming, as I sat myself down by the side of a small white tomb, near which the earth had been newly turned up; here! here are the gloomy caverns of the dead! Here either sex, and every age and condition, meet in one common doom! Here youth and beauty, old age and deformity, tyrant and slave, and friend and foe, are prostrated together! Here they lay—speechless, inanimate, forgotten—side by side in one promiscuous mass of equality—mouldering away by piecemeal, commingling each his dust with the other; and these frail, decaying stones are their only monuments! Here! I was continuing, when a low, tremulous, voice-like sound broke upon my ear. I listened in breathless silence—the sound was repeated a second time; and again I arose, and again I looked around, but in vain, no one could be seen; the sound was repeated a third time, and a fourth, and a fifth time, and so onward, seemingly becoming, at each successive interval, more and more shrill and audible. What could it mean? From whom, or from whence could it come? It might be the inarticulate cry of some one at a distance, struggling in distress, perhaps in the anguish of despair, perhaps in the horrors of death itself! or it might be the spirit of some being already departed, and upon whose narrow resting place I

then stood, admonishing me to unhal- low the sacred spot no longer with my presence; or warning me that I too must soon throw off "this mortal coil," and freed from the cares and miseries of life, sink down to the grave, "and there lay, and moulder and crumble away," like the myriads that had preceded me; or it might be, alas! I knew not what, and I was lost in conjecture. At length a thought struck me. It entered like iron into my soul, and I would have quelled it, but could not; and gracious heavens! I exclaimed, is it possible! some poor, unfortunate wretch must be entombed *alive* beneath me!

Shuddering as I spoke, I held my head to the grave. I distinctly heard a human groan, and never did a groan sound like this. Feeble, half smothered, slow and quick starts, yet deep, hollow, and full of agony, it seemed from the inmost soul, and more dismaying than the last gasp of the dying.

Half incredulous, I again held my head to the grave; and again I heard a human groan, and still I listened on, until, almost frantic with what I heard, I sprang upon my feet, and seizing a broken piece of tomb-stone, began to tear up the earth beneath me.

The sun had already sunk in the west, and the low moaning of the winds, that now rose and fell at intervals, gave fearful forebodings of a coming storm.

I continued tearing up the earth, and casting it aside; at length I came to a trap door. This at once stopped my progress, and would probably have ended my labour, (for the many bolts and bars, that held it fast, appeared framed of materials too firm and massive to be removed by the arm of a single man,) but a secret something told me not to despair, and exerting greater strength by far than ever I had thought myself possessed of, I finally forced it

open. The moon now shot from the clouds in all her splendour, and threw her fullest light into the tomb; when, gracious heavens! what did I behold? a female! a young, helpless, nearly lifeless female! partially wrapt up in her winding sheet, and half sitting, half reclining upon an oaken coffin! Her disbevelled hair curled lightly upon her shoulders; her eyes stood, glazed, vacant, and fixed in their sockets; her cheeks were wan and haggard; her left arm hung listless by her side, and too plainly showed, by the many cruel marks and lacerations to its very bone, that her own flesh had been her only sustenance for many days! while each pale drop of blood, that trickled down her clotted death-gown, served but to increase her pain and weakness.

After looking steadfastly upon me for several minutes, a slight hectic colour flushed across her visage, a faint smile hung upon her lips, her eyes beamed with seeming gratitude, as if she would have said,

"Oh! thou hast come to my deliverance."

And slowly raising herself up, she pushed away the rubbish from beneath her feet, and tottering towards the steps of the tomb, began with difficulty to ascend them. She had nearly attained the top, when she suddenly stopped, apparently overcome with exertion, and leaning against the wall, endeavoured to articulate something, but her voice faltered—then stretching out her hand as if to crave my assistance, she sighed.

Until this moment I had remained motionless upon the verge of the cemetery, gazing at the young and suffering being below me, as an image of distress in some vain picture that my fancy had been sketching, or some floating dream, that was soon to pass away, and be remembered no more. But the sound of her voice told me it was no illus-

ion. I could deceive myself no longer; my mind was wrought up to the most intense anxiety. I seized her hand. It was her left hand; and the wounds and gore upon it chilled me through, and compelled me unconsciously to relinquish my grasp. In an instant all her remaining strength forsook her; the fevered glow fled from her cheeks; her eyes rolled in terrific wildness, and uttering a loud and fearful scream, she fell backward. Her head struck upon the coffin, that a few minutes before had been her resting place; the blood gushed from her mouth and nostrils; she gave a single convulsion, closed her eyes, and expired.

Terrified, I sprang headlong to her rescue. I clasped her in my arms, and struggled to raise her up to the air; but the powerful workings of my own bosom had unstrung my nerves, and my poor limbs refused their office. I placed my hand upon her heart; it had ceased to beat. I looked upon her face; all was mild and tranquil there. I spoke to her; she replied not: my mind was on the rack. I begged of her to answer me; but it was too late; the vital spark had fled forever.

The moon now concealed herself; the lightnings flashed athwart the heavens; the winds howled in horrid, mad confusion; and together with the rain, that fell in torrents added new horrors to my situation. What to do I knew not; for a long time I stood confounded. At length the sound of approaching footsteps roused me from my lethargy; and groping my way over fragments of human bones and vestments, I rushed from the sepulchre, and hurried homeward, disheartened beyond all expression to think, that with more self-possession I might have saved the life of a human being!

THE RECLUSE.

N. Y. Mirror.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Naples.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

"I had a most interesting day yesterday, wandering over the ruins of Pompeii. Besides the emotions that must arise in the mind of any traveller on visiting such a scene as this, I, as an artist, found amongst the various remnants of this once beautiful city (beautiful even in ruins,) many objects of most peculiar interest. You know that the best paintings discovered on the walls, are removed to the museum at Portici, where access is easy, and where they may be examined at leisure, but the workmen are still going on with their arduous labour of removing the dirt and ashes from the town, and every week leads to some new discovery. Yesterday we saw a painted wall, from which the rubbish was but half removed, and the effect that it has on the mind is indescribable. Graceful and beautifully painted figures, in all the freshness of their first state, are seen emerging from a bed, where they have lain for ages hidden and unknown. Here are shops which furnish the necessaries of life, theatres for amusement; temples for the worship of the gods, villas and noblemen's houses, with all the contrivances for luxury, gradually produced from amongst the ruins, and displaying the awful spectacle of a town suddenly arrested in all the business and bustle of worldly occupations; and it is the more awful because many of the paintings and works discovered, both here and at Herculaneum, display a moral degradation which cannot be contemplated without pain. Here Cicero spent much of his time, and here the philosophers discoursed on the beauty of virtue. There is really something so beautiful in the structure of the temples, so elegant and graceful are all the buildings, and all the various ornaments of the

houses, that a mind, delighted with the contemplation of innocence, might easily persuade itself, that here she held her throne, and distributed her favours; and that here a race of beings dwelt, who were refined and pure.

"I have been down into the only remaining part of Herculaneum. The excavations, you know, are all filled up for fear of undermining the town and palace of Portici, which is built on the bed of lava that covers the ancient city. You are led through a good many dark passages (carrying lights in your hands,) which they make out to be a theatre, but there is little to be seen; and the cold and damp of the place, with the hissing noise of scorpions around you, diminish a good deal of the pleasure of the visit. Were this the only remnant of a buried town to be seen, we should look at it with more interest, but Pompeii has all the charms of daylight and of beauty. Here we can wander far and linger long. We know Herculaneum is buried in lava, but we see Pompeii opened up again to our view; we can stand on the same pavement on which the ancients stood, and look around over the same delicious scene, which excited their admiration and inspired their songs.



ESSAY ON PRIDE.

THERE is a kind of pride frequently found amongst persons of very weak minds which seems calculated more to excite mirth in the observers of its operations than to do any harm. It may be called personal pride, because the persons infected with it imagine that a sort of court and respect is due to them without being able to assign any reason why, and without any reason being at all obvious to others. Such persons will take every possible opportunity of telling of their good qualities, lest

they should not be observed: will tell what great company they have been in, and how they were noticed, and, what seems the very acme of vanity, although all who are acquainted with them must know they have to earn their bread by their industry, they feel a great objection to perform even an office of civility in the presence of a witness lest it should be thought a degradation to know how to do any thing of the kind. Such persons, whilst they are universally laughed at are also much to be pitied, because it is evident that, if we laugh at a person for his follies, that person does not stand high in our esteem.

There may be such a thing as pride which is laudable; such as would never allow a man to stoop to a mean action, or to succumb, for interest sake, to men or to measures. A man whose actions have arisen from motives of uprightness, and from a desire to do particular or general good, has something to be proud of. If he have been successful in his endeavours, he may glory in their result; if not, he may congratulate himself upon his motives being good, and that, whether the world allow him his mede of praise or not, praise is due to him. But that description of pride is totally inoffensive. It does not teach a man to carry himself with unbecoming dignity towards others, or to imagine that there is any thing about him more than about other men to require their respect. His demeanor is mild and affable; his very pride adds to the amiability of his character, for it arises from a consciousness of having acted right.

When we commenced this essay, we intended to illustrate several points connected with the subject, upon which we have not yet touched; but, having already exceeded our prescribed limits, we shall take some other opportunity of reverting

to them, and conclude with the aspiration of Robert Burns :

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,
To see ourse's as ithers see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion,
What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e us,
And ev' a' devotion!"

From the *Legendary*.

THE MURDERER'S GRAVE.

A few hundred yards from the small stream which, known by the whites under the appellation of 'Line Creek,' divides the territory of the Muscogees or Creek confederacy from the state of Alabama, stands, or rather stood, a ruined cottage of logs. Travelling through the wilderness several years ago, I passed this desolate spot. The walls, blackened by the smoke of many fires and in part already decayed, stood tottering to their fall; the roof was entirely gone; a part only of the chimney was left, built in the custom of that country, of split sticks, and thickly plastered on the inside with mud. The fences had fallen around a small field which showed traces of former cultivation, and was fast filling up with briars, plum bushes, and sedge grass, where the still evident marks of the hoe and the corn field gave proof that human beings had once found there a home. The mists of night were closing around us, the dark magnolia forest which frowned on the secluded spot, and the thick and gloomy swamp of the Line Creek, which stretched its unhealthful morass almost to the door, gave to the whole scene the stillness and horror of death. Although habituated during a journey of many days to the solitude and gloom of the wilderness, I was struck with the peculiarly lugubrious aspect of the scene, and with an undefinable feeling of melancholy. I stopped my horse to survey it more at leisure. My companion who had rid-

den a few yards in advance, not hearing the accustomed sound of my horse's tramp, turned his head to learn the cause of my lingering, and rode back to the spot where I had halted.

"Here," said he, "is Riley's grave. Remark that small mound of earth resembling the heap of soil accumulated from a fallen tree, and which is, in truth, the effect of the trunk to which those decaying pink-nots once belonged, there the murderer fell, and there he lies buried."

Not being so familiar with the legends of this wild region as to remember the story of the man whose crimes and death had given a name to this lonely scene of desolation, I inquired into his history, and listened with deep and silent interest to a tale of revenge and remorse, strongly illustrative of the aboriginal character.

Barney Riley, as he was termed by the whites—his Indian appellation is now forgotten—was a petty chieftain belonging to the confederacy of the Upper Creeks. Being a "half breed," and, like most of the mixed race, more intelligent than the full blooded Indians, he acquired a strong influence among his native tribe. Regarding the people of his father allied to him in blood and friendship, he took very early a decided part in favour of the United States in the dissension among the Creek nation, and, after the breaking out of the war in 1812, joined the American forces with his small band of warriors. Brave and hardy, accustomed to confront danger and conquer difficulties, he led his men to battle, and in many instances proved by his activity of material service to the army. His gallantry and abilities attracted the notice of the commander in chief, and Riley's name was coupled with applause in many of the despatches during the campaign. On the restoration of peace, he returned to

his people honoured with the thanks of his "Great Father," and sat down to cultivate his fields and pursue the chase as in times gone by. Although distinguished in war and in council, he was still young, and devoted himself to his *one* wife, a lovely Indian girl, he seemed contented and happy.

About this time the restoration of tranquillity, and the opening of the rich lands had just ceded to the United States on the upper waters of the Alabama, began to attract numerous emigrants from the Atlantic settlements, and the military road was soon thronged with caravans hastening to these fertile countries at the west. The country from the Oakmulgee to the settlements on the Mississippi, was still one howling wilderness, and many discontented spirits among the conquered tribes still meditated a hostile stroke against their white oppressors. Travelling was of course hazardous and insecure, and persons who were not able to associate in parties strong enough for mutual defence, were fain to procure the guidance and protection of some well known warrior or chief, whose name and presence might ensure a safe passage through those troubled countries.

Of this class was L——. I knew him formerly and had heard some remote allusion to his fate. Though his misfortunes and embarrassments had driven him to seek a distant asylum, a warmer heart beat not in a human bosom. Frank and manly, open to kindness and prompt to meet friendship, he was loved by all who knew him, and "eyes unused to weep" glistened in bidding "God speed!" to their old associate.—L—— had been a companion in arms with Riley, and knew his sagacity, his courage and fidelity. Under his direction he led his small family of slaves towards the spot which he had fixed for his future

home, and traversed the wild and dangerous path in safety and peace. Like most men of his eager and sanguine temperament, L—— was easily excited to anger, and though ready to atone for the injury done in the warmth of feeling, did not always controul his passions before they out-burst. Some slight cause of altercation produced a quarrel with his guide, and a blow from the hand of L——, was treasured up by Riley, with deep threats of vengeance. On the banks of yonder creek he watched his time, and the bullet too truly aimed, closed the career of one who little dreamed of death at the moment. His slaves, terrified at the death of their master, fled in various directions and carried the news of his murder to the nearest settlement.

The story of L——'s unhappy end soon reached his family, and his nearest relatives took immediate measures to bring the murderer to justice. Riley knew that punishment would speedily follow his crime, but took no steps to evade or prevent his doom. The laws of retaliation among his countrymen are severe but simple—"blood for blood"—and he "might run who read them." On the first notice of a demand, he boldly avowed his deed, and gave himself up for trial. No thought seemed to enter his mind of denial or escape. A deep and settled remorse had possessed his thoughts, and influenced his conduct. He had no wish to shun the retribution which he knew was required. When his judges were assembled in the council at the public square, he stood up and addressed them.

"Fathers!" said he, "I have killed my brother—my friend. He struck me and I slew him. That honour which forbade me to suffer a blow without inflicting vengeance, forbids me to deny the deed or to attempt to escape the punishment

you may decree. Fathers! I have no wish to live. My life is forfeited to your law, and I offer it as the sole return for the life I have taken. All I ask for is to die a warrior's death. Let me not die the death of a dog, but boldly confront it like a brave man who fears it not. I have braved death in battle. I do not fear it. I shall not shrink from it now. Fathers! bury me where I fall, and let no one mourn for the man who murdered his friend. He had fought by my side—he trusted me. I loved him, and had sworn to protect him.

Arrayed in his splendid dress of ceremony, he walked slowly and gravely to the place of execution, chanting in a steady voice his death song, and recounting his deeds of prowess. Seating himself in front of the assembled tribe upon yonder fallen tree, and facing the declining sun, he opened the ruffle of his embroidered shirt, and, crossing his hands upon his breast, gave with his own voice the signal of death, unmoved and unappalled. Six balls passed through both his hands and his bosom, and he fell backwards so composedly as not to lift his feet from the grass on which they rested. He was buried where he fell, and that small mound marks the scene of his punishment; that hillock is the murderer's grave; that hovel, whose ruins now mark the spot, was erected for his widow, who lingered a few seasons in sorrow, supporting a wretched existence by cultivating yonder little field. She was never seen to smile or to mingle with her tribe; she held no more intercourse with her fellows than was unavoidable and accidental, and now sleeps by the side of her husband. The Indian shuns the spot, for he deems that the spirit of the murderer inhabits it. The traveller views the scene with curiosity and horror, on account of its story, and, pausing for

a few moments to survey this lonely and desolate glade, hastens on to more cheerful and happy regions. With this short narrative we put spurs to our horses, and hurrying along the road, in a few moments found ourselves beyond the gloomy and tangled forests of the creek.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

"We are but the vendors of other men's goods."

Greek Children.—Dr. Walsh met companies of soldiers who were returning from Greece. Some of them had horses, with baskets on each side filled with Greek boys and girls, from three or four to nine or ten years old, whom they had carried off as plunder, and were bringing to the slave market of Constantinople to sell. The unfortunate beings resembled lambs in a market cart. The poor creatures seemed delighted with riding, and were unconscionable of the fate that awaited them.

Symptoms of short-sightedness.—It is evidence of short-sightedness when a man rubs out with his nose what he has written with his pen. So, too, when a young lady at her needle-work pierces the end of her nose with her needle, the presumption is strong that she is short-sighted. But when a young gentleman, "with spectacles on nose," stumbles over a post, or runs against a person whom he cannot recognize without removing his glasses, his short-sightedness may be well questioned.

Counsellor Lamb, an old man, at the time the late Lord Erskine was in the height of his reputation, was a man of timid manners and nervous disposition, and usually pre-faced his pleadings with an apology to that effect; and on one occasion, when opposed to Erskine, he happened to remark that "he felt himself growing more and more timid

as he grew older." "No wonder," replied the witty, but relentless barrister, "every one knows the older a lamb grows the more sheepish he becomes."

Doct. Nathaniel Low has been appointed Postmaster at Portland.

Bower of Taste.

THE LEGENDARY.

WE have just finished a perusal of the prose department of this interesting volume which has afforded us much pleasure, and we now take the liberty of expressing our opinion thereof, believing that a fair recognition of such beauties or defects as we may discover will be more acceptable, not only to the respective authors, but also to our candid readers, than those indiscriminate daubings of unqualified flattery, which like the gilding of a nauseous pill, may cheat the patient for a moment, by concealing its properties, but cannot effectually prevent the sickening influence of the dose.

Such 'literary notices' as contain little besides 'pretty,' 'beautiful,' and 'excellent' with a corresponding comment occasionally thrown in, may be easily lavished upon every literary debutant who chooses to make his bow in the charmed circle; they cost but little labour, and are certainly a cheap and convenient substitute for a solid criticism. But what do they prove? nothing in favour of the book! Yet one fact is most clearly demonstrated—they prove that the reviewer is either unqualified to judge of the works that are submitted to his inspection, or (which is more probably the case) he withholds a public expression of his opinion from a certain mischievous fastidiousness that sees indelicacy in honest truth, and is most particularly tender of the feelings of "poor authors" abjuring the custom of "cutting up books," and all for fear of forfeiting that most enviable character of "being all things to all men."

Although we have no ambition to rank as a critic, we shall never assume any disguise in our editorial department. In compliment to those who may favour us with books, and to please ourselves, we shall always read, and speak of such works as come within the limits of our comprehension, according to our best judgment, and consider it our province so to do. We know that to analyze the contents of a book, and decide upon its merits, is termed 'criticism,' and admits of no other name; yet if this be a sin, we must plead guilty in very many instances—yet

are willing "that each offence should bear its comment."

The first prose article in the LEGENDARY is *The stepmother*. The story is told in a natural and easy style, though there is nothing very strikingly impressive, either in the plot or incidents, yet the characters are well drawn, and well supported—particularly that of Lucius. There are, however, some colloquial prolixities which might be omitted or abridged without detriment to the story, which is much too long for a work of this character.

The murderer's grave. Mr. or Miss anonymous who is a very liberal contributor to the pages of the *Legendary*, here presents us with the story of an Indian chief, whose brave and noble character awakens so strong an interest that we cannot but regret his melancholy fate. The Indian character is strikingly portrayed in his address to the judges by whom he was condemned to die.

Leaves of a Colleger's album, by N. P. Willis. This is a perfect gallery of portraits, expressive, speaking pictures; there is a dramatic boldness in these sketches of Mr. Willis which enables us to behold at once, both the person and character of the speaker. The steam boat excursion is a most humorous affair; we recommend this story as an infallible charm against the "blues" (not ladies) in a rainy day.

The camp-meeting. We have been more interested in this story than any other in the book. The character of the enthusiastic Methodist, and the powerful struggle between his devotional feelings, and those excited by a beautiful "earthly object," exhibit at once the author's knowledge of the human heart, as also the peculiar traits which distinguish people of that profession. Who ever has attended a camp-meeting, will find in the commencement of the tale, a most perfect description of the scene; the effect too of the preacher's eloquence upon an audience drawn around him by curiosity as well as religious enthusiasm, is ably described by the strong, though transient impression which his energetic language made upon the mind, the vain beauty is illustrative of many other similar cases, where the power of oratory has proved stronger than the convictions of truth; the consequence of which is, that the impression, however deep at first, soon becomes obliterated.

The school master, anonymous, again. We think he must be a younger brother to the author of the foregoing; we do not like him much although he talks latin, and is proud of the beauties of his native country. He skips about from lake to mountain, and from field to fountain with the caprice of a transient school boy, pan-

sing sometimes to declaim upon the beauty or sublimity of the scene, and at others, to sit by a murmuring waterfall, or muse within a deserted cabin.

Tales of the sea, by Samuel Hassard.—Another long story; those who are pleased with the adventures of the sea, will perhaps discover in it many beauties that are not obvious to us. We should think that the 'Storm at Sea' might be a faithful picture of that scene of horror and despair, where there appears,

"No arm to rescue, and no barque to save!"

There is a delicacy and tenderness in the character of Mary Douglas, and a frankness and generosity in that of her lover, which cannot fail of interesting the reader; there are interspersed through this story, many fine touches of sentiment, and many beautiful descriptions of scenery which do honour both to the heart and fancy of the writer. Its happy termination is also much in its favour; we dislike stories that consign the whole dramatic personæ to death and destruction.

The Witch, anonymous. An amusing, but rather improbable story, if meant to be believed.

Siege of Soltau, anonymous. Rather a heavy production, perhaps because its most important characters are encumbered with titles, which impart no charm to Yankee ears.

Unwritten Philosophy, by N. P. Willis.—As it is the rage of the day to commend even to the 'seventh heaven,' every thing written by this gentleman, so it would be treasonable perhaps to charge him with a fault, even if one should be discovered. All the young ladies assure us that *Unwritten Philosophy* is the most delightful story that Mr. Willis ever wrote! But we beg leave to dissent from these fair critics; we think it inferior in point of originality and spirit to the *Colleger's Album*, though it evidently cost him more labor to write it. But notwithstanding there is nothing very new in the circumstance of a young gentleman falling in love with the lady whom he has undertaken to educate, still, the affair is managed so prettily, that it makes a very interesting story. We know not whether it may be termed a fault, but there is a certain mannerism both in the prose and poetry of this author, whereby he may generally be traced, notwithstanding the disguises which he sometimes chooses to assume. He is certainly one of the most industrious writers of the age; almost all our annuals and best literary periodicals contain some of the effusions of his fancy.

Elizabeth Latimer, anonymous. A plain good story—our sympathies are strongly awakened for poor Elizabeth amid her trials

and mortifications; her character is perfectly natural.

The painter's revelation, anonymous. By a poet we are certain, if not a painter, full of fancy and sentiment.

Taken collectively, we think the prose portion of this volume superior to the poetic;—there is scarcely an article of the former which may not be considered above mediocrity; several would compare favourably with the best European productions of a similar character. The poetry is more exceptionable, yet much of it does high honour to the work. We hope the editor and publisher will receive sufficient encouragement to continue the *Legendary*; these repositories of elegant literature are an ornament to our libraries and a credit to our country.

SCRAPS FROM A PORT FOLIO.

STEALING.

Don't be alarmed gentles, though there is nothing very fascinating in the title of these our lucubrations, still we are determined with your permission, to discuss the subject, hoping thereby to give that word a more extensive definition than the fashionables may be disposed to allow it. For instance: a gentleman sees a handsome pen-knife on the desk of his friend—he admires it! 'tis exactly the thing he wants; one blade is a *keeper* for a quill—another an *exquisite* parer of the nails; in short, he must have it—and why not? "pen-knives are public property," so it glides into his vest pocket, and makes itself "at home." Now this is stealing—downright stealing—yet, 'Brutus is an honourable man.' Your literary friend visits you in your library and luxuriates in the field of literature before him with the keen relish of an epicure at a feast, knocks down Virgil in grasping at Byron, and pops Cervantes under the Waverlies. After a general survey of all your literary bill of fare, he (or she) honours you by borrowing the first volume of one set—the second of another, and so on; now as it is an "old fashioned whim" even to think of returning borrowed books, prepare to sigh your last farewell to these. And what is this but stealing? yea, most vexatious and abominable larceny! When wishing, perhaps on some important occasion to refer to a particular book, you hasten to your library and find that volume, the most valuable of the set, the only one missing. If you are resolved to regain it, after a diligent enquiry to that effect, it may perhaps be restored to you in the course of the year, after having accomplished the tour of the city upon the leading principle, yet coverless and soiled as it probably will be, you are glad to receive

it. A liberal feeling sometimes visits us on viewing the vacancies of our book shelves, and could we but remember the names of such borrowers, we should be happy to forward to them the remaining volumes of the set, as being useless to us. We had rather be compelled to cut with half a pair of scissors than to lose one volume of an interesting work.

FINE ARTS.

We have lately seen several specimens of heads, &c. executed at the Senefelder Lithographic press, over 123 Washington street, which are highly creditable to the establishment and afford evidence of the care and pains which its proprietors have taken to perfect this elegant and useful branch of the arts. We understand that it is under the superintendence of Messrs Annin & Smith, engravers, and is in complete readiness to execute all orders in a style second to none in the country.

Mr. Edwards is publishing, at the above establishment, a drawing book in numbers. One of these is now before us, and, judging from the style and execution, we think this work is admirably adapted to the wants of our schools and academies. There is a perspicuity and neatness about these drawings, which consist principally of rural views, which renders them extremely easy to the copiest, however inexperienced. Landscapes for the use of schools, are apt to be crowded by too great a variety of objects, some of which are in the perspective rendered so indefinite as to confuse the pupil; but these are plain and simple, and every outline clearly delineated.

We are informed that it is Mr. E's intention, should he be encouraged, to continue the numbers till he shall have made the work complete. The first numbers will exhibit more particularly the method of pencilling.—We have seen some of Mr. E's lithographic heads which we think must be admired by every judge of the fine arts; he is now at work on a portrait of Dr. Freeman. This plan for preserving correct resemblances of our eminent characters is worthy of being encouraged, and we doubt not from the liberality of the public, that it will be.

COMMUNICATED.

"*The Corps de Ballet at the Tremont.*"—The official announcement having gone forth, we take the liberty of calling the attention of the public to the amusements now in reserve for them at the "people's theatre;" we have all heard of the superior excellence of the French corps de ballet which are soon to appear at this house, and further comment on this acknowledged point appears to be unnecessary. But when we are told that in addition to this attraction, our eyes are about to be feasted with the most splendid spectacle ever witnessed, and beside the fascination of the dance, the charms of painting are to be called into exercise, and both united are to ask for an approval. When we learn that the agility of Estelle and the grace of Ravenot, with the sweetness of Louise and the matchless energy of Benoni, that all this is to be concentrated in the piece called the *Caliph of Bagdad* and some others of a similar description, we feel sure of their success.

Much credit is due to the managers of this beautiful establishment for their constant exertions in catering for their stage all those luxuries which are most acceptable to an enlightened public. The most eminent professors of the legitimate drama, of Apollo and of Terpsichore, have in succession graced their stage while the crowded and splendid circle which has constantly surrounded it this season is a most convincing proof that their merits are appreciated. W.

To Correspondents.—We have received a well written account of the celebration of the last fourth of July in a country village. If its writer will allow us to retain it, we will present it with pleasure on some future day, when the season is more congenial with the scenes which he describes; but the very idea of roses and cooling breezes just now, is enough to give one the ague.

D. J. E. in our next.

ERRATA.—In an extract from the *Hudson*, a poem in the *Legendary*, for blood, read *flood*. In poetry to Helen, for ties, *tie*.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARR, is published by HUTTON and WENTWORTH, Nos. 1 and 4 Exchange-street, Boston—Who are authorized to transact all business relative to the printing and circulation of this Work.

All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor. *37* All Letters must be post-paid.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Poetry.

STANZAS.

There is a charm in the close of day
When 'its glorious hues are fading away ;
When the soft clouds rise from the ocean's breast,
Bright with the blush of the glowing west !
When the zephyr comes from the twilight bower,
Sweet with the breath of the closing flower.

There is a charm in the soothing sound
Of the woodland breeze as it murmurs round—
Waking the sigh of the dewy grove,
Soft as the whisper of early-love !
When the bird of night from the ruin'd tower,
Breathes her chant to the vesper hour.

Who hath not loved the moon, as through
Her star-lit hall of celestial blue,
She moves above in her spheral pride,
With the vestal grace of a youthful bride ;
Drawing her veil from her pearl-wreath'd brow,
To look with smiles on the world below !

Who hath not felt the *charm* of this hour
Steal o'er him like a *spell of power* !
Soothing wild passion's waves to rest,
And whispering peace to his troubled breast,—
Soft as the breeze when the storm is o'er,
And the billow sleeps on the sea-beat shore.

AUGUSTA

BY RUFUS DAWES.

Air—Ce que je desire.

The dewy that tremble on the flowers,
When moonlight drops in silvery veil,
Are only tears of tristful hours,
That weep to leave the nightingale.
Then while the light-winged hours are weeping,
Shall Beauty close her eyes,
When Love, within her bosom sleeping,
Can only dream of ecstacies?

Oh! Mary yield to music's power,
 And listen to thy lover's prayer!
 The fragrance of the woodbine bower,
 Is waiting to receive us there;
 And shall we live, while life is fleeting,
 Without one hour of love,
 Where swelling hearts with rapture meeting,
 May wing their vows of truth above?

But if thy faith, so warmly plighted,
 Be chang'd for one less truly thine;
 If Love must see his chaplet blighted,
 And Hope desert her favoured shrine;
 Let not the sigh of sorrow wake thee,
 Thy lover's grief to tell—
 Whose breaking heart could ne'er forsake thee,
 Whose tongue could never say—farewell!

The following racy lines extracted from a lady's album, were written by Thomas G. Fessenden, Esq. (alias Doct. Caustic) a poet of the old school. They certainly contain a most excellent moral.

Miss Ann, you are, it seems to me,
 An essence all ethereal;
 The brightest being that can be,
 Entirely immaterial.

A pencil tipp'd with solar rays
 Your charms could scarcely blazon;
 Contrasted with your beauty's blaze
 Bright Sol's a pewter basin.

Transcendent little sprig of light,
 If rhymes are always true,
 An angel is an ugly sprite,
 Compared to sylph like you.

You frowning tell me, "this indeed
 Is flattery past all bearing,
 I ne'er before did hear or read
 Of any quite so glaring."

Yes, this is flattery, sure enough,
 And its exaggeration
 May teach how to hold such stuff
 In utter detestation.

Should beaux your ladyship accost
 With something like this flummery
 Tell them their labour will be lost,
 For this transcends their mummery.

The man whose favour's worth a thought,
 To flattery can't descend;
 The servile sycophant is not
 Your lover nor your friend.



“ With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
 “ We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,”—PAINÉ.
 The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
 From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave..

VOL. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....DEC. 20, 1828. No. 51.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.....NO. IX.

“ WE HOLD THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.”

THE FRUITS OF AMBITION.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE next evening, aunt Katy, according to her promise, resumed her story. “ We left,” said she, “ the fair Charlotte just introduced into the drawing room of Mrs. Norwood, announced as a young relative of hers from Boston. There was nothing either in the face or figure of this girl calculated to interest a casual observer, unless her fancy was called forth, or feelings excited; then indeed her dark eyes sparkled with animation, while the arch smile that dimpled her bright cheeks, gave her face that charm which is in reality the soul of beauty. Although Charlotte had been educated by her mother in perfect retirement, and as yet knew nothing of polished, or rather fashionable society; still she had never associated with any but the intelligent who were in general, much older than herself. However favourable this might be to the improvement of her

mind, few opportunities had ever been afforded her for the cultivation of those external graces and fashionable accomplishments which are not without their importance in polite life; her manners therefore exhibited that diffidence peculiar to those whose circumscribed knowledge of the world renders them constantly fearful of saying or doing something that may create ridicule or censure. By degrees, however, the polite attentions of Mrs. Norwood, and the kind and brotherly tenderness of Joseph, dissipated her reserve, and although she seldom ventured to join in the conversation of the learned, who sometimes addressed her; still the delighted attention with which she listened to their arguments, showed that she possessed a mind of no ordinary powers. But it was not in the circle of fashion, that Joseph discovered what these ‘powers’ were. It

was in those morning hours which were devoted to books or conversation in the library, that he became sensible that she possessed a strong and original genius, and a maturity of thought and judgment which he had never before met with, even among women of refined education. It was not at the piano, although she played a few songs prettily—or in the ball-room, although she danced with grace and spirit, that she appeared most interesting; it was in a quiet twilight stroll amid a beautiful autumnal landscape that he felt, rather than acknowledged, the fascinations of this artless child of nature, to whom his relationship seemed to sanction those unreserved, though delicate attentions which never fail of inspiring confidence and regard; it was so in this case—in his presence alone, Charlotte ventured to express her enthusiastic soul, and playful fancy on all occasions, and while her ardent and energetic language when speaking of the beauties of nature astonished him, the lively sallies of her wit on lighter subjects amused and delighted him. One mild afternoon in November, as they were straying through the beautiful pleasure grounds that environed his mother's mansion, Charlotte suddenly paused and leaning against a pensile elm, whose leaves were gently falling around her, she gazed upon the luxuriant scene before her with a smile of delight, exclaiming with enthusiasm, "How beautiful—oh, how happy should *I* be *always* to live in such a paradise as this—I could willingly resign society, I had almost said books, for the enjoyment of so sweet a solitude." "And could you be happy here entirely *alone*, Charlotte?" asked Joseph. "Oh, no! *me* and *one* more," answered she quickly, without reflecting on the import of her speech. Claspng her hand with fervour between his own, Joseph raised his

eyes to her averted face, and gently whispered, "and *who* sweet Charlotte, may the favoured one be who is so necessary to your happiness?" A burning blush suffused itself over her countenance, and her heart beat almost audibly in her bosom, as she replied with hesitation, "I was thinking that if I was so *very* happy, I should want some one to express my feelings to—is it not natural that we should wish our friends to participate in our enjoyments?" Perfectly so, thought Joseph, who, although he had never been in love was not so much of a novice as to be ignorant of the newly awakened sentiment which at this moment inspired the hearts of both.

Mrs. Norwood was by no means backward in perceiving the impression which the portionless and unprotected orphan had made upon the heart of her son, and she half upbraided herself for not foreseeing this event, which she could not help acknowledging was natural. The proud ambitious woman took the first opportunity of expressing to him the displeasure which this discovery occasioned, and dwelt with warmth upon the high expectations which she yet hoped to realize, of seeing him united to a lady of fortune and education. The silent eloquence of tears pleaded on this occasion, which, with the united powers of flattery wrought strongly on his feelings. She told him he was the last prop of her declining life, and she had intended, should he marry in a manner agreeable to her wishes, to put him in possession of the family mansion, and pass with him her last days. You well know, added she, that you are highly favoured by nature, as well as fortune, and these united advantages will secure your admission into any family in the country from which you may choose to select a wife. Is it possible then that you can have any serious views of a girl every way

your inferior, one who—"Mother," interrupted Joseph, "express yourself as you please respecting me, but do not depreciate Charlotte's merits; I have never met her *equal* in point of mind, and her manners, if not highly polished, show at least an intuitive sense of propriety and a native delicacy which improved by an intercourse with refined society, would render her an object of admiration." "But my dear son, it is not for you to take an ignorant girl from the humble walks of life, and introduce her as your wife into a circle which will view her with contempt! Other objections also arise; her whole family, however respectable in point of birth, are now poor and in a state of dependence, if not want; of course, should you marry her, you will have your house filled with her poor but *dignified* relatives who will save you the trouble of managing your family by taking the task out of your hands."

The fact was, about the period of Charlotte's introduction to her family the widow had set her heart upon her son's marriage with the daughter of a man who had amassed a large fortune in the slave trade; this forward young lady had publicly expressed her admiration of Joseph's person and manners, which failing to attract his regard, she next had recourse to the tender, and exhibited a Sapho like despair in her features whenever her eyes met his, "and all for love!" Joseph, though by no means vain, was not insensible of the impression which he appeared to have made upon her heart; while prompted by the kind feelings of his own, he had sometimes paid her more than ordinary attention, ignorant of the construction which she chose to place upon his civilities. He therefore expressed his surprise when his mother informed him of the *encouragement* which he had given to the *hopes* of the susceptible heiress, and intima-

ted that it would be cruel to break so tender and devoted a heart. Although Joseph gave not full credence to all this, he felt at this moment most painfully the embarrassments of his situation, and begging his mother to mention the subject no more at present, he hastily quitted her. Charlotte had now been under the roof of the widow five weeks; she had once or twice adverted to the necessity of soon taking her leave, as her friends in the country were daily expecting her. But as Mrs. Norwood had at first politely urged her stay, she felt too happy in accepting the invitation to consider the flight of time. But the altered looks, and cold civilities of that lady now convinced her that her society was no longer desired, though she could not discover the cause of this change. Her proposal to depart immediately was heard with an assenting bow from Mrs. Norwood who observed that she would be happy to entertain her longer, but she knew it was the wish of her mother that she should pass the winter in the family of her uncle, and added that the servant should call the stage coach when ever she chose. "Surely madam," said Joseph, reddening with a contrariety of emotions, "surely you will not suffer Miss West to depart without some one to protect her, particularly as the coach does not go till late in the afternoon; if she will allow me to convey her in my gig to-morrow morning"—"Stay," said Mrs. Norwood, hastily, "one of the agents of a factory near her uncle's residence is now in town, and will no doubt be pleased to afford Miss West his protection when he returns. I will ascertain," said she, and ringing for a servant, she pencilled a note and ordered him to enquire for Mr. Hastings at the stage office, and await his answer. Charlotte thanked her for this favour and in a few moments the ser-

vant returned with Mr. Hastings respects, stating that he should leave town that evening and should be glad of the company of Captain Brown's niece. Charlotte immediately repaired to her chamber to make the necessary preparations for her journey; while in the innocent simplicity of her heart she wept without restraint at the thoughts of leaving a place where she had been so happy! Alas, poor girl—such are the painful and humiliating trials to which poverty subjects us. On descending the stairs her hand was clasped by Joseph, who pressed it to his lips and said in a low voice, "sweet Charlotte, may you be happy, happier than I can ever be: but do not, do not forget me!" "I never *will* I never *can* forget those who have been so kind to me," said she with sincerity. "I shall visit you," added he, "in your solitude." A smile of pleasure which shone through her tears was her only reply. On returning to the dining room she was introduced by Mrs. Norwood to Mr. Hastings, and in a few moments the stage drove up, to which she was handed by Joseph, after having taken a respectful leave of his mother.

It was a cold and gloomy winter afternoon, the thickening clouds foretold a storm, while the keen blast, which whistled through the leafless forests, augmented the melancholy of her feelings, and she was half ashamed on her arrival at the farm house, of the coldness with which she received the hearty and cordial welcome of her rustic relations. But the *contrast* was at this moment too deeply felt not to awaken the most painful emotions; how different were the reserved though dignified manners of Mrs. Norwood and the delicate attentions of her son, to the rude hospitality and the unceremonious but well meant kindnesses which were lavished upon her by this family. She was not

ungrateful to them for their exertions to make her happy; she even tried to feel interested in their conversation and derive pleasure from the innocent, though boisterous amusements of their sleigh rides and quiltings; but the effort was for a long time made in vain; the remembrance of her own family, her once happy home, together with the sweet review of those delightful hours which she had passed at the residence of Mrs. Norwood, were the only real pleasures that she now enjoyed. Charlotte soon became sensible that she loved Joseph with all the ardour and purity of a first attachment; but as weeks, even months passed without either hearing from him or his family, she was obliged to admit the painful conclusion that she was indeed forgotten; still when she reflected on his parting injunction, she was tempted to hope this was not the case. Her doubts were shortly after resolved, by receiving a letter from Mrs. Norwood, who after some polite enquiries respecting her health and how she enjoyed her visit, informed her that she should have written sooner, but that she had been on a tour to the south with her son Joseph and his *intended bride* Miss G. (the *heiress* formerly mentioned) and concluded by stating that they were to be married in a few days. The letter fell from Charlotte's hand and she sat for some moments pale and motionless as a statue, but she neither wept nor fainted; the conflicting passions of love and pride were striving in her bosom, but the latter was at length triumphant and she immediately strove by pursuing such employments as would most occupy her mind to drive him from her thoughts. Spring was now approaching in all its beauty, and as she was a fervent worshipper of nature she experienced a new pleasure in endeavouring to copy with her pencil the wild though beauti-

ful scenery by which she was surrounded; her success in these sketches, although she knew nothing of painting as a science, soon became known and acknowledged, and she was applied to by the preceptor of a neighboring academy to assist him in this department. It is scarcely necessary to add that this proposal was accepted with eagerness by Charlotte who now hoped once more to enjoy the pleasures of cultivated society. Other advantages awaited her; while she was instructing others she had also an opportunity of perfecting herself in all those useful and elegant branches of learning for which she had a decided taste. In short, her modesty, grace, and intelligence rendered her a universal favourite where ever she appeared. At length a young and accomplished physician who was established in the vicinity of the academy offered his hand and was accepted. About four years after this event her husband was requested to take charge of a maniac for a few days, who had been found wandering about the country desolate and unfriended. Charlotte raised her eyes as the poor object was led into the apartment, and to her unspeakable horror recognized even amid insanity, the features of *Joseph*! An idiotic laugh alone showed that some pleasing emotion crossed his mind as he fixed upon her face a wild though scrutinizing gaze. Charlotte told her husband all she knew of this unfortunate man, which extended no farther than his marriage with the heiress. Refreshment and a comfortable chamber was allotted him, and watchers attended him till he sunk into a calm slumber, they then locked his door and retired; in the morning they found that he had released himself from confinement by escaping from the window. The miserable object, said my aunt Katy, who yesterday

begged at this door, was the once accomplished and elegant Joseph Norwood. His story is brief. Urged by his unfeeling and ambitious mother, he forsook an artless, lovely and intelligent girl, who reciprocated his affections and was formed to make him happy, for a vain, heartless votary of fashion and extravagance, whose love, which was founded upon caprice was soon succeeded by hatred for his coldness. Not more than a year after their marriage a separation by mutual consent ensued. This climax of matrimonial disgrace hurried him to the gaming table and scenes of dissipation, and has at length ended in insanity and beggary.

Saturday Evening.

THE DREAM.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream."

A lapse came over my vision, and its spirit changed; I stood once more in the gay hall, and there was feasting; and revelry held her sway over all hearts; once more 'twas a natal day—yet 'twas not his, the boy, whose spirit woke the first carousal; he was a wanderer, a lone one on the earth: but 'twas a new hope, which rose, when his had set. All hearts were gay—the eye glistened, and the cheek was bright, as once before; the wine was sparkling, and the mad throng moved to the spell of harmony, in the sweet poetry of motion. And there he stood, the second hope, laughing and joyous; the spell of pleasure was around him, the radiance of happiness shone full upon him; suddenly the wanderer entered; he had grown to manhood, and time had traced upon his brow the passage of years gone by; his eye was sunken, and its glimmer showed like the mockery of its former ray; his cheek was flushed, not with the glow of joy, but the hectic hue of

fevered passion: 'twas a sun-ray upon a snow-wreath, gilding, yet consuming its substance. His step had lost its elasticity, and fell on the ear, like the tread of one, weary and way-worn. He paused. A few with cold greetings came and welcomed him; but he loosed their unnerved grasp, and went from them; then with his hot lip, he pressed the chill hand of one, whose heart alone was true—'twas his mother; for the sire had gone to rest, and slumbered with his fathers! The wanderer raised his head—his eye roved around, and it fell on strangers. He was an alien in his natal hall—alone amidst a moving world—a stray one amid a joyous throng; unwelcomed though a wanderer. Beauty looked upon him—'twas the ray of a winter moon; for her heart stirred not in its apathy: yet to some, remembrance seemed to send the thoughts of other days, and they turned away blushing. And there were aged ones, who tottered by him, in dull forgetfulness, or paused so give a chiller welcome. The wanderer drooped his head:—on his cheek lingered a solitary tear, nature wrung from his lone heart.

LOVE AND DUTY.

"JULIA," said Mr. Sandford to his beautiful daughter, as he walked with her in her delightful garden, and enjoyed the fresh morning air, and mused among the charms of nature, "Julia, whom of all others in the world do you love best?"

"My father and mother," unhesitatingly answered the innocent girl.

"And do you cherish no affection," continued he, "that you would not willingly sacrifice, if they required you to so do?"

Julia turned hastily aside—she trembled, and a deep blush stole upon her cheek:

"I would do as you required," she replied, "even though," she

hesitated and blushed still deeper, and added with a trembling voice—"it broke my heart."

"But if you love your parents better than any other, could it break your heart," asked Mr. S. "to relinquish a *weaker* for the preservation of that *stronger* attachment?"

"Indeed," she replied, "it ought not—I think it ought not—but"—she paused and turned aside.

No one who knew not how carefully the young heart, kindling in its first attachment, hides away its thoughts from others, and nurses all its joys or sorrows in silence and in solitude, could imagine how heavily that brief conversation weighed on Julia's heart: when as soon as an opportunity offered, she sought her chamber, and recalled every word, and weighed the import of each with a palpitating heart. She was yet quite young, but unrivalled beauty and a splendid fortune, youth, vivacity, and genius, combined to shed around her an attractive glory which drew many already to her shrine. She knew that a wealthy trader too had paid suit to her parents for her hand; and while she felt the powerful claim, her parents had to command her obedience, and believed their judgement to be infinitely superior to her own; yet she felt too, that it was hard for reason to overcome passion—and though she had never trusted the secret even to the desert air, to her own heart she acknowledged that she loved—deeply, fervently, unchangeably; one whose only wealth was genius, but whose mind was cast in the same mould with her own—and who added to his patrimony, virtue, industry and love to her.

Mr. Sandford had noticed his daughter's embarrassment, and suspected the cause. He determined to take another step, therefore, towards ascertaining her mind—and seized the first favourable opportu-

nity of mentioning Mr. Nathwell's proposition. His offer was splendid; some thousands a year as a settlement, besides a noble estate secured to her and her heirs independent of himself. But Julia heard it with a sick heart—she had never dissembled to her father—she believed he ought of right to know all: and summoning her utmost courage, she told him all: her heart was Alfred's. But she trusted her destiny to the wisdom of parents, only enjoining with tears, again and again, that her heart was Alfred's. She had now unburthened her mind; her conscience spoke peace; she loved her parents and had given them no pain; she confided in them, and felt a secret pleasure and satisfaction, that in a case so trying, she had been able to confide in them. If she was not perfectly happy, she was not miserable.

But a severe trial awaited her. Mr. Sandford took young Alfred into his employ, and a few weeks after Julia learned that he was to be sent abroad on a long voyage: he was invited up to the country place, however, to spend a day with the family before he went, and treated kindly, and suffered to spend the afternoon alone with her. But then he was sent on ship-board; sent away; far away; and she had bid him adieu forever. Other suiters were dismissed, and Mr. Nathwell alone paid his visits to the family mansion. Julia tried to reconcile herself to her boding fate; she tried to treat him well, but a cold formality of manner, was visible still. The rich trader saw it, rather than *felt* it; age on his part had triumphed over the fire of youth; he loved, but he loved like a philosopher.

In all this, however, Julia saw or thought she saw, the fixed and final determination of her parents; and with all her efforts to be calm and contented, her affections prayed

upon her heart. Alfred still returned in every dream of imagination; her health declined, and though she grew lovelier day by day, that decline was not invisible to those who looked upon her. Her father found her resignation, and obedience, her filial love and confidence remaining undiminished: but she was not as he wished her, entirely happy. She was cherished like a tender flower; every amusement was spread before her; every pains taken to win her back to her former pursuits and pleasures; but in vain. Her lute was voiceless: her pencil remained untouched; and the flowers in the garden withered neglected and unseen by her.

At last, after many months, preparations were made at the mansion for a splendid party; a glow of unusual pleasure sat on the brows of Mr. and Mrs. Sandford; the relatives of the family were generally invited; and Julia was summoned from her chamber in the afternoon, to meet the assembled guests. She came, and the first face she saw was Alfred's! his eye beaming with joy and swimming in tears of delight; the shock almost overcame her; but she recovered, when the first surprise was past, and with her hand throbbing in his, was led forward to the circle of select relatives, who had been assembled. Her father and mother received the young couple; and taking them by the hand, informed their friends that they were destined for each other. Then every heart was light, and every countenance joyous. The tea-table was spread, and a large pound cake graced the centre, entwined with this motto—"Filia! obedience and sterling worth, never go unrewarded!"

ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP.

WHAT finer feeling can reside in the heart of man than that of friendship? It yields a delight where it is

felt, and gives a pleasure not to be found in any other feeling. Love is its basis, and from fraternal love spring all its actions. True friendship, indeed, is rarely to be met with; but even the spurious every day sort which we all experience is pleasant, and passes very well for genuine until called into actual service; then indeed, its deformities appear. But true friendship is a jewel which cannot be too highly appreciated, too dearly cherished.

Some men are prone, from a naturally inherent friendly feeling in themselves, to look upon the great bulk of mankind as possessing similar feelings to be quite ready to serve any one with whom they have been long acquainted, or from whom they have received little acts of kindness or attention, not doubting that, if they stood in need of like services, they could be obtained as readily from others. If such were the general disposition of mankind, how happy might men be! The cares of life would be rendered light by the hand of friendship, and few besides the really worthless would know real distress.

While true friendship sweetens life and molifies its cares that which is not true, like every thing else which bears but a semblance of what it professes to be, adds to the poignancy of affliction and aggravated misfortune. He who, in his days of affluence, always felt for the misfortunes of others, whose hand was always open to their relief, who never doubted were he similarly situated, others would do as much for him, must very keenly feel the disappointment, when, upon suffering the reverse, he finds mankind tardy in rendering to him that assistance which he was wont so freely to give to others. His disappointment is more keen, when he finds persons to whom he has rendered essential service desert him in his hour of

need, or even such as he has from long acquaintance considered friends. At such a time false friendship assumes its real appearance, which is as disgusting as that of the true is lovely.

I have just come from visiting the greatest curiosity I ever beheld; it is a *young* lady only three thousand years *old*—a sombre complexioned lass from Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs, the Ptolemies, the Pyramids! She is arrayed in a cere cloth framed on the banks of the Nile, and stands in a "narrow house," decorated with all the taste and science of the most learned people in existence; long before the invention of letters. "Dark and lovely are her looks," though she does not actually "grin horribly a ghastly smile," her fair and well set teeth appearing full and undecayed as the everlasting brightness of the star under which she was embalmed.

Singular fated girl! Little did she think, when on her dying couch, that she would be exposed in this "undiscovered country," some thirty centuries after her mortal existence, to the keen gaze of curiosity, without a sense of shrinking modesty, at serving as a spectacle of curious wonder, and a mere "thing to make comparisons on," and show the belles of this new world, in the deathless language of one Shakspeare, a man of yesterday compared with her, that "though they paint an inch thick, to her complexion they may come at last"—Alas, poor Cleopatra! did I view a symbol of thy matchless beauty, in this thy ancestor of "the olden time."

Three thousand years ago the lady I now look upon, was in Thebes, the city with its hundred gates—she is now in Charleston—what a traveller! Three thousand years hence, what will Charleston be! Awful comparison! What is Bab-

ylon, Ninevah, Balbec, Palmyra, Persepolis. Yes,—what will our boasted four corners, the city hall, court-house, arsenal, and St. Michael's church, with his lofty spire, what will they be in thirty centuries! Buried in earth or ocean, from which they rose, "and not a stone, tell where they lie."

Three thousand years are a kind of eternity to the human mind. It brings us at a moment's glance, to the remotest ages of antiquity.—When the patriarch Joseph died, "they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt." Genesis l. 26. And so doubtless was Potiphar's wife, and this object now before my eyes might possibly be the remains of that very personage! *Ecce signum!* I must confess that of all the natural or artificial curiosities I ever beheld, nothing ever filled my mind with so many profound, striking, and extraordinary sensations.

—●— ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.

"A gentleman of fortune, and some consideration, but who had become highly nervous and somewhat hypochondriacal and gloomy, anxious that his son should be educated with strict principles of religion, placed him under the care of several divines in succession, each of whom was enjoined to be very attentive to his religious instruction. Many of the most abstruse doctrines of theology were pressed upon him. His mind consequently became perfectly bewildered and enfeebled, and impressed with the most visionary images. At length, he conceived that his sole duty was to pray for the remission of his manifold sins, and to study the Bible, and particular homilies. Accordingly, if he walked out, when the devotional fit came on him, he cared not in what puddle he knelt; or, if at his meals, his food was quitted for prayer. Soon his spiritual extravagances were so

many, and if interrupted, his violence was so great, that he was pronounced insane. As he was uncontrollable elsewhere, he was sent to my establishment. He was then about 15 years of age. No notice was taken of his religious enthusiasm. As he now behaved very docile, and had some taste for the sciences, he was induced to visit different exhibitions, and to read history and belles-lettres. At length, after several cautious trials of his present religious feelings, the bible was allowed him, and with good effect. Then, and not till then, he was trusted to church, where he conducted himself with the utmost propriety. Soon after he returned home, and went on a tour. In about six months he removed to a new school, where he finished his studies. He went afterwards to one of the Universities, where he evinced distinguished talents. Eventually he launched into great dissipation, became maniacal, and in a few years died. Youth is the natural season of enthusiasm; the imagination is then vivid, sensitive, and responsive; and in proportion to the force of the impression, so is the effect. Capacities of very different calibre are equally liable to derangement, though they will not be similarly affected by the same causes. Genius, improperly directed, is more prone to aberration than an understanding of mediocrity, or even of inferiority.

A young lady of good natural abilities, but who had that superficial education which females receive, at ordinary boarding-schools, was indulged at home in every vagary of froward fancy. She was just seventeen; and Shakspeare, and Radcliffe, and Byron, and love, were alternately the idols of her imagination. Still she was not vicious. A seriously inclined neighbour, pitying her flightiness, undertook to reform her by his pious exhorta-

tions. At first they seemed to have a good effect, for she became more grave and steady in her conduct, and very attentive to divine worship. Serious impressions seemed daily to gather strength. She soon, however, went to the extreme, and talked of nothing but religion. Her zeal at length became so ardent, that she read only pious books; and she was particularly anxious to attend every church where she learnt the sacrament was to be administered. In a short time she was so exalted, and her conduct so inconsistent, that her father took her to France, in the hope that change of scene would correct these aberrations. The very night of her arrival in that county, a furious fit of mania occurred—an event probably accelerated by suffering extreme sea-sickness. She was confined a few weeks, when she appeared nearly recovered. Upon going out, she witnessed, for the first time, the ceremonies of the Romish church, with which she appeared much struck. From that moment she lost all her zeal for the Protestant faith; and nothing would satisfy her but she would be a Catholic. She was brought home. No care, however, removed this conceit; and she still continued so wild and unmanageable, that she was sent to a lunatic asylum. There I first visited her. Medical and moral remedies were prescribed; she mended and might possibly have recovered, if some family misfortunes had not interrupted the course of treatment, and induced her removal. In three or four days she relapsed. Soon after she was sent to another asylum, where, in about six months, she perfectly recovered. Her former religious hallucinations have now entirely disappeared, and probably by the strict regimen to which she was subjected, she has acquired a degree of steadiness that she never before evinced.

CHARACTERS CONTRASTED

BY A LADY.

I was trying not long since to analyze my feelings after spending the evening at the house of Mrs. R. I felt wearied and a little peevish, and I recollected that I had almost yawned through the greater part of the visit, and had felt a sensation of positive relief when it drew to a close. It was not difficult to account for this: the conversation, though sufficiently animated, and carried on with much apparent satisfaction by the greater part of the company, had not been of that description which leaves a pleasing impression on the mind; and I felt, in the present instance, as I had often felt on similar occasions, that my time might have been more agreeably as well as more usefully employed: I could not recollect one remark worthy of being remembered; it is true some fine wrought phrases had struck upon my ear, but as they were only *got up* for effect and I happened to know it; they went off without producing much *cclat*, and the conversation consisted chiefly of remarks on the prevailing fashions, the merits of long and short waists were discussed, and bonnets dissected with admirable skill, then there were a few phrases, as I said before, about sympathy, or friendship, or some such matter; but as the speakers knew little of these subjects, they were soon dropt; then there were a few good humoured jests, at the expense of a friend's feelings, and not a few sarcastic remarks on those of their acquaintance who happened to be absent, a dissertation on *cookery*, and a *criticism*, or rather a philippic, on the last new (American) literary work; but what wearied me the most of all were the *wit-ticisms*: there are two kinds of *wit*, one resembles the polished diamond, the other a rusty *nail*, they both *cut*, but how differently! The *mama*

was witty, the *misses* were *witty*, and some of the visitors were *witty*, but some of these bright speeches savoured of malice, and in others the *wit* lay to deep for me to discover it. In short it was a "weary, flat, stale and unprofitable" evenings visit, and I did not quite recover from the disagreeable sensations, which the recollection of it produced until I had paid a visit to my amiable and intelligent friends, the W's. I always feel myself at home there; indeed any person may make himself at home in their house, if he chooses, and yet there is no undue familiarity, no hoydenish romping with the young people, and no rude jesting on the part of the elders. If you are disposed for serious conversation, literary discussion, or social chit chat, I know of no place where either, or all, may be employed, in such perfection as at Mrs. W's. The young people have profited by the instructions and example of their mother, and are well informed without the affectation of being "extremely learned," polite, without officiousness, gay without frivolity, and *witty* without being *sarcastic*. They never run over a few pages in any book, in order to be *able to condemn it*, neither do they praise indiscriminately all the trash that may come in their way; but what more than all renders their society delightful, is that perfect variety of manners, and that amiable delicacy for the feelings of others, which is at once the proof of a good heart, and a cultivated mind. Mrs. W's. visitors are never entertained with an account of the follies, extravagances or vices of her neighbours, or *absent friends* and those who are present are never mortified by any rude or inconsiderate allusions. On the contrary each person feels the influence of that undescribable charm, which kindness of heart joined to cultivation of mind, always imparts to *manner*, and all feel that

the most trifling service, or mark of attention, acquires a double interest from the *manner* which accompanies it.—*Port Folio*.

A literary paper *may* be rendered instructive as well as entertaining. It is very evident that, by proper care and attention, it may be made a blessing to society, by promoting the cause of *virtue* at the same time that its pages afford employment for leisure hours; by exalting the understanding, refining the sentiments, showing *virtue* in all its beauty, *vice* in its deformity. A literary periodical should be made the vehicle for conveying *useful information* in the most alluring form of narrative, lead the mind to salutary reflections by well written essays, soften and amend the *heart*, by *poetry*; when speaking of *poetry* however I do not mean such objectionable trifles as have too often been obtruded on the public notice, to insult the public taste, in the form of rhyme, but that style of poetry, which, though it may not *always* soar to *sublimity*, may in its unpretended simplicity convey images of tenderness and virtue through the medium of "sweet sounds."

It should be the first care of those who conduct a literary work professing to be dedicated chiefly to ladies that its pages contain nothing which may call a blush to the cheek of modesty, or convey reprehensible ideas, or ill founded principles to the youthful minds of either sex. There is no necessity that every page should contain a sermon, or every sentence a trite remark; but it is absolutely necessary that its columns present nothing injurious to the cause of virtue.

Of all wild beasts the most dangerous is a slanderer: Of all tame ones a flatterer.

Never scald your lips in other people's broth.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

‘We are but the venders of other men’s goods.’

A great man mostly disappoints those who visit him. They are on the look out for his thundering and lightning, and he speaks about common things much like other people, nay sometimes he may even be seen laughing. He proportions his exertions to his excitements, having been accustomed to converse with deep and lofty thoughts, it is not to be expected that he will flare or sparkle in an ordinary chit-chat. One sees no pebbles glittering at the bottom of the Atlantic.

Fontenelle.—At the close of a fine summer’s day Fontenelle was discovered by a friend reclining on the sunny side of a hill, contemplating a flock of sheep, which, anxious for the arrival of their shepherd, kept bleating below. “Why so melancholy, sir?” inquired his friend: “ruminating, no doubt on human vicissitudes and—” “You are very right,” said the amiable philosopher, interrupting him: “I am examining that noisy flock before us, and I am just saying to myself, that among these two hundred sheep it is very probable there is not to be found one tender shoulder of mutton.”

Novel Case.—On Monday last, an old man named Thomas Percival, in his eightieth year, was convicted and sentenced to fourteen days’ imprisonment, on the charge of *intending* to steal a duck. He picked the bird up, but for some reason or other he laid it down again, and walked away. He was afterwards followed, apprehended, and ultimately committed to take his trial. We should like to know what was the proof of the *animus furandi*? The poor old man might have taken up the duck (perhaps it was a *drake*) to admire the plumage,

and having done this laid it down again.

Julia Brace.—The Hartford Times contains an account of this young lady, who is an inmate of the asylum for the deaf and dumb, in that place. Julia Brace was born deaf, dumb, and blind, being but the second instance ever recorded, of so great a misfortune. Of a temper and docile, she began early to display a degree of sagacity not always to be found in those who are endowed with the senses. Her parents being poor she was removed to the Asylum, where she is treated with great tenderness. Although cut off as it would seem from every source of information, she is very industrious, and constantly employed. She makes beautiful counterpanes, and in threading her needle seems chiefly guided by an application of the tongue. In the summer of 1826, we saw this young lady—she was engaged at work upon a pair of Prunelle shoes, and specimens were exhibited, that would have done credit to the most skilful and experienced workman. It cannot be supposed that she has any idea of the computation of time, yet she manifests sacred observance of the Sabbath, on that day lays aside her work, and appears engrossed with the most serious reflection. Many little anecdotes are related in the Times, which show the incredible extent of her intelligence, and appear to settle the long contested point that ideas are innate.—*Geo. Harvest.*

The Dream.—A dissolute Irish gentleman having dreamed that he saw a fat cat, a blind cat, and a lean cat, in company, was reporting this vision of the night before his son, and wondering what it could mean. “Father, if you will not be angry,” answered the son, “I will explain it—The fat cat is your steward, the blind cat is yourself, and

the lean cat is your dutiful son and heir apparent, for if you suffer the steward to go on as he has done, he must get fat, you must be blind, and I be lean from want."

Angel of Death.—Mahomet says he saw in the third heaven, an angel so large that his eyes were seventy thousand days' journey apart. This is the angel of death who has always before him a large table on which he is ever writing and blotting out.

Bower of Taste.

The counters of our enterprising booksellers are literally overflowing with 'Gems,' 'Pearls,' 'Caskets,' 'Tokens,' 'Souvenirs,' and numerous other interesting annuals, appropriate to the approaching season of cheerfulness and hilarity, when hand shall clasp with hand, and heart respond to heart in the sincere gratulation of *happy new year!* At this period when all our best feelings are awakened, how delightful it is to present to our friends, or to receive from their hands, these beautiful offerings of taste and genius, as testimonials of love or esteem. It is pleasing to reflect that our names for the future will become associated with these gifts, and to know that they will be sacredly preserved, not only for their intrinsic worth, but as memorials of mutual friendship. It is honourable to the taste of the age that it has become *fashionable* to prefer these valuable yearly visitors as new year's presents, to those gilded baubles of fancy, which possess no other worth than merely to decorate the person, which at the caprice of fashion may be cast aside, and consequently forgotten. We could talk of the splendours of trans-atlantic productions—of their 'Souvenirs,' 'Forget-me-nots,' 'Bijoux' and 'Bouquets,' but we *will not*. On occasions like these, we would suggest to every American who is capable of appreciating the worth of his country's literature, to "buy an American book." We may admire, and should admire talent where ever it may be exhibited, but the wholesome proverb "that charity begins at home," is not altogether inapplicable in this case.

Seventy-five receipts.—Ye powers! what a theme for the pen of criticism, what a vast variety of subjects are here presented for the cutting up of a cruel reviewer—what a havoc might he make among the pies and puddings! but we leave this task, however unwillingly, to those accomplished knights of the carving-

knife, those dissectors of canvass-backed ducks, analyzers of (calve's head) turtle soups, who devote half their time to eating dinners, for what can we say that is not said at every meal by these epicurean critics, who can tell you to the grating of a nutmeg, all the component parts of a fashionable pudding or an omelette, even better than the legitimate professor of the culinary science. True, we could remark of one "receipt," that it was a sweet and delicate article and much to our taste; that the composition of another was fine, but wanted pungency, and suggest the addition of a little pepper, &c. But after all, as 'the proof of the pudding is in eating,' no one can be a competent judge of the merits of this book, until his masticating powers have first been employed to test the quality of its contents. We have however a right to guess that this may be a very useful companion to all such married ladies, whether young or old, who are unfortunately ignorant of one of the most important duties of domestic life, a thorough knowledge of cookery.

The Ladies' Literary Port Folio.—If the first number of this neat and beautiful publication may be considered as a fair specimen of those that are to follow, its claim to high literary distinction cannot be disputed. The acknowledged experience of its senior editor in conducting other periodicals of this class, and the superior poetic talent of his associate, Willis G. Clark, Esq. render its worth unquestionable; these gentlemen will also be aided in their labours by some of the best writers of our country. We are proud to see works of this character expressly devoted to the ladies, and wish its success.

The New York Mirror.—The 23d number of this paper contains a splendid engraving of Columbia College, as also "Angel's ever bright and fair," arranged for the piano forte. The interest of this work is much augmented by thus constantly presenting us with these beautiful specimens of art, and the fashionable music of the day.

The Ladies' Magazine.—We have just received the twelfth number of this work, but have not time this week to give it the perusal which it deserves. We hope Mrs. Hale's appeal to the patronage of the public will be successful.

The Philadelphia Album still continues to hold a respectable stand among the periodicals of the day; every number contains a large portion of original matter. Much ability is displayed by the editor, particularly in his literary reviews: he is a scholar and a poet—his poem, "*The broken hearted*," pub-

lished in the Philadelphia Monthly Magazine, is perhaps one of the happiest efforts of his muse.

Recollections of a beloved sister.—This work is calculated to impress youthful minds with a sense of the importance of early religion. The author's claims to public regard are just and modestly expressed, and no doubt but this book will be appreciated according to its merits.

Eugene and Loletta, 'translated from the French of Madame de Genlis,' is a very interesting little story, yet we question whether it will be received with as much pleasure by the juvenile class of readers, as many other works which have been written expressly for them, descriptive of those scenes and characters with which they are familiar. Children generally prefer a relation of local and simple incidents, such as have occurred or may occur in their own lives, even to the more laboured delineations of the scenery, customs, manners, &c. of a foreign country.

We acknowledge the receipt of some juvenile books and several new plays from New York. The former have nothing particularly striking to recommend them; the latter, from a cursory glance of their pages appear to be worthy of an attentive perusal which they will hereafter receive.

SCRAPS FROM A PORT FOLIO.

Old maids.—Why this appellation should ever be considered as a term of reproach we never yet could understand. Surely none but the unreflecting will admit that it is so; if a lady, whatever may be her perfections or defects in point of beauty or mind, chooses to avoid the turmoils and cares of wedded life, and occupy her time in such pursuits as are more congenial to her fancy, has she not a right to do so without incurring ridicule? every candid mind will acknowledge that she has. We believe there are very few women of any description, who have not at some period or other of their lives had opportunities of resigning the title of *spins' ess*, and much credit is due to many for their perseverance in preserving it in case of receiving no offer congenial to their wishes. Some of the most valuable characters that compose society come under the above denomination, some of the most amiable and affectionate beings whom we could almost worship for their philanthropic devotion to the happiness and welfare of those who surround them. Those only are ridiculous who render themselves conspicuous for their vanity and affectation in assuming at fifty the costume and

manners of fifteen, and sport the quizzing glass with the confident air of a beauty who believes herself the admiration of the circle. Such animals remind one of a bed of tulips which have nothing but the glare of colours to recommend them. There are also those too who have no other business in life than dissecting the characters of their neighbours, and who triumph over the victims of their malice with the same amiable feelings that a cat exhibits while sporting with a lacerated mouse; from all such as these may heaven preserve us.

TREMONT THEATRE.

We cannot more fully or truly express our own opinion respecting Mr. Forrest's performance of Hamlet, than by extracting the following remarks from an article in the Commercial Gazette.

Mr. Forrest in the character of Hamlet far outstripped the most fervent anticipations of his friends. The representation is altogether of an intellectual character—of a man with a quick and even morbid sensibility, conflicting with difficulties, passions and situations in which his own vices have no share, and where, even the love he bears the gentle Ophelia, is rather concealed than counteracted by those supernatural influences to which, by the common consent of mankind, we are called upon to submit, without reason, pity, or remorse! The scene with his mother, where his father's ghost appears, was played with a mixture of sensibility and energy but rarely equalled; and though it must readily be admitted that, in the exhibition of what may justly be called the historic grandeur of the picture—those magic tints with which Kean occasionally touched and brightened the canvass—his deficiency to that great actor was manifest; yet in his soliloquy which follows his instruction to the player, when his mind is wrapped up in solitude and tortured with remorse, he evinced powers of a moral as well as physical nature, unequalled by any other actor of the age.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARR, is published by DUTTON and WENTWORTH, Nos. 1 and 4 Exchange-street, Boston—Who are authorized to transact all business relative to the printing and circulation of this Work.

All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor. All Letters must be post-paid.

THE RECORDS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

STANZAS.

I love to look on a pure young girl,
With a spirit as light as air—
Her sparkling eye and the soft brown curl
That lies on her forehead fair.

I love to mark the elastic bound
Of her foot in its joyous measure,
Or list to the sweet harmonious sound
Of her voice attuned to pleasure.

And I love her when with pitying brow
She bends o'er the couch of disease,
And whispers in accents soft and low,
Of comfort, hope and peace.

O, there's a charm in guileless youth,
Ere the feelings are schooled by art,
When thought is speech and speech is truth,
The language of the heart.

AUGUSTA.

CHRIST'S CRUCIFIXION.

Now the bright sun had chased away
The clouds that clothed proud Carmel's height,
And still the peaceful hill tops lay,
In all the charms of heavenly light.

Then Jesus with a chosen few,
On Olive's peaceful mount kneeled down,
And while his locks were wet with dew,
● He prayed that all might wear his crown.

But lo! the distant city breaks,
And echoes softly on the breeze,
While man his drowsy couch forsakes,
● And humbly prays on bended knees.

And see yon train so stern and slow,
That proudly wends up Calvary's hill,
With haughty looks that fill with woe,
And strike upon the heart a chill.

That throng is formed of Judah's pride,
 Who in the midst of evil hour,
 Thus vile the son of man deride,
 With all the strength of darkness' power.

Thus scorned the Lord of glory bore
 His cross! the scriptures to fulfil,
 And meekly walked in peace before,
 Up to the top of Calvary's hill.

And while between two thieves he bled
 Upon the accursed tree,
 The sun was changed to crimson red,
 And hid his face in agony.

The temple's veil was rent in twain,
 The graves gave up their silent dead,
 And darkness fell on Judah's plain,
 Where Christ the son of God had bled.

D. J. E.

SONNET.

From the Italian.

I see the anchor'd bark with streamers gay,
 The beckoning pilot, and unruffled tide,
 The south and stormy north their fury hide,
 And only zephyrs on the waters play
 But winds and waves and skies alike betray;
 Others who to their flattery dared confide,
 And late when stars were bright sail'd forth in pride,
 Now breathe no more, or wander in dismay.
 I see the trophies which the billows heap,
 Torn sails, and wreck, and graveless bones that throng
 The whitening couch, and spirits hovering round.
 Still if for woman's sake this cruel deep,
 I must essay not shoals and rocks among
 But 'mid the Sirens may my bones be found!

STANZAS,

There is a brew of rosy hue,
 Beaming bright with oupher flowers;
 Where glows the pale and diamond dew,
 And swiftly fly the winged hours.

There fancy floats on the bright rainbow,
 Or on the lily's snow-cup lying,
 She bids the elfin vision glow,
 And wears a wreath of bliss, undying!

There every shower, distilling balm,
 Is made of beauty's lucent tears;
 And every zephyr, whispering calm,
 Is formed of Lover's sighing tears!

It is the throne—the bower of love!
 Where pleasure sways her bland dominion:
 Where floats in ambient air the dove,
 And young Hope waves her smiling pinion.

THE BOWER OF TASTE.



"With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
"We cull the meadow, or explore the waste,"—PAINÉ.

The brightest flowers, the purest gems, to save
From the dark bosom of oblivion's wave.

Vol. I. BOSTON.....SATURDAY.....DEC. 27, 1828. No. 52.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.....NO. X.

"WE HOLD THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE."

MY UNCLE'S STORY.

YES, my uncle's story;—he had been an emigrant, once, to the land of the Mississippi, and he had hunted on the banks of the great river, and washed his feet in the flood of the western Pacific. He was one of those men who can never be at rest—no matter where they are, or what they are employed upon. At the age of eighteen he left New England and travelled towards the west—forty years ago—and there he kept on in his rambling manner of living, and from that time to this he has never lived more than two or three months in one place. He sailed from the great river to New Orleans, and went back on foot for the sake of changing the scene, and ascended the Rocky mountains for the same reason—and about six years ago, he saw New England—was here a month—and now he is somewhere beyond the Mississippi. It was when he was here that he

told me his story. We were out in the woods, under a great broad topped oak, while the mighty trees were all above and around us—and he was speaking of the vast forests where he had hunted, where thousands and millions of such trees had risen from the bosom of the earth to remain for ages. "William," said my uncle, "I have been in them forests for three or four months and hardly seen the sun, and never heard the sound of an axe, and now every tree almost is levelled. It always seemed to me to be right agin natur to cut down such noble trees to waste—I never see any reason in cutting down thousands of trees in a day, as you may say, without having any need of them—no, no! there can't be no reason at all in that. They driv me across the big river with their axes and their clearings. Come, I'll tell you something that I had a feast in out

there, for talking about these things puts me in mind of it." And so he told me the following story. Said he, "I was out one day, two years ago, over the Mississippi, looking out for a deer or a buffalo to make a dinner of, when what should I hear but the cracking away of three or four rifles one after the other, a little way off; well, this put deer and buffaloes and what not, all out of my head—and I was off in a moment to see what was going on—well, I soon reached the place where the sound came from, and found about twenty Indians, carrying off two young fellows alive and two of their own party dead."—"Well," said I, "what did you do?" "Do!" said my uncle, "Why I did nothing—what could I do?" "Did you not fire at them?" "Fire at them," and he laughed out, "No, I might perhaps, if one shot would have killed twenty—no, no, I laid down among the bushes till they were all off out of sight, and then I set down and cooked a piece of venison for my dinner." "But," inquired I again, "why did not you follow them, even if you did not fire?" "Because I knew better—you'll see, I was busy eating, when I heard a crack of a stick among the bushes—I suppose you think that I left off eating and took to my rifle, but I didn't do any such thing; I just kept on eating and looked about me as sharp as possible, and it wasn't half a minute before I see a pair of berries shining out of the bushes right before me." "Berries," said I, "what are they?" "Indians eyes. Well, in a minute he hitched along, and then dragged out his rifle—now thought I, I'll have you, so I left off eating, gave my dog the venison, and then I faced right round upon my Indian and took out my powder horn and lifted up my rifle, primed her, that is made believe, and aimed at the top of a tree, well, I did so once

or twice at different things, and then I see him putting out his rifle, slowly and gradually, and just as his eye was coming upon it, I dropped mine into my hand and gave him the bullet, the villain—now if I had gone off before, he would have shot me. Ah, I know all about 'em—catch a weazle asleep." "But did you kill him?" "Lord sake, yes—I never fired at anything that I didn't kill." "Yes," said I, "but you could take no aim." "Oh, aim enough at an Indian—aim enough. Well now you see as their scout was out of my way, I had a clear path to their camp; so I followed on their track, and it was four or five hours walk to reach the place. I got there just at night, and kept close until all was still, and then I was puzzled to know how to find out where the two whites were, I did not know the hut, and I don't know that I should have found out before now but for my dog." "Your dog?" "Yes, my dog—I set down there and thought a good while what I should do—I didn't dare to go in myself for fear of getting into the wrong place, and then you see I should have spoilt all." "Uncle," said I, "how was the camp built, and where was it?" "It was on the side of a small river there that runs northerly into the Missouri, where the bank sloped down to the water, leaving just room enough on the declivity to build a camp of a dozen huts more or less, in the shape of a circle. I didn't know what to do, but finally I took a handkerchief that I had picked up where the Indians took their men, and made the dog smell of it, and then crept into the camp along with him, and he led me to the very hut. I expected he would growl when he found himself among the Indians, but he knew better. Well, I was just getting up to the hut, when I heard a moving inside, and some body came

out ; I could see plain enough that it was the two that I was after, and a young girl—they crept out of the camp and I after them.”

“And your dog !”

“Yes, and my dog—well, after all they would have gone off in a bungling way enough, if I hadn’t been with them.”

“Why ?”

“Why—they were about going off without their rifles, head first for the Mississippi, just as if they would have been overtaken again before morning.”

“And you stopped them.”

“Yes—I heard the girl tell them that they could not get at their rifles, for that an Indian was sleeping on them, and they knew her language well enough to understand that ; so when I found that they were going off in such a silly way as that, I joined them directly.”

“I should have supposed that they would have run for it at seeing you.”

“No—I gave them the hunter’s signal. Well, I told them they must go back with me for their rifles at any rate, if there were forty Indians laying on them. So in we went to the centre of the camp, and here we *did* find the rifles sure enough with an Indian upon them, and then I am sure that I didn’t know what to do—however, there was no time to lose, so I was just about to clap the handkerchief over his mouth and toss him into the river—when by good luck, he rolled over, off the rifles and left the ground clear. I improved the opportunity, armed my companions, Indian girl and all, and stole out of the camp as carefully as we went in. I have always wondered that none of the imps ever waked up, but I suppose they thought they were safe enough. Now the next thing to be done was to take one of their boats and hide away.”

“For what ?”

“To keep them off of our track ; we had the night ahead of them, and if we could keep them off of us for eight or nine hours more, why we should be safe.”

“I understand—you would put them on the wrong scent.”

“Yes—so I took a canoe and the paddles and hid them under the bushes, and then went back to the place where I had left the others, and we all went down to the water making a good strong track, and back again very carefully, and then turned towards the Mississippi, and considering the care that I had taken, and that we had at first a hard prairie to travel over, it was no wonder that we reached the Mississippi without being overtaken.”

“You threw them all out.”

“Yes, I saw one of the chiefs afterwards and he told me all about it—they supposed that we had gone down the river and gave chase a whole day, but returned as they went.”

“Well who were these young men that you have been speaking of—and the girl ?”

I have an idea that I will finish the tale myself—but reader you will have the goodness to suppose that mine uncle is still talking to thee.

So, to answer my own questions, the two hunters were Charles Parker and Edward Graham, two young men of the west, and the maiden who had saved their lives but now, was one of the daughters of the forest. Of the two youths Charles was the older, Edward was younger and more slightly made, while both were exceedingly handsome. My uncle never told me what kind of features they had, so I pass them over. But the Indian maid, she was beautiful—she *was* beautiful ! and it was beauty too of which the fairest of my fair country women need not be ashamed—what more can I say ? During their hurried journey to the great river, my uncle

learnt the character of his companions thoroughly. Charles was a strong minded sober man, upon whose mind it was rather difficult to make an impression, but when made, there it was forever. His parents were dead, and his only sister he had lost from his arms into the water when he was a child; this had given his character a serious cast without in the least changing the goodness of his heart. Edward's motto was 'never mind,' and under a wild and careless exterior, there were ripening many good and noble feelings of the purest and highest qualities of the soul, whose faithfulness, benevolence and bravery had bound Charles to him like a brother in all the fervour of friendship. When my uncle next returned from hunting, he found the Indian maiden settled in the house of Edward's mother. Now he understood but little about the operations of the blind deity, but my readers will see how utterly impossible it must have been for his two friends to gaze for months upon the bright eyes and sweet face of the maiden, without loving fervently—and thus he will be far from astonished when he is told that Charles and Edward were soon rivals. The moment in which this was known to them both, was very near being the last of their friendship. They were together in the woods a little way from the house, when Edward confessed to Charles his love and asked his advice.—“Charles,” he asked, “what do you think I had better do? I *must* marry her;” he did not seem to mind any thing about his friend, but kept on as it were talking to himself. “What if she can't do much yet, she can learn—she *has* learnt to talk English and to read—I *will* marry her, she is so handsome and so good—is not she Charles? is not she handsome? And you know that she saved our

lives at the risk of her own—that she left her home and her people to save *us*—and now supposing that she is an Indian—I say I will.—“What is the matter, what ails you?” Charles' face was turned away, but Edward saw his agitation—just like a strong man upon whom death is laying his mighty hand. “Do *you* love her too? *do* you,” he said earnestly, and although he received no answer, he needed but to look at his friend to know the truth. They were rivals, and for more than a minute neither of them spoke. In that short time what a rush of feelings and thoughts must have passed through their souls. They were rivals—how far were they from being enemies. They had hunted together and slept together and been in danger together, and the friendship which had thus contracted—yea, had bound their inmost souls in sacred union was not to be torn out so easily. It is strange how those whom we have always supposed least capable of exertion, do in moments of need bring into action the noblest powers of their souls—the hidden and buried treasures of their better mind, and astonish the world, nay, even themselves by their unexpected and unlooked for exertions. So was it with Edward. In Charles' mind the contest between friendship and love was yet undecided; his mind was wavering between them like an immense rock on the pinnacle of a mountain, a little force would incline it on either side, and when inclined no human power could stop its progress. But Edward's determination was at once taken—as I said, he was silent a moment, and then—“Ah, Charles,” said he in a subdued voice, “I could fall on my knees and pray to God that we who have been so long together might not be severed in this way; but I have been foolish—I ought to have known, to have seen that neither

you nor I could live and gaze on the beauties of Ellen, (for so they called her,) without loving her—without binding up our whole souls, our very existence in her. I know *your* heart Charles—if you love once it will be forever—yes, forever. It may be that I shall forget—perhaps I shall—you never will—Charles, God bless you and her, make Ellen happy, she deserves all your love—to-morrow I shall go to New Orleans.” He turned to depart without heeding Charles who called on him to stop, when who should arrest his progress but *my* uncle. “I’ll be hanged,” said he loudly, as he came like one of his own deer out of a thicket at hand, “I’ll be hanged if I can stand this any longer, so I may as well be out first as last. Hallo now,” said he, taking Edward by the shoulder, “come stop a minute, and let’s see what I can do for you—I guess you’ll both be pleased to find that Ellen is sister to one of you.” “Sister!” cried both in a tone of doubt and wonder, “Sister?” “Yes sister to *you*,” pointing to Charles—“yes to you—you look very strange about it, but I know that it is true for I got it all from old Buffalo Hump the Indian chap that picked her up in the Wabash fifteen years ago.” At these last words the eyes of Charles lighted up—“God bless you, God bless you,” said he as he held out both hands to Edward and grasped his with all their former friendship.

I asked my uncle what more was said or done, and he told me that there was a queer kind of roaring in his ears, that kept him from hearing any thing so I did not find out any more particulars about that.—But said I, “uncle, do let me hear all about her being saved.”

“All about it,” said he, “why all about it isn’t much—the long and short of the matter was, that he dropped the girl into the river one

day while he was walking about with her in his arms and she was picked up by an Indian—old Buffalo Hump, as I told you.”

Now I am very inquisitive—so said I, “but did not he see the Indian pick her up?”

“No, she was carried round a point that runs out into the river—and there’s a creek runs in along side of the point, so that he could get the other side of it to see her, without going half a mile—there, I wont answer any more questions—come, we will go home.”

“Uncle,” said I, “do tell me this—did Edward go to New Orleans?”

“No, you fool—he married Ellen, and she made him a better wife that ever you’ll get.” ALBERT.

Saturday Evening.

The season is at hand for mirth and festivity—of recollections of the past, and anticipations for the future—when the frosted brow of Time seems to relax for a moment from the stern severity of wintry age, and smile on the merry-makings of the young, whose sparkling eyes and laughing spirits seem unconscionable of his approach, and unmindful that he is holding his onward course, and bearing with him the brightest imaginings of their hearts, and the gay visions in which they are indulging. Well, so be it—“sufficient for the day is the evil thereof;” and since time will hasten on with such rapidity, why then let his pathway be strewn with the brightest flowers that youth can gather in the intellectual fields of enjoyment—let them mingle with the sober reflections and profitable meditations which at times becometh all those halcyon moments of gladness which at no season of the year abound so plentifully as at this, when circling around the bright

blazing of the evening fire, the moments are enlivened and made glad by the thousand allurements and enjoyments which belong to the season. But at this moment, when the biting frosts of winter are without, and summer within, permit not the voice of gaiety to drown the plaint of penury and wo, which scarce reaches the ear as it mingles with the winter blasts. At such a period, forget not the poor and the disconsolate who pine by the wayside,—“poor houseless wretches, wheresoe'er you are, that bide the peltings of the storm,” your complaints shall not ascend unregarded, but the hand of pity shall administer to your sufferings, and the voice of sympathy pour its soothing into the broken or aching heart.

PAUL PETERS.

MANY years have passed away since Paul Peters dwelt in one of the numerous little hamlets which sprinkle the proud state of New York. He had come among the simple dwellers of the land, a stranger; and had gradually glided into their confidence. Apparently poor and friendless, none knew him; and after a few short weeks none asked who he was; yet in that brief space of time he had made himself beloved; his kindness to the little urchins of the place, and his good-natured countenance, were welcome passports to all. He was not rich, though he did not appear to be poor. The simplest garb was his constant apparel. The farmer with whom he had domesticated himself, affirmed that he had ever paid his little demands cheerfully.

Two summers passed away, and still Paul was a universal favourite. Not a dance took place, but Paul tripped it away the liveliest of the happy throng; not a harvest feast was given, at which Paul was not the merriest guest; not a fire-side

party took place without his telling the best story. When he came among the old, they looked upon him as the herald of joy, and he was every where welcomed with a hearty smile. The young considered him as a kind friend, who had caused them many a happy hour, by the pleasant tales of lands far away.—The little ones delighted to cling about him; and often as they hung around his neck, would ask him of his home, his family, and friends; he never answered them, save with a kiss. Many a rosy cheeked damsel, as she laughed with him in a dance, would sigh when she gazed upon Paul's broad, manly face, and thought he perhaps loved one fair one who resided in the place where he had spent his younger days.

The family with which he lived began to look upon him with the feelings of kindred; the good old farmer, so dear had he become to him, called him his own dear boy, and the dame would hope he might one day become so, when she beheld him kissing the blushing cheek of her half laughing, half resisting daughter Lucy. Summer flowers die, but love's blossoms ripen.

Paul was soon to become the husband of Lucy. From constantly associating together, they had learned to love each other; and Lucy was one of the simplest and loveliest of the children of nature. The family were assembled the day before the intended nuptials around the blazing hearth. All appeared cheerful, when the dash of a horse's hoofs were heard over the frozen ground, and in a few minutes a grey headed negro, having alighted from a noble horse, presented a packet to Paul. The limbs of the horse were sleek and well formed; and the neatness of the black's dress proved him to be the favoured servant of some good lord. Paul having perused the packet directed the rider to tether the horse, and rest

himself until the morrow. No more was said of the occurrence, for it had made an alteration in the manners of the one it most concerned. The jest and the laugh went round : and gay Lucy retired to rest, to dream of the kind hearted Paul and of future days of love.

The morrow came. But neither Paul nor black were to be found. The horse too was gone. Lucy wept, and her parents advised ;—but what is advice to a love-sick heart ? Though she wept she complained not : though her mother would strive to console, yet what appeared in the shape of comfort acted only as a probe. She was still the same gentle being she had ever been ; but she never smiled, the joy of her countenance was gone.

Paul's name was now never mentioned ; for it seemed to increase the sadness of Lucy ; and his memory, save with the disappointed girl had begun to die away. Month after month rolled on, but the truant came not.

The war of the colonies was beginning to throw its terrors into this part of the country, till now the abode of peace ; and the young were girding on their armour against their oppressors. It was when a troop was organizing in this hamlet, that General G. rode with his servant into the village to inspect this body of men. His war-worn features, and scarred brow told tales of hardship and of suffering ; but still there were features which were immediately recognized as those of Paul Peters. All were ready to open their arms to him ; but little had they thought that the distinguished General, whose voice was so influential in the war councils of his country, was the merry, good humoured Paul Peters.

General G. followed by the same grey haired servant paced quietly along the avenue, leading to the cottage of Lucy. When he arrived at

the lattice window, he beheld the fair girl. The last time he had seen her, that kiss he had given her, came rushing up in his mind : and the contending emotions of his soul almost overpowered him. The grey headed servant opened the door and announced General G. The family rose to receive him—but Lucy recognized the chosen of her heart, rushed into his open arms, and gently sighed, " I knew you would return !"

Principle.—Never confide in the principles of a timid man. He who has not courage cannot be said to have principle ; he may be disposed to virtue, and may prefer good to evil ; but he is the sport of chance and the slave of circumstance.—What avail the best inclinations, if resolution be wanting to put them into practice. A feeble and irresolute man who means well, is more dangerous than an audacious and confirmed villain. You know the latter and are on your guard against him ; you rely on the good intentions of the former, and discover too late that, like the son of Israel, he is unstable as water and shall not excel.

Bower of Taste.

Ourselves.—Notwithstanding the circumscribed limits of our editorial department this week, occasioned by the admission of an index to the volume, we feel it an incumbent duty in taking leave of the old year to express, however briefly, our most grateful acknowledgements to those numerous patrons of the BOWER OF TASTE, who have thus far honoured our labours with their approbation ; those partial friends who have condescended to be amused with the light effusions of a leisure hour, without enquiring whether our motive in thus appearing before the public was fame, interest, or amusement. Now we do not believe that one of our readers would give a sixpence to know *which* of the above considerations influenced us in this undertaking, and so long as our pages are worthy of their perusal, it is perhaps of no consequence. Suppose we should acknowledge no

other motive than a wish to *please our friends*, in this case their gratitude for our exertions to entertain them, whether we have been successful or not, will of course insure us a continuance of their favour and patronage, for however agreeable the accession of *new friends* may be, we frankly acknowledge a wish to retain *all* our old ones, (no very unnatural wish, as editor of a paper.) Still we would not be illiberal on this subject; such as may choose to relinquish ours for a work of superior merits, or patronize those whose claims to public favour are more powerful than ours, will nevertheless please to accept our thanks for the aid they have afforded us.

We have endeavoured, according to our best abilities, to fulfil all the promises made in our prospectus, and the belief that we have not been altogether unsuccessful in these efforts is a source of pride as well as pleasure. We are well aware that in many instances some articles have been too hastily thrown off at the exigence of the moment, or submitted to the press without a due regard to that critical revision, which though of much importance to the reputation of the author, cannot always be expected from the conductor of a weekly paper. It is a truth that more time is requisite for the revision and polish of fanciful writings than any other; by way of compensating for our deficiencies in this and other respects, we have often had the pleasure of presenting to our readers, original productions from some of the best writers in the country, and we are happy to learn their worth has been appreciated by better judges than ourselves. To these and to others of humbler claims who have occasionally given us their labours, we tender our grateful thanks, with the assurance that they will always be welcome to a seat in the *Bower*.

Some improvements are contemplated with respect to this paper which will be made known in the first number of the ensuing year.

The Ladies' Fair.—Independent of the laudable motives which induced this brilliant exhibition of taste and fancy, the *ladies' fair* should be noticed as presenting one of the most interesting and pleasing spectacles ever witnessed in this city. The Athenæum hall or gallery, where these tributary offerings of benevolence were displayed, was fancifully decorated with a light appropriate drapery, arranged in festoons and intermingled with garlands of evergreen, roses, &c. These, together with the fair priestesses who presided with much grace and dignity at their respective shrines, produced a most charming effect. It was indeed amusing to observe the peculiar tact with which these inexperienced

venders of embroidery, dummies, and watch papers, palmed off their light wares upon the gallant and liberal customers, who were all so anxious to obtain a *fairing* that the price of the article appeared to be of little consequence. We heard one or two old bachelors whisper their fears that this fair was a mischievous concern, and that some *hearts* as well as *purse*s would have to suffer before it was over. Notwithstanding the immense crowd in the hall and around the tables, the most perfect order and decorum was every where apparent. The ladies who officiated at the tables were from some of the most respectable families in our city—these spirited efforts to aid the diffusion of early knowledge, is honourable to their characters; this is a noble example, and worthy of universal imitation throughout the country. We are happy to learn that the result of the sale exceeded their most sanguine expectations; beside \$500 taken at the door for tickets of admission, over \$3000 were received at the tables for goods; some gentlemen gave ten or twenty dollars for a trifling article. "This is as it should be."

The Baltimore Emerald.—We infer from the numerous borrowers of this interesting paper, as also from many other evidences of more importance that its worth is justly appreciated by our citizens, and we are happy to learn that many Boston names are to be added to its list of patrons for the ensuing year. This is right; Mr. Dawes, its editor, is a native of this city, and from a family of acknowledged talent, a Scion from one of the proudest trees of American growth, which should not lack for want of nourishment in its native soil. The Emerald contains more classical matter, refined wit, and pure poetry than any other paper of its class upon our exchange list. We should be glad to see every number embellished with some effusion of his muse.

Sketches of great and good men.—Putnam and Hunt have just published a valuable little work under this title. We approve of the design of the book, which is to give children a taste for biographical knowledge, affording at the same time the most brilliant examples of virtue and glory.

THE BOWER OF TASTE, edited by MRS. KATHARINE A. WARE, is published by DUTTON and WENTWORTH, Nos. 1 and 4 Exchange-street, Boston—Who are authorised to transact all business relative to the printing and circulation of this Work.

All literary communications should be, as formerly, directed to the Editor. ☞ All Letters must be post-paid.

THE RECESS OF THE MUSES.



Original Poetry.

A WINTER EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

As fall the lengthening shades of sombre night,
A deepening gloom pervades the silent scene,
While the pale moon emits a chilling light,
Rolling above mid the dark blue serene.

The leafless trees twine their bare limbs on high,
Casting a chequered shadow in the vale,
And in their mournful wavings seem to sigh,
While sigh responsive floats upon the gale.

No gay, no cheerful prospect now appears ;
Nought but the wreck of beauty meets our view,
Pale Nature's brow the weed of sorrow wears,
The cypress garland, or the funeral yew !

The hardy shrub that braves the wintry storm,
Like the last mourner over Friendship's bier—
Wreaths o'er its native cliff, its twining form,
Bright with the gem of evening's lucid tear.

The sparkling fountain chill'd by Winter's breath,
In soothing murmurs now no longer flows,
While Nature in the circling arms of death,
Reclines her languid frame and seeks repose.

With the low blast whose deep and hollow moans,
Are now around my lonely casement stealing—
My heart a chilling gloom congenial owns,
The dearth of hope, of every social feeling

Though soon, I know that renovating Spring,
Will from her glowing urn rich blessings pour—
Yet can she add one plume to fancy's wing,
One scene of former happiness restore ?

AUGUSTA.

TOUCH OF THE MODERN SUBLIME.

I love to brave the mountain blast,
When the shrieking spirits are riding past,
When the cedars rush from the mountain's brow,
And the rocks are hurled to the vale below.

I love to list the tempest's roar,
 When the waves dash loud on the echoing shore,
 When the ship bounds wildly o'er the main,
 Like a wounded steed on the battle plain.

I love to gaze on the lightning's flash,
 To hear the thunder's deafening crash—
 While the flaming clouds together are roll'd,
 Like a meeting host of the brave and bold.

I should love to bend o'er the dark abyss,
 Where deathless serpents coil and hiss,
 Or float on a sea of molten lead,
 The deep and waveless lake of the dead.

I should love to soar on a seraph's wing,
 And hear the celestial planets sing!
 And as upward and on I urged my flight,
 I'd warm my nose by a northern light,
 Claim from the stars the wizzard's boon,
 And hang my hat on a horn of the moon.

MAD TOM.

From the Forget-me-not.

THE SPELL.

There's such a glory on thy cheek,
 And such a magic power around thee,
 That if I would, I could but break
 The spell with which thine eyes have bound me.

Though all my stubborn heart rebel
 Against the thralldom of thy frown,
 The tameless spirit thou canst quell,
 And keep the bursting madness down,

I vainly struggle to be free;
 I rouse that withering pride in vain,
 Whose blight might change thy love for thee
 To fiery hate or cold disdain.

I loathe my very soul, that bears
 To drink thy poisonous love-draughts up,
 Until my frenzied spirit swears
 To dash on earth the dazzling cup.

Yet every effort of my heart
 To cast thee off but draws thee nearer,
 And rage and agony impart
 A venom charm that makes thee dearer.

Written by Lord Byron in the blank leaf of a Bible.

Within this awful volume lies
 The mystery of mysteries!
 Thrice happy they of human race,
 To whom our God has given grace,
 To read, to mark, to learn, to pray,
 To lift the latch and force the way:
 But better had they ne'er been born,
 Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

1477

14

2

**This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.**

**A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.**

Please return promptly.